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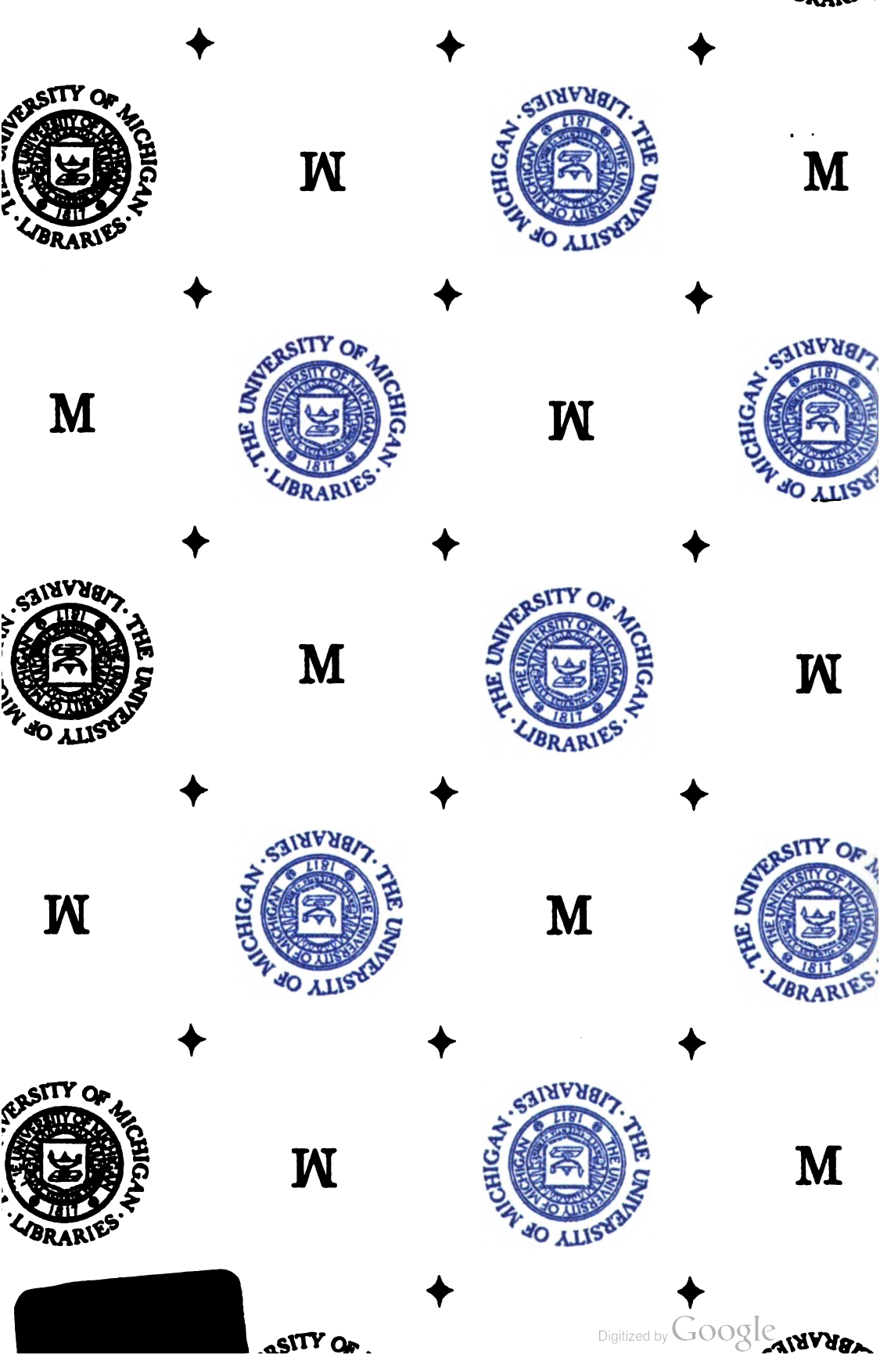

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LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, car, membership in a good club, you want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss. You want to travel and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right. I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information in your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is proved by the cases of thousands of other men who have done exactly the same thing. Listen.

Take any ten average men who are in blind alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case without prejudice. You'll find that every one of them is solely and entirely to blame for his poor earning power. Every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or, recognizing it, lacked the courage to follow it up. But now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick—you have no one to blame but yourself. **By J. E. Greenslade**

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NEW SERIES VOL. I, NO. 1.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER 371

Founded 1893

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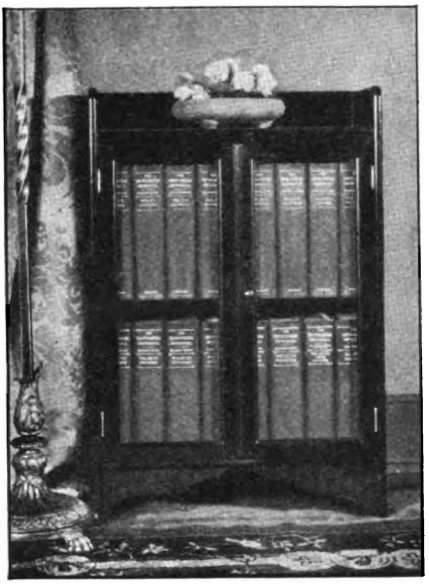

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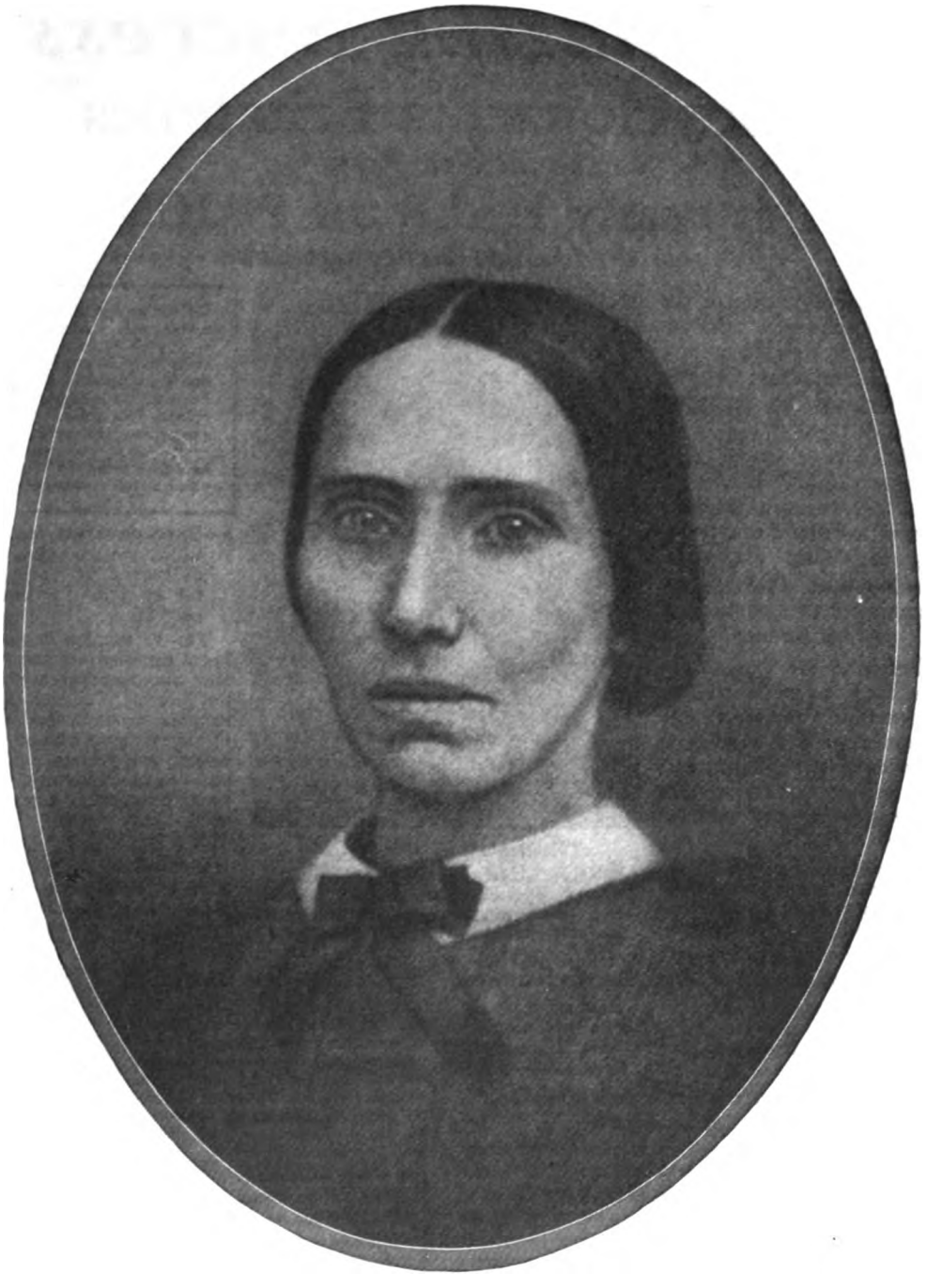

Susan A Gary

The mother of Judge Gary, taken when she was about thirty-eight years of age.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series VOL. I, No. 1 MAY, 1925 Whole Number 371

THE LIFE OF JUDGE E. H. GARY

Executive Head of The United States Steel Corporation

By IDA M. TARBELL

In 1901 J. Pierpont Morgan selected Judge Elbert H. Gary as the responsible head of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest business which had ever been organized in this country. Judge Gary brought to his tasks a just and penetrating mind trained by thirty years of hard, enthusiastic and highly successful labor at the law. Much of his practice in that time had dealt with business, and his experiences there had convinced him that no business stability was possible under any other code than the one which he knew to be essential in life and in the law — the code of frankness and fair dealing.

The story of his business life is largely the story of his efforts to satisfy a hostile public opinion; to work with, rather than against, the Government; to deal fairly with competitors; to cut off profiting by advance inside information; to prevent unhealthy booms and depressions; to consider, not to bludgeon, labor. What he has been able to do and not do, and the extent to which his code has been accepted by business in general, is the most significant story of the American business world of the last twenty-five years.

We present these articles as a contribution to a real understanding of our times, as well as a fascinating story of a typical American life — typical in birth, training, activities, ambitions, conquests.— *Editor.*

CHAPTER I

The Background

THE sons and daughters in the early American family were usually of opposing minds—stay-at-homes and pioneers. There were those among them who loved the fields their father had cleared, the cabin he had built, the trees he had planted, the community of which he and they were a part, and they asked nothing better than to carry on where they were born. There were those who had the lust of adventure in their hearts, the call of the beyond in their ears and who pushed ahead into the forests, clearing new fields, breaking prairies, building new cabins, planting new orchards, founding new communities. The sons and daughters of each group repeated the story.

Without the pioneer the early American settlements would have remained a fringe along the Atlantic coast and the great forests and plains which stretched back, mysterious and dangerous, would have remained untracked; without the conservers of the footholds made, the settlers would have bred a race of nomads. The adventures and sufferings, the adaptions and victories of these two types of American settlers make the history of the opening and developing of this country.

Dip into the story of almost any one of the white families catalogued in the census of 1790 as numbering at that time over one hundred persons; trace their migrations and their settlements, and you will find that the original group has spread like a fan north and

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south and west from the parent foothold.

Take the New England Gary family. They first appeared on this side of the Atlantic in 1638 when Arthur Gary, a man then thirty-nine, married and the father of two boys, both born in Hertfordshire, England, as he had been, is named among the freemen of Roxbury, Mass., a member of the first church and a supporter of the Roxbury grammar school, said to be the first free school established in this country.

Soon after Arthur Gary and his wife settled in Roxbury a third son was born to them, Samuel. The three boys grew up in the settlement, and all three died there, leaving behind them reputations as substantial, useful citizens. William, the oldest, became a deacon in the church and deputy to the general court of Massachusetts; Nathaniel, the second, a successful planter; and Samuel, the third, a soldier in King Philip's War. It was the planter alone who left children—eleven of them, three of them sons. And for all three Roxbury turned out to be too small, though their pioneering was not far and was, so to speak, thrust in their faces.

The New England colonies soon saw the necessity of acquiring lands back from the coast as rapidly and as peacefully as possible; among the early purchases of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was a tract some 50 miles long and 20 miles wide, extending from Worcester County, Mass., down into Connecticut. This tract had touched the imagination of the Roxbury people and they had obtained the grant of a township from the general court. Soon after, thirteen of their residents were sent to "spy out" Woodstock as the new possession was called, one of these thirteen being Nathaniel Gary, the oldest of Arthur's three grandsons. Although Nathaniel Gary settled in Woodstock he wanted more land than it afforded him, and in a few years set himself to help in developing a second plantation, that of Pomfret.

He did well in the new undertaking, securing a deed for 550 acres, a tract known until this day as the Gary Neighborhood. He not only had land but he had importance in the new settlement, an importance shown by an unusual privilege accorded him, the right to build in the highway near the church for himself and his family a house "to sit in on Sabba'-days"—a small house, tight and warm, with benches and an ample fireplace. Here on Sunday mornings a fire was kindled by those who first came, and here Mr. Gary, his family and his friends thawed out their chilled fingers and toes after their cold rides over the hills of Pomfret, before entering the meeting-house, which their curious piety required should be fireless.

Nathaniel's brothers William and Samuel soon followed him to Pomfret and they, too, built themselves into the neighborhood as substantial planters and public servants. All three left families. It is with a grandson of Nathaniel that we are concerned—Josiah, who died in Pomfret in 1790. Seven sons and seven daughters of the fifteen children born to Josiah and Sarah Sprague Gary, his wife, were at his funeral.

Among these seven sons was one William, by all accounts a lovable fellow, a man of scholarly tastes, a teacher for many years—known as Master Gary. Indeed, Master Gary established at Pomfret what may be called the first Gary School. But he was more than a schoolmaster. He was an active citizen, serving year after year as tax appraiser, on juries, wherever needed.

William Gary was not more important in the community than his wife, Lucy Perrin, a woman of the best Massachusetts antecedents, a masterful woman of character and ability, particularly prominent, as was her husband, in the Methodist Church.

Both the Garys and the Perrins had been supporters of the Methodists from their first coming to Pomfret, joining the movement no doubt, as so many others in New England were doing at that time, as a protest not only against the spiritual lukewarmness and suppression but the shocking indifference to drunkenness and immorality shown by the established New England churches. Both families had freely opened their homes to the circuit riders and missionaries of the new sect, and both had become faithful observers of its severe discipline.

Like all early Methodists they were particularly concerned with the spiritual condition of their children, urging them into the church and sacrificing gladly when a son decided for the ministry. It was a matter of rejoicing to

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Photograph by Marceau.

Judge Gary in 1925

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William and Lucy Gary that they could "raise" not only a son—Charles Wesley, their oldest—but a nephew for the ministry. The latter, indeed, became one of the prides of the church in his day—the youngest candidate ever received by the denomination, it is said. The counsel with which his uncle, the schoolmaster, sent the fifteen-year old preacher on his way is a credit to his good sense, as the fact that the boy himself kept it alive is to his:

"Never pretend that you know much, George, for if you do pretend, the people will soon find out that you are sadly mistaken; neither tell them how little you know, for this they will find out soon enough."

Along with these two young students for the ministry in the Gary family was another son, Erastus, born in 1806—a good Methodist boy but not one to whom the call to the ministry came. It was the land that called Erastus Gary—more land than Pomfret offered, for by this time in the division and subdivision of the original Gary plantation, the farm of each had dwindled to a small plot. Erastus, on coming to manhood, found himself with only thirteen acres. It was too little for him. Moreover, he revolted against the conditions under which the land must be worked in Connecticut—a fresh crop of stones each spring as certain as the grass itself. Again, there was little or no chance for a young farmer in Pomfret to piece out his income by outside labor, as was the practice in those days. The town had been losing population for several years, because of its failure to attract new industries, as many other Connecticut settlements were doing. Life had become hard and meagre for most of its people, and there were some distasteful features for a spirit as vigorous and independent as that of young Erastus Gary. Then, there was an irritating and humiliating intolerance, even some contempt, for the church of his family. But stronger than the dissatisfying conditions at home, was the pull of the West. A new name, alluring, tantalizing, was in his ears. He could not forget it—Illinois. Wonderful tales were told all through the East of that vigorous young state—tales of cleared land, the prairie—great stretches of it, without a rock or a tree—nothing to do but put in your plow. And the quantities you could buy with a few dollars! It all went to disquiet him more and more with the few acres and the annual stone crop.

A hundred and twenty-five years before the same tales, the same call had come to the youth of New England from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania—fifty years later from the Shenandoah Valley, from Kentucky; but there were new musical words alluring them now—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois.

It became too much for Erastus at last, and he persuaded the Reverend Charles to buy his thirteen acres. Then, with money in his pocket—it probably amounted, with what he had been able to save, to something like one thousand dollars—he started westward.

How would he go? There is a tradition in the Gary family that he went by horse or carriage as far as St. Joseph on Lake Michigan and then by canoe to Chicago. He was not curious about new methods of transportation or anxious to make his journey in the quickest and most comfortable way, if that was what he did. More likely he made his way from Pomfret to Springfield and thence to Albany by coach along the broad way which had been in use for decades now. If he had been as enterprising and eager for information as he showed himself later, he would have taken the railroad at Albany. The year before there had been opened between that town and Schenectady the first iron road in this country—thirty-six miles long. I cannot believe that he would have let that experience slip him. And at Schenectady he could have taken the Erie Canal, which for six years now had been the great highway across the state to Buffalo. From Buffalo he could have followed by wagon or on horseback down the lake to Cleveland, or he could have taken a schooner or a steamer and gone to Detroit, and thence by horse have made his way to St. Joseph, Mich.

But the significant thing is not how he got there, but that he actually went to the place for which he started. Many a pioneer in those days changed his objective en route. Charles Cleaver, who has left us one of the most fascinating records we have of pioneering to Chicago in this period, did not start from New York for Illinois, but for Canada; but he met so many travelers who told

him tales of the fertility and promise of the Illinois land that he and his party, after a little reconnoitering, entirely changed their minds. Erastus Gary went to the place he started for, and in the fall of 1831 landed in Chicago.

The town was not much to see in those days. Twenty to thirty log farmhouses scattered westward from the mouth of a river over a low and swampy prairie; a bare log church in which in turn three or four denominations worshipped; several rough boarding houses, frequently called hotels; five or six general stores and a post office, just opened to receive and care for the mails which were brought in on horseback once a week from the East, now and then from the South, and for which the settlers came from a hundred miles or more in every direction.

Judge Gary's father, Erastus Gary, at seventy-nine years of age.

But if the new town was rough and unkempt it was bursting with life—the feel of its future was upon it. Traders, explorers, settlers, government agents, filled not only all the beds of the new town but the floors of its houses, night after night. Schooners were already coming from Buffalo and Cleveland and Detroit. There was talk of the government improving the harbor—of canals and railroads from the East to the West. The town was lifted, too, from the ordinary commonplace of a pioneer settlement by Fort Dearborn and the government agency—well-cared-for places, with gardens and trees, kept up as befitted government possessions even if far from civilization.

Now, Erastus Gary might have taken the land which he had come West to buy, in the present city of Chicago, but when he came to look over the swampy district he saw nothing there for a *bona-fide* farmer. He was no speculator; he wanted a sure thing — land where he could raise things, land within a reasonable distance of this town, which he felt sure was to grow, and from which he reasoned that railroads would run westward. And so he started westward, where the railroad was to go; and finally some twenty-seven miles from the city that was to be, he selected a section—six hundred and forty acres—selected it with the care of the man wise in lands, seeing to it that there was timber—a lot of fully one hundred acres—and springs and sunshine, and a running stream nearby. The location of that original piece of Gary land in Illinois is admirable proof of the wisdom and caution of the new

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The first "Gary school," Pomfret, Conn. Here Judge Gary's grandfather, William Gary, taught for many years.

strain that had come into the state.

The young man's next move was equally provident, and quite characteristic of one reared in the "Land of Steady Habits," as Connecticut was then called. He had found his land and staked it out, but it was too late for breaking sod and building. Instead of loafing in Chicago, as any other single man might well have found excuse for doing, he made his way back to St. Joseph, Michigan, where he had heard of a school that needed a teacher. In the spring he and three fellow-travelers paddled back to Illinois in a dug-out they had made themselves.

But he did not come back to peace; for scarcely had he begun his work on the new tract when rumors of Black Hawk's invasion of northern Illinois stirred the scattered settlers west and south of Chicago, and all the women and children of that part of the world were hurried to Fort Dearborn for safety; while every man able to bear a gun—Erastus Gary among them—joined the militia. The next three months he spent as one of the guard of the fort. The only serious Indian scare which Erastus Gary remembered while on duty there turned out to be an approaching flock of sheep! It was not Indians which finally drove the refugees from the fort, but soldiers sent by the government to protect them. In July, the first steamer that ever tied up at a Chicago dock brought a company under General Scott to reenforce the fort. When it was noised abroad that they had brought Asiatic cholera with them, the refugees quickly fled to their homes—less afraid of Indians. By August all reason for fearing them was gone; Black Hawk and his warriors had been driven forever beyond the Mississippi.

Young Gary went to work on his claim in earnest, building a log house, breaking land, buying stock. He needed help, and sent for a younger brother, Jude, selling him one-half of the land. So hopeful did the prospect look to the brothers that they persuaded their mother, Lucy Perrin Gary, now a widow, and their brother, the Reverend Charles Wesley, to leave the home on Gary Hill in Pomfret and join them. A little later the Gary colony was increased by the coming of Jesse and Warren Wheaton, two brothers, one of whom had married a sister and the other a niece of Erastus Gary. Together they made a fine group of hard-working men and women, of similar tastes, traditions and ambitions.

From the start, Erastus Gary and his

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relatives did well. A settlement was growing up beside their farms—Warrenville, a good town to-day. Erastus bought a tract to the north and started a sawmill. Here the Reverend Charles Wesley settled, helped build a church, became the backbone of the community. The settlement is still called Gary's Mill. Seeing that the railroad, which he believed a certainty, would probably go to the northeast of Warrenville, Erastus Gary bought five or six hundred acres in that direction and let it lie. He believed in land. He used to tell his sons that it was the only thing for which a man could afford to run in debt.

Growing acres, growing crops, growing stocks, but little money; and Erastus took good care of the little that came to him. There is a family tradition that he disapproved of the use of sugar in doughnuts; but if the doughnuts did not get sugar, the tradition is equally strong that he never failed the church or the needy—a "liberal giver" he was called, and there are documents to prove it. When he died in 1888 there was found among his possessions a box full of uncollected notes—records of moneys loaned over forty years, of which his sons knew nothing, and which it looked as if he had never even attempted to collect. Somebody needed the money more than he did, so he let the notes lie. It is to be expected that a man of such a nature—a thrifty and able man, too—would win confidence and affection, and Erastus Gary won both. This was effectively shown in 1839, at a moment when the settlers of DuPage County—as the part of Illinois to which he had come was called—were deeply disturbed over the validity of the claims which they were cultivating.

These claims were on unsurveyed lands belonging to the United States. This fact emboldened "claim jumpers" and "land sharks," as speculators were called, to pester the genuine settlers. The men of DuPage County were not of the kind to be fooled with by this sort of gentry. The news that a land pirate of any description had set up his camp on one of their claims was enough to bring out a group of sturdy, mounted citizens to run him out of the county, and they were none too gentle in their methods.

They could take care of this kind of nuisance, but they were intelligent enough to see that a much more serious threat to their properties was bound to come when the government finally should lay its lines. It was evident that these lines could not possibly agree

The Gary homestead in Pomfret. The wings and dormers have been added in recent years.

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with their own, for in locating they had taken in timber, water and prairie that pleased them, without regard to the square or rectangular form of their claims. The result was often tracts of fantastic irregularity. It was certain that when government surveys should be made, claims would be found to overlap. What was to be done?

They worked out as fine and sensible a piece of mutual agreement for forestalling trouble and settling the future inevitable difficulties as one often sees—the DuPage Society for Mutual Protection. When the government survey should not agree with their line or lines, they bound themselves to "deed or redeed" to one another, according to rules which they laid down in their charter. Each settler was at once to turn in a description of his claim to the general land office and if disputes arose between them, the claims were to be turned over to a board of arbitrators appointed from among their number.

The DuPage County Society for Mutual Protection also put into its charter an effective method of dealing with those who would not accept arbitration—a method similar to that which the League of Nations gentlemen are considering now in regard to war. They outlawed the recalcitrant who attempted to seize upon any part of any other person's claim, or infringe in any way on the lines which they had laid down. He was "deemed a dishonest man"—"no better than a thief or a robber"—"not entitled to the protection of their union." He sometimes failed to get even the toleration of his church. An influential member of the church at Gary's Mills, where the Reverend Charles was a power, refusing to deed back ten acres of a claim, which by the rules of the Union belonged to somebody else, was called before the church board and finally expelled, because "a man who refused to perform an act of justice was not fit for membership."

It is proof enough of the position that Erastus Gary held in this body of resolute and just-minded citizens that he was made one of the three arbitrators to adjust claims and outlaw aggressors. This was the beginning of a long series of services in looking after the law and order of the county which for thirty years or more he rendered. During this long period he served as a magistrate—Justice Gary he came early to be called—his reputation was as solid for fairness and honest dealing as for thrift and honesty.

Ten years passed in this strenuous work of settling and community building. Erastus Gary was thirty-six years old and still unmarried. And then, luckily for him, he found a woman of his own kind, one who by tradition, spirit and ambition was admirably fitted for his mate.

In 1839 there had settled on a farm of 160 acres, about two miles west of the Erastus Gary farm, a family by the name of Vallette. The Vallettes were French in origin, and had been in America perhaps a hundred years. Their migrations and experiences in the new world, though not of as long duration as the Garys', were essentially like theirs. They had been active pioneers, prosperous farmers, good citizens, good soldiers. The same influences that had worked on Erastus Gary had led Jeremiah Vallette to migrate to Illinois from his farm in Stockbridge, Mass.; and he and his family took hold of the settlers' problems in much the same way.

There is saved in their family a series of letters written back to New England, telling of the new country and of their experiences in settling. They give a glowing picture of the land—its prairies beautiful with flowers and rich with berries of all descriptions—its melons big and luscious, to be had by "dropping the seed into the sod after it is turned over"—its "black, mealy soil" and the crops they could raise from it—the drove of cattle and hogs they fatted on the cheap hay and rich ranges. That is, the Vallettes were happy and hopeful in their change from Massachusetts to the prairie.

In the Vallette family was a young woman of nineteen, Susan Abiah Vallette—Abi they called her—well educated for her time—a teacher, a Methodist, sober, industrious, charming. She took her place in the social life of the community to which Erastus Gary belonged. The two constantly met at services held in their homes when the circuit rider passed—at camp meetings and singing schools—at "bees" and

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"raisin's"—and quite naturally Erastus Gary soon found himself deeply drawn to the girl. But whatever she may have felt, she held herself bound. As happened so often to a girl in pioneer migrations, she had left a lover behind her—a young man studying for the Baptist ministry. He was to come for her but put it off, as he had been doing for a long time before she left New England, making excuses—he had not finished his studies—his "liver was bad!" He put it off too long, for a year after Susan Vallette came to Illinois, she began to find reasons why he should not come just yet. *Her* health was bad — she was in no haste to marry. "If he writes he will not come this fall"—as Susan had suggested—"I should rather think they will never have each other," wrote her sister to one of the family back home; and she added, "she would have as bright prospect for settling in life as she has now, if he does not come"—which probably meant that Erastus Gary was pressing his suit, and judging from the tone of the references to the delaying Baptist minister in the family letters, he was receiving the support of the Vallette family.

At all events "W. L.," as he is called in the correspondence, followed his betrothed's suggestion, and did not come out in the fall of 1840; and, as her sister had foretold, they "never had each other," for in October of 1841 she married Erastus Gary—a happy thing for both of them—so they both thought to the end of their days.

The young couple began life together in the log house Erastus had built ten years before, on his farm at Warrenville. It was a snug and comfortable home—big living room with great fireplace—bed rooms and outside kitchen, young fruit trees and vines near, and all around the prairie, radiant with flowers in summer, white with snow in winter. There was heavy work for both of them — there were dangers and excitements. The Indians were no longer feared, but wolves and wildcats prowled at night and rattlesnakes crawled by day. Terrific storms of wind and rain swept over them and in winter biting cold settled down. Their anxieties in illness and separation were real enough, yet the Garys were free from the poignant loneliness and fears of hundreds of families in Illinois at this date, who had settled in neighborhoods which had never "built up." They at least had physicians and neighbors—their own families within reach.

Life was full for the young couple, and it had the dignity which the definite serious purpose of the pioneer gives. These two recognized themselves as community builders. They felt that the future intelligence, piety, order, prosperity of the new community were in their and their neighbors' hands. Neither Erastus nor Susan Gary ever wavered in giving a full measure of strength to the severe social, moral and religious creed which they learned in New England and of the soundness and rightness of which neither through-

OPPORTUNITY

Not long since I was in consultation with twenty or more middle-aged gentlemen for two days in succession, concerning subjects of more than ordinary importance involving economic, social and political consequence. There were displayed ability, concentration of thought, fairness, clearness in logical expression, and wisdom in conclusions quite unusual. These men occupy business positions of great responsibility and they are receiving large compensation. Without exception they began life under humble and impecunious circumstances, and when old enough to work were employed on farms or in shops. *Opening paragraph from a Commencement address by Judge Gary at Syracuse University, June* 13, 1921.

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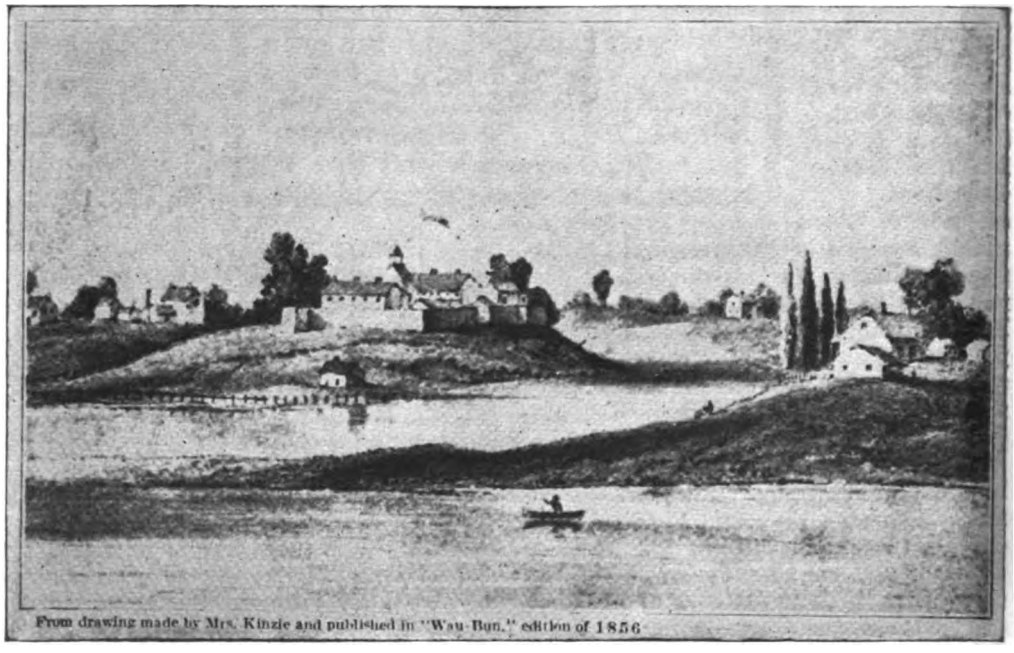
out their lives had any doubt. Men and women go far when convinced that they are following a faith which is not only for their own highest good but for the highest good of their family and of their community.

If it had not been for the railroad, Erastus and Susan Gary would probably have lived their lives out at Warrenville; but in 1846—fifteen years after he had come to Illinois—the railroad, which we have seen had decided his first location west of Chicago, became a certainty.

It is difficult for us to-day to realize the stir and hope which the opening of canal or railroad brought a community in those days. Erastus Gary knew something about it. He had seen the entire commercial life of the East changed by a canal. He was nineteen years old when in 1825 the first boat passed from Buffalo to Erie through the "big ditch"—4 feet deep, 40 feet wide—old enough to read understandingly in the *Hartford Courant*—Pomfret's chief journal—of the four barrels of Lake Erie water brought to Albany on that boat, and of the impressive ceremony of their pouring into the Hudson, thus uniting, so Governor Clinton declared, lakes and ocean.

The proof that Governor Clinton was right was immediate. Trade with the West beyond dreams followed at once. Boston saw with alarm that New York was taking away her long established place as *the* port of the new world. Philadelphia had cold chills over the rapid growth of Pittsburgh, for it was easier for merchants to go up the Hudson, through the Erie canal, down Lake Erie and across the portage to the Alleghenies, and thence to Pittsburgh, than to follow the highway over the mountains. The whole trade and travel of the country was dislocated by the opening of the Erie Canal, and Erastus Gary read how, to meet the situation, business men and state legislatures demanded canals, and more canals. They wanted to connect every river, bay, lake, in such a way that they, too, would have free access to the ocean.

When the rage for canals was at its height, a new transportation excitement broke in, to puzzle and chill the advocates. "Why build canals?" cried the knowing. "It's the railway that is to be the future transportation of the world." "What is a railway?" men asked, and the newspapers told them: "You put a thing they call a locomotive, propelled by steam, on an iron track, and it will"—few believed it—"draw a coach thirty miles an hour! It has



Fort Dearborn in 1831.

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been done in England and is being done." And tales began to spread across the country of "Puffing Billy" and the "Rocket"—the two most famous of early English locomotives.

Erastus Gary could have told you how fast, once launched, the railroad idea moved. Moveover, he undoubtedly told his Illinois neighbors how these roads were built and worked, for he must have seen, when he went West in 1831, the first one actually operated in the country.

When he reached Illinois in 1831 he found discussion of a central railroad, that is, one running from the north to the south of the State—the Illinois Central—already on foot. In 1836, when the flushed and excited Illinois legislature started on a grandiose scheme of internal improvements, granting charters for railroads, canals and river improvement in all directions, one of the roads chartered was the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad. Note that Galena stands first, being the more important town at that moment. The actual stock of the road was to be 100,000 dollars, and it was to be operated by "steam or animal power," as proved best.

The preliminary survey for this road did not take it as near Erastus Gary's Warrenville farm as he had reckoned, when he arrived in 1831, that the first road westward from Chicago would go; and it was then that he bought the land to the northeast of which I have already spoken. This first railroad undertaking was destined to collapse, however, as did all the fine schemes for transportation adopted in 1836. The panic of the years following took all heart out of Illinois for a time, and it was not until ten years later, in 1846, that the Galena & Chicago was revived. In that year a great convention was called in Rockford to stir up things. Farmers were called on for subscriptions. Meetings were held all up and down the route, and in the fall of 1847 the contract for the first seven miles west from Chicago was let—the thing was going through.

It was then that Erastus Gary decided that the land he had bought at the time of the first excitement should be put under cultivation. Turning over the Warrenville farm with its full equipment to his brother Jude, Erastus Gary in 1848, when he was forty-two years old, tackled the new undertaking. In making this move he was not going among strangers, indeed he was but changing one family group for another, Jesse and Warren Wheaton having set-

Chicago's first post office in 1833.

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tled in 1883, when they first came into Illinois, near the tract he had been holding. They were the influential men of the settlement—so influential, indeed, that the three men had been able to persuade the railroad to come a mile and a half nearer to their land than the original survey had proposed.

The next year, 1849, Erastus Gary was ready to move his little family from the log house he had built when he first came to Illinois to a new frame house, close to the present town of Wheaton, and within sight of the incoming railroad. This little family was made up of Susan Gary and two boys, the older, Noah, five years of age, the younger, Elbert Henry Gary, two and a half. It is with the younger that this story is concerned, and it is to his childhood and boyhood in the new house near the building railroad that we now turn.

Chapter II

The Boy Elbert

Early childhood for most of us is a region of haze, or half haze. It is passed under a sheltered routine where discoveries come so gradually and naturally that they blend into a misty whole. It is only when something out of the ordinary happens that memory is sufficiently aroused to lay hold and keep hold. A new home is one of the unforgetable experiences of a child. And with reason. There is the surprise of learning that there are other scenes than the one he knows. And moving brings adventures—personal adventures which stamp themselves on the mind. The earliest memories of the man whose life we are following in this narrative come from such an experience.

The new house was a large one for the time—the largest in the settlement. Erastus Gary in building had in mind no doubt the pleasant Connecticut homes of Pomfret and Woodstock—for he followed their usual plan of a central hall and staircase with comfortable rooms on either side. "The big white house on the hill" it came to be called, for it stood on an elevation overlooking the valley through which the railroad was coming as well as the settlement the railroad was to father. By agreement this place was named Wheaton from Erastus Gary's two relatives who had settled in the neighborhood when they first came to Illinois. The railway station was located where the three farms of the Wheatons and Garys cornered.

The way of the pioneer in building was usually to make ready a living room where the family could camp while the carpenters went on completing their task—a discouraging thing for a housewife but the greatest fun in the world for children, for here you had the excitement of watching frames go up, roofs and floors laid, partitions put in and doors and windows set. You had the joy of curly shavings, the fun of lumber piles. Little Elbert and his brother Noah found continuous excitement in this building of a new home over their heads. It brought Elbert his first unforgetable experience.

Of course the children climbed the ladders when there was nobody near to forbid, and one day Noah, now five, went up to the second story, still unfloored, and succeeded in getting safely to the loose boards laid at intervals across the rafters. His little brother was not slow in following. He reached the top, not an easy thing. Judge Gary when he tells you the story to-day will almost certainly jump up from his chair and make a gesture of pulling up the dress that he wore to show how difficult it was for him to get to the top of that ladder! He still feels the mystery of what happened when he got there. His little arms and legs were too short to scale the distance to the board where Noah was perched and down he went, fifteen or sixteen feet, into the cellar. And then—oblivion! With him as with all of us this first experience of passing suddenly from awareness to nothingness—the strangeness of remembering everything up to a certain point and then nothing more is still green in memory.

Not only did the Gary children have the excitement of watching the building of a new home, they had the still greater excitement of the building of the railroad. It brought groups of strange men —Irish mainly, with a brogue on their tongue new to their ears. It brought a transient settlement of shanties—mighty diggings—laying of tracks. This strange confusion and activity, the men and women of the camps, the revelries

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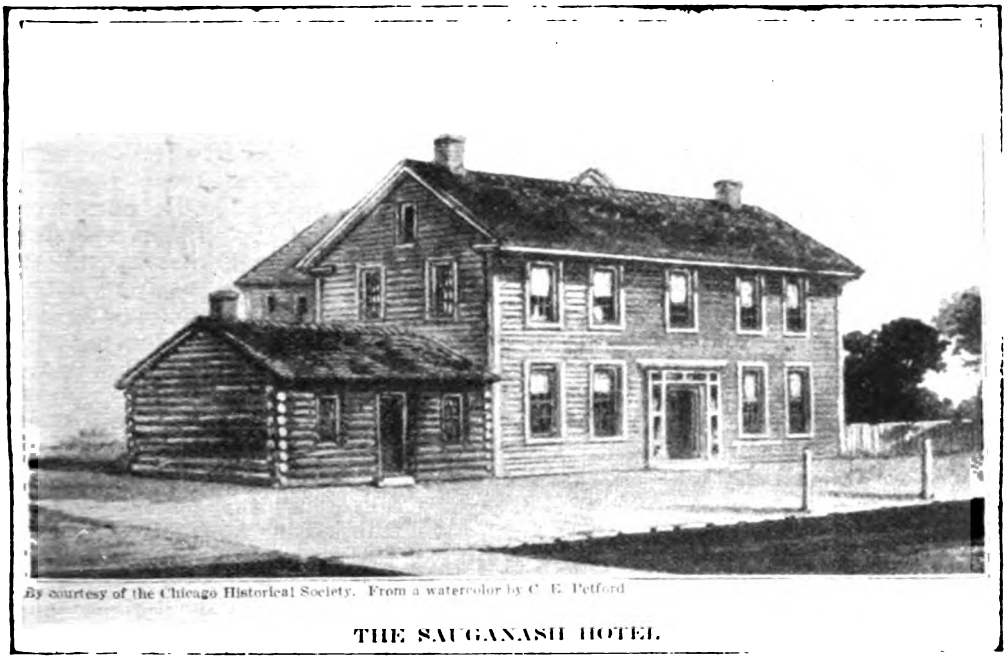

By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society. From a watercolor by C. E. Pefford

THE SAUGANASH HOTEL

This is where Erastus Gary probably stayed when he first visited Chicago in 1831.

that sometimes went on there—all made its impress on the little boy.

And there was the coming of the first train! The Galena and Chicago had acquired from an eastern road a second-hand engine and five or six equally second-hand freight cars. The train might look funny to Judge Gary to-day, but when it came rushing by for the first time it was a wonderful and fearsome sight. He must have felt almost a proprietary interest in it, too, for the tracks ran through a cut on Gary land. The road by which the family came and went crossed close to the mouth of this cut—a dangerous spot—where accidents might and did happen because of the failure of the company to keep its promise to Erastus Gary to bridge the road—a promise made when he gave them without charge a right of way across his land. It was the beginning of a grievance against railroads in the man's mind—a grievance others in the settlement shared and which the road took no pains to allay—rather defied and fed. The little boy was getting his first lesson in the ways of corporations—some corporations!

The new house was not finished, the first train had not passed before the orthodox system of training a child, accepted by Erastus and Susan Gary, was being applied to young Elbert. The Garys held to the New England belief that as soon as a child had control of hands and feet it must be taught to use them in tasks necessary to the daily life of the family. These tasks were supposed to be fitted to a child's strength and age and, laid down, there was no escaping them. By the time this boy was four he was picking up chips to start the fire, filling the wood-box, running errands. There was outside work, too; following his father in the field at planting time, dropping corn; straddling a horse, helping his brother round up and bring in the cows at night; spending long hours through the day watching them lest they wander, for in the first years on the new farm there were few fences, and cattle had to be almost continually guarded. By the time Elbert Gary was seven he had learned to milk and to do the easier night and morning chores. Year by year new tasks were taken on so that by the time he was fourteen or even before he could do and did the work of a man on the farm.

What the boy, turned over to school, gets to-day in downright knowledge of life and discipline to meet its ex-

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ences looks thin enough compared with what this boy was learning in his forced grapple with the daily tasks of the Gary farm. Unconsciously and naturally he acquired control of muscles and nerves —self-reliance in unusual situations— skill of hand—a sense of his relation to the group—the understanding that if you shirked your part, performed it badly, the whole family suffered, the day's work was dislocated—respect for labor, the knowledge that upon it depended the health and increase of stock, the size of crops, the family's food and clothing, his own and his brother's future education.

Not that school was neglected. As soon as a child could walk he was old enough to "begin school," according to the early New England pedagog. When he was three years old Elbert was being carried or led to the "District School," a half mile from the "big white house on the hill," to which all the new settlement sent its children—a primitive one-room school, with benches, a blackboard—little else.

"Going to school" had its excitements. You went early, carrying your dinner pail. On the road you met your mates and nine times out of ten you stopped to open the dinner pails, compare notes, perhaps trade pie for cake, a doughnut for an apple. School was "called" at nine, then two hours of work, then recess, with all sorts of merry games—tag, drop the handkerchief, crack the whip, old cat, Andy over. When the bell brought you back to lessons there was a rush and scramble for a drink out of the tin cup or long-handled dipper fastened to the water pail.

This water pail provided one of the few diversions of the day, for a teacher rarely refused when you raised your hand if your request was to get a drink. The pail was soon emptied and then two boys, to their great joy, were sent to fill it. Noon was a social hour over the dinner pails—quiet inside and games outside. And going home after the day's work was a happy romp.

What you learned depended upon the teacher. Luckily for the generation growing up around Wheaton, the men whom the school trustees were able to secure—they were generally men in that school—were devoted to their business. One in particular seems to have stamped himself on the community—Horace Barnes, who for many years taught the winter term, laboring with a growing constituency. Before he left he was handling in one room at least seventy-five pupils, ranging from three to eighteen; and he trained this unassorted collection so that few of them ever forgot him—always loved him. At ninety-two years of age he wrote joyous letters on the beauty of life as he was finding it, to more than one who had been his pupil in the 50s—Judge Gary among them.

There were definite things which even the child of three was expected to begin to learn: his letters, to count, first to ten, then to twenty, the number of days in the month, the name of the oldest man, the wisest man, the meekest man, the most patient man, the whole long list of "Instructive Questions and Answers" of the New England Primer —the names of the Apostles and the prophets—the names of the presidents of the United States and the capitals of the states. All these things Elbert learned at home. There were rhymes to help him fix these facts so meaningless to him—rhymes sung to him frequently, no doubt, as he was rocked back and forth by father or mother when tired or grieved. Thus there was one for the capitals of the states, beginning:

Maine, Augusta on the Kennebec river.
New Hampshire, Portsmouth on the Merrimac river.

There was one for remembering the days of the months:

Thirty days hath September
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save Leap-year—there's the time
When they have twenty-nine.

At school, too, there was much memorizing, for every Friday afternoon there were exercises where you were expected to speak a piece or take part in a dialogue, and at the end of the term, if you had shone brilliantly, to appear at an exhibition, to which people came from far and near, packing the school room to overflowing. Young Elbert was hardly out of dresses before he began to make his appearance on Friday afternoons and at school exhibitions.

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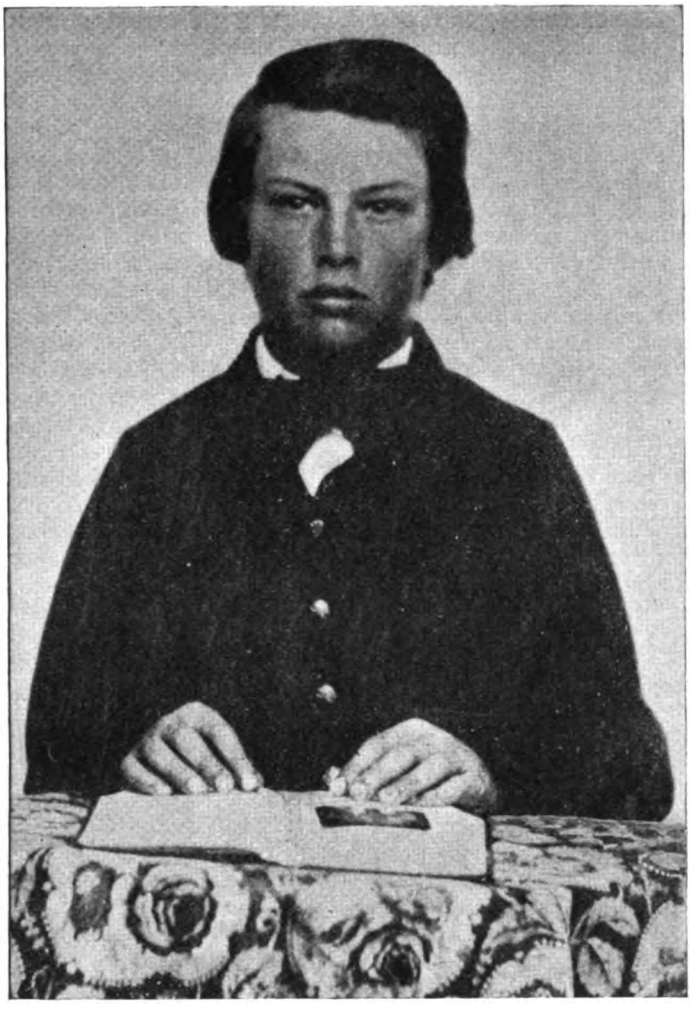

Elbert Gary at about ten years of age.

His first performance was the first of a whole generation of Americans, declaiming, with gestures which varied according to the teacher's ideas of appropriateness, the classical lines:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero
Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.

* * * * * *

Oh where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here,
Or where's the boy but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood;
But, like Washington, great in good.

As the child grew older "numbers" received an increasing amount of attention. At one period in this Wheaton district school rapid calculation became the chief test of scholarship. A teacher had taken the school who held the practice of particular value in mental training, so daily he put on the blackboard examples in partial payments. Two pupils at a time were sent to the board to see which could "get the right answer" first. Elbert came to be both accurate and rapid,

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beating even his brother—"the best mathematician in the community." "Indeed," Judge Gary tells you, "we never had a teacher as good in mathematics as Noah, but I think I could beat him in rapid calculation."

Luckily for Wheaton, Lorin Barnes, a graduate of Yale and brother of its favorite schoolmaster, Horace Barnes, who took his brother's place for two terms, had a thorough knowledge of music. He was not only able to keep his pupils happily interested in their studies but to arouse in them a love of singing. "It was always the best part of the school to me," Judge Gary will tell you to-day; and he will tell you, too, that by the time he was seven years old he could read music fairly well. This was thanks to Erastus Gary who began early familiarizing his little folks with notes and staffs, with flats and sharps, helping them out with rhymes such as this one:

When on one staff
You see the treble clef
The lines of that staff
Are E–G–B–D–F.

At sixteen he was singing bass in church, later he was a member of a quartette which did considerable work in the community. People who attend the Metropolitan Opera House and have watched Judge Gary sitting quietly in the rear of his box through a long opera may have wondered whether opera to him was a social or business affair, or whether he really understood the music. There are few men who follow the opera in New York that understand it better. He can read the score with the best of amateurs and is so familiar with leading operas that he follows them almost textually without a score.

The boy's progress in school was even more carefully watched by the father and mother than by the teacher. "My father watched my lessons with the same vigilance that he gave to his crops and live stock," Judge Gary tells you to-day. Every night he was examined in his studies, every day put into contest with some one of his age, told how Noah had known all these things before he was as old as he—how his cousins in Warrenville could count faster or farther.

This attention to what the child was learning did not lapse as he grew older. Mr. and Mrs. Gary continued to take the liveliest interest in whatever their children were studying. They had both been teachers—they still were learners. "What did you learn to-day?" was a daily question. Quizes in dates, spelling and names, examples in mental arithmetic, recitations, singing, went on constantly. A favorite exercise was correcting false syntax. This indeed was a daily habit of the Garys. Let somebody say, "That's a good thing for you and I," and father, mother and children would jump at the error.

The Gary children were brought up to read newspapers, magazines, books. Their father, like all liberal-minded men of his time, took *The New York Tribune*, and read it page by page. A little later he added to it *The Chicago Tribune*, giving it equal attention. Susan Gary had her magazines: *Godey's*, *Peterson's*, *The Ladies Repository*. Into all of these the children dipped and found what was for them, but they liked books better. Charles Dickens' *Child's History of England*, Dumas' *Three Musketeers*, and, best of all, volume after volume by Charles Dickens. The first novel that Judge Gary remembers having read was *Barnaby Rudge*, and after that he never missed one of the flood that in these years was poured forth. They listened to many French stories, too, for a cousin who "read French," was a member of the family for some time and delighted in her little audience.

This training in work and study was based on religion. The shiftless and ignorant were not fit to serve God, and to learn to love and obey God was the chief object of life. It was the Bible in which you found the rules of life, hence you must know the Bible. There were times and places set for its reading and interpretation and you must no more neglect them than you did the chores or school. Thus there were family prayers every morning before breakfast, though not before the stock had been fed, the cows milked. Then the household gathered, the Scriptures were read and the father or mother offered a prayer. As each child learned to read he was expected to take his turn with the verses. For a number of years German Bibles were used in the

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Gary household, the readers translating as they went, the listeners correcting them if a mistake had been made. This was the older Gary's practical way of teaching the children the German language, something he felt would be particularly useful because of the number of German workmen always employed on the farm, many of whom could speak no English. This early reading took young Gary back and forth through the Bible several times, printing on his alert and impressionable mind a knowledge of the book such as practically no child gets to-day.

You were expected to go to Church, to Sunday school, to camp meetings, as regularly as to attend family prayers. The Garys were Methodists. To their mind a child could not be too young to be taken to church. In fact, there was no other way for the pioneer mother. Sunday thus became a special day in the week for the child. No unnecessary work was to be done, you were expected to listen to the preaching for you were catechised when you came home. There was a quiet afternoon, singing of hymns and reading aloud from serious books—*Pilgrim's Progress, Clarke's Commentaries,* articles from *The Christian Advocate,* with drills in pious jingles:

In Adam's fall
We sinnéd all.

The Deluge drowned
The earth around.

As runs the glass
Our life doth pass.

Young Obiedias
David, Josias,
All were pious.

Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see.

The best of Sunday, however, to this particular little boy, was that he was "dressed up." From his earliest years this was one of the pleasures of his life. He liked his Sunday clothes, he liked to be clean. His mother used to say that he was the only one of her children that allowed her to "scrub his ears without a fuss!" His pleasure in his Sunday clothes was such that he always took them off before milking time in the evening—something that his brother Noah did not usually do, with the result that Elbert was always the better dressed! It was the beginning of a

Lincoln's remains lying in state in Chicago, May 1 and 2, 1865. Young Elbert Gary was in the throng that for thirty hours filed steadily by.

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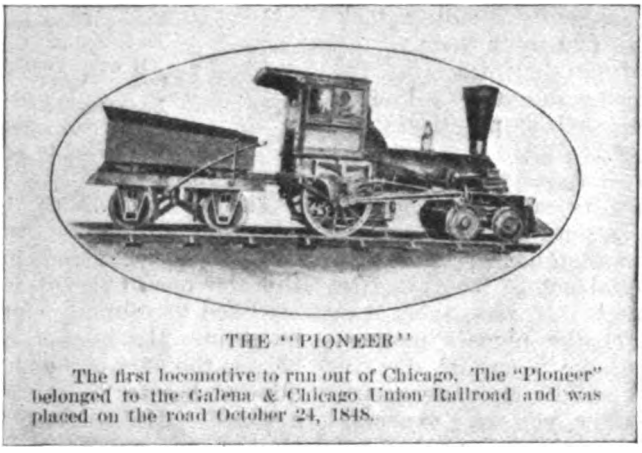
care if not an extravagance in dress that followed him through his manhood—followed him, in fact, up to the breaking out of the Great War, when he literally stopped buying clothes, turning that part of his budget into his war fund. I think Judge Gary takes as much pride in not having bought any clothes between 1916 and 1924, in showing you boots and a coat bought in 1912, as he ever took in those early days in having a cleaner looking suit than his brother Noah!



THE "PIONEER"

The first locomotive to run out of Chicago. The "Pioneer" belonged to the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad and was placed on the road October 24, 1848.

It is too much to expect that the severe code into which the boy was initiated would be accepted always without disobedience, neglect or revolt, but very little of it has come down in family tradition. The child seems to have agreed that if he broke the code it was just that he be punished—but the punishment must be just. That is, he must have been at fault, and a grievance that he nourished for many years against his father came from a punishment which "hurt" and which he believed undeserved. It was a difference of interpretation.

He and his brother Noah had been set to watch the cows, but had failed to keep them away from a neighbor's broken fence. They had destroyed corn for which Erastus Gary promptly paid. He also promptly flogged his sons for allowing the mishap. Elbert pled that he did not know that the fence was down, that he should have been told. As long as the elder Gary lived his son regularly taxed him with this injustice, but never could get more than a wise smile. "Evidently," the judge will tell you, "Father believed that I was there to watch those cattle and I should have known whether the fences were in good condition."

This resentment at a punishment which he considered undeserved took a more positive form when it was a teacher, not a father who administered it. By all accounts he was a mischievous boy in school—mischievous with a genius for escaping punishment. "He got all the fun and I got all the lickings," his closest school crony said ruefully in later years. This may be partly explained by his habit of deciding for himself whether or not a "licking" was just. "I never allowed a teacher to punish me if I didn't think I deserved it," I have heard him say, and there are tales to prove this true. Once when a teacher attempted to give him a whipping for something he had not done he took the ferule from her and broke it into pieces. If his father ever heard of this exploit he made no sign. If it came to his ears he probably first satisfied himself that the boy had been unjustly charged and was right in his revolt—that would have been like Erastus Gary.

The delicate task of snuffing out bad habits and breaking up associations with "bad boys" at the start was never shirked by these conscientious Garys. It was to be expected that a child would pick up things, the evil of which he could not know, therefore the responsible parent had his eye always open for them. Little Elbert heard the farm hands using words that probably seemed to him to express their emotions unusually well. He picked up one—"Damn it!"—and tried it on his father. The father impressed the sin of it by a whipping, but the whipping did not finish the work. The little boy went out behind the barn and shouted the forbidden oath to the skies until he literally exhausted its appeal. From that time on he seems to have had no temptation to copy the bad language which he may have heard others use.

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With his father's help he had worked it out of his system.

The severity of these prompt punishments was regulated by the mother. "That's enough, Erastus," she would say, and Erastus would drop the switch. Later she became the consoler and the interpreter. At night, after she had heard his prayer—a prayer graduated to his age, the earliest, the simple and lovely lines:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take—

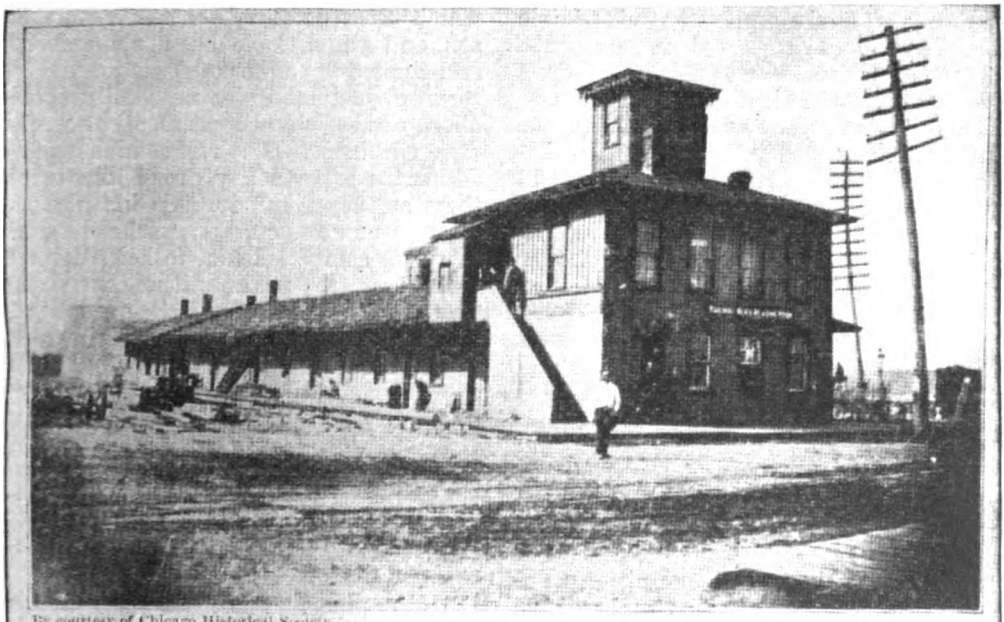
after she had heard his prayer and tucked him in, they talked it over. "It hurts your father more than it does you," the boy was sure to be told—and with men like Erastus Gary this was in the main true. In these talks the mother poured out her anxiety lest he get into bad company, learn bad habits—told him of her prayers that he grow up to be a useful Christian man.

A beautiful memory—a powerful guard through life!

Work, study, obedience—with punishment if you shirked or broke the rules; up at five in the morning with a day of twelve to fourteen hours when the farmer's "busy season" was on—a strenuous program surely, but the farmer's boy in such a family as that of the Garys had plenty of sport sandwiched into the year.

What boys are taught by masters to-day in confined places—artificial pools, riding academies, skating rinks—these boys taught themselves in the good out-of-doors. The only sports for which they had trained instruction were boxing and wrestling. This came from a Canadian farm hand—an expert athlete—a young man of twenty-three or four, who lived in the Gary family for a year or so, going to school with the boys and incidentally teaching them the sporting arts he had mastered.

They played baseball—the early variety. Young Elbert at ten was captain of a team, catching behind the bat. He became a marble champion and an expert self-taught swimmer. "I lay on the water and found I could swim," and



By courtesy of Chicago Historical Society

THE FIRST DEPOT OF THE GALENA & CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD COMPANY (NOW CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY)

This depot stood at the southwest corner of North Canal and West Kinzie streets. It was built in 1848 and was Chicago's first railroad depot. In 1881 the depot was removed.

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knowing that he learned the rest—diving, treading water, swimming "frog fashion" and "dog fashion."

As soon as the boy could walk he straddled a horse. Erastus Gary raised horses for the market and, as there were often forty or fifty in the lots, handling them was an important part of the farm work. Little Elbert was on horseback helping drive up the cows when he was three or four years old, and he was not much older before he and his brother and cousins were racing horses, standing up by choice, bare backs and bare feet! They began to drive before they were six and one of the excitements of their early days—exciting and not always safe—was racing teams. To race four horses attached to a big bob-sled over the half broken, snow-covered roads of DuPage county, took a skill and a daring equal to that in most of the highly developed sports of to-day, and these boys were doing that in their early teens.

From the time he was six or seven the boy used a gun. He had watched his father morning after morning load his shotgun and from the back door shoot for breakfast a couple of the prairie hens that always roosted on the grain stacks near by. It was Erastus Gary's thrifty habit not to fire until he had two birds in range and invariably he brought down two with one load. Elbert was only six or seven years old when he decided that he too would like to hunt. He made the ancient muzzle-loader ready, as he had seen his father do, and started across the field. He had the luck to run across a half dozen snipe. Following his father's procedure, he worked his way up close and then, with one knee on the ground, took aim and actually brought down a bird. It was a great day for him and the beginning of more and more hunting as he grew older, not only of birds and rabbits but occasionally a lynx or a fox.

The winter brought more leisure for fun as well as more opportunities. Besides coasting and sleigh riding there was skating, and a wonderful range they had, for the low undrained prairies or sloughs—they called them "slews"—frozen, made a continuous skating pond for miles around. The Gary boys could easily go on their skates from near their home in Wheaton to their cousins' home in Warrenville, five miles away across country; they could visit neighbors north and south, and occasionally in winters of deep snow or when a frost had followed a January thaw, they skated over the fences on the crust—a never-to-be-forgotten excitement!

The boy thrived on this life of work and sport. He grew husky, hard, red-cheeked. One of his sisters—for two sisters came after the family settled in Wheaton—gives a captivating picture of him: "a boy full of energy and pranks, yet truthful; dark haired and plenty of it; dark blue eyes, changing with his moods and usually thought black. A boy always ready to meet an emergency, first in games at school, loyal to his friends, particularly his elder brother. I remember he was once a little round-shouldered and thereafter he always read lying on his stomach, his head thrown back."

More important than this picture is the appraisal of his intellect and character which crops out in the recollections gathered from members of his family, his school mates, his teachers. Most valuable of all are the rare words which Erastus Gary let fall about his son and which have been remembered and quoted by others. This silent, observing, just man was not easily fooled about anybody and least of all about his own children. His rigid ideas of a father's responsibility drove him to see them as they were, forbade his glossing over any fault or weakness he detected in them, compelled him to hold them to their best, to praise them sparingly. Thus his estimate of this beloved boy—for he was that to the man—is trustworthy. Elbert had a "good head," he conceded; that is, he could put two and two together—and he did, sometimes to the amazement of his elders. An early judgment of his father was that Elbert did not like to be beaten. It was a trait that grew as the years went on, and whether it was spelling or baseball, singing or wrestling, he liked the first place. But most satisfying to the man was a conclusion to which he early came and which his family heard him express more than once—"Elbert is pretty honest, pretty honest."

Another characteristic that pleased his father was his thoughtfulness, coolness, resourcefulness. "He is the 'long-

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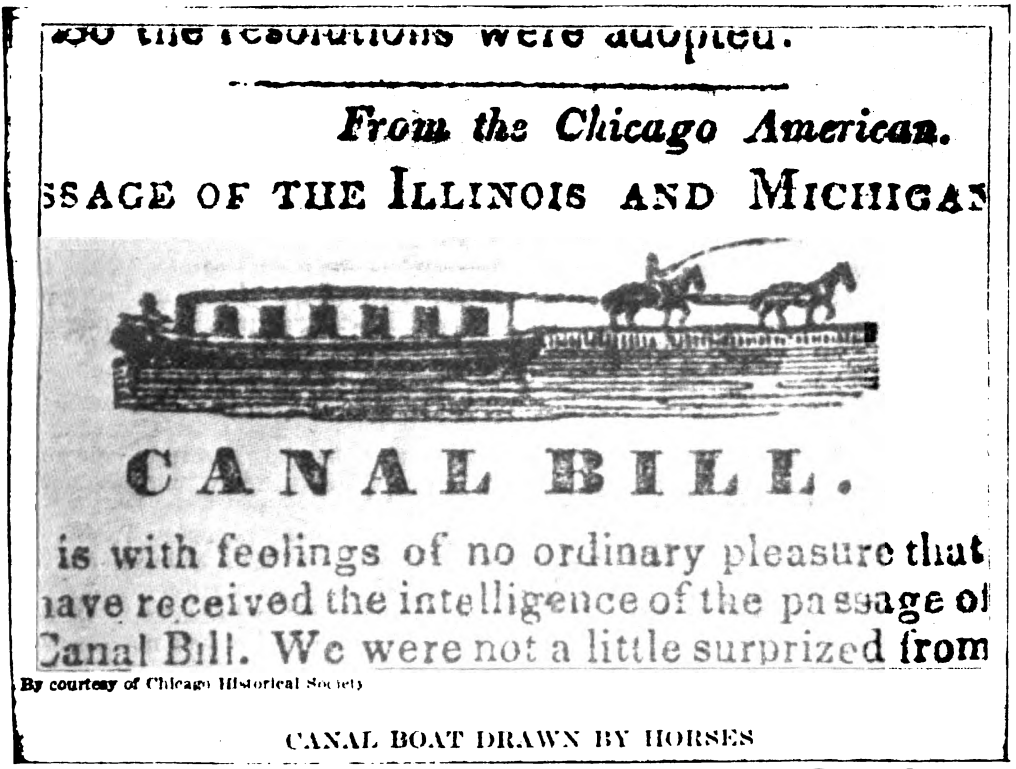
est headed' boy that I ever saw," he used to tell his mother. It was something of a wonder to his companions as well as to his elders that he never flew into a passion. His elder brother Noah was impetuous, hot tempered, quick to resent. Elbert was the opposite. "The only way we ever knew he was angry," one of his friends says, "was that the top of his head turned red!"

That is, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Gary had very good material to which to apply their code of training, and the boy thrived under it. The life of this farmer's boy might have been hard, but it certainly developed him, gave him, as he says, "strength, vigor, courage, confidence in himself." Moreover, life presented itself under this regime as something regular, fixed; it had no uncertainties. It was settled that he labor, that he study, that he go to church, that he enjoy certain sports. His elders had no uncertainties. They knew what they wanted, freely expressed it, struggled for it, and he had been accustomed to seeing them able to overthrow interferences, hold on to what they had built up. This was true in the matter of acquiring property—in the matter of the church, the family—and it was true in that field which he heard called politics. He knew his father as a Democrat—without political ambitions, but holding as strongly to his political opinions as he did to his religious opinions, as good a Democrat as he was a Methodist.

The first great unsettling in this well-established world came when Elbert was eight years old. The whole of Northern Illinois was in a tumult—a tumult caused by something that a man who had been a political idol of the Democrats had done—Stephen A. Douglas, the beloved United States Senator from Illinois. He had sponsored a bill in the United States Senate that outraged Erastus Gary's deepest convictions—the Kansas-Nebraska bill, threatening to allow slavery in territory which had been set aside for freedom.

Erastus Gary had been born in Connecticut. As a boy he had been accustomed to seeing on the front page of the *Hartford Courant* advertisements headed "Runaway"—asking for the return of men and women, blacks seeking freedom. He had been reared to hate it. One of his satisfactions in settling in Illinois was that it was a land


the resolutions were adopted.
From the Chicago American.
SSAGE OF THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN
CANAL BILL.
is with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that
have received the intelligence of the passage of
Canal Bill. We were not a little surprized from

By courtesy of Chicago Historical Society

CANAL BOAT DRAWN BY HORSES

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pledged to freedom by both state and federal action. It was his judgment that no more territory in these United States should ever be opened to slavery, and in 1850, when the struggle over the future freedom of the land acquired by the Mexican war was on in Congress, the Democrats of his district had passed at a convention held only seven miles away at the county seat, Naperville, resolutions destined to play a part eight years later in the great Illinois Debate on slavery extension. They were out-and-out enough to suit the most radical of the day:

Resolved, That this Convention is in favor of the Wilmot Proviso both in *Principle and Practice* and that we know of no good reason why any *person* should oppose the largest latitude in *Free Soil, Free Territory* and *Free Speech*, and;

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention the time has arrived when *all men should be free.*

Erastus Gary believed these things in 1850—he believed them quite as strongly in 1854 when Douglas introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill; and he entirely sympathized with the demonstration in Chicago against Douglas when he came on from Washington to explain his position to his alarmed and revolting constituency.

When he reached the town, Douglas had found the flags hung at half mast and for an hour before his evening speech he heard the bells tolling in sorrow for his apostasy. He found, too, when he tried to explain his bill that the majority of his audience—Whigs and Democrats—would not listen—it could not be explained.

Boys in those days were much with their elders. They labored with them, sat with them in gatherings of every sort, wormed their way into groups that collected on the streets, in the courts, by the fireside. They followed with attention the grave discussions that went on now. Young Gary saw his father break with his old party. It was the first great change he had seen in life. His father was not what he had once been, a Democrat—he was a new thing—a Republican. He was facing the fact that the accepted things were not necessarily eternal. Parties passed away, new ones came—a leader falls, a new one rises. There was a new one beginning to be talked of in the Gary household—Abraham Lincoln.

This new leader of whom men knew so little challenged the old one. The boy was old enough—twelve years—to follow with some understanding the debates of 1858, and he must have watched his father reading them word for word as published in the *Chicago Tribune;* heard him talking about them, heard the conclusion—"Lincoln is right. We must keep this thing back or it will spread all over the country. What we have to decide is whether the United States shall be all slave or all free."

Lincoln was defeated, but he discovered that the defeat did not end it, that it was as Lincoln said, "a durable struggle." He was old enough to remember the events of Lincoln's election, and how it brought to pass the final stage of the great dispute—the stage where brains no longer counted and men turned to war.

He was all for the fight. One of the earliest books he had read—the one he had heard most talked of at home, at school, in church—the one that had stirred him deepest, had been *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Of course such things must not be allowed to happen in Illinois, and what Lincoln meant was that unless they held fast now they might happen in Illinois. Slavery should not pass. The state was free—it should stay free if they must fight for it.

By April, 1861, when the Civil War broke out Elbert Gary, now fourteen years old, was a student in what was then known as the Illinois Institute, a Wesleyan Methodist college that his father had helped found in Wheaton. It was his father's intention and his ambition that he should "go through, have a college education." And being the kind of boy he was, with the pride of finishing what he had started, it seemed certain that that was just what he would do. But nothing suffers more than colleges with the coming of war. Colleges are filled with youths, many of them old enough to fight. The colleges of the United States practically disbanded when the Civil War broke out. If you did not go to war you had not the will to study. Elbert Gary could not go on. Scores of boys he knew joined the army, among them his brother Noah. He tried to follow, offering to enlist several

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times in DuPage and surrounding counties but he was always refused as too young. Finally, in 1864, he ran away with a regiment.

He was sworn into service and, while waiting for his company to be moved to the mustering-in place, was given a position as regimental postmaster and his training was begun—roll calls, drills, parades. Then suddenly in May, 1864, two months after he had left home, a letter came from his mother. His brother Noah had been desperately wounded in a charge upon the defences of Resaka, Georgia. His father had been asked to come at once if he would see his son alive. He had gone and she, the mother, was alone. She needed him. He was a minor. He must come back. The colonel of the regiment thought so, too, and promptly granted a leave. It was the end of soldiering for Elbert Gary.

Things were never again to go on as they had done in the Gary family, for when finally the father was able to bring his wounded son back north for months of care in a hospital, he determined to make a change which he had looked forward to for his later years —that is, rent the farm now and move into town. This he did almost at once.

As for Elbert, he could not take up life where he had left it at the beginning of the war. A school was offered him and for a term he taught. But it was only a make-shift, he had no idea of teaching as a profession. It was before this first term of school was over that he found an objective—a real one this time, something which promised a field for his active mind and his no less active ambition.

It came logically enough. A brother of his mother, Colonel Henry Vallette, a lawyer, and a good one—one of the best in the country, with an honorable war record, as the leader of an Illinois regiment—was now back in his office at Naperville, the county seat, with his partner—a man as prominent in affairs as himself, Circuit Judge Cody. Both Colonel Vallette and Judge Cody were friends of Erastus Gary. They knew this boy Elbert and they evidently had said to themselves, "He has the making of a lawyer," and in 1865 they suggested his coming to them to read law. The boy jumped at the suggestion. And naturally enough. For twenty years or more his father had been one of the most trusted magistrates in DuPage county. Cases of all sorts limited in amount were submitted to him in the court he held in the sitting-room of "the big white house on the hill." He tried them sometimes with a jury, sometimes without. Well known lawyers not only from the county but from adjoining counties had been in the habit of appearing before him. That is, Justice Gary's court was one of recognized importance. Everywhere, too, it was highly held because of the respect for the just mind of the man. As time had gone on Elbert had become more and more interested in what went on in these trials, and his father, understanding probably what a wonderful school in the nature of human beings, their behaviour and their relations, such a court as his must be, encouraged the presence of the boy. The experience had given him an appetite for the law which he had not realized until the chance to study with a firm so distinguished as that of Vallette and Cody was given. His father thought well of the idea. "Someday," he said, "Elbert may have a little property and a knowledge of the law may help him to keep it."

It was characteristic of the boy that having determined to study law he acted at once, would not allow himself to be diverted. The trustees of the school in which he had been teaching, pleased with his work, came to him to beg that he go on for just one more term, offering him a substantial increase in salary; but he was clear in his mind. This was the thing he was going to do, and so in the spring of 1865, in his nineteenth year, young Elbert Gary entered the law office of Vallette and Cody in Naperville, Illinois.

(To be Continued)

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BLACKMAIL

By SAPPER

THE letter came to me as a voice from the dead. At first the handwriting on the envelope seemed strange, and then after staring at it for a few seconds I remembered. There was the same decisive cross to the T's; the same little flourish to the Esqr. Only I hadn't seen that writing for almost twenty years, and one is apt to forget.

The postmark was New York, and with the letter still unopened in my hand I sat staring out of the window. So Jim Featherstone was in America—the man who at one time had been my greatest friend. Was now for that matter, as far as I was concerned; it was not through any wish of mine that we had lost touch with one another after the tragedy had happened and Jim had paid the price. I'd tried—heaven knows—hard enough to find the dear old chap, but every time I'd come up against a blank wall.

And after a time I'd given it up, a little hurt, a little offended. He knew where I was, and if he didn't choose to write or come and see me, the choice was his. And now here in my hand I held the answer to my search; at last Jim had broken the silence.

Unconsciously my thoughts drifted backwards to that dreadful time twenty years ago. Every detail of it was as clear in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. And now that I felt instinctively that the clue to everything which had puzzled us all at the time—for there were many who loved Jim—lay here between my fingers, deliberately I refrained from opening the envelope. It had waited long years; it could wait a few more minutes whilst I sorted out in my mind the events as they had happened.

It had been midnight when the telephone bell had rung in my sitting-room. I remember I had one leg of my pajamas off and one on, and I swore at the interruption. I was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. I'd been working pretty hard on a case and I had to be early in court the next morning. Who on earth could want me at midnight?

But the bell went on ringing insistently, and I went into the sitting room.

"What is it?" I cried irritably into the receiver.

"Are you Mr. Pollock?" came a man's voice.

"I am. Who are you?"

"Vine Street speaking, sir. Can you come down here at once? Mr. Featherstone is here, and has asked for you as a legal adviser."

Into my mind there leaped at once the idea that Jim was tight and wanted me to try and fix things. And my irritation did not decrease.

"What on earth does he want me for at this time?" I half muttered, forgetting the man at the other end could hear. "I suppose the old fool has got blotto."

And from the other end came the reply:

"I'm afraid it's not that, sir. It's something infinitely more serious." And the tone of the voice, even more than the words, pulled me together.

"I'll come at once," I said.

All the time I dressed I wondered what Jim could have been doing; all the way down in a hansom which I was lucky enough to pick up, I was still wondering. Wild Jim was and always had been, but there was no atom of vice in him. He had money, at least quite enough, without being actually wealthy, he had hosts of friends. So what could he have been doing?

An inspector met me, and his face was very grave. He made no attempt at beating about the bush, but came straight to the point.

"It's murder, Mr. Pollock, I'm sorry to say."

I stared at him stupidly.

"You mean that Jim—that Mr. Featherstone— is accused of murdering some one?" I said.

He nodded.

"That is what I mean, sir."

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"But it's incredible," I cried angrily. "Whom is he accused of murdering?"

"A Mr. John Parsons" said the inspector. "Perhaps you would go and see him, Mr. Pollock. He can tell you the story himself, but I am bound to admit that things look extremely black. You see your friend makes no attempt to deny the charge, in fact he admits it."

"How did he do it?" I asked dully.

"He shot him with a revolver in Mr. Parson's own study," said the inspector. "Will you come this way?"

Mechanically I followed him until he halted before the locked door of a cell. Jim was inside, sitting on the edge of the bed, and he got up with a cheery smile as he saw me.

"Sorry to drag you out, old man, at this ungodly hour—but as the inspector has probably told you I'm in a hole."

"Good heavens, Jim!" I cried, "there must be a mistake."

"Devil a bit, Bill," he answered. "There's no mistake. I've told the inspector here everything that happened. I went up to Hampstead to interview Mr. John Parsons after dinner. I had a certain request to make to him, and had he seen his way to granting that request, I should not have killed him. But as he did not see his way to doing so, I did kill him. I warned him first, but he rather stupidly thought I was bluffing. I wasn't."

I stared at him aghast.

"But Jim, old boy," I cried. "you don't seem to realize—it's murder."

"On the contrary, Bill, I realize it only too well. As you say, it's murder."

"But who is this John Parsons? I've never heard of him."

"No more had I until this morning," he answered. "But if it's of importance, and presumably it is, John Parsons is, or rather was, a foul blackmailing swine. He was a man dead to even the twinge of a decent instinct, a loathsome brute, a slimy cur. And although I realize quite fully that legally speaking I've committed murder, from every other point of view I have merely exterminated a thing that had no right to live."

"Granted, old man," I said hopelessly. "But that's got nothing to do with it. The only point of view we're concerned with is the legal one, and legally it doesn't matter if he was all you say or an angel of light. Tell me, what was this request you went up to make and which he wouldn't grant?"

Jim smiled at me gravely, and laid his hand on my arm.

"I knew you'd ask me that, old man. It's pretty obvious, isn't it? Sticks out a yard. But I can't tell you."

"You can't tell me," I repeated. "But why not? Presumably you've sent for me because you want me to defend you."

"If you'll be so good, Bill."

"Good be blowed, Jim," I cried. "Of course I'll defend you. But I must know all the facts of the case."

Once again he smiled gravely and shook his head.

"You shall know all except that, Bill. Believe me, old friend, I have a very good reason."

I argued, expostulated and finally lost my temper, but it was useless. He was adamant on that one point—the most vital point in the whole case. He had gone up to interview this man Parsons, having made an appointment by telephone. The object of the interview was to demand the handing over of a certain thing. And that demand had been refused. Parsons had merely laughed at his request. So Jim had taken the revolver out of his pocket, and had warned him of his unalterable intention of killing him if the request was not complied with. And once again Parsons had laughed and, rising from his chair, had crossed to the bell.

"It was then that I shot him through the heart, Bill," said Jim quietly. "After that I locked the door, took the keys of the safe from the body, opened the safe and found what I sought. The servants were hammering on the door, but it was a stout one. I burnt the thing I had come for, and then I opened the door. And that is absolutely all there is to it."

Moreover that had been absolutely all there was to it when he was tried. Not by even so much as a hint had Jim given away what had been the object of his visit. I warned him of the consequences, but I might have saved my breath.

"I realize all you say, old friend," he said patiently "But it's just impossible for me to tell you. I know what it means to me, but I can't help it, whatever the result may be."

And so it came to the trial. The

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court was crammed, and the most self-possessed person there was Jim. I can see him now, standing between the two wardens, head thrown back a little, arms folded. And what a magnificent looking specimen of manhood he was! He gave me a nod and a smile, but after that he looked neither to the right hand nor the left, though the court was crammed with his friends.

Quietly, inexorably, but with studied moderation, counsel for the Crown outlined the case. He made no effort to gloss over the character of the murdered man; with scrupulous fairness he went so far as to emphasize it.

"As my learned friend will doubtless tell you, gentlemen," he said, "John Parsons was that most loathsome of all things—a blackmailer. From documents discovered in his safe no doubts can be entertained on that score. But, gentlemen, the law of England protects people against blackmail. Further it punishes the blackmailer with the utmost severity. It is the safeguard of a civilized community, it is the thing to which appeal must be made. And no man, under any conditions whatever, has the right to take the law into his own hands."

It was a short case. Though technically the plea was "Not Guilty," there was no dispute over facts. And there was no drama to it even, until I put Jim himself on the witness stand. Whether he liked it or not, I was determined to run sentiment for all it was worth. And I asked him once again the question point blank:

"What was the request you made to John Parsons?"

He looked me straight in the face.

"I refuse to say."

"Did it concern a woman's honor?"

For a moment he hesitated, then he answered firmly.

"Yes—it did."

Of course, it was useless. Counsel for the Crown, as was his duty, pushed him hard on the point.

"Who was the woman?"

"I refuse to say."

"Will you write down the name and hand it to his lordship?"

"I will not."

And then the judge intervened. A little sternly he pointed out that Jim was jeopardising his chances by his attitude, and that his consistent refusal to give any information on this point only tended to throw doubts on the veracity of his statement, and came perilously near contempt of court.

Jim bowed, and I can hear now his quiet level voice.

"My lord, I realize what you say only too well. May I, however, beg of you to believe that nothing is farther from my mind than any feeling of contempt of court. For what it is worth, you have my word; but I can bring you no proof, even if I wished to. For the proof was destroyed by me that night. And whatever your lordship's judgment may be on me, I thank my God that I was able to do so."

A woman in court gave a little sob, and the judge frowned.

I talked to him three years after at some banquet or other, and he told me his feelings at the moment. Notoriously one of the most impartial men on the bench, yet every sympathy he had was with Jim. And he felt that he was being stupidly quixotic.

"Are we to understand," he said, "that there is a woman living so devoid of every decent sense that she allows you to stand on trial for murder—a murder perpetrated as you say to save her honor—without coming forward and giving evidence?"

I saw the muscles on Jim's face tighten, and a strange look came into his eyes.

"The woman in question is dead, my lord."

And for a space there was absolute silence in court.

It was all over in one day. There could only be one end; the issue was never in doubt. There was no refuting the Crown's deadly arguments. If such a precedent was allowed, where would matters end? There was merely prisoner's unsubstantiated word that he had killed this man to save a dead woman's honor. Even if it was true, there was no justification whatever for such an act. And how could they possibly tell that it was true? The members of the jury must obliterate from their minds all questions of sentiment. They must not take into account the prisoner's personality, nor that of the dead man. All they must concentrate on was the fact that admittedly a man had been murdered, and that the only excuse for

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he act was an appeal to sentiment which might, he allowed, be true, but which on the other hand might be merely a lie put forward as a last despairing endeavor to mitigate a cold-blooded crime. Let them not forget that prisoner at the bar had gone to this man's house with a loaded revolver in his pocket——

And through it all Jim listened with the same grave quiet attention. Never for one instant did any hint of agitation or fear show on his face, and when the jury left to consider their verdict and he was removed he gave me one of his usual cheery smiles. They didn't take long—ten minutes to be exact—and the verdict was the only possible one, "Guilty."

They took a couple of sobbing women out, and they closed the doors. And hands clenched and knees twitched, for it's a dreadful moment when a man's life is declared forfeit. They asked him if he had anything to say, and because he was white clean through he did have something to say. And it was this:

"Only one thing, my lord. That had I been in any other position in this court to-day, either in your lordship's seat or in the jury box or conducting the case for the Crown, I only hope that I should have acted with the same scrupulous fairness towards prisoner that has been accorded to me to-day."

And then it was over. Jim was sentenced to death, and it seemed to me as I watched him that he was staring at something above him—something that he saw and we couldn't. But then maybe my eyes were a bit dim.

Certain it is that even to the last he never faltered. He seemed to be sustained by some outside power; he seemed to be curiously aloof. And all through the days that followed he was just the same. When I told him that from every corner of the country huge petitions were arriving for his reprieve he shrugged his shoulders and smiled a little sadly.

"Dear old Bill," he answered, "you've been just wonderful over it all. But I don't think I very much mind what happens. I'm not a particularly religious bloke but perhaps—who knows—one might run across people over the other side."

And again he seemed to be staring through the windows of his cell at something or somebody that I couldn't see. It was successful—the petition—and the sentence was commuted to penal servitude. The utter vileness of the man Parsons had a good deal to do with it, I think. And when I told Jim the news, and the two wardens stood there smiling all over their faces, he wrung my hand and thanked me. But even at the time it struck me that his chief feeling was gratitude for the trouble I'd taken, rather than joy at the result.

That was the last time I ever saw him. The years rolled by, and, by the law of nature, his memory grew a little dim. I became increasingly busy, and Jim faded a bit from my mind. But always I had marked the date of his release: I wanted to meet him as he came out. He had earned the maximum remission of his sentence, and the governor of the prison had promised to let me know the actual day. And then as luck would have it I went down with a severe attack of influenza two days before he was due to come out. I wired the governor asking him to tell Bill where I was, and he told him. But Bill never came. I went to old addresses; I followed every clue I could think of, but it was useless. Bill completely disappeared, leaving no trace, and as I have said I gave it up, a little hurt and offended.

And now, at long last, I held in my hands a letter from him. It was a bulky one, and I gave a start as I saw the date. It had been written two years previously, though the post mark was recent.

"Old friend," it ran, "don't think too hardly of me. The governor gave me your message, but fifteen years of prison changes a man. We should have been strangers, Bill, and I should have stepped back into a world I didn't know, and that didn't know me. I couldn't have borne to meet the old set again. Most of them probably are married, and to their wives who never knew me at all I should have been just an unknown man who'd served a sentence for murder. It would have been an impossible situation, I couldn't have stood it. But it was good of you to think of it—awfully good, old pal. Only I'm thankful you had flu, otherwise I should have had to hurt you. For I had made up my

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mind irrevocably to cut adrift, and I should have had a terrible job trying to make you see my point of view.

"But now during the three years since I came out the conviction has been growing on me that it is only fair to you to let you, who defended me so ably, know the truth. You won't get this letter until I am dead"—for a moment I stopped reading and stared out of the window—"but you'll get it then. The old lungs got touched up a bit in prison, and they tell me that I ought to go to some sanatorium. But I'm thinking it's hardly worth while——

"All I ask you, Bill, is to burn this letter when you've read it and promise me that never by word or deed you will divulge its contents to a living soul. Because it's the story of the only part of my life that counts, and the only part of the life of one other.

"I met her first at St. Moritz. She was nineteen and I was twenty-one. We were both pretty good skiers, and so she managed to get away from the two stout women who dogged her footsteps wherever she went. Because you see she wasn't an ordinary mortal like you and me, old man; she was a royalty. And yet she was just an ordinary mortal like you and me, in that she loved love, and life, and most marvelous of all she loved one Jim Featherstone. Useless to ask how these things happen; they lie on the lap of the gods for capricious distribution. And I—great heavens! Old friend it would be beyond my power to tell you how I loved that girl. She was more to me than life itself. We were discreet; we had to be. She was there incognito, of course, but the two Gorgons watched her like lynxes. Had they had an inkling of our feelings for one another they would have whisked her away and buried her once more in the starchy ceremony of her father's court. For he was a king, and it should not tax your ingenuity overmuch to find out the country he reigned over.

"But there are ways of eluding even lynx-eyed Gorgons, and for four weeks we managed to do it. And for four weeks we lived in a world of our own—my girl and I. We didn't much bother over what was going to happen—the present was good enough for us. Once or twice I alluded to it, but always she put her little hand over my mouth and stopped me. So I forced myself to forget the madness of it all, and lived just for each day as it came.

"But at last there came the time when it could be ignored no longer. We were up in the snow eating our lunch when she told me in her sweet broken English:

"'To-morrow, Jim, I'm going. Going back to prison.'

"I'd known, of course, that it had to come, but that didn't make it any easier. And something snapped inside me. I caught her in my arms, and begged and implored her to sacrifice everything and marry me.

"'You'll be happy as my wife, dear love,' I whispered. 'I've got a bit of money, and there's the whole great world in front of us.'

"Just for a little she lay in my arms with the wonder of it all in her dear eyes; and then she gave a little twisted smile.

"'If only I could, my Jim,' she said gravely. 'If only I could. But there's something I haven't told you. Maybe I've been wicked these last few weeks letting you kiss me and make love to me. But I couldn't help it, for I love you so my dear. And I think I hate him.'

"'Who?' I demanded.

"'The man I've got to marry. It's been arranged for many years.'

"And she told me who it was. A diplomatic marriage—the usual thing; and for a while I cursed bitterly and foolishly, till the words died away in my throat and I grew silent, just staring into her dear eyes. It was to take place when she was twenty-one, so there were two years before the sacrifice.

"This isn't a love story, Bill, and anyway there are things of which a man does not write. And that last afternoon is one of them. Sufficient to say that we said good-bye to one another up in the white purity of the snow. And white though it was it was no whiter than my beloved girl.

"The months went on, and I came back to London. I tried to forget in the way that men have always tried to forget, and I couldn't. Time made things no better; if anything it made them worse. The official announcement appeared in the papers, full of the usual lies. How wonderful it was that the close cementing together of the two

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nations should be accomplished by such a romantic love match—you know the sort of stuff. And I cursed the fools who wrote it, and went on all the harder trying to forget.

"It was three months before the ceremony was due to take place that a letter came to me at my club, and I stood there staring at it like a man bereft of his senses. I'd only seen her handwriting once, but I knew it in a flash. And the postmark was London.

She'd sent it over by some one of course—I'd given her my club as an address if ever she wanted me. That was my first thought, until I turned the envelope over. And on the back was the name of a London hotel.

"Bill, I was shaking like a man with the palsy when I opened that letter. I had to put it on a table before I could get it steady enough to read. She was in London for three days, and though she felt it was madness she must see me again. Would I meet her that afternoon. She gave me a rendezvous, where she would be in her car, and then we would go for a drive.

"And now I'm coming to the end, old man. Madness it may have been—the time we spent those next three days. But it was a madness which has lived through the long gray years, and will live with me till the end. She was strictly incognito; only one girl friend was with her—a girl who loved her even as I did. She knew of course; she it was who came later and told me what had happened. It was the driver who was the traitor—if I could get my hands on that man he would die even as John Parsons died!

"But I'm jumping ahead. Why we chose Richmond Park for our last day I don't know—though it wouldn't have much mattered where we'd gone; the result would have been the same. But it was there, in one of those little copses that I said good-bye to her for the last time. She was leaving next day, and we sat there hand in hand. And after a while my arms went round her and she clung to me helplessly.

" 'Always and always: for ever and ever, my man," she said again and again.

"What's the good of laboring it? The shadows were lengthening when I kissed her for the last time, and watched her stumble a little blindly back to the waiting car. It was the end, and from that moment I have only seen her twice. Once at Victoria Station the next morning, when for a moment her eyes met mine and she smiled pitifully; once amidst the pomp and ceremony of her marriage. I watched her from the crowd, as she bowed and smiled to the cheering people. But her face was white, Bill, and it seemed to me that she was looking for some one—always looking. But maybe that was my imagination.

"Once again I came back to London and tried to forget. Now it was over, definitely finished; I told myself over and over again that I was a fool.

" 'Cut it clean out, you ass, it's an episode—dead and finished.'

"But you can't cut out a part of you—a vital part—and I couldn't forget. I haven't forgotten yet; I never shall.

"It was a year later that she died. She died giving birth to a son, and a nation went into mourning. Also an obscure individual in London, but he didn't count—not until a little later. And then only he knew it and one other, and now you.

"It was the girl friend who came to me and told me what had happened. She came one morning and she had traveled over Europe without stopping. I take off my hat to that girl, Bill; she was superb—a thoroughbred clean through.

" 'They're after me, Mr. Featherstone,' she said. 'But they're a day behind.'

" 'What's happened?' I asked, staring at her, bewildered.

"She made no answer, but just took an envelope from her bag and handed it to me. I took out the contents and for a few moments I could hardly believe my eyes. There were six snapshots inside, and in every one of them there appeared my girl and I. They had been taken in Richmond Park, and subconsciously I recalled an occasional click-click that I had heard that wonderful afternoon. At that time I had hardly noticed it—put it down to a cricket or something. Now I knew. Some devil had been there hidden with a camera, and this was the result.

" 'How did you get these?' I asked her.

" 'They were sent to a man at Court,'

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she answered quietly 'Never mind how I got them; if you want to know, I stole them. But you know what intrigue is out there, and the man to whom they were sent is the leader of the anti-royalist clique. For years he has been working secretly to overthrow the existing monarchy; in the country he has a large following. He is utterly unscrupulous and he proposes, I know, to publish those photographs and circulate them. You see what people will say, Mr. Featherstone: that the late queen had a lover. Probably they will go further and say that the boy is not the son of the king. You *must* stop it. I don't care about the king or his house; I do care about her reputation. You loved her; you've got a day; do something. You see the films are still in existence. And that's the man who has them. I found his name and address when I took the prints.'

"I looked at the paper she held out to me, and then I laid my hand on her arm.

" 'Leave it all to me,' I said, and she went away comforted.

"Old friend, the rest you know. I rang that devil up twice on the telephone to fix an appointment; each time he was out. So after dinner I went up to see him. He smiled when he saw me, and I had to control myself not to strike him in the face.

" 'And what can I do for you?' he asked, though he knew full well all the time.

" 'You can give me the films of those infamous pictures you took in Richmond Park,' I answered.

"He laughed again.

" 'But I value them highly' he said. 'They've been worth a great deal of money to me, my dear boy.'

" 'You foul swine,' I cried, and he waved a deprecating hand.

" 'I regard it as a most creditable performance,' he continued. 'And really you know Richmond Park is a very public place for love-making. Any one might have been there. In fact as I followed your car and realized your destination I grew quite alarmed. But still everything worked out very satisfactorily.'

"And at that moment the telephone bell rang beside him. He spoke into it and his face changed suddenly. I can still see him hanging up the receiver with a cold sneering smile.

" 'So, my young friend, you have succeeded in stealing those photographs, have you? How very interesting.'

"I realized that the pursuers had arrived in London, and that time was even shorter than I thought.

" 'Photographs for which I have been paid a very large sum,' he continued. 'And here I have all the trouble of printing another set.'

" 'You'll never do that, you blackmailer,' I said and he leaned back in his chair still smiling.

" 'May I ask how you propose to prevent me?' he remarked. 'The negatives are in that safe, the key of which is attached to my body by a steel chain. It is possible that you are a little stronger than I am, but not much. Anyway there is a bell, and there are two men servants in this house who really are strong; specially engaged, in fact, for removing troublesome people. So may I ask you again how you propose to prevent me?'

" 'By killing you,' I said, and I pulled out the revolver.

"And still he smiled.

" 'They hang people for that in England, my dear boy. So I wouldn't if I were you. It's a stupid bluff, you know —that revolver game.'

"Bill, sometimes now I see the look in his eyes of cringing, hideous terror when he first realized it wasn't bluff. And I glory in it. He gave a sort of stifled scream and reached for the bell, just as I plugged him through the heart.

"Then I locked the door and I burned the films, and I knew that my darling was safe. Old friend, wouldn't you have done as I did?"

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MAY DAY—CHILD HEALTH DAY—1925

By HERBERT HOOVER

THE American people are being asked to celebrate May Day as "Child Health Day." Why? To answer that question we must go back to war days. We all remember the figures of the draft, and what a shock they were to us. Here were three and one-half million men between the ages of 18 and 30, and 33% of them were rejected outright for physical defects. Some had weak hearts or blood vessels, some weak eyes, some tuberculosis, and so on.

We were told on the highest authority that in the great majority of instances these physical defects would never have occurred if adequate protection had been provided in childhood.

The moral of all this was plain. It was manifestly our duty to study on a national scale the causes which led so many of our young men to reach early manhood with their health capital impaired, and having ascertained those causes, to undertake practical measures in remedy.

These figures had for me a special force, and the lesson that they taught a special poignancy. During the four years of the war, and for three years subsequent to it, I had the honor to direct the major activities of the American people in the famine relief of Europe—first in organizing the Belgian Relief Commission, then as United States Food Administrator, and ultimately with the American Relief Administration which dealt with the famines in twenty different countries, including Russia.

Early in the administration of these agencies we found that the problem of maintaining the health of children was distinct from that of maintaining the health of adults. We proceeded to establish special methods for the care of children, as a result of which millions of those who might otherwise have fallen by the wayside were afforded such safeguards to food and health as enabled us to carry them through the critical period. At times as many as ten million children were thus separately provided for.

Out of all these operations grew an experience in child health which it seemed to many of us should not be lost to the American people, for there was found in that experience a basic idea which I felt was badly in need of application in our own country. We, here in America, are the most sympathetic and tender toward children of any people in the world. Our hearts go out particularly to the unfortunates, and our purse strings are liberally loosed in their behalf. We have made fine provision for the care of orphans, cripples and sick children.

In so doing, however, we have overlooked one of the most vital aspects of child health. We have never adequately dealt with the problem of assuring the most vigorous development of the child with a normal start. That was the big lesson of the draft. There we were dealing not with the abnormal, either in physique or in social status, but with millions who at least thought themselves the normally healthy young men of America.

Many workers in the field of child health had been aware of this truth, but it took the war to bring it home to all of us. There were already organizations active in promoting child health in our country, but they lacked resources and coordination of effort.

With all this in mind I undertook in 1922 to bring together the voluntary agencies in the country who were working in this field. Out of them we created the American Child Health Association. The former associations had worked with a budget which, if combined, would have amounted to something like a hundred thousand dollars a year. The new association, supported partly by the large foundations, partly by some of the funds left over when our relief activities abroad were wound up, and partly by public contributions, had from the start the assurance of a budget of from $500,000 to $900,000. With

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these enlarged resources we were able to undertake for the first time on a concerted national scale, but always on a basis of cooperation with existing local agencies, a scientific broad-gauge effort to promote the health of the children of America.

Early in our endeavor we drew up the following statement of our purpose and goal—it has been called the "Child's Bill of Rights":

The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

The first step in competent handling of any problem is to determine the facts. Facts are only to be found by searching and capable investigation. Therefore, for our immediate object we chose the scientific determination of the defects in community life as related to child health. With this foundation we proposed to proceed to the suggestion of sound remedies, and then to the enlistment of all available community forces, voluntary and official alike, in an effort to make those remedies effective.

Thus we undertook last year a child health survey of eighty-six medium sized cities—the 86 cities which, according to the 1920 census, had populations between 40,000 and 70,000. By this means we were able to study at close range the health habits of 35,000 school children and the child health activities of the various—and varying—communities in which those children lived.

We got this picture of the typical eleven-year-old school child residing in our smaller cities:

He went to bed last night at four minutes of nine.

He got up this morning at five minutes after seven.

He thus had ten hours and nine minutes of presumably refreshing slumber.

He had a substantial breakfast in which bread and butter, cereal, milk, and an egg were the main items.

During the day he drank 1.4 glasses of milk.

In the last week he has had one bath.

He brushed his teeth on five out of seven days.

He played out of doors after school on six out of every seven school days.

He has been to the dentist once in the last two years.

Now that is the picture of a comparatively sturdy youngster who could doubtless hold his own in any international contest in this field. On the whole it is a hopeful picture. Remember, however, that this is the average. That means that all below this average will be weaker in maturity than should be, and even the average is far below the ideal which we in America should set for our children. This typical eleven-year-old American child should drink twice as much milk as he does. He needs more attention paid to his lunch basket and he should have his teeth looked after more carefully. Twelve per cent of our school children to-day need glasses; 30% have diseased noses and throats; 15 to 25% are badly nourished. More than half have dental troubles which should have been corrected before entering school.

In this survey of eighty-six cities, however, we set out to discover especially what the communities were doing to preserve and insure the health of childhood. Such vital considerations as volume and purity of milk supply, hospitalization and facilities for child birth, clinical services for school children, educational work upon child health in the schools, housing conditions and play opportunities—all these came in for close scrutiny, community by community. We found that many communities set a high standard in these respects. Other communities, however, fell far below what the child had a right to expect by way of protection. Eighteen of the cities, for instance, were found to have no special organization for public health—an elementary provision in any movement for community health. Some cities have a milk supply that is, potentially, as much a poison as it is food—because there is no safeguard of its purity. Sixteen of the cities did not keep birth records of sufficient completeness to be officially recognized by the Census Bureau—every state in the Union requires that automobiles be registered; it would seem that babies might have at least equal consideration.

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Protection against smallpox by vaccination still lags grievously.

We found gratifying progress in the schools. School medical inspection of some sort exists in all but four of the eighty-six cities. Health teaching is slowly finding its way into the schools. Some cities do it very poorly, however. I have not space to describe in any further detail the very interesting results of this survey.

Figures of infant mortality have a rather sinister place in the picture of American child health. The world war killed—in action or as a result of wounds received in action—ten out of every thousand men in the American army. But those whose business is statistics point out that even No Man's Land in war was apparently safer than the cradle in peace, for out of every thousand babies born in the United States to-day 77 die during the first year. There is encouragement, however, in the fact that infant mortality has steadily declined during the past twenty years. Where two babies died twenty years ago but one dies now.

In this attempt to reduce the infant mortality rate we of the American Child Health Association have assisted. Our chief aim, however, must be, as I have said, to give the normal child an opportunity to go through to manhood and womanhood in the full flush of natural vigor. Such an objective requires activity on many fronts. Mothers must possess up-to-date knowledge of childbearing and child care. Children must be examined at frequent intervals to detect physical and mental handicaps early enough to permit correction. Parents and teachers must themselves be taught the ways of child health. There must be provision for safe food and drink in such variety and proportion as to supply a balanced diet. Living quarters must be improved, recreation facilities furnished and communities aroused to the need and importance of child health education.

The American Child Health Association is seeking to promote the "Child's Bill of Rights" in many ways. It is working for adequate birth registration. It is trying to lift the veil of ignorance and superstition which surrounds child birth in certain sections of the country. It has conducted campaigns for clean and safe milk in a number of states. It is working with educational groups, especially with teacher training institutions, giving assistance in mapping out programs in health education and stimulating interest in the subject by scholarships. It has carried out child health demonstrations in a number of cities. It has conducted the child health survey of eighty-six cities to which I have already referred.

In all this we have had the benefit of the most expert and devoted assistance. Dr. S. J. Crumbine, formerly dean of the School of Medicine of the University of Kansas and president of the Association of State and Provincial Boards of Health, is the director of our organization. Mr. Courtenay Dinwiddie, first as general executive of the association and now in charge of Child Health Demonstrations for the Commonwealth Fund, Dr. G. T. Palmer, director of Research, Miss Emma Dolfinger, director of Health Education, Mrs. Aida de Acosta Root, director of Promotion, Miss Ella Phillips Crandall and others associated with them have set high standards for the Association's staff. Its officers and executive committee members include: Miss Grace Abbott, George Barr Baker, James G. Berrien, Clinton H. Crane, Dr. Livingston Farrand, Edward M. Flesh, Dr. Samuel McC. Hamill, Mrs. William B. Meloney, Miss Sara B. Place, Dr. Watson S. Rankin, Edgar Rickard, Dr. Philip Van Ingen, Dr. Linsly R. Williams, Dr. Thomas D. Wood and Mrs. Maud Wood Park. The late Dr. Emmett Holt gave us invaluable aid in the early days of the association.

Always the American Child Health Association has worked in cooperation with existing agencies, official and voluntary. It has left to doctors and laboratories the problem of curing disease. We are going at the proposition from the other angle, from the point of view that, if you can make a child healthy from birth and keep him healthy, all the chances will be against his contracting disease. Nor can we hope to deal directly with the vast number of individuals who perhaps have a right to ask for personal aid. For that matter the extension and development of such national contacts with individuals would be manifestly unsound because it would

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tend to dissipate responsibility, whereas it should be our purpose to develop to the maximum of responsibility all local and state resources which can contribute to the health of mothers and children. More and more, therefore, we are concentrating on work with state and county officials and with established community and professional groups.

Last year May Day was, for the first time, dedicated to child health, and it was a great success. President Coolidge gave the plan his benediction. Mrs. Coolidge thanked the children who early in the morning hung a May basket on the door of the White House with a greeting from the children of America. The governors of twenty-five states approved the plan officially, most of them issuing proclamations in favor of it. Thirty-eight states had organized state-wide celebrations. May Day pageants and festivals were held in all sections of the country.

That was a splendid beginning. This year we hope for an even wider response to our appeal. We want to make May Day a national mobilization day for the forces of child health. We want to enlist in that mobilization the governors and state health authorities, men's and women's clubs, parents and teachers, chambers of commerce and labor unions, industries and theaters, churches and newspapers. We want health officials to make a child health inventory on May Day, and mothers of school children to visit their children's schools and see that their health facilities are of the best.

The purpose of all this May Day celebration is, as I have said, to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children. The tie between the child and all adult life is at once the strongest and the gentlest element in human nature. Greater sacrifices are made for children than for ourselves; greater happiness is derived from these sacrifices than from all the triumphs that personal success can bring. Our daily labors, whether in the home or in the outside world of competition for material needs, or even in the search for culture and spiritual advancement, derive largely from the conscious or unconscious impulse to cherish the child and to hold the child's affection and respect.

It is well to set aside such a day for this purpose, lest in the hurry and strain of life we should ever forget these obligations, or, with the great resources that science and modern organization have placed at our disposal, fail to make them effective for oncoming generations.

LOST YOUTH

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
  Rum on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
  Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
  Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me soul,
  Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
  Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
  Over the sea to Skye.

Billows and breeze, islands and seas,
  Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
  All that was me is gone.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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LEGERDEMAIN

By MORTIMER LEVITAN

Illustrated by Harley Stivers

"It's simply gorgeous. I'm crazy about it."

IT IS not often that a man gains by losing. When a gust of wind elopes with your five dollar straw hat and bears it to the river, no beneficent bridgeward forthwith supplies you gratuitously with three new spring bonnets to replace the one departed. When a pickpocket extracts a ten dollar bill from your pocket, no affluent policeman comes rushing up to press a twenty dollar bill into you hand. The loser loses! That's the rule, and Mr. Henry J. Shell, proprietor of the Shell Jewelry Shop, is the exception. Mr. Shell lost a one-carat diamond and received a two-carat diamond in return. To this day he is wondering how it happened; and the chances are that he will never know unless he reads this tale.

The Shell Jewelry Shop is the Tiffany's or Peacock's of its city; which is a worthy position to hold in the estimation of the jewel-buying portion of fifty-thousand inhabitants. Its windows invariably have a dazzling display of diamonds, watches, brooches, cigarette-cases, emblem rings, loving-cups.

Early one afternoon, in the midst of

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the pre-holiday rush, an ordinary-looking man, accompanied by a strikingly beautiful young woman, entered the Shell Jewelry Shop. The proprietor himself courteously volunteered to attend to their wants.

"I'd like to see your diamond rings," confided the man. "I promised my wife one for Christmas."

"This way, please," invited Mr. Shell in his most amiable manner, as he led them to a show-case toward the front of the store. "Something in a fancy setting?"

"What do you want, darling?" the stranger asked his companion.

"I prefer a plain Tiffany," she cooed in reply.

Mr. Shell strongly suspected that an engagement ring was wanted; they seemed too publicly fond of each other for married folks. He was more interested in selling the ring, however, than in its relation to matrimony. He reached into the case and brought forth a tray containing one dozen diamond rings received the day before on consignment from a Chicago wholesaler.

"I just happen to have an extra-fine assortment," boasted the jeweler, as he placed the tray on the show-case.

"Aren't those beautiful!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very nice," agreed the man. "Well, dear, pick out the one you want."

She inspected the rings and finally exclaimed, "Oh, isn't this one too lovely for words!" She passed the ring to her companion.

"Very good stone," was his comment. Then he glanced over the rings and withdrew from its slot in the tray the most expensive ring in the lot. "This is a little better, I think."

"Oh, how did I miss that one?" she gushed in delight. "It's simply gorgeous! I'm crazy about it!" She tried it on the fourth finger of her right hand.

Mr. Shell, realizing that her effusive approval could do more to effect the sale than any words of his, contented himself with remarking, "That stone is a real gem."

"I'm satisfied if my wife is," agreed the prospective purchaser. "Are you satisfied, honey?"

"I'm just crazy to have it!" exclaimed she, and then added, "Provided it doesn't cost too much."

"What's the difference? If you like it, I'll buy it."

"I won't let you buy it until I know what it costs. Oh, Mr. Jeweler, how much is it?"

Mr. Shell considered. Too high a price would mean no sale, too low a price would mean no profit—both unpleasant things to contemplate. Finally, in an outburst of liberality, he decided to content himself with a reasonable profit.

"Well, in a cash transaction, I can let you have the ring for one thousand dollars even. That's a real bargain. You're getting a stone of the first water, and it's a perfect cut."

"A thousand dollars!" repeated the woman in pained astonishment. "Absolutely not! I won't let you spend that much for my Christmas gift."

The one to pay, however, had more generous ideas. "That isn't bad," he said. "I'll take it." He reached into his pocket and brought forth a roll of bills that seemed sufficiently huge to buy a good meal for two persons in the best restaurant in New York or Chicago and still have enough left over to purchase an apartment building or two.

Mr. Shell was elated. The sale meant a profit of about four hundred dollars—a sum not to be sneezed at. He rejoiced, however, without taking into consideration the captious nature of lovely woman.

"Put your money away!" she commanded, and the man—for the first time acting like a husband—obeyed. "I won't let you be so extravagant. I only wanted a cheap ring, anyhow."

"You're the boss, but we can afford it," was the feeble remonstrance of the self-confessed lesser half.

"I know we can afford it; but it's wrong to be extravagant, anyhow. Let's see something cheaper, Mr. Jeweler."

For Mr. Shell the rosiness of the skies vanished. Without enthusiasm he displayed other rings with less expensive stones, but nothing pleased her. Her fancy had alighted tenaciously on that thousand dollar ring, and there it clung.

"There's nothing else I like," she pouted.

"Won't you please let me buy that first ring?" demanded her escort, with a pardonable suggestion of impatience.

"Let's look around first. After all

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this is the only store we've been in."

"Anything to please you, dear." He reached for the favored ring and held it before her eyes. "Take a good look at it again, so you won't forget it." He replaced it in the tray and then addressed Mr. Shell, "I'd like to buy that ring, but my wife won't let me. We'll look around, but I'm sure we'll be back in an hour or two."

Only an incurable optimist seriously expects the return of a customer who walks out to look elsewhere. The dealer had, fortunately, little time for hopes or regrets. Swiftly returning the trays to their proper places in the show-case, he hastened to give his attention to other customers. Until closing-time Mr. Shell and his clerks were kept feverishly busy.

By six o'clock the cash register had the proud, smug look that comes from a day's work well done. An additional thousand dollars, reflected Mr. Shell, would have turned that smug look into a positive grin. The clerks started to carry the stock of expensive ornaments into the vault. The owner himself, however, invariably conducted the diamonds to their nocturnal roost. In carrying the tray of rings sent on consignment, his glance wandered sadly to the ring he had almost sold for a thousand dollars. The diamond, however, no longer possessed that dazzling sparkle; it seemed tired and lifeless. Interested, of course, he removed the ring for examination under strong light. The setting was similar to the others in the tray, but the stone was —glass.

Mr. Henry J. Shell saw a great light—a light strongly tinged with red. That affectionate couple, upon whom he had lavished his best selling-psychology and from whom he had seriously expected a profit of about four hundred dollars, had substituted a worthless ring for one worth a thousand dollars.

"I see where I have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" muttered Henry J. Shell.

The first thing that Anthony Branton did on regaining — conditionally — the privileges of a human being was to take a train for Chicago. He had not enjoyed his two years in the service of the state. For one thing, his associates had been either criminal or stupid; and for another thing, he could find nothing interesting or exciting about the trade of a shoemaker. It was neither associates nor temporary profession, however, that had taken all joy out of prison life; it was his inability to get definite information concerning his wife. For the first six months she had written like a loving, dutiful wife; thereafter she had either died or ceased to be dutiful. Letters addressed to her had come straggling back. Naturally, Branton had worried, feared, hoped. Months before he had received his parole, he had pictured that ride to Chicago; and now it was a clamorous reality.

When he reached the cold, murky, roaring city, he lost no time in starting for a certain apartment building overlooking Lincoln Park. In that solemn building, aged by a few years of city life, had been his—their—home.

He scanned the mail boxes in the vestibule, hoping to find *Mr. Anthony Branton* still associated with apartment No. 426. Another name had usurped its place. He rang the bell and then took the automatic elevator to the fourth floor. Down the hall he went to the familiar door, now held partly open by a globular woman with frowzy blond hair and inadequate dressing-gown.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but does Mabel Branton live here?"

"No one by that name," was the emphatic response.

"She lived here two years ago."

"I've only been here a few months. Maybe the janitor or the agent will know about her."

"Thanks. I'll ask them. I wonder if she took her furniture with her?"

"I bought the furniture from the couple who lived here before. I don't know where they got it, but you can look at it if you want." She opened the door wide enough for him to enter.

Anthony Branton recognized the piano, the Oriental rug, the Chippendale wing-chair, the Italian console, the two bizarre oil-paintings on the wall.

"That's her stuff," he announced. "You say you bought it from the people who lived here before?"

"Yes."

"Do you happen to know their names?"

"No, I don't. I never asked."

"Thanks, very much," he said as he started for the door.

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A sign on the building indicated that the agent still had his office on Clark Street, a few blocks away. It took Branton but a minute or so to walk the distance.

"Do you happen to know where my wife moved?" he asked the agent.

"Haven't an idea. She beat it after you went. Sold your junk, and left somebody else to pay the rent!"

Without another word Branton left the office; then he walked to the corner and boarded a street-car bound for the Loop.

His destination was the bank in which he carried a checking account. At the time of his conviction he had had about two thousand dollars on deposit. Before drawing a check, he thought it advisable to be certain of his figures. Hence he asked, at the Chief Clerk's window, how much there was in Anthony Branton's account. Upon identifying himself with a visiting-card—aged somewhat by two years in an inactive wallet—he learned that the account had been closed out over a year before. He was hurt, but without redress. Mabel had habitually signed his name to checks.

From the bank Branton walked over to the County Building and asked in the clerk's office of both Superior and Circuit courts whether a divorce action entitled *Branton vs. Branton* had been commenced. The records revealed no such case. If alive, then, she was still Mrs. Branton.

The more he thought of the matter, the more Anthony Branton became convinced that his wife was still alive—too much alive, if anything. She had sold his furniture. She had moved. She had drawn two thousand dollars from his bank account. And of all this she had written not a word to her husband! This is not the way of the dead but rather of the quick—not to say fast.

Though grieved by his wife's unkindly conduct, Branton could not find it in his soul to blame her. After all, she was young and attractive—perturbingly attractive, for that matter. Could he conscientiously object merely because she had grown tired of playing Penelope? A husband in jail is not exactly a Ulysses to the mind of a modern woman. Then, too, her early training had to be considered. She had been a performer in a cabaret; which explains how he had managed to introduce himself by lifting the index finger of his right hand at the same moment her smile had shone in his direction. Even a sober man would have surmised that her face and figure were wondrously fair, notwithstanding the decorous covering of rouge on her cheeks; and not even the most hilariously drunk could have applauded her singing with any degree of sincerity. Branton, after a few tender conferences, had classified her as a misplaced bit of loveliness and had led her away from her cabaret position by way of Crown Point, Chicago's Gretna Green.

Their married life had been amazingly happy. Arguments had always ended in her favor, and the arguments, naturally enough, had invariably sprouted from money-matters. He had found satisfaction in seeing money roll in; she had found delight in seeing it roll out. She had developed a weakness for furs that came from orchid-and-champagne-fed ermines. She had insisted on a transcendent automobile, the manufacturer of which charges three thousand dollars extra for autographing the radiator. He, on the other hand, had always treasured visions of a small farm in Michigan, where he could lead an exemplary life surrounded by one wife, approximately two children, one cow, ten chickens, and a few thousand books.

In time his dream would have come true, had he not been unduly gullible. He had actually taken the Chicago papers seriously and had thus acquired the notion that the hold-up game was as safe and lucrative as the plumbing game, for instance. The summer inactivity in his own line had made him eager to try anything once for the sake of excitement. Consequently, one simmering evening, he had thrust a revolver into the face of an affluent gentleman strolling through Lincoln Park. The ensuing events had been both unfortunate and painful, for the gentleman had proved to be a plain clothes man in disguise. Notwithstanding the facile tongue of a notoriously competent criminal lawyer, who had whispered of influence with the administration, the judges and the police, Anthony Branton had received a sentence of five years.

Five years! How long they had sounded in the mouth of the judge! And

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how brutally protracted each year had seemed behind prison walls! A parole, the benign angel of criminal law, had restored Branton's liberty at the end of two years. Those two years, however, had robbed him of the only woman he had ever loved——

"Well," said Anthony Branton to himself, "I suppose I might as well get back to work."

He walked toward the lake and then turned south on Michigan Boulevard. After walking as far as the I. C. station, he started back, continued along Michigan for several blocks, and then turned west until he came to State Street. A block or two north brought him to the dreary headquarters of the International Loan Bank.

Two years had not removed the suitcases from the walk nor brought the misfit suits down from their hangers. The loan bank—a euphemism, of course—was still repulsive, still depressing, both inside and out. The show-cases were still cluttered with miscellanea: cameras, rings, picolos, binoculars, dice, fountain pens. The proprietor, unriveting his attention from a recalcitrant customer, spied Anthony Branton.

"Where you been?" demanded Mr. Harris, with a sincere note of welcome in his voice and a strenuous cordiality in his hand-clasp. "Golly, I missed you!"

"I've been out of the city," responded Branton with absolute truth. "Say, Harris, have you seen my wife?"

"Nope. Why? You lost her?"

"Looks that way. Fix me up my regular outfit. I'm broke, but you can trust me." He had only a hundred dollars or so, carefully preserved by the warden, and he needed that for current expenses.

"Sure! You don't need no money here. But say, styles is changed. They don't use no Tiffany no more; everything it's white gold or platinum with fency mountings."

"Well, fix me up an outfit. I'll be back to-morrow."

"Where you playing?"

"I'm not. I'm going to stick to my little game for a year and then buy that farm in Michigan. Good-bye. I'll see you to-morrow."

Branton then continued north on State Street, his dejection at the loss of Mabel waning before the exciting prospect of congenial work. He stopped en route to purchase some necessities of civilized life, such as a dozen collars, a few scarfs, a handbag, a package of needles and a spool of thread, and then registered at a grandiose hostelry—with rates higher, of course, than a good hotel.

The next afternoon Branton trudged through blustering, half-melted snow to the International Loan Bank. The proprietor, always prompt, reliable and discreet, had ready for delivery a small, carefully wrapped parcel, which Branton eagerly accepted and thrust into his hand-bag.

"Going east again?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"No. Going west. We played the East out, and I'd better try some new territory. I'll be back in a few days."

"Lots o' luck!" was the parting greeting.

A five-hour ride in a day-coach, for a man out of practice, was enough to produce tedium and fatigue. Hence Anthony Branton was decidedly thankful, as he stepped from the train, that he had not selected for his efforts a city more distant from Chicago. With that mystical perception of the experienced traveler, he walked directly to the leading hotel, engaged a room and then started out to inspect the city. In less than an hour he knew that the Shell Jewelry Shop was preeminent in its highly profitable field.

After eating sparingly of dinner, Branton returned to his room, locked the door and pulled down the shades. From his hand-bag he drew forth the parcel received from Mr. Harris of the International Loan Bank, Chicago. Nervously, carefully, he opened it. He found twenty-four rings, all solitaires, all of different designs. They were all set with synthetic white sapphires — inexpensive baubles that glittered most obligingly. On the writing desk he divided the rings into two lots, each containing twelve rings; and each lot he arranged into three rows of four rings each. Then he studied each ring assiduously until he had an indelible mental picture of its stone, its design, its location. Thus, in a few hours, he was able to say of a particular ring that it

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was in the left group, third row from the top and second ring from the front. The next thing he did was to turn his overcoat pockets inside out. Then, using the needle and thread purchased in Chicago for this express purpose, he fastened the rings to the lining of the pockets, so that each ring occupied relatively the same position it had occupied on the writing desk. This accomplished, he turned the pockets back, hung the coat away with consummate tenderness, and then prepared for bed.

At noon the next day Anthony Branton entered the Shell Jewelry Shop.

"I'd like to see your engagement rings," he said, feigning the customary prudish hesitation.

A middle-aged man, apparently Mr. Shell himself, promptly took from the show-case a tray of rings. Although five or six of the rings were entirely satisfactory, Branton determined on a white-gold fancy four-prong mounting set with an excellent one-carat stone. He slipped his hand into his right overcoat pocket and jerked from its moorings the proper ring. Then he picked up for critical examination the favored ring from the tray.

"I like this one," said Branton. "How much is it?"

"Six hundred dollars," came the reply.

"Six hundred dollars!" Two years ago the same stone would have been worth a thousand or more. "Is this a special bargain?"

"Diamonds have come down, you know."

"That's certainly cheap enough. Wait about five minutes while I get the young lady. I promised I'd let her see it before I bought. I have to step over to the bank, too."

He returned a ring to the tray—the ring from his pocket, of course—and dropped into his pocket the ring from the tray. He started to walk out, disappointed at the decline in diamond values, but highly pleased that his fingers had not lost their cunning in two years of inactivity.

"Stand still, or I'll shoot!"

Anthony Branton swung around to find himself addressed by Mr. Shell. Branton disliked the tone of his voice as well as the revolver in his hand; both seemed needlessly devoid of humor.

"What's this?" demanded Branton. "A hold-up?"

"Get the police," commanded Mr. Shell, but a clerk had already darted for the door.

It would be exceedingly embarrassing to be arrested. He had in his possession the genuine diamond and the twenty-three rings with fake diamonds. An arrest meant a search, and a search meant some more years in the service of the state. On the other hand, an attempt at flight would doubtless invite a bullet. Branton decided, after a moment or two, that it was safer to argue.

"I've only got about fifty," he said. "Want that?"

"Keep your money," growled the jeweler. "I want my ring."

"Your ring? I didn't buy your ring."

"I know you didn't! You just switched a piece of glass on me."

A policeman, puffing like the winner of a fat women's race, came rushing in. "What's the trouble?" he wheezed.

"He's holding me up," explained Branton, as he placed his hands in his pockets and edged near the show-case.

"He tried that same swindle on me," fumed Mr. Shell. "He switched rings."

"He's insane! I looked at this ring"—he picked up a ring from the tray—"and put it back. I was going to buy it but I wouldn't have it now as a gift. Take it! I don't want it," he sneered, as he passed a ring to the officer.

"Is this the one?" demanded the policeman, the boisterous plaint gone from his breath.

"That's it," affirmed the proprietor. "He switched on me."

The plump servant of the law passed the ring to Mr. Shell, who examined it casually—and then closely.

"I guess I made a mistake," finally admitted the jeweler. "This is my ring—no question about that."

"I kind o' thought they wouldn't be pulling the same one twice in the same place," grumbled the policeman, as he waddled out of the shop.

Mr. Shell, very red and very uncomfortable, turned to his customer. "I really beg your pardon. I guess I haven't got over that loss of yesterday. I've been nervous ever since."

"What happened?" asked Branton. In all the years he had been working

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the game, this was the first time he had been detected, and he was curious to know what untoward happening had placed this particular prospective victim on guard.

"Well, a couple was in here looking at rings, and they went and switched a fake in place of the best one-carat stone I had in the house. It wasn't covered by insurance, either. Since then, I've been mighty careful with strangers."

"A couple, you say? What did they look like?"

"The woman was very pretty. I don't remember about the man."

"It wasn't on a Saturday or Wednesday, was it."

"It was only yesterday—that's right, Wednesday—and about this time, too."

"Thank you. Good day."

Once outside the store Branton took renewed interest in the experience called life. He was conscious of some cold perspiration where his hat hugged his forehead and he noticed a peculiar trembling of his hands. He had gazed into the cankerous eyes of trouble at too close a range for genuine comfort. It was merely an accident, he realized, that had kept him from dining *table de prison* for another few years. True, the stupidity of the policeman was not an accident; but the opportunity for retrieving the spurious ring from the tray, and by a simple sleight of hand substituting the genuine, was nothing short of a jail-saving accident.

On the previous evening, in his wanderings about the city, he had learned the location of the vaudeville theater and he now hastened toward that haven for the easily amused.

"Were there any magicians on the bill the first half of the week?" he asked at the box-office.

"Yes—the Great Osward," replied the ticket-seller.

"Have an assistant?"

"A young lady."

"How were their faces on the stage?"

"Had them painted white."

"And did the young lady wear short skirts and black silk stockings? And did the stockings look rather good?"

"That's the company, all right!"

"Know where they went?"

"No, I don't. You might go back and ask the propertyman, though."

"Thanks."

Branton went around to the stage door and soon learned that the Great Osward and Company had jumped to Flinton, Iowa. Whereupon he returned to his hotel, checked out, and ascertained from the porter the speediest way of getting to Flinton.

Branton reached Flinton about eight-thirty in the evening and reached his destination just as the first-show crowd was surging out. He joined the line at the box-office and then was briskly shoved along to his seat.

He soon discovered that the Great Osward was on the bill—E. The lights dimmed. The orchestra raced furiously for a second or two—Act A,—and the overture was over! For B interesting events in all parts of the world happened again, to music, before the eyes of the audience. A comedian who nazalized sentimental songs and indestructible jokes—that was C. D labeled two young women who quiveringly though persistently displayed their exuberant figures—performers who stretched their meager musical talents to cover everything from the piano and violin down to the ukulele and saxophone. Finally E flared on either side of the stage. The orchestra blared in loud but futile protest as the curtain rose, after which the musicians sneaked silently away.

The Great Osward, white-faced and buffoon-garbed as Harlequin, stood posed with a deck of cards in his hands. A moment later from the wings tripped his assistant with face painted white; but she was not attired as Columbine, because—well, probably because Columbine could not decently exhibit long black silk stockings. Branton did not know Osward, but the assistant he recognized instantly as Mabel, the prodigal wife! As he gazed at her, Branton heard his heart thump so violently that he feared the ushers would eject him for disturbing his neighbors. What desolating joy it was to find her! It was happiness clad in mourning.

Her image grew dim in a mist of tears. Branton tried to shut his eyes, but he was weak and powerless, like a man vainly striving to awake from a hideous nightmare. Her presence meant enchantment. She was the eternal feminine mystery, fascinating as clandestine adventure, loyal only to whims and fancies, immutable as a delicate

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cloud—and every fault endeared her all the more.

Faintly at first, and then with bitter intensity, he became aware of the Great Osward. There was a startling familiarity about the feats of legerdemain and tricks of magic. Over Branton crept the disquieting feeling that he was watching a performance of his own ghost. Osward not only pertormed the same beguilements that Branton had for years employed to divert and mystify vaudeville audiences, but performed them in the same order and same manner that Branton had. The gags and patter remained unchanged and they were uttered in the high-pitched voice of mimicry. The make-up was the same, and so, too, the costume. Osward perpetrated the chameleon water trick, transformed a handkerchief into shavings, dematerialized a glass of water, worked the diminishing eggs, caused his assistant to vanish from the sealed cabinet. Even the paraphernalia—first adjunct to magic—were unmistakably Branton's property!

The act ended. Branton remained in the audience, but not as a spectator. His vision turned inward to the sacred precincts of memory. What joyous exultation had swept over him in the wake of the one Big Idea of his career! He had been transforming watches into doves, handkerchiefs into American Beauties, and for such alchemy had received a modest salary; why not transform glass into diamonds and reap the profits worthy of the effort? Indeed, why not? Mabel had seen not the slightest objection.

Forthwith he had introduced certain necessary changes in their act—Harlequin garb, painted faces, mimic voices—to avoid recognition. There had been other details, such as the acquisition of business relations with the International Loan Bank, for instance. And then—the initial test! It had worked, the Big Idea, had worked smoothly, perfectly, profitably. Thereafter on the day of, or day before their last performance in any town, they had donned especially inconspicuous clothes, visited some jeweler, and before his unseeing eyes transformed their sparkling glass into genuine diamonds. And the proceeds had given Mabel the furs, the cars, the extravagances of her ardent worship.

Anthony Branton emerged from his reverie to find a troupe of jugglers disporting on the stage. Naturally, though impolitely, he walked out. In the lobby he found a stray usher.

"Where do the actors usually stay?" he asked.

"Most o' them hang out at the Central House," came the reply, along with clouds of violently cheap cigarette smoke.

"Is that near here?"

"Couple blocks down the street."

Branton found the Central House without further inquiries. He walked up to the desk and looked at the register. Leering at him, with wanton profligacy, stood the entry:

"Osward & Wf. 411–413"

After the stupefying effects of the shock had worn off Branton walked unsteadily from the hotel and then trudged aimlessly around the city. He suffered no pains; his wound was too grievous for that. He had offered honest worship at the feet of a beautiful idol—and received as reward a faith-destroying kick on his jaw.

His love for Mabel turned into a rancid memory. She was unworthy of hate. It was fortunate that she was a pretty woman instead of a dog; for some men think it emphatically proper to kill a dog that lacks all sense of loyalty. She was a thief, a cheat, an ingrate. She had doubtlessly subjected Osward by her smiles and held him a slave by her whimsical tyrannies, an absurdly happy victim, such as Branton had been. To Osward she had given herself, her husband's stage equipment, her husband's Big Idea. That's what galled—to think that she had given away even the Big Idea, which meant an easy profit of hundreds of dollars in every town the magician played! And to think that because of her perfidy Branton had almost been arrested while playing his own game in the Shell Jewelry Shop.

A method for complete revenge suddenly occurred to Anthony Branton. His sluggish wanderings turned into a resolute tramp to the railroad station. When he learned that a fast train for Chicago was due at midnight a smile of satisfaction crept over his face. The fates were at last assisting the avenging angels!

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"When it comes to jewelry stores, this burg might as well jump off the map." The Great Osward made this observation in regard to the city of Flinton on Friday afternoon, as he and Mabel were sauntering from hotel to theater.

"You can't expect to find a place like Shell's in every town," replied Mabel.

"Right you are, dear!" agreed Osward. "That sure was a swell place for a hick town. But I wish you'd get wise to them stones, Mabel. You're always picking out the one that ain't the best."

"Guess I'll never learn. All diamonds look alike to me. But what's the difference? You're doing very well with the game, aren't you?"

"Say, it's the swellest game I ever struck. When I get knocked off I'm going to tell your hubby that he's some there when it comes to brains." He hesitated a moment before following the natural course of the conversation into forbidden regions. "Say, that guy's been dead about two years. Don't you think you might kinda lay off that mourning stuff long enough to marry me?"

"Please don't talk marriage to me again!" She disliked the subject almost as much as she disliked stewed turnips or cotton stockings. "Once in a lifetime is more than enough for any woman with brains. Oh, there's some gorgeous jewelry!" She gazed wistfully into a window.

One glance, however, was more than enough to enable Osward to say, "Junk! Ain't worth wasting our time on."

"Don't say *ain't*. You'll forget yourself sometime when we're working."

"You let my grammar alone. I pull the right stuff when we're working, and that's all you gotta worry about."

"That's right—start to quarrel again. You're always growling. You'd think I hadn't done a single thing for you."

"Now, Mabel, you know you've been the making of me."

Osward spoke with a certain amount of truth. Before he had met Mabel, his chief interest in life had been a Chicago political club, which had met more or less irregularly in a West Side billiard hall. Membership in the club had entitled one to a reasonable number of first offenses and indiscretions, such as stealing an automobile, for instance, or using a revolver to exact toll from pedestrians who insisted on using dark streets. Members of the club had always managed, somehow or other, to have money without the inconvenience of working. One evening, however, he had spotted Mabel in the feminine crowd along the sidelines of a public dance floor and their delectable struggling to a jazz-orchestra had taken them but half-way around the hall before he had left this earth for the ethereal asylum of the infatuated.

Not so many days thereafter, while sitting in a restaurant wherein ten dollar bills mysteriously vanish without the aid of a prestidigitator, Osward had displayed his skill in making a quarter disappear.

By way of appreciation, Mabel had asked, "Do you know anything about diamonds?" Partly as a result of his political affiliations, he had learned to appraise these precious stones with considerable accuracy. The subsequent developments had been natural, swift, pleasant. The necessary equipment, doleful reminders of a departed husband, had made Osward a magician; and Mabel, acting as assistant, had secured engagements in the outlying houses of Chicago and then on the regular vaudeville circuit.

Mabel walked along silently, gloomily. Then, all of a sudden, she smiled and said, "Don't be cranky, Big Boy! I like you even if you don't use the King's English like the Prince of Wales."

At the theater Osward was handed a letter addressed in incorrigible script.

Osward, the Great,
% Calliope Theater,
Flinton, Iowa.

He tore open the envelope and drew forth this letter:

INTERNATIONAL LOAN BANK
CHICAGO

Dec. 24, 1924.

Dear Branton:

I just found out you are putting on your act under the name of Osward, the Great. Found out from the booking agent.

I got to have a bunch of good stones right away. Will pay cash. But must have at once. Maybe you are sore at me or something, so am coming to see you right away.

Be careful. Some one else is working the game. Regards to wife.

Your friend,
INTERNATIONAL LOAN BANK,
Harris, Prop.

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"Say, here's a rich one!" exclaimed Osward, as he passed the letter to Mabel. "This guy thinks I'm a dead one!"

She read slowly, painfully, valiantly struggling with the turbulence of the handwriting. Then, after some moments of consideration, she asked in a whisper, "How many diamonds have we now?"

"Twenty-five or twenty-six," he whispered, lest the thin walls of the dressing-room develop ears.

"We ought to sell. It's dangerous to carry that many around."

"I'm with you, kid! But we're booked solid, and there ain't no chance of me getting to Chi."

"Why not deal with Harris?"

"I don't know that fence."

"He always paid my husband good prices—much better than you get. I think your friend cheats you."

"Naw, he don't cheat me. Prices are down and he can't help that."

"I wish you'd try Harris anyhow. You'll see him, won't you?"

"Anything you say," agreed Osward, "but—wait a minute! He thinks I'm Branton."

"That's perfectly simple. I've met him two or three times and I'll see him myself," explained Mabel.

Mabel's words, as usual, ended the discussion. Nothing more was said on the subject until late that night. On returning to the hotel, after the second show, Osward found this note:

> Call at room 329 at 11:00 to-morrow morning. H.

At exactly eleven o'clock the next morning, Mabel tapped on the door of Room Number 329. She had determined to go alone, because she was loathe to explain a substitution of husbands. The door opened and she stepped quickly into the room. Before her stood a man with full beard, mustache, skull-cap, black glasses and clothes that had survived into senility without cleaning or pressing. She had not seen the proprietor of the International Loan Bank for two years, and hence she was uncertain whether this was Harris or not.

"You're Mr. Harris?" she asked, after the man had closed and locked the door.

He shook his head, tried to talk, but a violent coughing spell interfered. In desperation he led her to the writing-desk and then wrote with his left hand: "Cannot talk. Bad cold."

"Oh, that's too bad," she sympathized.

He tried to talk again, and ended up by resorting to the pencil again.

"Harris could not come. Sent me to buy."

"Well, I brought them with me," she said. She took from her purse a small package, carefully unwrapped it and revealed a dazzling collection of diamonds. "What will you give for them?"

He took the diamonds and placed them on the desk. With maddening deliberation he examined them one by one, moving them from one precious pile to another. When he had handled each stone at least three or four times, he finally wrote: "$2,000 for the lot."

"Two thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mabel. She had heard Osward appraise them at fifteen thousand. "You must be crazy!"

He wrapped the diamonds up, handed them back to her, and shrugged his shoulders. Then he unlocked and opened the door.

She strode out of the room, too indignant to say another word, and then she ran up the stairs to her own room. Osward was waiting.

"Make a deal?" he asked.

"The dirty thief offered five thousand for the lot!" she fumed, distorting the offer a bit. "I'd like to kill him! That dirty thief! He must think I'm a plain fool. I'd like to show him."

"He can't get away with that stuff," said Osward. "They're worth fifteen thousand if they're worth a cent. Ought to bring twenty thousand!" He opened the package with infinite tenderness. "They're the real classy babies every last one of them."

Suddenly his eyes bulged wildly out of his head, and his jaw dropped.

"What's the trouble?" cried Mabel.

"Glass!" he shrieked.

"What!"

"The crook switched the whole lot on you!" He pulled on his coat and then pawed frantically in his suit-case for a revolver. "I'll get that guy!"

Mabel, regaining the ability to move, knelt down to pick up the false diamonds. Her glance alighted on a piece

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of folded paper on which was written: "Don't call the police!"

She unfolded it and read:

Dear Mabel:

Don't call the police! They are looking for you in too many places.

"Wait a minute!" she called to Osward, who was dashing for the door.

"He'll skip unless——"

"I told you to wait!"

Osward waited while she continued her reading:

I don't mind you stealing my furniture or my money; nor do I mind your playing lost, strayed or stolen; nor do I mind your running off with a poor fool; but when you steal my Big Idea — my "game," in other words — that's more than a devoted husband will stand. I was nearly arrested because you played the game on a jeweler just one day before I tried him.

I'm hoping that the stones that you and the Great Osward have been collecting for me will enable me to buy my farm in Michigan. At any rate, I'm through with the game! You may keep it along with your Osward. He'll need it, for he couldn't make a living on the stage without it.

Your husband,
ANTHONY BRANTON.

As soon as Mabel had deserted the room in volcanic wrath, Anthony Branton removed his skull-cap, his wig, his beard, his mustache, his black-glassed spectacles. He washed the make-up from his face and then exchanged the disreputable second-hand suit for his own clean neatly-pressed garments. He did not hurry, nor did he lock the door; for he felt certain that his note would prevent any unpleasantness in case Osward or Mabel discovered the swindle.

Branton was indeed happy. He was in the proper mood for offering a twenty-five cent cigar to the judge who had given him the five-year sentence. He was insanely happy, that is to say. He had earned his happiness, however. Since leaving Flinton on that midnight sleeper, he had been frantically active procuring International Loan Bank stationary, disguise, fake diamonds. A thousand little details had entered into his scheme. He had been beset by the fear that Mabel might not answer the summons to his room. And what if Osward had but few diamonds!

But worries had proved delightfully groundless. Mabel had come—had come with twenty-five precious bits of transparent carbon, each one worth a panegyric and at least five hundred dollars. His Big Idea had indeed worked while he served, his time in prison had not been profitless.

But in his moment of exultation and triumph, Anthony Branton did not forget a certain Mr. Shell who dealt in jewelry. He looked over his resplendent collection of diamonds, picked out a two-carat stone fit for the crown of an emperor—with or without empire—and wrapped it separately. He decided to defer the mailing until he reached Chicago. Then he stuffed his belongings into his hand-bag, took the elevator down to the hotel lobby, paid his bill at the desk, and blithely walked out into the joyous, fascinating world.

On the 27th day of December a man entered the Shell Jewelry Shop.

"Did you have a merry Christmas?" he asked the proprietor.

"Rotten!" growled Mr. Shell. "I guess you read in the papers about some thieves stealing a thousand dollar diamond ring from me."

"That's right. Ever find any trace of them?"

"No hope at all. I'm out—and might as well forget it. But that stolen diamond killed my profit this year."

Just then the mailman breezed in with winter blasts and morning mail. Notwithstanding the customer Mr. Shell read the letters and glanced profanely at the circulars. Then he opened a small pasteboard box postmarked "Chicago," but with no other distinguishing mark. He found first a card which contained only one word, "Complimentary"; in the heart of successive layers of tissue-paper he finally discovered a diamond of astounding beauty.

"I don't understand this," mused the merchant, entranced by the untiring brilliancy of the gift. "Here's some unknown friend presenting me with a perfect gem—about two carats, I judge."

"How large was the one they stole?" asked the young man.

"Only one carat."

"Lose a one-carat diamond and get a two-carat stone in return! That's what I call luck. Ordinarily the loser loses."

"That's the rule, all right," admitted Mr. Henry J. Shell, "but I guess I'm the exception. Darn it, I wonder how it happened!"

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THE FIRST CONTRIBUTION

OF

THE CHILDRENS FOUNDATION

TO know that some children in the republic are born kings and queens in their promise of service to the world and in their value as national assets, only whets the desire of democracy to make the most of every child. In addition to the tragedy of blindness to the promise of the superior child, who is one in a hundred, there is the tragedy of not making the most of the ninety and nine.

The Childrens Foundation, therefore, and its survey, *The Child; His Nature and His Needs,* are welcome. To this survey Professor Hollingworth has contributed the report on *The Superior Child* which suggested her article in this number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Sixteen specialists have contributed these reports, all written in the language "understanded of the people."

"My husband and I have read some of these chapters five times," said a New Jersey mother to us the other day, "because we are watching our Ethel grow and are so interested in what her little body and mind should be able to do at her age, and the Childrens Foundation book tells us." This mother referred to three reports, one by Professor Whitley of Columbia, another by Professor Dearborn of Harvard, and another by Professor Emerson of Tufts Medical College, Boston. These reports show the relation of play and nutrition to growth of body and mind, and how far a child should have progressed at certain ages. That dull children are shorter and lighter in weight than average children, that successful pupils are taller than the unsuccessful, and their rate of growth quicker, is news to many mothers and fathers.

This survey by the Childrens Foundation was published last May, and saw its second printing in October. So many thousands of copies are now in use everywhere that other fathers and mothers are doubtless reading other reports in the survey seeking light on the peculiar problems of their own children.

Fathers and mothers, for instance, grappling with the troublesome teens, or endeavoring to avoid the grapple, would read *The Adolescent Period,* by Professor Winfield Scott Hall of Northwestern University. Parents, as well as juvenile court workers and teachers, puzzled by children inclined to break laws and social conventions, will read Director William Healy, of the Judge Baker Foundation at Boston, on *The Treatment and Prevention of Delinquency.* Those who are inclined to lie awake nights over a nervous or a handicapped son or daughter are reading chapters by Dr. Winslow or Professor Gesell of Yale or Dr. White of Georgetown and George Washington Universities. Hundreds of Boy Scout, Sunday School, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boys and Girls Club and Playground workers are marking the margins of the chapters by Professor Frederick E. Bolton of the University of Washington on social traits in children, and Henry Neumann of the Ethical Culture School in New York on moral equipment and development.

Women's Club workers, Parents and Teachers Association members, hundreds of normal and college students, members of school boards, principals and teachers everywhere are reading the chapters on bridging the gap between what we know and what we do by Professor Baldwin of the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, Professor Goddard of Ohio State University and U. S. Commissioner of Education Tigert. Then there are the reports on why the older subjects of study, older aims of mental discipline, and older methods of teaching in American schools are giving way to emphasis on newer subjects, newer aims of preparation for life, and

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to newer methods, whereby the school becomes a child's world in which the teacher is only a helper. These last chapters are written by Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, chief of the contributing specialists.

One reason why these reports are already so widely used is that so many leaders in great organizations and movements, from Kiwanis to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, have commended them to their associates and fellow members. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers Associations advises the study of the survey by all its branches during 1925 and is providing monthly study outlines in its official organ, *The Child's Welfare Magazine.*

Another reason for the already widespread study of this survey is that The Childrens Foundation, being a corporation not for profit, is sending this volume de luxe, with its many illustrations and over five hundred pages, without further charge to any one who makes even a merely nominal contribution of one dollar to its publication fund. This method of distribution has been made possible by the initial gift to the Childrens Foundation by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers of Valparaiso, Indiana, whereby funds were made available for the preliminary program and for this first study. Further studies are planned.

Mr. Lorne W. Barclay, formerly Director of Education of the Boy Scouts of America, is Vice President of the Childrens Foundation, which has headquarters at 250 Park Avenue, New York, and at Valparaiso, Indiana.

INTELLECTUALLY SUPERIOR CHILDREN

By LETA S. HOLLINGWORTH

Associate Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

Individual Differences

IN NEARLY every age, and among nearly every people, the existence of persons exceptionally well endowed by nature has been recognized in public policies. Our age and country offer an interesting exception to this rule. Certain idealistic statements made by those who founded our republic have induced in the people of the United States a unique attitude of mind, leading to disproportionate expenditure of money and effort in favor of the stupid and the vicious. We have what has been ironically called an "aristocracy of the unfit." The word "philanthropy," which literally signifies "love of man," has degenerated in America, until it now means "love of feeble-minded, weak and criminal man." For instance, one of the great American foundations, established to promote human welfare, being petitioned for funds to study and to teach a group of intellectually gifted children, replied that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to arrange for such a grant, because "the view-point of our board is philanthropic."

There are thinkers, however, who struggle to prevent this corruption of a once beautiful word; who maintain that "philanthropy" includes love of gifted, strong and competent man. In the field of education this latter view has spread noticeably in recent years. This fact is apparent in the studies of gifted children, which have been carried out since about 1918, in this country, and which culminated in the publication in 1924 of a Year Book on the subject by the The National Society for the Study of Education.

Beginning about 1885, with the efforts of Francis Galton in England, psychologists have been devising means for the

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measurement of mental capacities. Especially within the latest decade, much new knowledge has accumulated, showing how greatly human beings differ in mentality. The measurements collected show, also, that these differences exist in childhood, and can be determined with a high degree of reliability, even by present imperfect methods, as early as the sixth year.

How Individuals in a Large Group are Distributed

It is easiest to think of the facts about individual differences at first in terms of physique. Every one can see for himself that a thousand ten-year-olds in a city school system vary greatly among themselves in height. Furthermore, if these could be grouped along a street according to their height, beginning with the shortest and ending with the tallest, it would be easy to see that the differences follow certain laws. By far the greatest number of the children would be clustered at the center of the group. These would be very much like each other—neither very tall nor very short, but medium in height. As the children, in the order of arrangement, became shorter, they would also be fewer; and the same thing would hold, at the opposite extreme, for the tall. We should see what experts in measurement call a curve or a surface of distribution, with a great many individuals falling near a central—median—point, and yet with a few children deviating from the central group toward two opposite extremes.

These facts of distribution hold throughout organic nature, and the study of them is called the study of individual differences. When the traits involved are mental, we speak of the psychology of individual differences. It is a marvelous principle of biological nature that human beings are endlessly diversified in mental endowment. A mental ability is distributed in the same form in which height is distributed, though the range is greater in the case of mental traits. For instance, no child is two hundred times as tall as any other child of his age, in terms of any unit; but some children are two hundred times as keen in certain mental performances as others are, in terms of the units of measurement employed.

Figure 2 shows the form which is approximated when a great many children of the same age are measured in mental capacity. In order to clarify its meaning, we may recall what was said of the distribution of height, and we may also look at Figure 1, which shows a familiar instance of this phenomenon. Birds distribute themselves against the sky in the familiar form, when they undergo the test of flight. We wish to discuss here that part of the distribution which is approximately indicated by the mark drawn across Figure 2, the best one to two per cent—in this instance, as respects intellectual power. These individuals, in whom we are now interested, are, therefore, as far above the average as the feeble-minded are below.

History of the Study of Ability

The major part of our discussion will be devoted to the generally competent—those who, as we say, are of very superior general intelligence. Psychologists have learned that there is a coherence of capacities in persons, so that one who is above average in one performance is able to surpass the average in most other performances, also. It is this fact of human nature which gives rise to the term, general intelligence.

The history of the study of superior as contrasted with average individuals is very interesting. It dates back into the nineteenth century. As there were

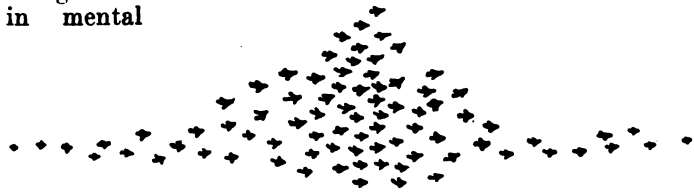

Fig. 1. *Birds subjected to the test of flight. Compare with Figure* 2.

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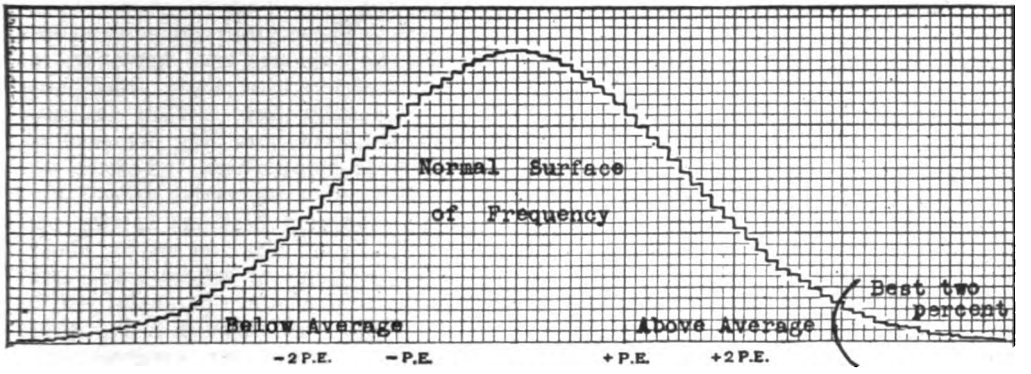

Fig. 2. The form approximated when a great many unselected individuals are arranged in order of magnitude in a given mental or physical trait by test.

then no quantitative methods of measuring intelligence, the approach was through the study of notable achievement in the world's work. This, of course, limited the study to adults, so that the early accounts have little to say about childhood. It was ascertained that eminent adults constitute a definite, small percentage of the population; that they are most often born in cities or on the estates of nobles, in long settled countries; that they have many more distinguished relatives than people ordinarily have; and that they originate usually in families of superior social-economic status.

Although little of importance has been reported concerning the childhood of eminent persons, still one student has made this his theme. In 1894, Yoder published a study of the boyhood of great men. Fifty individuals are included in this survey, concerning whom it appeared that they were, as children, healthy and interested in play; that they had been born over a very wide range of years in the reproductive life of parents; that many of them were "only" sons; and that a decided majority were derived from well-to-do families.

The Modern Approach

The methods of mental measurement now make possible the identification of superior intelligence, during childhood. We can approach the study of competency more directly, and at an age when education is doing its work. General intelligence in children is classified in various terms. Most often, perhaps, this is at present done in terms of IQ —intelligence quotient—which is the ratio of birthday age to "mental age." That a child scores at an IQ of 100 means that intellectual development is that of the average child of the given birthday age. An IQ of 100 represents "par," as regards intelligence. A ratio of less than 100 means some degree of inferiority to the average, while a ratio above 100 means some degree of superiority. The best one per cent of children, as respects intelligence, test at or above 130 IQ, approximately. It is in such children that the interest of this article centers. It is not known just how widely intelligence can vary in terms of IQ. The most intelligent children reported up to this time test between 180 and 190 IQ, and are, of course, very infrequent. Persons who have no organized knowledge about children, nevertheless, use typical phraseology in speaking of the gifted. When we hear repeatedly, from various people, that a given child is "old for his age," "so reliable," "very old-fashioned," "quick to see a joke," "youngest in his class," or that he has "an old head on young shoulders," or "such a long memory," we usually find him to be highly intelligent, by test. The phrases used do not necessarily indicate any actual appreciation of the child's quality, but are employed merely to describe present performances. That the child who is "old for his age" stands, and will continue throughout life to stand, among the highly intelligent of his generation, is not usually in the thought of those using the phrase

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Also, other important symptoms of superior intelligence, such as very early interest and success in learning to read, are not popularly recognized as indications of a life-long superiority.

Even teachers, who are no doubt among the best judges of children, have very indefinite knowledge of the important symptoms of intelligence. Very often they fail to think of the traits just mentioned as significant, and make the mistake of judging as "most intelligent" the children who are doing good school work in the grade where they happen to be placed. In this way teachers not uncommonly may judge as "most intelligent" very dull, over-age children, doing good work in the lower grades. Thus, for instance, they may not realize that being "youngest in the class" is an important symptom of superior ability. Teachers, of course, differ very widely among themselves in the reliability of their judgments. It has been shown that they are more accurate in their judgments of the stupid than in their judgments of the bright.

Unintentional Segregation of the Able

The methods of mental measurement have demonstrated that in this country and abroad certain schools have long been segregating bright children, for instruction, without explicit recognition of the fact. In England, Burt has shown that boys attending a famous preparatory school are intellectually gifted above the average of the juvenile population. In the United States, children attending private schools, where tuition is paid, are rather highly selected for mental endowment. Mental tests show that in many such schools the pupils have a median IQ of near 120, instead of a median at par—100 IQ. These are surprising, rather than expected, findings, as it had been inferred that private schools might be hospitable to the stupid, in consideration of tuition fees. It seems clear that parents who are able to pay substantial tuition have few dull children to present for schooling; so that wherever tuition is paid, a selected group is obtained.

These facts were unrealized by educators until very recent years, as was also the fact that pupils who succeed in high school are of superior intelligence. These unintentional selections of the able are not, however, as severely restricted as those which we wish to consider here. They include children from the best fifty per cent of the juvenile population; whereas we wish to consider especially those who constitute the very best one to two per cent, i. e., those who test at or above 130 IQ. In terms of school work, this means children who are potentially able to pass with credit through a first-class college; and all who can surpass them in achievement, including those capable of winning highest honors in college and in the professions—it is now recognized that to perform college work with credit requires superior intelligence.

Character and Temperament

How do very bright children compare with unselected children, in disposition? Terman has given us the most reliable evidence at present available on this point. He obtained independent ratings by parents and by teachers, of the character traits of bright children in California. The rating scale used was in five degrees, so that a rating of 3 would be just average, 1 being the highest rating possible. Consensus of parents' opinions gave a rating of about 2, while teachers gave an average rating slightly higher for the bright children. Thus the intellectually able are judged by parents and by teachers to be above average in character. The children thus rated were those designated by Dr. Terman to be judged for character, after they had been selected as superior intellectually, by test. They were not selected as bright by teachers' or parents' ratings—though such ratings subsequently made showed that teachers and parents judged them to be above the average in intellect, also.

It is of incidental interest that teachers rate bright children higher in all respects so far reported than their parents do. This is because teachers know a great variety of children, including the incompetent; whereas parents know well only their own children and those of their own friends, constituting usually a very restricted range of competency. A

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parent of a superior child, asked to rate the child in any respect, will very often give a rating of "average." When asked why he thinks the child is average, the typical reply is, "Because he is just about like the rest of of the family."

On the whole, present evidence indicates that superior intelligence is accompanied by superior temperament in children, and by superior stability and stamina of character.

Fig. 3 These photographs show the power to use and coordinate muscles of an eleven months old child who, when old enough to be tested, scored an IQ of 187.

Size and Strength

For about twenty years it has been clear that children who do well in school work are larger and stronger than those who do poor school work, age for age. This fact is susceptible to more than one interpretation. From it we might infer that superior physique is a determinant of school standing. Or we might infer that the intellectually gifted are large and strong, as a group.

Very recently by the method of mental tests it has been established that children of superior intelligence are commonly large and strong for their age. Baldwin measured children in private schools some years ago, and found that they exceeded the norms formerly secured for children in general. Since that time it has been demonstrated that pupils in the schools studied by Baldwin are of distinctly superior intelligence. Also, superior children in the public schools have been shown to be larger and stronger than their schoolmates of equal age.

In New York City, in 1923, forty-five children, all testing in the highest group for intellect, were compared with an equal number of children from the middle fifty per cent, and likewise with an equal number from the lowest group. Age, race, and sex were kept constant in all groups. The medians for the three groups ran as follows:

	Very bright	Of ordinary intelligence	Very dull
	Av. Med. Dev.	Av. Med. Dev.	Av. Med. Dev.
Height (inches)	52.9 ± 1.6	51.2 ± 1.2	49.6 ± 2.1
Weight (lbs.)	74.0 ± 9.4	63.9 ± 5.2	59.5 ± 6.5
Wt.-Ht. Coeff. $\frac{(Wt.)}{(Ht.)}$	1.31 ± .13	1.19 ± .10	1.14 ± .12

As regards the two extreme groups

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the bright are 3.3 inches taller than the stupid, as a group, and 14.5 pounds heavier. It should be added that there is nothing in such results to indicate that the degree of intelligence depends upon the physique, or that either could be altered by altering the other. Also, it must be especially stressed that the figures pertain to the mid-point of the group, in each case, and that there are several individuals among the bright who are smaller than the median stupid child. These facts of physical overlapping between the groups preclude the feasibility of judging intellect from size, in an individual case.

The present writer has made measurements of physical size on five children who test above 180 IQ and are among the most gifted ever reported in the literature of child psychology. The measurements are in agreement with the trend just cited, and stand as follows:

	Age Yrs. Mo.	Height	(In.) (Norm.)*	Weight	(Lbs.) (Norm.)*
Child I..	8–8	52.0	(50.1)	64.7	(55.9)
Child II..	9–4	55.3	(52.0)	102.0	(61.5)
Child III..	9–7	53.2	(52.2)	56.5	(62.1)
Child IV..	10–2	64.0	(57.7)	76.0	(82.8)
Child V..	13–4	63.5	(58.2)	162.0	(89.5)

* Baldwin's norm, to the nearest half year.

These five children aggregate 17.8 inches more in height than would five representative children of their respective ages, chosen from private schools, and 109.4 pounds more in weight.

Measurements of power to grip with the hand show that the bright children involved in the above comparisons are as strong in the left hand as children of ordinary intelligence, and stronger in the right hand; and that they are stronger in both hands than the stupid.

Figure 3 illustrates the power to coördinate and use muscles of Child I, described above, in infancy. At the age of 11 months, this child (IQ 187) would amuse himself by balancing large, soft balls on his feet and on his hands, as he lay in his crib. The physical sturdiness of the child, which is typical of the bright, his physical appearance and his play interests are illustrated in Figure 5. Such children commonly learn to walk and to talk at a conspicuously early age.

Although children of superior intelligence are usually superior in motor ability as well, teachers often rate them "below average" in this respect. This illusion is due to the fact that the very bright, being youngest in their classes, are thus contrasted with older children in motor performances. Since coördination, speed and accuracy in movement depend much more closely on physical development than they do on mental development, the young child appears awkward in contrast with his less gifted, but physically more mature, classmates. A seven-year-old who stands in the top quarter of seven-year-olds in muscular control, will nevertheless stand relatively low among eight or nine-year-olds in penmanship, industrial arts, or athletic games.

As regards health, Terman again furnishes us with the most extensive evidence. The bright children, rated at his request for character, were rated also for health, with the result that both parents and teachers rated them above average, as a group.

Do Superior Children Become Superior Adults?

Does a child who scores high in intellect in the early years of life continue to score high as he grows up? There has been a wide-spread superstition that gifted children become dullards as they mature, or at most end as mediocre men and women.

Psychologists have now re-tested many children of all degrees of mental ability, over periods in some cases as long as ten years. The outcome of these researches is that individuals maintain very nearly the same relative positions during mental development, and at maturity. The dull remain dull, the average continue to be average, and the gifted maintain their superior status.

Figure 4 shows mental growth curves for superior children, as contrasted with average children. These curves result from repeated annual tests made by the Bureau of Child Welfare Research, at the University of Iowa.

It is possible, even by present imperfect methods, to identify at the age of six years those who as adolescents will stand in the highest quarter of their group for general intelligence. There is every indication that superior children grow up to be superior adults. It is the dull children who become dullards.

There is a combination of circumstances, incident to selection during

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school life, which creates an illusion of decreasing brightness in superior children as they grow older. In the primary grades the whole range of school children of an age is present, and the bright seem very bright in contrast. As children go on up through the grades, however, the dullest are constantly "left back"; so that by the time high school is reached all of the extremely dull children have been eliminated from the comparison. A child of 130 IQ is a very bright member of his group in kindergarten; a rather bright member of his group in high school; and but an average member of his group in a first-rate college. His intellectual quality does not change, but his group of competitors becomes more and more highly selected, creating the illusion of retrogression on his part.

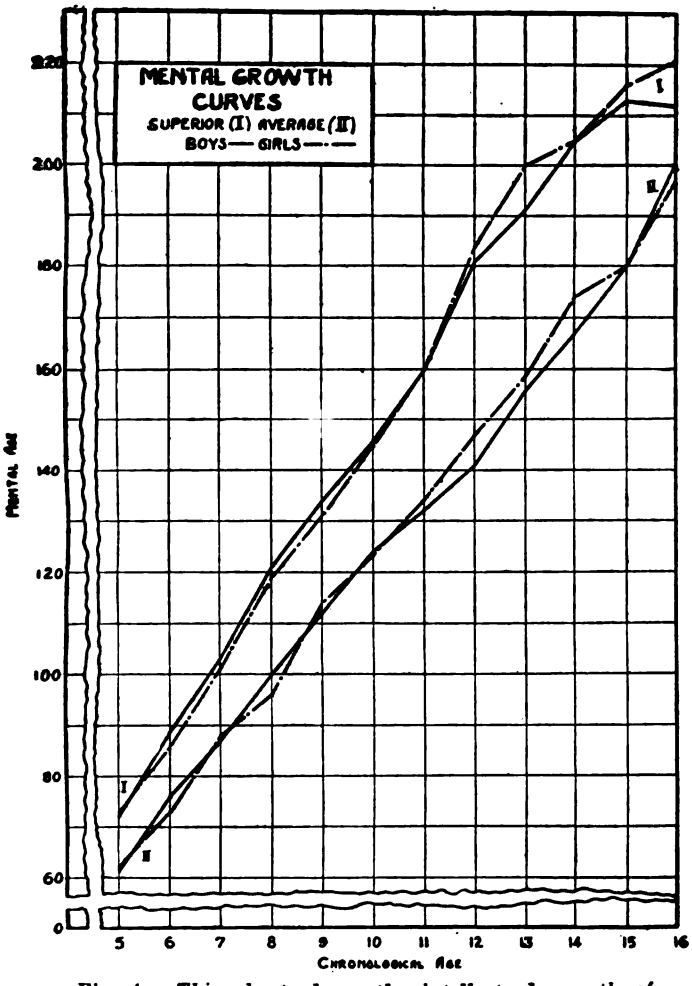

Fig. 4. This chart shows the intellectual growth of superior children, in comparison with average children. Courtesy of Dr. B. T. Baldwin and Dr. Lorle I. Stecher.

Ancestry of Gifted Children

It becomes increasingly evident that many popular notions concerning gifted children are contrary to scientific fact. The psychologist finds often the very opposite condition from that popularly supposed to exist. This is partly because those who have no exact knowledge of a subject always tend to found their beliefs on wishes, and partly because popular belief is always subject to illusions, like that described in the preceding paragraph.

Thus, it is the popular belief that the children of poor and obscure parents, of manual toilers, and of "the lowly" are those in whom great gifts are likely to be found. If asked where to search for the most gifted child in this country, persons in general would doubtless suggest that one should look among the offspring of the humble, and especially of farmers in the country, sprung from poverty. The American idea that the children of the humble, and especially of farmers, are likely to become eminent, has its origin in the early history of this country. From two to three hundred years ago, nearly all children in America— including the gifted—were born of farmers, and in humble surroundings. The reason for this was that there were as yet no cities with concentrated wealth

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to exercise a selective influence. Nearly all inhabitants lived perforce "in the country." This was true even down to a hundred years ago.

Prolonged studies of the origin of very gifted children in this country, born since 1900, have been confined largely to cities. They have shown repeatedly that the great majority of these children originate in families where the father is a professional man, an owner or executive in business, or a clerical worker. Only a small minority of children testing in the highest group for intellect originate among the manual workers in cities, in the United States—where the social-economic competition is relatively free for all. There are various possible interpretations of this fact, but the inference most favored by all subsidiary facts is that the very intelligent are those who rise in the world by competition, and who are also able to produce children like themselves.

In fact, it has been proved again and again that ability "runs in families." There is a marked resemblance among brothers and sisters in mental tests, and a still more marked resemblance between those who are twins. The brothers and sisters or the siblings, as they are sometimes called, of gifted children are themselves very superior.

Furthermore, gifted children have a disproportionately large number of eminent persons among their adult relatives. For instance, among the close relatives of the five children, to whom we have already referred as testing above 180 IQ, the writer of this chapter has counted forty persons who were writers, judges, inventors, founders of institutions, financiers, governors, noted scholars, officers of high rank in army or navy, distinguished surgeons, priests or rabbis. The chances are very slight that a child picked at random from the population will have even one adult relative of the distinction of the forty attached to the family trees of these very gifted children.

It remains to be added that the parents of superior children produce very small families. Apparently the extremely able will not choose the biological and economic burdens of repeated reproduction. This is a fact which is interesting for the national future.

It has been stated that the census of the gifted has so far been confined largely to centers of population. We do not know to what extent children in the top quarter of intellect are to be found on farms in this generation. We do know, however, that where rural children have been tested at random, in this country, they yield a somewhat lower average intelligence than city children yield. From this fact we should expect that the country now yields relatively few very gifted children to the thousand. From tests made in the county of Northumberland, in England, Thomson concluded that "the highest ability appears to be found close to the cities and far away from the cities, the intermediate areas having fewer cases of high ability, as though they were drained by selection."

Some Individual Cases

In order to make our discussion somewhat more concrete at this point, it will be useful to consider a few individual examples. The following are cases chosen at random from a great many:

A is a little girl ten years of age. Her IQ on repeated annual tests has stood at 140, 148, 145. Her school work has been excellent, from kindergarten onward. At the age of five years she entered the first grade on her own initiative. Children are expected to be six years old before entering first grade, but A, who had entered kindergarten at four years of age, presented herself to the teacher of first grade at the opening of the following school year, with the statement that she had finished the kindergarten. She was taken on trial, and made one of the best records in the class during the year. A has always gone to private schools. Her father is a university professor, and her mother is a college graduate. She has one brother, whose school record is superior.

B is an eight-year-old boy. He has a serious defect of the eyes, as a result of which he has never had more than a small fraction of normal vision. Parents and teachers wondered how he could learn so much when he could see so little, and brought him for examination. His IQ was found to be 156. Both the mother and the father of B are college graduates. His brothers have school

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records which indicate that they are of superior intelligence. But none of them has shown the "mental grasp" which characterizes B, despite his visual handicap.

C is a girl ten years of age, first recognized as bright when a survey was being made in a certain school district to discover children of exceptional intelligence. Her IQ has stood at 164 on two tests made several years apart. Neither of her parents is educated, the father being employed in a tailor's shop. They are immigrants. C's home surroundings are those of a typical tenement in the city slums. Her sister and two brothers all test above the average intellectually. This case represents the few instances in which an extremely gifted child is found with uneducated parents, in a poor home. Such children prove that the intellectual ability revealed by tests does not come from home surroundings. It is not possible to observe the family in this case beyond the parents, as other relatives live in Europe.

Fig. 5. Here is shown the child of Figure 3 at twenty-two months. Note the eager, interested face and fine physique.

D is an eleven-year-old boy who tests at 167 IQ. He is very large for his age, and of exceptional firmness and stability of character. His father is an army officer of high rank, and his mother is a college graduate. He is one of seven children, only one other of whom has had mental tests. This sister's IQ has stood at 189 and 188 on two tests made a year apart. There are many eminent relatives on both sides of D's family. His parents had not thought of him as very exceptional.

These cases serve to represent the group of gifted children in our schools. Since about one in every 250 children is as bright as Child A here described, it is evident that among millions of school children there are many of this caliber to be found. The higher the intelligence, the rarer the child, of course, as may be recalled by glancing back at Figure 2. Of the cases described, A, B, and D are typical of the bright, as regards occupation of parents, and other social conditions. Child C is very exceptional in this respect. Child B is exceptional in having a severe visual defect, and has been mentioned here especially to show that intelligence does not depend upon perfection of the special senses.

Experimental Education of Gifted Children in the United States

For a considerable number of years there have been consciously attempted selections of the most capable children in our schools, for purposes of education. In 1919 Freeman sent a questionnaire to all cities in this country of 25,000 population or over, inquiring as to special provision for the gifted. He learned that a considerable number of school administrators recognized the existence of gifted children, and attemped to provide for their special

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needs, usually by establishing special classes for rapid advancement. In several instances the work was on a sufficiently modern basis, so that mental tests were used to select the children.

Among the first of the classes to be chosen by mental tests was that reported by Race in 1918, from Louisville, Kentucky. Here several young children with a median IQ of 137 were segregated, and made very rapid progress, covering the prescribed curriculum of the elementary school at about twice the ordinary rate, without more than ordinary effort. Race found them to be healthy, well-balanced, and capable of work much beyond the average.

In the years following 1918, several detailed reports of similar work appeared, among which those of Shipple, of Specht, and of Coy are of particular interest. All of these class-room experiments showed that children selected as very intelligent by mental tests are capable of much greater progress in school than is possible for them under ordinary conditions. The influence of such studies is already felt to some extent in educational administration. For instance, at the Conference on Educational Research and Guidance held at San Jose, California, in 19? kson stated that during the year just passed about 11 per cent of children in the elementary schools of Berkeley and Oakland had been given special opportunity suited to their superior endowment.

Experimental Education of the Gifted Abroad

Class-room experimentation with highly endowed children has been reported since 1916 in Germany from Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Mannheim, Leipsic, Frankfort, Charlottenburg and Göttingen particularly. In Germany, as in this country, this work has gone forward in cities, because it is only in centers of population that a sufficient number of the very gifted can be found conveniently located to form special classes. The desirability of identifying the gifted who live in rural communities has been discussed with urgency in Germany, where the need to foster that nation's mental power is now very great. No way to do this has yet been found.

After the World War republican Germany abandoned the policy of educating children according to the social-economic status of their parents. To find and to train the gifted, wherever existing, was seen to be a primary condition of national rehabilitation. As there are many educational psychologists in Germany, the work of selecting the *Hofnungskinder* (children of promise) has proceeded rapidly and systematically. It is probable that to-day Germany is giving more official administrative recognition to special education on the basis of innate mental endowment than any other country.

In the majority of reports it appears that the selection of pupils is made by mental tests, supplemented by teachers' judgments as to strength of character and physical stamina. Germany cannot afford special education for those strong in intellect only. The child must be strong in every way to warrant the investment. Children annually or semi-annually selected thus from the *Volksschulen* are given a special course of study in the last years of the elementary school, to articulate with the higher schools. Both boys and girls participate in these special advantages, but in some cities only half as many girls as boys are permitted to be chosen. The psychologists, Peter and Stern, have pointed out that in the tests used for selection, the girls equal the boys in performance, and that this raises questions of policy concerning the education of girls, which are, perhaps, especially distressing in view of German traditions of education.

Countries abroad other than Germany seem to be doing little or no class-room experimentation to find the best education for the gifted. At any rate, such experiments are not reported.

Present Problems in the Education of the Gifted

The most conspicuous problem of those interested in rational education for exceptionally intelligent children is now, perhaps, that of the curriculum. What should they be taught? By whom? With what goals in view? The problem is no longer one of selection primarily, but of instruction. Should all children who test very high as regards intellect be educated for science, for the professions, and for the direc-

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ion of industry? Should society induce some of them to join the manual trades, as hand workers? Should unskilled labor be drained by explicit educational policy, more thoroughly than it now is drained by competition, of all first-rate intelligence? These are disturbing questions which affect the educator.

Questions somewhat more immediate, and less necessarily speculative in nature, concern the relative claims of rapid advancement as against enrichment of curriculum for the gifted. These questions are in some of their aspects susceptible to experimentation, but they have seldom been so approached as yet. Educational speculation seems, on the whole, to favor enrichment of the curriculum, but there is no agreement as to what the additional subject matter should be. In 1923 a report appeared of the selection of a class of young children, organized for the purpose of experimenting in the classroom with curricular material adapted for the needs of the very intelligent. This class is being continued at the present time.

The objection is sometimes raised that special education for the bright is not suitable in a democracy, where all are equal. The obvious reply to this is that all are not equal in capacity. The biological truth is that all are unequal. Schools cannot equalize children; schools can only equalize opportunity. It may well be thought to be highly undemocratic to provide full opportunity for the exercise of their capacities to some, while to others the same offering means only partial exercise of their greater powers. It is hard for a psychologist to define democracy, but perhaps one acceptable definition might be that it is a condition of affairs in which every human being has opportunity to live and work in accordance with inborn capacity for achievement.

Summary

For convenience we may now recapitulate briefly the important facts which have been established during the past twenty years, concerning intellectually gifted children. Mental tests, given to large numbers of unselected children, yield always a few who consistently attain superior rank. In various localities studies have been made of those ranking in the highest percentile, that is, of "the one child in a hundred," by test. These studies show that such children are usually youngest in their classes, though still much below the point where they could readily function, in the ordinary graded school. They learn very rapidly, and progress more than twice as fast as average children can when they are segregated in special classes. They are large and strong for their age, as a group, and are with few exceptions superior in character and temperament. They maintain their superior status, as they develop, and do not tend to become mediocre, as has been popularly supposed. The majority of them originate — in America, where social-economic competition is relatively free for all — in families where the fathers are professional men, clerical workers, or business executives, and they have more distinguished persons among their relatives than chance would allow.

Educational policy in the United States at present gives scant consideration to these children, because the current social philosophy of the people denies the existence of innate, permanent, hereditary superiority. To them are assigned, in general, the same tasks as are assigned to average children; with the result that they manage, on the whole, to win an occasional extra promotion, though rarely to an extent that would let them work at full capacity.

As the new knowledge gleaned from mental tests becomes gradually diffused, the social philosophy which disregards the existence of the superior will undergo changes. Already progressive educators here and there are applying the new knowledge in educational administration. They are experimenting with new methods of teaching the gifted, and are trying to formulate additional studies for them—trying to provide genuine opportunity for these children. As a result of such psychological and educational research, we shall soon have as much accumulated knowledge about the gifted as we have about the deficient, and shall be able to do justice to the competent as well as to the incompetent.

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THE LAW AND EVIDENCE

By HARRY HARRISON KROLL

Illustrated by the Author

JUDGE SILLS in subdued irritation followed the three men up the stifling stairway of the tobacco-field log house to the roof-room. While two of the gloomy figures slumped down upon the musty cot, Lum Chaney shuffled to the single square window and cautiously drew the blind before lighting the grimy lamp. He then placed chairs at the table, settling down in his without waiting for the precedence of the distinguished guest.

"You never can tell whar eyes air prying," he said. "Now, Jim," addressing himself to the judge in a familiar and yet entirely respectful tone, "we wanted to talk to you about this here case. We wanted you to know that Slade Jones and Treborn Hale, thar, didn't scrape nobody's terbacker bed, ner burn nobody's terbacker barn. We knowed hit wouldn't be right fur you to set on the case tomorr' without knowing the truth about things. Your pappy used to live on Lard Sloss's place—you recolleck how Lard used to nigh about work you to death in the terbacker patch, and how you almost had to fit him to let you off to go to school when you tuck a notion to git a iddication. You know the lying, dirty, thieving scoundrel he air!"

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Judge Sills moved in uneasy recollection.

"I remember all that very well, Lum," he said slowly, after a moment. "But you boys ought to have better sense and judgment than to get me off this way to remind me of anything. I am the trial judge, and as such am honor bound to keep an unbiased mind. I can be guided by just two things—the law and evidence. You know that yourselves, boys. And suppose it should come out that upon the eve of the trial I conferred with you regarding the case? It would go mighty hard with all of us."

He turned in the murky red illumination to the bed, where the two dim shadows hung in mesmerized attention upon his every word. Judge Sills, with no notion of disparagement, was reminded of two screech owls upon a hickory limb, watching a horned owl crawl into a hole in a hollow tree.

The Sloss farm

"We thought of that," agreed Slade Jones, shifting his position under the Judge's direct eyes. "I told Treborn, thar, that hit wa'n't apt to be according to the law books, and war a resky thing to do. But, Jim, we wanted you to know, Lard Sloss got it in fur us when we fit him about the terbacker pool, and whenst his beds war scraped and his barn burnt, he laid it on us. So we wanted you to know that we didn't have nothing to do with it. We wanted you to consider justice along side of the law and evidence."

"Lard Sloss went and put our terbacker in the pool." It was Treborn's dreary, fumbling drawl. "He give us thirty-five per cent of our terbacker check and stuck the rest in his pockits. He still owes me and Slade, thar, more'n half of year before last's crop, and nigh about two-thirds of last year's crop. He thinks now if he can git us put in the pen, he won't have to pay that thar money. You know him, Jim. He skinned yur pappy out of ever'thing he made the same way. You used to say yourself that you war going to git a iddication so's Lard Sloss and his kind couldn't cheat you outen whut you made; and if you lived you war going to pertect the rights of pore renters and tenants and sheercrappers."

Judge Sills frowned.

"Where's your tobacco now?" he asked.

"On the warehouse floor, I reckin—I dunno," replied Treborn sadly.

"You don't know?"

"How should we know? Hain't the supreme co't said the landlord's got hull control of the crap, and didn't Sloss come and haul our terbacker off?"

"We don't know nothing and we hain't got nothing," interjected Jones in hopeless philosophy.

"Lard Sloss's got everything," pointed out Lum, in eager partisanship.

"He's got all the money and he's got all the evidence. He hired him a mealy-mouthed lawyer to work with the state attorney, and he's hired him a gang of liars to lie for him—them he couldn't bulldoze into lying free of charge. The onliest chanct we had in the world, Jim, war to git to you first and alone."

"What kind of defense are you able to support?" finally asked the judge.

"What kind of defense!" echoed Lum bitterly. "How kin we support a defense of any sort, when we cain't support our women and chillen? Besides that, if we tried to git out of it, or prove anything on Lard Sloss, he'd jail us for selling likker. Fur me and Treborn, thar, to help out expenses a little till we could git some of our terbacker money out of Sloss,

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done a little bootlegging on the side and Sloss ketched up with us. He's got that to fall back on if we sneak out of this hole."

"We air in a fierce fix!" groaned Treborn.

"That was the reason all of us riz as a man and voted fur you whenst you run for circuit jedge. Whilst you hadn't been in these parts fur fifteen-odd year, you announced, we knowned you was a man who would give the pore man a chanct against the overbearing ways of powerful landlords."

It was a barbed compliment, Judge Sills reflected secretly. But he dared, by no word or action, to imply a rejection of it.

"I will do my best, boys," he answered finally. "But I have to be guided by the law and evidence. I don't want you to rely too much upon what I may seem able, by virtue of my official position and antecedents, to do for you. For I go into this trial chained by all the machinery of jurisprudence, and by the undeveloped facts which can be considered only by the law and evidence."

The following morning he availed himself of the advantage of a day-light breakfast to get away from the tenant's home to the county seat two miles away, where the autumn term of circuit court was to convene that day. He did not like to think of his night with Lum Chaney, although Lum had been one of his closest friends years ago, when he himself was the son of a tobacco tenant. This thing of conferring with accused persons had its perils. Right now he was unwilling to assume risks.

He set forth through the woods by an old familiar short cut, the first flood of morning sunshine enveloping him at the top of the ridge overlooking Lard Sloss's farm. In the glorious pageantry of new day he stopped, his admiration revived, his memories quickened. There mouldered the same little log house, with clay chinking, where he used to live. Right back of it stood the same log stable, surrounded by pokeberry bushes and jimpson weeds, behind which he used to dig fish bait. The same fields round and about the settlement, browned in tobacco. The plantation itself seemed less vast, viewed through critical adult eyes, instead of the extravagant sight of boyhood, but for all that it was magnificent enough. The Sloss home, of red brick, with an imposing barn attached to it, had lost little of its pristine grandeur. The whole estate was pretentious and beautiful. Everywhere lay the touch of wealth. Lard Sloss had never known the embittering task of counting the pennies.

For a long time Judge Sills viewed the picture. The slant sunshine straightened to cut vertically down into the pool where, in the old days, he was wont to fish. A shabby tenant boy, a replica of himself, came out of the barnlot behind a herd of blooded cattle, driving them to pasture just as he used to do. He was reminded by the startling contrast of the mean, bony brat with the sleek animals, that often enough a pure-bred cow is more valuable than the tenant offspring that is called upon to herd it. A hot wave of anger for his own baffled childhood years suffocated him. The greed and inhumanity of Lard Sloss had stolen at least ten years out of his life by driving him long hours in the tobacco field, stunting him mentally and physically for a useless weed.

Avoiding the route which would have taken him across the farm, he cut off down through the woods and entered, without undue exhibition of himself, the confines of the dusty little Kentucky county seat. In a few moments he was safely lodged in a room at the hotel, and none, so far as he could determine, was the wiser for the indiscretion of a night spent with Lum Chaney.

Already, he noted, the country people were coming into town in anticipation of the trial. That it should attract widespread attention did not particularly surprise him. Lard Sloss was a prominent man in the region; in many respects the planter was a power in the whole congressional district. He was, moreover, widely connected with the aristocratic remnant which still lorded things in the blue-grass. And the tenant element feared him, and their fear taught them a deadly hatred of the man, which Sloss only sneered at and scorned. Slade Jones and Treborn Hale, on the other hand, were likewise well known, by virtue of their kinship with the poor white trash tenantry of the county. They had a reputation for petty thievery which cataloged them in the opinion

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of landowners two or three degrees below negroes. The Hales had always pilfered and stolen, and many suspected the Joneses of scraping tobacco beds. The trial was to be a fight between these two economic forces, and his court was to be the battle ground.

He stood at the window watching the dusty crowd. They were a big-boned, snuff-brown race. The hot sun of the tobacco patch had burnt them with the indelible brand of shiftlessness and poverty. Their shambling movements, or gawky inactivity and bashfulness, betokened an habitual acceptance of defeat. One by one he recognized faces he had known in his youth. Each time he was shocked, half horrified. Old Groundhog Sills, a remote kinsman, came ambling along. The old man was seventy now. But with his bent back, baffled face, and flowing beard stained with tobacco juice to a dirty lemon, he looked like some relic out of King Tut's tomb suddenly invested with life and overalled with the mean garb of tobacco tenantry. A buggy, its tires wired on, rattled by, carrying a man and woman. A babe, its weak eyes squinted against the hot glare of the sun, suckled at the undraped breast of its mother. A youth shambled along the sidewalk, mouth agape, peering into the windows of the houses and undisturbed when some one drew a shade.

These people were taking time from the tobacco field to be present at the trial of the seed-bed scrapers and barn-burners. Upon the issue hung weighty import. If Jones and Hale were sent to the penitentiary, and in a court presided over by a man who himself had been a tobacco tenant, the situation of the poor white farmer would be hopeless indeed.

How many that walked the street below as freemen to-day were guilty of this crime of retaliation against landlords who had placed their tobacco in the pool, or cheated the tenant out of his year's labor outright, Judge Sills did not permit himself to estimate. Certainly there were many. The past year no fewer than a dozen barns had been burnt within the immediate jurisdiction of his court. What amounted almost to civil strife had broken out in the "black patch" the previous year, when many landowners joined the pool while still much of the previous year's tobacco crop hung in the barns.

But he put these speculations aside as unbecoming the trial judge. He was bound only by the law and evidence. If the hard years of tobacco tenantry had taught him nothing else, they had ingrained in him an austerity and rectitude that would vindicate his official oath.

A knock at the door interrupted his train of thought.

"Come!" he called, with a half-guilty start.

Lard Sloss entered. The planter came forward with effusive cordiality.

"I just heard you arrived, Judge Sills," he said.

The pronouncing of his official title in Sloss's fawning manner made him wince, but he covered his displeasure and shook the meaty hand of his former landlord with such warmth as he could simulate.

"Court convenes at ten," went on Sloss. "I took the liberty of intruding, for the sake of old acquaintance."

He sat down, and Judge Sills had opportunity to observe how wealth and ease tide youth far over past middle life. When he was a boy, the judge mused almost unconsciously, men were old at forty. But Sloss was ten years past that mark, and still was young.

Sloss was reflecting in his own way.

"You have fought up from a humble start," he said. He intended it, Judge Sills presumed, as a compliment.

"It *has* been a fight," the judge admitted.

A silence ensued. Then Sloss looked at him with level eyes.

"Judge Sills," he began, "I did not come here this morning to presume to dictate your course of action in this trial. I should be outraging your intelligence and integrity were I to do that. But I do feel it my duty to indicate to you certain conditions and remind you of the pitfalls into which you may easily stumble. In the first place, it is well-known among the friends of these men who are to be tried for burning my barn that you were once a tenant on my farm, and they are expecting you to be inclined in their favor. I have reason to believe that a man who has worked as hard as you to rise out of his native element,

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particularly when that element is a shiftless poor white-trash tenantry, has too much good sense to permit prejudice to influence him in the least. That is to say, such a man would be guided only by the law and evidence."

Sloss's gaze remained steady and significant. Judge Sills bowed almost imperceptibly.

"I shall be guided only by the law and evidence," he conceded, almost coldly.

Sloss, his mission ended, withdrew. The judge stepped to the window. He watched the man go out into the street and disappear in the shifting sands of backlanders that ebbed and flowed in the public square.

At the stroke of ten Judge Sills crossed over to the court house and entered the court room. The place was packed to the windows. He felt a thousand mute eyes follow him furtively, but by some uncanny shifting when he would have met them, they were looking in another direction. Many faces vaguely familiar to him were puckered and mummified and lined beyond almost all hope of recognition. That many were blood kin to him he knew, and vaguely felt ashamed of himself that they had passed out of his life—out of his thoughts, his economic stratum, his social caste. The education he had labored so hard for and the political preferment he had obtained only at a terrific cost of labor and energy of ambition had reared, steadily, silently, but none the less effectively, a stone wall between him and his own which no miracle of atavism could ever demolish. He was no longer of them. Their shifting eyes told him they realized it as well as he.

Then, as the suave, well-dressed, urbane group of legal retainers rose in the august presence of a backlander trial judge, he mounted the dais and took his seat.

The work of impaneling the jury commenced. Judge Sills found relief from the vexatious tedium in trying to place the many faces he dimly recalled. His eyes roved over the room. Suddenly his vagrant gaze focused to a sharp image.

Fifteen years, during which a man has fought every handicap of poverty and ignorance, does, reflected the judge, make a man forget. Yet a woman is a hard thing to forget. He felt himself warm with the first sensation of pleasure he had known during the past thirty-six hours when he looked into the smiling and friendly eyes of Daisy Sloss.

She was older now. Perhaps she was thirty. Yes, she was all of that. How long had it been since he carried her books to school? Let's see. Well, it did not matter. It was equally inconsequential that it had been she who had taught him his letters and to read, while he was still a hulking tobacco field hard-ankle. They used to sit on an old butternut log back of the garden, under the seedling peaches, and study. A sudden tender memory of her brown curls and sweet body recurred to him in a faint odor of perfume. Those charms had interfered mightily with his learning his lessons; but he had stumbled on and eventually mastered the primer, then the first reader, and finally the second. That year his schooling stopped. His father died, and Sloss did not like to have widows with children upon his place. He left the farm without the formality of bidding her good-bye. The fact of the matter was that he did not know how. And he never afterwards wrote to her, or returned to the neighborhood in the hope of seeing her. Not even when he made his campaign for the judgeship did he presume to revive the acquaintance. In fact, he had forgotten—as well as a man can forget the things of his youth.

Now she was thirty. And she was beautiful, with a certain settled maturity that set her off. Her curls were gone, and along with them some of the callow charm which had so greatly intrigued him; but the sight of her now, smiling up at him and openly trying to catch his eye, sent his blood faster and sweetened the bitter he had endured ever since he had come to town.

The hot afternoon dragged to adjournment. It had never occurred to him in any of his quickenings of ambition that the reality should be as trying as this. In all of the lawyers' moves and counter-moves the element of justice had scant place. The game was to see which side could put something over on the other side past the judge. Fagged and irritable, he slipped away

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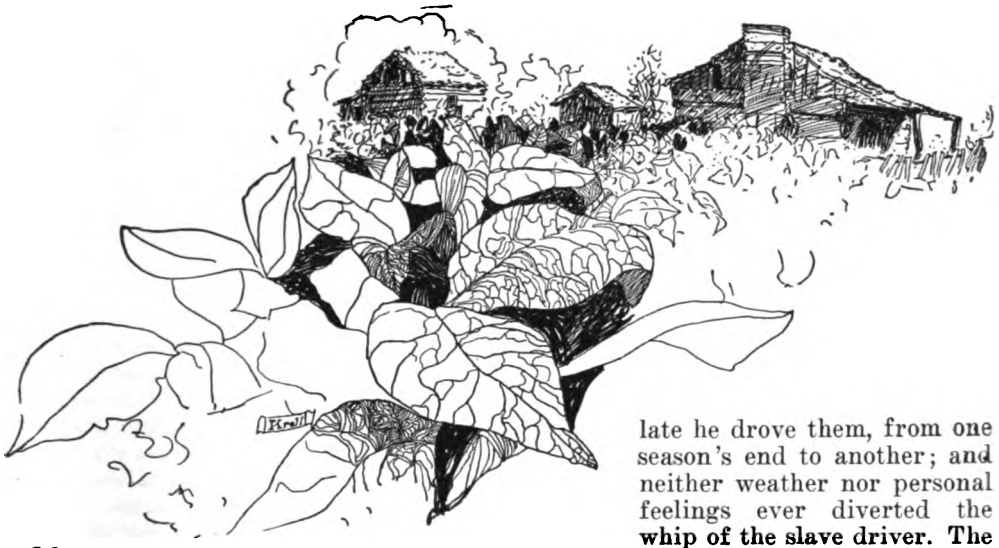

"The same fields round and about browned in tobacco"

from the court-house by way of one of the exits of the jury room. Once clear of the town and the cramp limbered from his muscles by walking, he began to feel better.

The way led to the west, where the gullies of the red tobacco lands, creeping towards town, stretched forth as dewberry wastes and broom sedge patches almost out of Sloss's plantation. It was here as a boy that he used to hunt patridge nests in the spring of the year. Through the memory-haunted fields he made his way, coming finally to the spot which he had vaguely expected to visit—his father's grave.

The palings of the enclosure had fallen down, and the dull chrome of sedge grass had caught up the grave and folded it to a drab bosom. The mound was sunken, mutely eloquent of neglect; while the road dust thick upon the rusty brambles and jaded alders added its red testimony to man's mortality. Judge Sills found his memories wrestling bitterly with him again. His hatred flared hotly up. The landlord lived on, youthful even in his elderliness, smug, well-fed, untroubled. But his father slept under the dusty briars these long years, closing a fitful hard life long before his time.

Sloss had killed him. The planter had killed more men than his father. The landlord's appetite for labor from his tenants was never sated. Early and late he drove them, from one season's end to another; and neither weather nor personal feelings ever diverted the whip of the slave driver. The memory of those last terrible days came back to Judge Sills now with cruel vividness.

It had rained all the day that his father died. "I'm roint! I'm roint!" his mother had moaned, wringing her hands. There was no money and little crop. Sloss deftly took what he could lay his hands upon. A month later his mother died.

They slept in separate beds, did the man and woman who gave him life. His mother was a Wheatley, the blood line to which Lum Chaney belonged, and she was laid to rest over in the hills, in the stronghold of the clan. Another tenant came to live in the log cabin and kill himself for Sloss, while old Bill Sills and his woman and boy were forgotten.

"Now it's these poor devils of Slade Jones and Treborn Hale that Sloss is robbing," thought the judge harshly. "He got their tobacco, and now he would kick them off his place and be rid of them by prosecuting them for burning his tobacco barn. It's a worthy way to pay human beings for their service, and he has the effrontery to come to me and remind me of law and evidence! I would to God that I could set aside law and evidence once, for God and justice! Likely as not Jones and Hale burnt that barn; all the same I ought to turn them loose."

His musing was broken by the low purr of a high-powered car along the nearby road. He turned. Through the network of briars and vines he saw that

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the driver was a woman. She had observed him there, for the car slackened in its speed, and he could discern her peering at him to establish his identity. It was Daisy Sloss. She ran the car into the drain beside the road and came picking her way towards him.

"I thought I knew you," she smiled.

His acrimony suddenly gone, he returned her smile. Her eyes were soft and her mouth kindly. Withal she was warm and friendly—little like her cold and uncompromising father, even with his suavity and inherited culture.

Then the girl caught sight of the sunken grave and her face changed. She gave a little exclamation.

"Pardon me," she begged tenderly. "I didn't know. Let me——"

"No, please don't go. I just wanted to be with him a moment. I was lonesome. I feel old to-day. It's been a long time since I saw him."

"And the years have been filled with hard work and struggling ambitions, and you have come back to revive half-forgotten things." She came and put her hand upon his arm in sympathy. "Don't you wish that he could be with you now to know what you have achieved?"

He turned his face away and her hand found his.

"This whole unfortunate affair is most trying," she went on softly. "I know that you are meeting a very real and great crisis. Still, that's the way I sometimes think our souls are tempered. Life isn't often good. I should hate to think, though, that we can't be friends."

"We shan't be enemies, if I have my will."

"We shan't be enemies, then," she pronounced.

Together they went up out of the old field. Turning about, she drove him back to town.

The trial dragged through the next days. Sloss and the State had the advantage at every turn. With a wily lawyer working in conjunction with the prosecuting attorney, Judge Sills saw that the fate of Slade Jones and Treborn Hale was practically sealed from the beginning. The principal witness for the prosecution was a tenant, named Sneed Borden. He testified that upon the night of the barn-burning he had seen the two prisoners at the bar across the field from their cabins carrying an armload of dry trash and a can of kerosene. Curious to see what they were up to, he had followed. They went down to the big barn, a quarter of a mile from the plantation home, threw the trash on the off side, poured on the oil, lighted it and fled. The story was straight and he held to it consistently. No cross questioning could phase him or shake him. In cross-examining him the tenants' lawyer came nearer than at any other point in the trial to being adequate to his task, but the evidence stood as damning as evidence may ever be.

Judge Sills exercised his right to question the witness.

"How long have you lived on Sloss's farm?" he asked.

"Ten year," replied Borden.

"Ever been in trouble of any sort?"

"I war 'rested onct fur stealing corn."

"How did you come out of it?"

"Mr. Sloss got me out."

"Do you owe him anything now above your rent for this year?"

"Right smartly—about five hundred dollars, I reckon."

"That's all," concluded Judge Sills.

He had watched the landlord covertly during this examination, and he felt Sloss shift his position. Whether the jurors read the story between the lines he could not say. But to him it was as clear as if shouted from the housetops. Borden had said the words which Sloss put into his mouth.

The bootlegging operations carried on by the prisoners hampered them seriously in their defense, so it was pitifully weak and wavering. They were reconciled to being sent to the penitentiary. Tobacco tenants, mused Judge Sills, were reconciled to anything—illiteracy, disease, starvation, death. The old Anglo-Saxon trait of accepting the yoke, a servility for which the Normans a thousand years ago held them in supremest contempt, cropped out in this good year of grace, 1924, in the tobacco patch, unmuted by these centuries. On the other hand, were they to be "pulled" for selling bootleg, they would be dealing with an outraged Federal government; and God only knew how they might end up in such a contingency.

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So they bowed their heads, awaiting the axman.

Thursday came, the fourth day of the trial. At the adjournment of court Judge Sills, depressed by the acrimony of the prosecution and weighed down by his sympathy for the poor victims of Sloss's wrath, sought to escape by getting out of town and walking.

How long had seemed the time since coming here! The four days had been almost as so many years. The hot, dusty autumn days, his frazzled nerves, his disjointed memories—all conspired to upset his mental equilibrim, to try his spirit and temper. Once out of town in the abandoned gullied fields he wandered half aimlessly. Back in his brain was the image of Daisy Sloss, although he might have denied any wish to see her, had he stopped to analyze his desires. Presently he entered the deeper woods skirting the Sloss plantation. His undirected steps brought him finally, without plan or premeditation, to the school house where he had first known the light of book-learning.

The place was ancient and gone to seed. The school had been moved to town several years ago, when the wave of consolidation spread down into the South.

A sound, which was more of a movement, arrested his attention. The undergrowth parted and Daisy Sloss came towards him.

In his gladness to see her he did not trouble to wonder why she should be here at the precise time that he had arrived. He moved over to one end of the upper step; Daisy, removing her hat, which she threw carelessly upon the ground, shook back her hair with a little laugh and a fragment of heightened color upon either cheek and accepted the lower step. It all seemed natural; that was the way they had sometimes done it long years ago, when she was a child and he was a hard-ankle. They were silent then; that seemed best. He found himself tracing the gentle intaglio of her cheek against the sifted afternoon sunshine upon the ground; and his old love for her, far back in those young days, surged over him. The emotion, infinitely sweet, unsteadied his hand, but he laid it upon her hair. His own temerity frightened him, for he had never been one to make love. When she put her hand up and caught his, in a swift response to his caress, he felt a thrill that he had never known before in his hard, emotionless existence.

The moments drifted. The sifted sunshine faded; the western light reddened into sunset. He talked at intervals, his mind busy with retrospection.

"You don't know how weary I am, Daisy," he said finally. "It's been the grimmest battle one may know—beating up to this out of those days when I carried your books. Sometimes I think I allowed ambition to dominate my life to the exclusion of many other things which I don't know now and won't ever learn. I have always wanted power. I have it now. And with it has come an uncertainty and fear of mistake that takes all of the joy of achievement out of things. I have felt mighty desperate at times during these last few days."

"I know it, dear," she said, pressing his hand in quick sympathy. "You are thinking about justice, and I doubt if we humans can see it when it stands before us. But why should we bother now? What you are trying to do must always remain a relative matter; and justice is more often dollars and cents and power than rights. Now we have each other, and let's not spoil these moments with troubles that nobody can settle to the satisfaction of everybody involved. Sufficient unto the day."

It was the wisest bit of philosophy the controversy had evolved. Her lips were waiting, and her eyes gave him invitation; he bent his head and kissed her. So dusk fell, while at intervals they talked of the past.

Back in his room at the hotel, however, when he was alone and the brisk evening walk had dissipated the spell he had been under with the girl in his arms, he returned again to the burden he had shed with such glib alacrity. With the girl's body soft and warm against him, it was easy enough to forget the worn faces of the two tobacco tenants, and to minimize the importance of the outcome of the trial. Jones and Hale were just poor white trash, that was all. The girl whose lips he had kissed was something, by comparison, infinitely full and beautiful. Placed beside her, how trivial did these two barnburners become! The utter absence of similitude shocked him.

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Was he in the act of aligning himself with the aristocracy and abandoning his own origin? His life had been dedicated to defending the rights of his abused, defeated kind. Often too inert to defend themselves, and always too sad and inefficient and ignorant to defend such scant rights as were accorded to them, they needed a champion if ever a people did. Back of his ambition, back of all his labors, was a recognition of their terrible desperation, and his ideal was to deliver them from their bondage, an ideal burnt into his soul by the branding mark of the tobacco field. Now for a pretty woman's kiss he might seem to be selling the only nobleness such a cloddish beginning as his could possibly seed and nurture.

He walked the floor. Under the circumstances it lay within his power to terminate the trial as he might decree. His rights in the premises were landmarked with the precedents of a long established jurisprudence. He could accept the evidence as it was manifestly developed and charge the jury to return a verdict in favor of the State. Or he could rule that the evidence was from intimidated sources, and direct a verdict in favor of the defendants. It was totally up to him.

A knock at the door broke the stillness. The Judge called "Come," and Sloss entered through the gloom. He sat down without invitation.

"Sills!" he said in a surcharge voice.

"Well?"

"Daisy has told me. I did not come expressly to congratulate you, although I shall do so now. I came to remind you of your integrity. You understand what I mean."

"I presume I do," replied the jurist dryly, without show of anger at the implication.

"Your trump card, now more than ever before, is the law and evidence," pronounced Sloss sharply. "Play your game according to the accepted rules. You have everything in your hands—power, wealth, and—and——"

"And Daisy!" concluded Judge Sills.

"And Daisy!" echoed Sloss significantly.

"And suppose," said the judge, after a heavy interval, "that I should tell you that I have no price—not even that?"

"Why," went on the same bland but barbed voice, "I should only have to produce proof that you spent Sunday night with Lum Chaney, and that you held a conference with him and Slade Jones and Treborn Hale, in which it was understood that you would use the powers of your office to save their criminal hides! And you know that I can produce such proof, for you cannot deny that you were there, that you three met upstairs, and your talk was solely about the trial opening upon the morrow. Do you admit it?"

"What about the conferences with you—this one, for example?"

He saw Sloss shrug his shoulder in the darkness.

"Have I ever mentioned anything but the law and evidence and your integrity?" His low voice broke out in mocking, goading laughter. "And more than that," he went on, "you will have a caller to-night. He'll be along about midnight, and will come through your window by way of the Virginia creeper—for barn-burners know better than to walk through open doors by the light of day. He'll be begging for mercy—any judicial alms that the trial judge's largess may let fall. Don't ever doubt that I shall have ears to hear. It's my business to hear. White trash? We were better off when we had nigger slavery, for the niggers had the virtue of obedience to a superior mind, while the present field labor, with its rusty white skin, thinks it's as good as any other white skin. You have nothing to give to beggars, do you understand? And you are still a young man, Sills. You are, in contradistinction to the rest of your sort, a brilliant man. Almost everything a man could ask for lies virtually at your hand—public leadership, the respect of the rest of men, power, money—everything. The group that you will serve by inclining yourself towards the patent law and evidence is the one into which you are about to enter socially by your marriage with my daughter. Whereas if you should choose to set everything aside for the mere matter of sentiment—because you had a notion that the tenant class is downtrodden and held in virtual slavery—you have nothing whatever to gain, for they have nothing whatever to give you. They would forget you in a week. It's the way they think and live. What

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appreciation can lie in the heart of a tobacco tenant?"

"None!" said the judge bitterly. "You might as well expect honey to flow from a rock that has never known anything but the sledge of adversity!"

Sloss shrugged again.

"All you need to do is to abide by the law and evidence," he repeated and was gone. The judge was alone.

He sat down upon the bed, his mind blank. He considered retiring, and untied his shoes. Then he retied them. The room seemed to be suffocating. He went to the window and tried to hoist the sash. Outside the trivial night life of the one-horse burg crept in through the screen along with the fine red dust of the dirt street. He felt a sudden nausea. To dispel it, he poured a glass of ice water, but scarcely touched the fluid. Still in troubled abstraction, he sought rest in a chair, where he merely sat, counting the spots of the wall paper between the door and the cracked pitcher. Finally, without removing his clothing, he lay down across the bed.

He must have dozed off in spite of his troubled mind, for he came to suddenly to find himself upright in the bed. He waited. The dusty screen at the window moved. A hand pushed it upward and a form darkened the rectangle. A gaunt hand was raised for silence—a wasted caution, for the judge instantly recognized Lum Chaney.

"My God, Lum!" the judge protested, almost petulantly. "Why did you come here to-night? Can't you see that there is nothing I can do about this matter at this time? Besides, Sloss was here late this evening, and he knew you were planning to come. He told me you would be here at midnight, and when you came, he would have ears to hear. Don't you realize what an impossible position you are placing me in?"

"I had to come, Jim. I jist *had* to!" Chaney's dull voice was almost a groan. "I had to talk to you face to face and alone, if I died for it. Will the trial end tomorr'?"

"Yes, I am quite sure it will."

"Hit's going ag'in us, haint it?"

"All of the evidence points that way," admitted the judge drearily.

"And that means the pen for them pore boys?"

"I suppose so."

"Jedge!"

"Well, Lum?"

"Jim, Treborn Hale's wife is going to have a baby in a few days. Hit's her seventh. The oldest is twelve. Hit's a gal. They're all gals. Treborn's wife ain't never give him nothing but gals, and in the terbaccer field they's pore help. I don't reckon they've had anything to eat at their house this year but sowbelly meat and so'ghams and ponebread. You ain't a family man, but I want to ast you what will come of that woman and all them little no-account gals if Treborn goes to the pen? Then thar's Slade Jones. He ain't no better off. He's got five. Ain't but one old enough to go to the terbacker field. Slade's a-trying to send him to school—keep him out of the terbacker patch. If Slade goes to the pen, will that thar boy go on to school?"

"God only knows!" confessed Sills with a genuine groan.

"You know he won't!" After a moment Lum spoke again. "Jedge!"

"Well, Lum?"

"Wa'n't you and that thar Sloss gal spooning down thar in the bresh at the old school house?"

The dreary silence of the room was sufficient answer.

"You kissed her," Lum went on, in a passionless voice. "I war standing out thar in the woods and I seen you. You set thar on the steps of the old school house, you at the top and her at the bottom, and she had her head in your lap and you war akissing of her. I hain't got nothing to say about a man akissing of a gal. Hit's in human nature. But she could well afford to let you, Jim. You hain't a bad looking feller, fur all that you air the son of a pore white trash and used to snatch worms in the terbacker field along with the worst of 'em. And a gal don't mind kissing of a good looking man. But that air the least of it. The ways of juries air turribly oncertain. A kiss mout—who knows?—help the trial jedge to make up his mind, seeing that trial jedges have something to say about the way a trial comes out, particularly when the evidence has a leak in hit's water bucket. Jim, air you going to sell out them pore wimmin and chillens of Slade Jones's and Treborn Hale's fur a kiss?

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Air you going to do that, Jim Sills?"

"I shall be guided by the law and evidence," repeated Sills dully.

"To hell with the law and evidence!" Then, realizing that he had made a break, Lum reverted again to his hopeless begging. His voice was almost a whine. "Jim, don't you go fooling around with no law and evidence. You be guided by God and justice. Them boys didn't burn Sloss's barn. I ain't saying they hain't done some things they ort not to have done. But they didn't have nothing to do with burning that barn. I don't know how come Sloss is so bent on sending them over the road, working like a fool with the prosecuting attorney; but he is, and he's got some reason behind it that nobody—leastaways none of us—knows anything about. When Sneed said he follered them boys down and seed 'em set fire to the barn, he was lying—Sloss made him lie. You know he was lying, and I know he was lying. How come I know? Didn't me and Hale and Jones sell sixty dollars' worth of bootleg likker the very night the barn burnt? And I want to tell you, Jim, if you send them boys up, hit'll be on your soul. Hit'll be on your soul, Jim!" he repeated tragically, in forlorn accusation.

The next moment he backed out of the window and his bulk was swallowed up in the brooding night.

Judge Sills made no further effort to sleep. He lay down upon the bed, looking up at the undefined ceiling. His mind worked with malarial distortion. There was no use to argue the relative merits of the case — the lawyers were doing a thriftier job of that than he could. Nor was there any use to palliate the guilt of Jones and Hale. If they were not criminals in one sense, they were in another — and he would have been one of the last to say that bootlegging was the lesser of the evils. On the other hand, he could not deny that his own future lay forever divergent from the interests of this abandoned economic group. They did not have even votes to give him, for most of them never paid their poll tax — they did not stay in one place long enough to be driven to it, and they never paid unless they were driven. They were simply the scum of the human pond — floaters, cattle.

On the other hand, the group to which Sloss and Daisy belonged was the one which had everything to give him, and would give abundantly and willingly if he demonstrated his worthiness according to their code. And that code he knew well. It was ingrained in him from the very moment that he took up his primer, a dirty-faced tenant brat of fifteen, to learn to read. It was in his higher learning, basic in everything intellectual which came to hand. That group paid for its education, and that education was fashioned for the group's purposes. He would not have said that it transcended its rights. An individual, or a number of individuals, may purchase a legitimate commodity and use it for his or their benefit, without let or hindrance — the basic law, as old as the Mosaic tablets, up out of which has grown the common-law doctrine of property ownership. And his affiliation with that culture meant Daisy—the most coveted prize which had ever come within his grasp. Yes, Sloss was right. The planter need not have implied impeachment, dishonor, in case he did not act in harmony with the landlord's wishes. Sloss belonged to a type that would fight him to the last ditch, and ruin him, if he could.

After ages the gray dawn broke in the dusty east. At nine o'clock court convened. He found himself taking his place mechanically, without even the comfort of a bite of breakfast. The mill of justice began to grind. In a few moments it became apparent that the case was about ready to go to the jury. While the last of the legal skirmish lines were being brought in, Judge Sills looked over the packed gathering in the court room.

For the most part they were tenant farmers—row after row of vacant-faced, passive men and women. They looked like just so many withered cowpeas in a dried hull. No individuality, no personality—just ox-bow human forms, differing from one another in the minor elements of age and sex. The grind of hard times, the stoop of the tobacco patch, the gauntness of unvarying food, the fright of the law, and the utter hopelessness of life in its entirety — Judge Sills read nothing but tragedy in the unshaven faces of the men, the ashen visages of the women, and the owl-like vacancy of the children. Just outside

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of the railing sat the wives of Jones and Hale, drawing as close to their men in this hour of extremity as they might. The two women merely sat, staring straight ahead, their only movement an occasional plucking of their cheap dresses. They nearly drove Judge Sills wild in their misery and futility. He wanted to tell them, to tell all of these spineless tenants, to buck up, to show fight, to be men and women or to die trying. That was the way the human race won its emancipation; but it had to realize first that it was in bondage. These people read no lesson, sought for no hope, in the sombre movement of his court. Dull and witless, they took their scourging like oxen. He hated them.

The whole thing rasped him to the very quick. The last few days had been, now that he looked back over them, interminable, and as intolerable as they were endless. Now at last they were about to reach consummation, and it was well for him, as for the accused, that the end was in sight.

While the prosecuting attorney concluded some remarks to the jury, his handsome face in a sneer of triumph that he was about to add another scalp to his professional collection, Judge Sills could barely refrain from going on a rampage. He hated himself, the lawyers, the whole gallery of poor white trash. He hated even the girl he loved. But most of all he hated himself.

The written charge to the jury lay before him. As he picked it up to read, the room became as silent as the judgment hall of death. But his voice, when he read, was steady and clear.

"The court, by virtue of the fact that the evidence for the State was patently false, and the chief witness intimidated by his economic situation, directs the jury to return a verdict in favor of the defendants: Not guilty!"

The wave of movement which crossed the room was like the rising up of a sick man when told that he will get well. The vacant wall of faces was momentarily animated as by some great spiritual light. They neither understood their deliverance, nor questioned whence or why it came. Like oxen again, when life is given to them in form of ration in their manger, they returned to their munching. They settled back to await the formalities of adjournment.

Judge Sills, with the last official rap of the gavel, stood at the dais looking down. Sloss, livid with fury, was ready to meet him. The planter's fist was clenched, and his words came from between his teeth.

"By heaven, Sills!" he cried, "you remember what I told you! I'll kick you out of the judgeship, if it's the last thing I do in life, and if it costs me my last dollar! I'll show an upstart tenant judge how to spit in white folks' faces! If you are not impeached for malfeasance this time to-morrow, it'll be because I'm not able to lodge charges against you!"

Judge Sills laughed contemptuously.

The old Sills cabin

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For a moment it seemed to him that all these years of labor, of ambition, sometimes of hunger, were compensated for by Sloss's wild anger. He met the landlord's infuriated eyes without fear.

"You're going to do nothing, Sloss," he said. "Your bluffing doesn't scare me a bit. You aren't man enough to put up a real fight, even if you had a real issue, and I dare you to lodge any sort of charges, or start up anything."

For a long moment Judge Sills met the landlord's eyes. Presently the fall of the planter's lids answered the call of his bluff. Sloss turned away. The last the judge saw of him was his portly form going out of the court room.

A few moments later the judge was alone in the jury room with Daisy.

"I suppose it's good-bye," he found himself saying, without meeting her gaze. "I realized it meant that when I wrote my charge to the jury."

"Do you call that settling the case by the law and evidence?"

"I settled the case by God and justice, as I saw it. Perhaps my judgment will never be vindicated." Then he added slowly, "I shall lose you. It will hurt."

A great silence filled the high-ceiled room. The movements of the loiterers in the court room, and the voices of the tenants down in the courthouse yard came to his ears, without, however, actually impressing him with conscious sense of sound. He was far away from himself; far away from a great many things he had at one time held to be the most worthwhile in life. Finally he looked at Daisy. Her eyes were out-of-doors, upon the drifting sands of poor white trash below. But there was something about her which held him, and when he looked closer he saw she was weeping. And yet her eyes, when they looked at him, were starry. She moved a step towards him, and then he understood.

"If God and justice are not law and evidence," she said, "I am glad you decided by the thing you could be sure of. Kiss me."

Her lips were the fundamentals of a larger jurisprudence; a woman's admiration for her man, who stood true to his convictions and fought the good fight to a finish. Than this there can be nothing greater on earth.

THREE COLTS EXERCISING IN A SIX-ACRE

From the Mountainy Singer

Three colts exercising in a six-acre,
A hilly sweep of unfenced grass over
the road.

What a picture they make against the
skyline!
Necks stretched, hocks moving royally,
tails flying;
Farm-lads up, and they crouching low
on their withers.

I have a journey to go—
A lawyer to see, and a paper to sign in
the Tontine—
But I slacken my pace to watch them.

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

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Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

A hitherto unpublished photograph of Theodore Roosevelt guarding river thieves.

TALES OF THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

THE West has always insisted that Roosevelt's years in the Bad Lands were the turning point in the life of the cowboy-soldier-president. The author was his close ranch neighbor and almost daily companion during those turbulent times. Later our paths diverged. Roosevelt's vastly wider horizon and expanding career soon absorbed his personality, but I remained intimate with the unique characters who had been his Western friends and comrades.

So I, Bill Dantz, "singer of songs and teller of tales," youthful boss of the Quarter Circle Diamond outfit that adjoined the Maltese Cross, am inspired to tell of those heroes and their days before it is too late, for I know that the end of the long, long trail is near. Before me I now discern the blue horizon of the Great Divide; behind me, a long chain of graves. For men of the pioneer West die early; it is the law. A bare handful of us are left.

In all, I spent fifteen years in the Northwest, and while not always within the confines of the cattle-desolated Bad Lands, if not there I was hovering near. I could not break away. The whole west Missouri country had a stange fascination I could not shake off. I would sit on the bluff on the Bismarck side of the Big Missouri, and gaze off into the dim blue haze of the rolling breaks of Heart River opposite; they beckoned and called ceaselessly. Huddled under them before me still stood the ruins of Fort Lincoln, whence Custer and his gallant Seventh Cavalry marched forth to their death. Beyond that dim blue haze called the spirits of great and mighty men, white and red: Lewis and Clarke, Custer, Crook, Keogh, Forsythe, Sitting Bull, Iron Tail, Rain in the Face and, later, Roosevelt, the Marquis de Mores, Howard Eaton—scores of intrepid pathfinders and trailmakers.

To-day, I cannot read one of the Cus-

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ter books without laying it down to ease that heartache of longing; I know those trails are but the ashes of yesterday. Yet I have ridden them all. There is always that indefinable longing to seek the open places and touch shoulders with men who are not mere automatons but, unafraid, have braved and tamed the savagery of nature primeval. I think Roosevelt in his later disquieted periods experienced this, and that it was the secret of a restlessness which led him into far countries and to a premature death. Such is the way of the born pioneer and trailmaker, his eyes are ever fixed upon the Far Divide, beyond which lies the truly Great Adventure.

WHEN HEARTS WENT BROKE

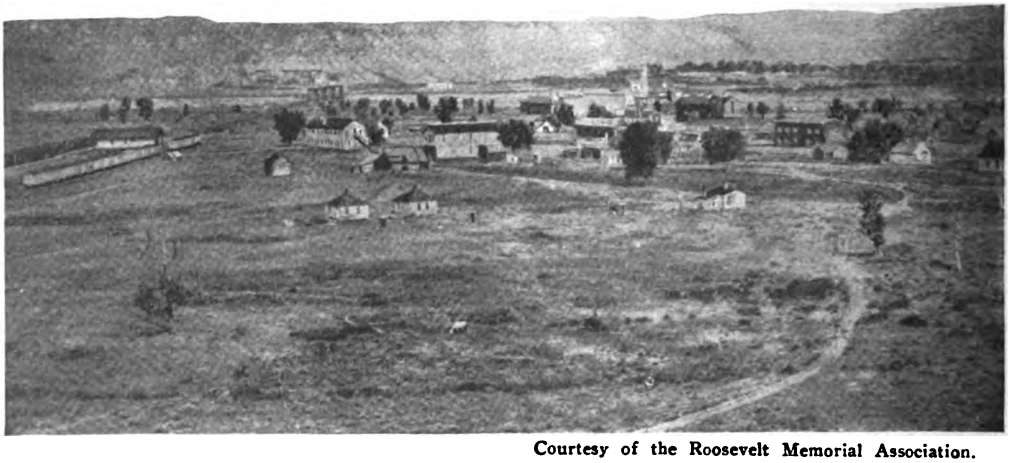
In order to act wisely we must first see clearly. There is no place among us for the mere pessimist; no man who looks at life with a vision that sees all things black or gray, can do ought healthful in molding the destiny of a mighty and vigorous people.

The Strenuous Life

Christmas was coming on, and the outlook for a fitting celebration at Little Missouri was gloomy. To be sure Big Mouth Bob's glittering Blue Goose saloon, with its white-jacketed bartenders, its alluring click of poker chips and whir of roulette wheel, its air of comfort and warmth, had lost none of its grateful lure; nor had the festive joys of Tom Stack's oriental dance-hall near-by or its popular sirens, Calamity Jane, Glendive Nell and Bismark Kate, lost in popularity. But Christmas was at hand, and all felt the honor of the town was at stake to provide prospective merrymakers with entertainment.

Even the more sensitive was local pride by reason of the disastrous results of the previous Christmas program. All the way from the Rosebud on the west, to Bismarck on the east; from the Cheyenne to Fort Buford and the Canadian line; from north, south, east and west pilgrims had come then, riding their buffalo and squaw ponies, to witness the widely heralded fight between a huge, half tamed silver tip, or grizzly bear, and a Missouri razor-back sow, stolen from a nester. It was after infinite labor and much blasphemy, when both had been hoisted into an empty box car and the roof torn off so the audience might get a good view, that the town had been shamed; the contestants absolutely refused to fight—at least in those cramped quarters. It was imperative that the memory of that humiliation should, this Christmas, be wiped out.

"Them H. T. boys got in a fresh bunch o' American (stable bred) mares to-day"—this from Hell Roaring Bill. "I helped unload 'em over at the corral chutes. Come from southern Minnesota.



Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

"Little Misery" as it appeared in Roosevelt's time.

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Mighty smooth bunch I'm admirin' to say. Sixty head all told an' a stallion. If I was induced to express a remark, I would say, as a plain hombre, that that hoss is the slickest animile wearin' hoss ha'r this side o' the Chicago river. He's a thoroughbred race hoss right outen Kentucky. Got a pedigree reachin' beyond the golden calf o' the Israelites; so the maverick as tends him said. My aunt, but he's all hoss! Took four o' us to lead him outen the car an' down the chute."

Moody, the level-eyed, smooth-faced professional gambler, looked up with interest from the faro layout.

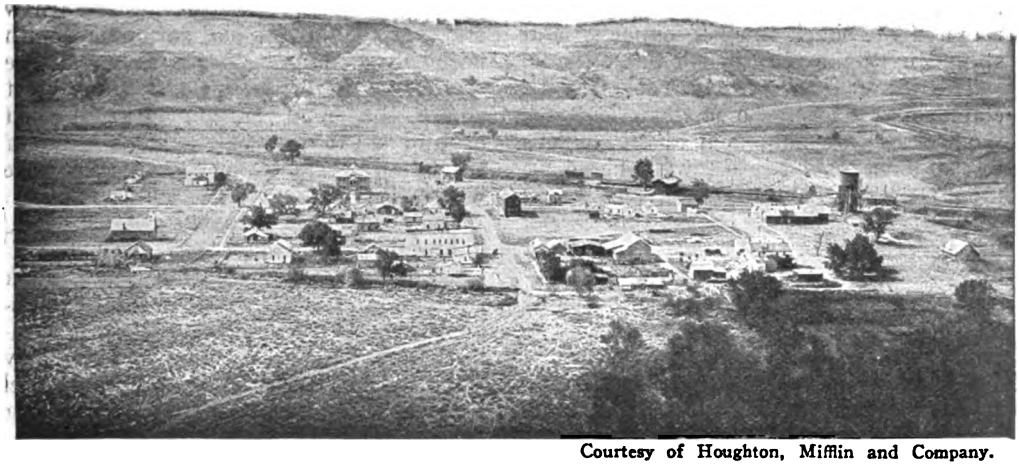
"Wonder if they would make a match against Gopher, say for $500 a side, to be run off Christmas day?"

Instantly every ear was on the alert. There was not a ranchman, cowboy, buffalo hunter, trapper or gambler, between Fargo and Helena, who had not heard of Gopher the unbeatable—the magnificent, half-breed, Oregon-bred race horse that had met and defeated everything from the Pacific coast to St. Paul. The horse was a wizard, and he and his owner were inseparable. He literally ate up the crack Crow Indian running ponies and made the officer's thoroughbreds of Fort Custer, Fort Keogh and Fort Meade look like selling platers. The pick and cream of the then thinly settled Northwest, scoured with a needle brush, were summoned, only to go down in humiliating defeat before this matchless mountain-bred gelding.

"Them H. T. fellers is mighty good sports"—this from Paddock the town plutocrat. "They've got the hoss, the money an' the nerve. Feller behind the ranch is a Johnny Rock millionaire. I'll ride up termorrer an' see 'em."

Even in the early days of the Northwest frontier, with only scanty pony and mail communication, news traveled fast. So, when the word was sent broadcast that the H. T. ranch had accepted the gambler's challenge, and would match their new thoroughbred Kentucky running stallion against the unbeaten Gopher on Christmas day, there was a mighty scrambling together of cash, beaver skins, buffalo hides, spare ponies, elk tusks, blankets—anything that would pass current as worldly wealth. The word, carried by messengers, stage drivers and Indian scouts, reached as far south as Deadwood, far up the headwaters of the Powder and Tongue rivers, up and down the Little Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, and as far north as Fort Berthold and the Gros Ventre Indian reservation.

Both horses were in the pink of condition. Gopher, the unbeaten champion of the Northwest, was a brilliant bay, weighing about 1,050 pounds. He was a trifle stocky, but displayed his thoroughbred strain in his clean fine head and intelligent eye, marvelous lung development and, so far, matchless speed. He was a trained cow horse as well, an adept at fancy roping and like arts, and a past master of the tricks of the racing course.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

The same town—now called Medora—as it looks today.

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Proudly wearing his magnificent silver-mounted saddle, with heavily embossed tapideros sweeping the ground, he was a pure type of the horse aristocrat of those flaming days. He could climb stairs, easily enter and circulate about saloons and dance halls, and comport himself like the gentleman he was.

Gray Wolf, the Kentucky stallion, was just as sharply defined a type of his state and his blue blooded ancestors. In every line and muscle he mirrored his centuries of breeding. He was steel gray in color, five years old, and brought from his native state to become head of a remuda of high grade dams. He had the lean head, the deep shoulder, the tucked up loin, the long line between hock and point of hip that spell only racing speed. He had cost a small fortune and, for his nervous high strung breed, was reasonably gentle.

Long before Christmas dawned the rival clans began to assemble at the squalid little shack town in the heart of the Bad Lands, Little Missouri. Betting was at fever heat. The ranchmen, the cowboys and those familiar with race horses and racing strains bet up to their eyes on the gray stallion. When the last skin and the last dollar was up, a roaring delegation, made up of riders from Custer Trail, Maltese Cross—later Roosevelt's outfit—Hashknife and Quarter Circle Diamond, swept down the river loaded with wealth, and backed the gamblers, the buffalo hunters, mule skinners and tradesmen against the wall. Dollar for dollar, blanket for blanket, skin for skin, they fought back and forth until the treasure heaps stuffed the storage room of the shack town to capacity and spilled over the sage brush flat outside.

The Blue Goose fairly rocked with clamorous betters. Some Crow Indians, themselves fair horsemen and gamblers to the bone, moved into town and set up their tepees. Naturally their choice fell on the native horse. Scarlet blankets, beaded robes, brilliant headgear piled high, were matched against silver dollars, slabs of cut plug tobacco, sacks of coffee and sugar.

Then it snowed! Horror on horrors! For two days and nights the flakes sped down unceasingly and, when Christmas dawned, there was two feet of level snow blanketing the wide flat across the river where the race was to be run, making it impossible for the fliers to flounder through. A happy thought however; why not scrape two parallel paths on the smooth surface of the ice-locked river?

The principals agreed, and a home-made, V-shaped drag was pulled for a measured half-mile over the surface of the snow-covered ice of the river, that wound its way tortuously through a canyon of precipitous walls of scoria and lava. The finish line was at the foot of the bluff, where stood the squalid little town. The parallel tracks, although scraped fairly clean, were very narrow, and this to the Gray Wolf shouters looked dubious. Gopher, the unbeaten, knew snow as he knew all the wisdom of the frozen north. But would his rival from the southland hold true?

At ten o'clock, the time set for the race, the crowd, betting down to its socks and undershirts, tumbled noisily to the river, yelling defiance to respective rivals. Roars of approval heralded the appearance of the gambler's horse, Gopher, ridden by a naked Indian boy who was lashed tight to his withers with rawhide thongs. Equal shouts of approval greeted the Kentucky thoroughbred, Gray Wolf, as he stepped daintily, but uneasily, to his snow-cleared path. His rider, Jim Harmon, lightest of the H. T. cowboys, with knees tucked under a light surcingle, had some difficulty in holding his mount in the narrow course.

A small knot of enthusiasts followed the starter a half mile up the river, but by far the greater number clustered about the finish line at the railroad bridge. The suspense was heart-breaking, for never in the history of the new and raw Northwest had so much wealth been plunged on a horse race. There was some little delay and then, just where the bend of the river dipped around a canyon wall, came a flash of scarlet—the starter's signal—the race was on!

"My aunt!" shrieked Liver-Eatin' Johnson. "The bay hoss be leadin'."

"Yo' be a liar!"—this from Jack Bullion, the half-breed. "Dat grasshopper hoss, she be in front an' a runnin' lake h'al! Sacre de mio! all my shirt an' my sock she come back to me. Run you hoppergrass an' I be beeg rich man!"

Far down the half mile and coming swiftly, apparently neck and neck in

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their parallel snow pathways, the two magnificent race horses came straining on, their sharply-shod hoofs hurling a cloud of snowy spume behind. They were fairly burning up the course.

"Gopher! Gopher! Gopher! Oh, you Oregon cayuse, come a foggin' home!" —from the Blue Goose crowd frantically "Eat 'em up! Chaw 'em up! Claw 'em up! Ee-yah! Ee-yah! Eee-yah! Come a rompin' home, come a ramblin' home, come a humpin' home with my turkey, my l'il ole poke, an' my twenty-seven dollars. Oh you Gopher hoss, ramble home!"

"Gray Wolf! Gray Wolf!" screamed the cowboys. "Oh, yo' bobtailed wolf, run! Run, yo' cradle rockin' son o' a parlor parent! Run! yo' son-of-a-gun, or my Lulu gal wears nothin' but grain sacks henceforth. Run yo' long legged Mormon, fer I'm plum pinin' to see yo' ramble in. Oh, she-bears an' bobcats, Mr. Rabbit-Tail hoss, won't yo' please make haste an' arrive prompt? Fan 'em! Fog 'em! or I perish in my nakedness!"

By this time the relative positions of the straining horses and their action could be seen plainly. The gambler's horse was leading, running as true and straight in his snow track as a plumb line, his powerful limbs working with the precision of steel pistons. Every muscle of his speedy frame was strained

Roosevelt and Manitou, his first hunting horse, taken at the Maltese Cross Ranch.

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Compan
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Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Elkhorn ranch-house from a photograph taken by Theodore Roosevelt.

to the uttermost as he sped straight for the finish line. He led the gray stallion at the quarter, by two lengths, but the gap was slowly closing up. It could be seen at once that the Kentucky horse had the most speed, but the going worried him and his rider had difficulty in holding him on the narrow track. His nervousness was increased by the fact that his rider refused to give him his head. Even so, he was slowly, but surely, forging into the lead. The crowd grew hysterical:

"Gopher! Gopher! Yo' son-of-a cyclone! I'm a prayin' yo' part with that bobtailed hyena an' come home to yore pap! He's a bitin' an' a gnawin' at yore hamstrings this minit!"—this from the now thoroughly frightened gambler's friends. "Git up on yore hind laigs an' paw the dust! We asks that yo' part company immejit with that low-down, featherbed Mormon with the badger tail. Oh my hat! I'm a tremblin' at the dore o' the pore house, an' the hongry wolves are a campin' on my trail! Run yo' offspring of a mountain rain or its hence the squaw camps fer me!"

"Ole Black Bull Come Down From the Mountains!"—this from frenzied cowboys—"come down an' pray fer us! We swears to forsake our evil ways, Mister Rabbit-Tail hoss, ef yo' will please to saunter past that mountain goat that's leadin' yo', and bring my Lulu gal back her gold. Keep a climbin', keep a comin'! Run! fer the sake o' perishing souls, or we be cast out in the wilderness, an' be devoured by the wild beasts that hunger for us!"

"Eh-yah ee-yah ee-yah!" came the chant of the Crows, "white pony neap run! Hi! Hi! Hi-yah! E-e-e-e-yah!"

"A head he gains! A half a hoss! Oh, Mr. Rabbit-Tail hoss, my name is huge wealth ef yo' don't stagger. Look out fer that gamblin' hoss, fer he's as full o' tricks as a renegade breed. A length he has an' a comin' strong. My Lulu gal is hence hung with priceless jools. Two lengths ahead an' only ten to go! Glory be! The Lord shears the tender lamb! O-wee! O-wee! What the——?"

A shout of horror swept over the snow-covered river. Leading by two full lengths and gaining at every stride,

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The superb gray thoroughbred, facing the finish line, suddenly lost his head, shied, lost his stride and in an instant was plunging and floundering in the belly-deep snow wall that lined his track. Running swift and true as a steel bullet, the gambler's bay shot up and passed his distressed rival and, amid a thunderous chorus of shrieks, yells, Indian war whoops and six-gun volleys, crossed the finish line before the gray could recover his fatal mis-step.

It took the better part of the next year for the cattle ranges and hunting camps to recover from the widespread financial tragedy that was the result.

THE MAN KILLER

"It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life, we get nothing save by effort."

He was sullen and evil-eyed, with that menacing streak of white above the iris that spells at once a "bad horse." He came with a bunch of sixty head of wild and half-wild bronchos, or open range-bred horses, that Roosevelt himself secured from the Laurel Leaf or Remington ranch on Pumpkin creek. Remington, the painter and illustrator, was chief owner of this ranch which was situated far up toward the head of Powder River in Montana.

Roosevelt, locally dubbed the "four-eyed tenderfoot," had recently taken possession of a hunter's ranch shack in the heart of the North Dakota Bad Lands, eight miles south of the lawless shack town where the partly-completed Northern Pacific Railroad crossed the sullen, treacherous Little Missouri. Here the winding canyon of the river, usually hemmed in by towering cliffs of scoria and lava, had broadened out to a two-mile sweep of valley, heavily overgrown with sage brush, ash, alder, and the incessantly quivering cottonwoods, making thickets that were the favorite cover for countless white-tailed deer.

Merrified, his senior manager, had accompanied young Roosevelt on the five day's trip to the upper Powder country and together they brought home the rollicking remuda, using the old Custer trail. The Bad Lands, up to then the haven of bad Indians and

"Lame Eagle," a young Sioux brave of the Roosevelt period.

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worse white men, were slowly being taken up with cattle and the big, sturdy half-breeds were obtained for cowboy mounts.

Already 3,000 head of grade shorthorn mixed cattle, bearing on their shining sides the Maltese cross, or eight-pointed cross of St. George—the Roosevelt brand—had been turned loose to roam and feed at will. The horses with their cowboy riders were to cover the range, to hold within control and protect the growing herds. The greater part of the following summer was taken up in breaking and "gentling" the remuda, and in time all became broken and tractable—even expert—except Ben Butler. This name was given by Roosevelt to the sullen, Roman-nosed, bay broncho, because a curious deformity, a sinister droop in the nostrils, gave the animal a ridiculous resemblance to the doughty Civil War general and politician.

He viciously fought bit and saddle and was at times violent and dangerous enough to win the title of the "killer." Both ranch managers, and even the cowboys, begged permission to take the horse out and shoot him as an outlaw. Roosevelt not only refused, but claimed the horse for his own string.

"That hoss will shore kill you, boss," they pleaded. "He's a plum outlaw an' they're never safe. They kinda git locoed an' bust out at any time. Sooner or later they all kill."

Roosevelt, then about twenty-seven, thin-flanked, virile and hard as nails from a year of riding and hunting, laughed.

"If I can up-end a four year old bull, I guess I can rawhide a 1,000 pound horse," he said. "Anyhow, he's the best outside circle and long distance horse in the outfit. I'll keep him for myself and ride him his fair share, with Manitou, Nine Pipes and the other six."

What he said of the outlaw was true; he had an endurance, a bulldog tenacity, that gave him incredible ability to cover long distances. When the best of the others fagged from punishing rides and came in with drooping heads and spineless tails, Ben plugged sullenly along, with no sign of weariness, wearing always his ridiculous, saturnine grin.

Two years passed, crowned with stirring and exciting incident and at their end Roosevelt was at the head of the Little Missouri Stock Association. This was an organization of ranch owners, combined to attack forces of outlawry and evil which fought back, inch by inch, with equal bitterness. The four-eyed tenderfoot had quickly developed into a cool, level-headed man, swift in decision, quick to act in emergency. Already his fame as a fighter was far flung, reaching to the New York canyon walls and the gleaming domes of Washington. He was winning his way and, all unconsciously, his future.

Meanwhile Ben Butler gave and took the day's work, always sullen and defiant, but with no open outbreak. He became more docile and in time almost cheerful, but was never free from suspicion. He took his share with the others of Roosevelt's string, excused from the fancy tricks of roping and cutting because he was always chosen for the long and killing rides. He helped make Roosevelt's Northwest reputation for "never being set afoot," this where a rider, ill-judging his mount's endurance, may find himself with an exhausted horse miles from camp, and must walk in—a humiliating spectacle.

It was the last round-up of the season. A ferocious winter was at hand and the prospect was not reassuring. An exceptionally dry summer had parched the bluejoint and buffalo grass and it had never recovered. Already in some of the best feeding canyons and arroyos it was gnawed down to the roots. The only salvation lay in a short and mild winter, for which all ranchmen devoutly prayed.

To save at least the costly bulls, the pedigreed heads of the herds, and move them to a better range, an early November round-up was called. There came a day when the round-up was camped at the mouth of Deep Creek, about twenty miles south of the Maltese Cross. At nightfall winter broke with savage fury, paralyzing in its swiftness. The mercury fell to near zero and a bitter blizzard threatened. Morning dawned on an ill-prepared camp, stiff with aching cold, and a knot of wretched night herders struggling with the day herd, which were all half frozen and refused to be quieted.

The night wrangler brought up the remuda, looking like frosted camels with their shaggy coats and backs humped high with the intense cold. All were in

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a vicious humor, and, as invariably happens under such circumstances, every rider was doomed to a furious bucking. With frozen saddles cinched tightly around tender and chilled barrels, there was a spectacular display and much "choking" of leather with frosted fingers, for all pride in "riding 'em clean" had long disappeared.

Roosevelt dropped his rawhide lariat on evil-eyed Ben, slipped on the heavy, silver-mounted bridle with its half-breed bit, and with his free arm swung on the sixty pound, heavily-embossed Denver saddle. It was at once apparent that the horse was in a dangerous humor. His white-rimmed eyes gleamed wickedly and his drooping nose took on an even more menacing grin. He was bent on killing. All the viciousness of his nature, spurred to savagery by the bitter cold and discomfort, was ripe for murder.

The older and wiser cowboys clustered about and begged the young owner to give up the horse for the day; better still, have him shot at once. Roosevelt had now reached the position of a commanding leader and harm to him would hurt his companions. But he would not listen.

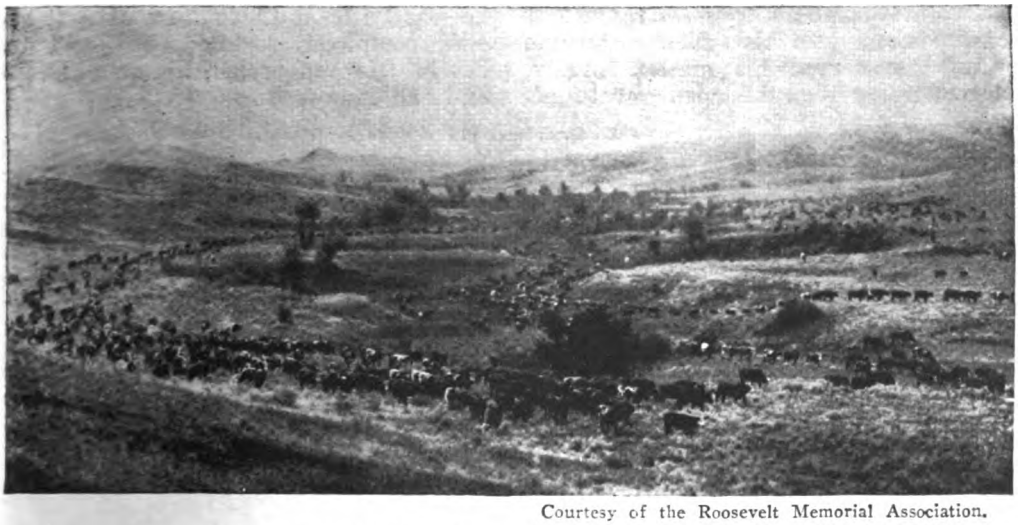
"Very kind, boys, and I thank you, but this is Ben's turn to-day. This is a man's game and we must not flinch."

A knot of the best riders gathered about them with lariats free, ready to lasso and throw the horse at the first savage outbreak. With saddle tightly double-cinched and hackamor, lariat and latigo straps neatly stowed, Roosevelt gathered up the reins, swung into the saddle and braced himself far back for the inevitable crashing shock of the vicious bucker.

To the astonishment of all Ben walked off as meek as a gentle cow. Even with cinches cutting deep, with heart and lungs bound in gasping and cruel bonds and suffering from the biting cold, he refused to buck or fight. It was a miracle. It was uncanny.

Gradually the suspense was relieved. Perhaps Ben was only bluffing and this was not really his bad day; for the average cow horse works off his ill-humor in his early morning buck and is well behaved the rest of the day, with eased cinches and steady work at hand. Told to take a half dozen riders and drive the creek to the head, as far as Chalk Buttes, Roosevelt led off on a smart trot up the narrow valley.

A half mile from camp a sheer bluff forced the faint trail close to the lip of a gaping, cavernous washout that gashed the heart of the valley at this point. Just as this ledge was reached the man-killer, with the roar of a branded maverick, leaped into the air. Caught unaware, Roosevelt swerved heavily in the saddle but quickly righted. Down came the outlaw with the writhe of a confirmed bucker, head between front legs, reins flying loose—for he had gotten his head —crashing to the frozen ground with a



Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

A herd of Maltese Cross cattle being "thrown in" to the round-up.

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shock that shook the valley. Again he leaped with that savage bawl and squirming writhe only known to outlaws. The treachery of Ben was seen. His aim was to hurl his rider into the bottomless washout and kill him.

As yet Roosevelt had not lost his seat. It was all so swift and suddenly violent that there was not time to give him assistance. Again the horse went into the air—this time with the trick that no rider can forestall. At the apex of his leap he suddenly switched ends and "sunfished"—came down on a side angle so acute that it dashed one of the stirrups against the ground.

Roosevelt was thrown heavily but, swiftly grasping some tough sage brush at the rim of the washout as he fell, saved himself from being hurled into its deadly depths. Although three of his ribs were cracked, he insisted on remounting Ben and finishing the long, killing day's ride of more than seventy miles. Weak and faint from pain and exhaustion, with white lips and sweating brows, he rode a gruelling pace, dropping rider after rider, until he and only one other had circled Chalk Buttes in a single ride—the record to this day. It was a meek and docile Ben Butler that returned to camp that night. His treachery had been overcome, his savage temper humbled, his regeneration was complete. Only once again did he make an attempt to kill.

Roosevelt kept the killer by him during his entire career on the ranch and between them there grew a strange sort of affection. In his sullen, saturnine way, Ben served his master loyally, never giving sign of open revolt, although savagely fighting back at any cowboy taking liberties. As Roosevelt was called to New York or Washington more and more frequently, Ben idled the hours away among the shimmering cottonwoods or grazed with fellows of his kind on the rich buffalo and bluejoint that grew high up on the plateaus. Roosevelt, on returning, would hunt up Ben and they would go off on long trips together in their curious sort of intimacy. The master was fascinated by the very audacity and brute courage of the horse, and the horse respected the master who had tamed his ungovernable temper.

More years passed. Through a curious chain of circumstances the writer has been able to trace the later and final career of the man-killer. At the winding up of the affairs of the Maltese Cross he was caught up with a drift of saddle horses and sent East to be sold. He fell into the hands of a member of one of eastern Pennsylvania's organized fox hunting clubs, who trained him for a hunter. He was never content and fretted much for his old free life on the open range, for the rollicking cowboys, the dust-begrimed and milling herds of half wild cattle, the twilight hours along the river front, where he and his fellows came to drink and spend hours nuzzling each other in intimate companionship.

One day he escaped from his rider, who had stopped for a few cheering stirrup cups at a rural inn in one of the rocky Pennsylvania valleys that flow into the Delaware river. When found, he was lying at the bottom of a steep cliff, completely saddled, but cold in death. He had broken his own chains and had gone west.

In the June Number Mr. Dantz will tell of Theodore Roosevelt's reply to the challenge of the Marquis de Mores.

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PETER INTERVENES

By EDGAR JEPSON

PETER was a thoughtful boy, but he deceived the eye. His air of solemnity accorded ill with an essential lightness of spirit not far removed from flippancy; his parsimony in the matter of words gave him not unfrequently an appearance of dullness which accorded ill with an acumen in practical matters which left nothing to be desired except by those who suffered from it. His leisureliness of movement gave him an appearance of slowness that accorded ill with his catlike quickness when such quickness was plainly demanded by circumstances he had frequently brought about, but over which he had no control. Policemen in London and gamekeepers in the country had observed it with admiration not unmingled with disgust.

His form master—it was a low form—at the Hampstead Grammar School, one of Alfred the Great's happiest foundations, had an even poorer opinion of his industry than of his intelligence. But then he never called on him to apply himself to anything that stirred his interest. Peter was not one of those Admirable Crichtons who airily sop up the paradigms of the irregular Greek verbs, the dates of the English sovereigns, and the names of the Kings of Israel and Judah. But he did know the weight of heroes, of Jimmy Wilde, of Dempsey, of Carpentier, and of Firpo. Also that form master deplored Peter's obdurate disregard of that sacred institution cricket. Peter shirked it if he could.

This came from his abhorrence of waste, of waste of time and good energy. At cricket so very little happened in such a long time. This was not so in football, lawn tennis, golf, boxing and running. In these sports something was always doing; and though but twelve summers had passed over his fair young head, he promised to become expert in them. He had the eye and the head. He had indeed already collected cups for the school under-fourteen quarter-mile and half-mile handicaps, and though he was not yet of a size to collect the cup for the under-fourteen boxing, he could easily out-point any boy of his age in the school. There was a mercenary streak in Peter. He had a preference for sports which rewarded the right expenditure of energies with cups.

But he came of a hard-headed stock. The Stixwoulds are one of those Lincolnshire families who came from Denmark in the tenth century and were found waiting for William the Conqueror with maces and battle-axes and bills and bows, and carved and clubbed and shot and drowned more of the Norman chivalry than did any other section of the English-speaking races of that day. They are kin of the Wakes and Swains and Swatons and have the arched, broad-bridged Lincolnshire noses—the distinguishing characteristic of most of the officers of the closely-cropped cavalry of the Eastern Counties Association with which Oliver Cromwell kept England on the right path for so many years. That nose generally has a good forehead above it. Peter's had.

His father, a doctor, had come to London with visions of becoming a specialist in Harley Street. He was still a good two and a half miles from his goal, a general practitioner at 120 Adelaide Road, South Hampstead. It was not so fashionable as Harley Street, but it had its points. On still nights you could hear the lions roaring in the Zoo.

On that chill and misty March evening, as Peter came along the bottom of Primrose Hill on his way home to supper, he became aware, dimly, of light footsteps coming along at a run on the path behind him. Then out of the dusk appeared a dark figure which became a running girl who panted as she ran. He saw that she was pale and scared and pretty, with large dark eyes.

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A London boy, he always took an interest in his fellow creatures. As she passed he fell into a trot beside her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"They're after me—they're—just behind," said the panting girl.

Peter listened and heard, some way down the path behind them, the sound of heavier footsteps coming along at a good pace.

"Who are?" he asked.

"Zimmy and Long Jake," she said.

To Peter these sounded pleasing names of a certain promise, but they told him nothing.

"What do they want?" he said.

The girl held up a small brown-paper packet in her left hand and said nothing. She was wasting none of the little breath she had left.

They ran on another twenty steps and the steps of the pursuers grew ominously louder. It might be a stern chase, but it was not going to be a long one. An idea came to Peter.

"Give it to me," he said quickly, "I'll cut on and meet you somewhere later and give it back to you. They won't catch *me*."

The girl ran on another five or six steps, frowning in perplexity. The louder sound of her pursuers' feet made up her mind for her. She handed him the packet and dropped into a walk.

"Chalk Farm Station at nine o'clock to-morrow night. Hop it!"

From her last words and the naturalness with which they came from her he gathered that she was not a lady. As he was gathering it he vanished in the dusk ahead of her.

As he came out of the gate into King Henry's Road he nearly ran into Police Constable Robinson, a friendly policeman. He loved Martha Jennings, the Stixwould cook. Peter slackened his pace and cried:

"There are a couple of hooligans annoying a lady on the lower path!"

A shrill cry from the hill confirmed the statement. Police Constable Robinson left like the wind.

Peter had intended to run straight up Eton Place. But he changed his mind and ran to the end of King Henry's Road, turned the corner into Primrose Hill Road, and walked quietly into the Adelaide Road. As he did so he stuck the little packet into his jacket pocket out of sight. Then he walked up to the top of Eton Place and peeped round the corner. Eton Place was empty. He crossed the Adelaide Road to 120. Though he had his latchkey, he did not go up the steps to the front door. They were lighted brightly by the street lamp and he would be visible from the bottom of Eton Place. He went to the back door in the basement, hidden by the garden hedge. The paradigms of the irregular Greek verbs might have found no place in his memory; he could have gained nearly full marks in a paper on all the detective stories he had ever read. In answer to his somewhat imperative knock, Martha opened the door.

"Now why do you come disturbing me when all you've got to do is to walk up the steps and let yourself in, Master Peter?" she said with that curiosity which to Peter seemed the outstanding and frequently the most vexatious womanly characteristic.

"Dick Robinson is on duty to-night. I thought you'd like to know," he said evasively.

Martha blushed, but she said loftily, "And what odds does it make to me?"

Since Peter had seen Police Constable Robinson kiss Martha in that very passage he was not deceived. But he did not tell her so. He went lightly up to his bedroom on the second floor, took the packet out of his pocket, and examined it. He could easily have untied the knot and opened it. But he supposed that since it had been entrusted to him he ought not to do so. He did not. But he felt it carefully. He found that there was a softer wrapping under the brown paper and under that small lumps. His detective instinct at work, he perceived at once that it must contain diamonds. He put it at the back of the bottom drawer of his chest of drawers, and came down to supper.

He awoke next morning to a bright world, though the London sky was of the most dismal grey. His first act was to take the packet from the drawer to feast his eyes on it. It occurred to him that probably he ought to consult the police about it. He did not let the thought trouble him. The police were always there—often when they were not wanted. Crooks were much rarer. He was not going to sever a pleasing con-

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nection with crooks by any foolish step of that kind.

The day passed slowly. Peter's form master found him even more distrait than usual. Even his thick-witted young companions perceived that he was not quite himself.

He missed opportunities. At dinner his sister Sarah Ann, a very superior young girl of thirteen, one of the most promising of the younger pupils of the Hampstead High School for Girls, was permitted to give herself airs unreproved by him. It was strange and she suggested that he was ill and had better have a dose of castor oil. Peter had often remarked on the morbidity of her mind. On this occasion he was too preoccupied to tell her what he thought of the suggestion.

But at last the evening came and he went quietly out of the house at ten minutes to nine. He walked briskly down the road to Chalk Farm Station, which stands on the corner at the bottom, and round it and a little way up Haverstock Hill. He had decided to arrive at the tryst punctually, not to hang about the station. At the first stroke of nine from a neighboring church clock he started down the hill and entered the station on the seventh stroke.

The pretty girl stood by the book-stall close to the lift. An anxious frown was on her face. The sight of Peter swept it right away. She took a step toward him with the beginning of a smile on her face. Of a sudden she frowned again, or rather she scowled, at something over Peter's head, and sprang through the closing gate of the lift with precious little to spare.

Peter's eyes turned into the lift in a stare of astonishment, and turned again to follow a tall, slim, narrow-faced hook-nosed, black-eyed man, who dashed past him to the stairs to the platform and went fairly leaping down them. Peter's eyes turned again to the disappearing lift to catch a glimpse of the pretty girl listening with a rather scornful air to the protests of the excited liftman.

Peter walked out of the station slightly dazed. The unexpected had happened so quickly.

What was he to do? He did not know the name or the address of the girl. She did not know his name or address. How was she going to find it out and get the packet back?

He walked up the hill pondering the matter. The first conclusion he came to was that he might as well, in these circumstances, know what it was that the pretty girl had entrusted to him. On reaching home therefore he went up to his bedroom, untied the string and opened the packet. He had been wrong. The stones were not diamonds; they were rubies, Burmese rubies, thirty-six of them in a necklace, perfectly graduated from the center stone which was of the size and shape of a sparrow's egg to the two stones at the end which were as large as marrowfat peas.

Peter liked it very much. He gazed at it with shining eyes for quite a long while. Then he tried it on. The effect was not satisfactory—girlish. But if the girl never did find him and it became his property, it meant wealth—wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Then his shrewdness reasserted itself. It never would become his. It was certainly not the pretty girl's. No one who said "Hop it!" could be the possessor of a necklace like that. His knowledge of musical comedy extended only to what he saw and heard from the front of the house. He was not of an age to know that when a young aristocrat feels that the family stock would be better for the infusion of a little fresh blood he knows where to find the wife who will supply it and how to make a favorable impression on her.

He was quite aware that the necklace was not only a pleasure but a danger. He had gathered from many stirring tales a clear knowledge of the preternatural intellectuality of the crook. Sooner or later the gang adorned by Zimmy and Long Jake, who must be the tall, dark gentleman with the hook nose who had passed him so swiftly in Chalk Farm Station, would get on the track of it. Probably they would extract from the pretty girl, by torture, the fact that she had entrusted it to a boy; they would also extract from her an accurate description of that boy. The thing to do was to get rid of it before they performed these extractions.

Also there should be money in it, money in quantity if only he could hit on the right way of getting rid of it. He had splendid visions of a motor car,

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a four-seater that went seventy miles an hour; also of a small, useful aeroplane, at any rate of a wireless set finer than any in South Hampstead. He realized however that these were dreams. Money in quantity could never come a boy's way without his parents getting wind of it and putting it in the Savings Bank till he was grown up when, of course, it would be practically useless. He decided to content himself with getting enough money out of it to make a really good wireless set—always supposing that he did not find the girl.

He did not find the girl. Police Constable Robinson could throw no light on her. He had rushed, as Peter had seen, to her rescue; he had caught one of the men who had been molesting her, the shorter one. But when he had returned with him to the spot on which they had left her, she had gone. He said this in a gloomy tone and added:

"There was nothing to be done. So I cautioned 'im and 'elped 'im a bit of the way down the 'ill—with my foot."

"Well that was better than nothing," said Peter in a judicial tone.

"What I wanted was a conviction," said Police Constable Robinson in a discontented voice. At the moment promotion was very dear to him. He desired to become a blushing bridegroom at an early date.

That removed the girl further than ever and left Peter still freer to get that wireless set out of the necklace. But he could not discover any way of doing so. Obviously he could not take it to a jeweller and sell it by ordinary process. He did not for a moment dream of taking it to the police and letting them find the owner. It was his experience that in this world a boy gets very little justice and that a police station is one of the very worst places in which to look for it.

He became a reader of newspapers; not of much of them, only of the personal and advertising columns. In vain. No one advertised a reward for a ruby necklace. It almost began to prey upon his spirit. There it was, eating its head off so to speak, and no way of making half a crown out of it. It was disheartening.

Then his Uncle George came to London and lightened his gloom. As uncles go, he was young—only twenty-eight—and uncommonly friendly. He it was who looked to Peter's lawn tennis and golf and had him spend his holidays at Stixwould Manor, from which he farmed a thousand acres. Peter had thoughts of taking him into his confidence. But he hesitated. Friendly as his uncle was, if there was money in quantity in the necklace, into the Savings Bank it would go.

Then his uncle led him to the girl.

He took him to dine at the Olympian Club. After dinner the champions of the divisions of the London Police would box for a cup offered by the club. Peter went in the unstained Eton suit and white waistcoat of the young English gentleman, feeling remarkably *it*.

They had finished their soup when there came to a table a little way from them—the best table in the big room, directly above the ring—a lady and a man. The lady was the girl of the necklace.

Peter recognized her at once and his heart jumped in him. Sitting sideways to him, she did not see him. She talked to the man with her, a vigorous, heavily-built man of fifty. Peter studied him. He observed that his heavy face was impassive and expressionless, that his thin lips hardly moved as he talked, that his sunken brown eyes were piercing under his jutting brow, and that his complexion was of a curious brownish-gray—evidently a master criminal.

The girl turned to look around the room and saw him. Her eyes slowly opened wide in an astonished stare of recognition. Then she smiled at him and nodded. Peter nodded gravely in return.

Peter had thought her smile a nice smile. His uncle George thought it ravishing and he said quickly, in a tone of considerable interest: "Who's your charming friend?"

Not knowing who his charming friend was. Peter hesitated, then he said: "It's a girl I met on Primrose Hill—I don't know her name."

"Then you can't introduce me to her," said his uncle in a tone of regret.

"I might get the chance," said Peter cautiously.

The girl spoke to her companion and he looked at Peter with interest.

George Stixwould seemed to be in a state of lively curiosity. He questioned

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Peter about his meeting with the girl. Peter was in a secretive vein. He omitted the stirring incidents which had distinguished that meeting. He conveyed to his uncle the impression that he and the girl had but talked casually —ships that pass in the night.

He wondered all the while what she was going to do. This was not the meeting he had expected. He had always seen them meeting alone. He noticed that she kept glancing at him with little thoughful frowns, as if she had not hit upon the right course to take. He left it to her. Thought would take too much of his attention from his excellent dinner. Then at the end of it, just as he had heaved his second deep sigh of satisfaction she rose and came to the table and held out her hand. Peter rose and took it, and his uncle rose, too.

"You've forgotten me—Jenny Helston—I thought you were coming to tea with me at 71 Endsleigh Gardens," she said, giving Peter the fullest possible information.

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten you at all," said Peter, and there came a gentle, suggestive kick on the back of his leg from his uncle. He responded to it on the instant and added, "Let me introduce my Uncle George—Mr. Stixwould, Miss Helston."

That was what Jenny Helston had desired. She smiled upon George Stixwould a smile quite as ravishing as that she had bestowed upon Peter and said, "Won't you come and drink your coffee with us? You'll get a much better view of the boxing from our table."

George accepted the invitation with manifest briskness. They went to the other table, and she introduced them to her companion, her father. He welcomed them with a heavy urbanity, ordered coffee and liqueurs, and gave George a large and excellent cigar. They talked, at least George and Miss Helston talked, about the topics of the hour, dancing, lawn tennis and musical comedy. Then the boxing began. They drew their chairs nearer the balustrade of the balcony. Jenny contrived to get George on her right, Peter on her left. Two large policemen began to punch one another with enthusiasm.

In the middle of the second round Jenny Helston squeezed Peter's arm and whispered, "Don't look around. Have you still got my parcel?"

Peter nodded.

"Does anybody know about it?"

Peter shook his head.

"You *are* a clever boy!" she said in a tone of admiration. "Let's see. You musn't bring it to the house. It's watched. I tell you what, can you meet me half-way up Haverstock Hill at nine to-morrow night?"

Peter nodded.

"On the left-hand side. You walk up the hill, and I'll come down it. If anything goes wrong, you know my address, 71 Endsleigh Gardens. Come to tea the day after to-morrow. But don't bring the parcel there."

Peter nodded. She squeezed his arm gratefully and turned her attention to the boxing.

They spent a pleasant and profitable evening observing the strenuous efforts of those worthy men.

Between the bouts Peter observed that his Uncle George and Jenny Helston grew more and more friendly. They established an identity of taste in many matters of the greatest importance. Mr. Helston appeared to be of a phlegmatic temperament. He must have had views on these important matters. But he did not divulge them. Peter studied him with extraordinary interest. He might never again in his life come across a master criminal. The curious angle at which the big man's cigar stuck, with apparent precariousness, in the corner of his mouth—the obvious cynical distrust with which he watched the battling policemen—his lapses into profound thought about nefarious enterprises with his eyes half-closed—nothing was lost on him. With an ingenious boy's proneness to hero-worship he would have backed him against Sherlock Holmes for a week's pocket money.

The policemen ceased to battle. The party rose. George and Jenny Helston, still intent on establishing the fulness of their identity of taste, went off to continue the process at Ciro's over a fox trot or two. Mr. Helston murmured something about the R. A. C. and a game of poker. At the door of the club they parted.

Peter took his solitary way home a little depressed by the fact that the owner of the necklace had emerged to

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claim it. Yet he was not greatly depressed. Of course his dreams had come to nothing, but he had always felt that the necklace was too good to be true.

His Uncle George was grateful to him for the introduction to Jenny Helston—so grateful that next morning he presented him with five shillings. Peter accepted it a little doubtfully. He could not but wonder whether his Uncle George would have been so pleased to make Jenny Helston's acquaintance if he had known as much about her as he did. He found the situation rather awkward. He felt that he ought to tell his uncle about her activities and acquaintances, but he did not feel justified in divulging her secret. After all he had asked her to entrust him with the packet. He decided to wait and see.

At ten minutes to nine the next night he started to walk up Haverstock Hill. The sky was heavy with dark clouds; it was warm for April, muggy in fact. It was a good dark night for returning the necklace unobserved. A hundred yards south of Belsize Park Station Jenny met him. They greeted one another and he gave her the precious packet.

"Thank you ever so much," she said, slipping it into her vanity bag. Then she paused before closing the bag and asked, "Have you told anybody about it?"

"Rather not," said Peter.

"But how nice of you!" she exclaimed. "And how sensible! You really deserve——"

She took from the vanity bag a gold-mesh purse, and from that purse a note that really crinkled.

"Here, will you buy yourself something nice—something you really want," she said, holding it out to him.

Peter hesitated. There was a conflict. His better nature prevailed. No, you couldn't take money for helping a damsel in distress—and such distress—Long Jake and Zimmy.

"No thank you," he said manfully. "I was—I was—I mean—only too happy to oblige."

"But you must—just for a memento, you know," she said in an extremely persuasive voice and she veritably thrust the note on him.

Peter yielded.

"Thanks awfully," he said and put it into his pocket with a thrill at the feel of it. It indeed was no Bradbury.

Then impulsively she kissed him. Peter blushed to his ears. But, oddly enough, he rather liked it. There *was* a strain of romance in him.

That kiss involved him yet further in the affair; it delayed his parting with Jenny just a few seconds. A big limousine was coming noiselessly and slowly down the hill. The light of its lamps illuminated the embrace. It drew to the curb. A tall, slim man sprang from it and dashed at them.

"I've got you!" he cried triumphantly as he gripped Jenny.

She screamed. He picked her up, and before Peter could act, had bundled her into the car and stepped in after her.

"Tell dad! At once!" she cried from its depths.

Peter bolted down the hill. There was a shout and the car came after him. Seventy yards down the hill it ran a dozen yards past him and stopped in little more than twice its length. The driver threw his legs over the wheel and jumped with a vigor which landed him ten feet away on the pavement and Peter nearly ran into him. He dodged smartly but the man caught his arm, swung him towards the limousine, and thrust him through the door of it.

Long Jake gripped him and jammed him down hard on the seat beside Jenny, saying in a soft, very vicious voice, "Stay quiet, you cub!"

Peter stayed quiet. Jenny gripped his hand and squeezed it in a reassuring fashion.

The car turned and went up the hill.

Long Jake snatched Jenny's vanity bag from her, took the packet from it and fairly tore it open. The rubies gleamed dully in the light of the street lamps.

"Got it at last!" he said in a tone of immense triumph.

"Dad will have a word to say about that. He'll teach you to double-cross him," said Jenny quickly.

"There'll be a nice bit of blue water between me and Sam Helston before he learns that I've got it," said Long Jake and he sneered.

"He'll know you've got it directly I don't come home," she said.

"That'll give me three or four good hours. You weren't taking it straight

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back, I know. And my getaway is all ready," he said confidently.

"He'll get you—sooner or later," said Jenny with cold certainty.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Long Jake.

Jenny shut up and for three or four minutes there was silence.

Long Jake broke it. He said in a venomous tone, "As I size it up, it was this young cub who made all the extra trouble for us. You must have passed it on to him that evening on the hill."

"Likely, isn't it? A boy like him," said Jenny in a scoffing tone.

"It is," said Long Jake with conviction. "And I'll lay that he set that copper on us. Ah—well."

Two simple words, but Peter did not like the tone.

"Bats," said Jenny. "Bats——"

Long Jake scorned the reply to the charge. He drew down the blinds to hide from them the country through which they were passing. Peter could feel that the car was not hurrying—about thirty miles an hour—and it was not more than ten minutes later that it came to a stop. Long Jake kept a tight hold on Peter's arm as they stepped out of the car, but he did not take the trouble to hold Jenny. Evidently he thought little of her sprinting capacity.

They had arrived at a small ugly house at the end of a lane. Their captor conducted them down the little garden. Long Jake opened the front door and thrust Peter through it. Jenny followed him.

Jake stopped on the threshold and said to the driver of the car: "Get along to Finkelstein and get to him quick. Tell him if he wants the rubies he's got to come here with the money. I'm not taking any chances at that trap of his. He'll come with it all right if he's allowed to bring Shanks to look after him, and with luck we ought to be on our way to the boat in an hour."

"Right you are," said the driver and he hurried to the car.

Long Jake shut the door and switched on the electric light—plainly they were not far from civilization—displaying a small bare hall.

"Upstairs," he said curtly, and they went up the stairs before him.

On the landing he opened a door into a bedroom on the right, bade Jenny get into it and locked her in. Then he took hold of Peter's arm, led him into a bedroom on the other side of the landing, switched on the electric light, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, dropped the vanity bag on the dressing-table and crossed to the chest of drawers.

So far Peter, though he had looked hard for one, had not had the slightest chance. He realized that Long Jake's precautions were a tribute. He could have done without it.

Jake took from a drawer a ball of thick string and turned to Peter.

"I'm going to tie you up, you young devil," he said in an unpleasant tone and Peter thought that he had one of the most repulsive faces he had ever seen. "I'm not going to take any chance of your making any more trouble." Jake pulled a good length of string from the ball, stuck out that repulsive face towards Peter, and glaring into his eyes added, "And when I have tied you up, I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever had. I'll teach you to go interfering with me!"

All this was very unpleasant hearing. Jake paused to emphasize the threat with a hideous grin. That short delay gave Peter's mind time to work. It flashed on it that he might as well be licked for a sheep as a lamb and there was that chin sticking out at just a nice distance. At once he hit it as hard as he could.

A blow from a boy of Peter's age and weight ought hardly to have staggered the long crook, though Peter had put all his weight behind it. But Jake's pronounced chin must have been sticking out at a most convenient angle, for without even sagging, he dropped in a heap.

It was once more a case of no one being more surprised than the striker. Peter wasted a good three seconds staring at the exceedingly recumbent form, before he got to work. Then he got to work quickly. In half a minute Long Jake was lying face downwards with his hands tied behind his back and Peter was tying his ankles. He made a thorough job of it. There was plenty of string and he used all he wanted. As a final touch he thrust his handkerchief into Long Jake's mouth. It was not a clean handkerchief, but since it was marked only with his initials he thought that he might safely leave it behind him.

Then Peter went through his prisoner

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—he knew the right procedure. He acquired two pound notes, two ten-shilling notes, a handful of silver, which he did not pause to count, a very pleasing automatic pistol of medium size, and a bunch of keys—the lawful spoils of war. Also he acquired the key of the bedroom door and the key of the bedroom in which Jenny was prisoner.

He found that the magazine of the automatic was full of cartridges, but he was compelled to hunt for spare ones. What were ten cartridges? At once he found a box of forty in the drawer from which Jake had taken the string. Greatly relieved, he thrust it into his pocket, took Jenny's vanity bag, which still held the necklace, from the dressing-table, let himself out of the room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, crossed the landing, and unlocked the door of Jenny's prison.

It would not open. It jammed against a chair fixed under the handle.

"You stay where you are, Jake," said Jenny in a cool, determined voice. "Try to come in here, and I'll brain you."

"It's all right," said Peter in a reassuring voice. "It's only me."

There was a sharp exclamation of surprise and she opened the door. In her hand, with the intent to brain, she held the water-jug. She stared at Peter holding out her vanity bag, as if she could not believe her eyes. Then in her impulsive way she dropped the jug, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him. Peter blenched but he did not blush. He was growing used to it.

"Well, of all the boys I ever came across or heard of!" she said in a tone of profund admiration.

And she looked so like kissing him again that he said very sharply, "Come on, hurry up! Let's get out of this!"

She needed no further pressing and they ran down the stairs and bustled out of the house. Peter paused to pick up a handful of fine gravel and pushed quite a lot of it into the keyhole.

"Just to keep them busy a bit," he explained.

"I tell you what, you're wasted on Hampstead," said Jenny thoughtfully and with profound conviction.

As they came down the garden path the hum of an aeroplane broke the country stillness, and above the trees to the south rose a shining machine.

"The Paris Mail—Hendon. We haven't got far from London," said Peter in a tone of satisfaction.

They started to run down the lane, but they had not gone fifty yards when he stopped short.

"Here, this won't do," he said in a tone of decision. "We shall run straight into that car coming back."

Memories of the foolishness of the heroes of his favorite books were guiding him. They always ran into the villain's arms.

He looked up the lane and down it and across the fields. Jenny looked at him anxiously awaiting his decision. He had definitely taken the lead.

"I tell you what, that wood's the place for us," he said, pointing across the field to the south. "They'll never think to look for us there, and if they do they'll never catch us. It's so easy to dodge people in a wood."

"That wood? On a dark night like this?" said Jenny with a little shiver. "I should be frightened out of my life."

"Whatever of?" asked Peter.

"All kinds of things," said Jenny.

Peter was surprised and rather disappointed in her. That a girl who had been so ready to brain Long Jake should be frightened of an ordinary wood seemed to him truly astonishing. He saw that she really was terrified. But the thing for them to do was to get into the wood; and into the wood they were going to get.

"I'll look after you all right," he said confidently, and taking her firmly by the arm, he hurried her to a gate in the hedge and they climbed over it.

He gave her no time to let her fears get the better of her, but hurried her across the field to the side of the wood. An easy gap in the hedge let them into it and they stopped, panting. Of course a pheasant must needs squawk deeper in the wood. Jenny uttered a faint cry, and clutched his arm.

"There they are!" she cried.

A strong suspicion that she must be a beginner, that this was the very first coup in which she had taken part, rose in Peter's mind. He was a trifle disappointed. He would have preferred her to have been the heroine of many coups.

"It's only a pheasant," he said in a reassuring voice. "And that's an owl,"

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he added, as she jumped at the long-drawn hoot. Then he made a concession.

"We won't go any deeper into the wood," he said. "We shall be all right here unless it occurs to them to try it."

"I shall never be able to stand it!" Jenny almost wailed.

"Oh yes, you will," he said and she was trembling so that he put a reassuring arm around her, held her tight and told her what harmless birds or animals were making the noises and the rustlings that came from the undergrowth.

He had gotten her calm and considerably reassured when the car came back along the lane and diverted her attention from those fearsome sounds. It stopped at the house and three men got out of it. The house was not more than sixty yards from the edge of the wood, so that Peter and Jenny could see their earnest efforts to get into it, for the lamps of the car illumined them. They watched with great pleasure. At last the men broke into one of the lower rooms through a window. The gravel in the door-lock had done its bit, for it must have been a good half-hour after the arrival of the car before the three of them and Long Jake came through the window. They got into the car and drove off.

Jenny had been too greatly interested in the doings of her enemies to have any attention to spare for the terrors of the wood and now she seemed to have grown immune from them. She raised no objection when Peter suggested that they should work their way down through the wood to Hendon. They went along the edge of it till they came to a broad, turfed and mossy drive, running north and south, and went down it, conversing cheerfully. The moon kept breaking through and lighting up the drive.

But when they came to the end of it they suffered a check. Along its edge ran a broad high road, and on the other side of that road meadows, in which were very little cover, stretched away to the lights of Hendon.

Peter surveyed their expanse gloomily and said sadly, "We're stuck for a bit. It would be all right for me. They'd never catch me. But if they did happen to come back up this road and saw us in those fields, they'd catch you to a dead certainty."

"I certainly don't want to be caught after your knocking out Jake and tying him up," she said quickly. "He's a brute at the best of times, and after that he'll be furious. And whatever you do you mustn't let him get hold of you."

"I won't," said Peter. "After all I've got his pistol and, if I have to, I'll use it on him. Well, we may as well sit down. This bank's quite dry."

He dropped on to it. She sat down beside him and said, "Those pistols are stupid things. Over here there's always such a fuss made about shooting anybody however hard they ask for it and Dad won't let me carry one. It was different in the States, I nearly always carried one there and I've used it, too, more than once."

"Ripping!" said Peter with enthusiasm and he forgot her astonishing, childish fear of this quite ordinary wood. "What a splendidly exciting time you must have had!"

The moon was shining on her charming, vivid face and he saw her frown.

"Oh, exciting?" she said in a tone of extreme discontent. "I'm just fed up with excitement. I've been worrying Dad for a long time to buy a quiet place in the country and settle down and keep chickens and lead a decent life."

"Or have a farm like Uncle George," suggested Peter.

"Yes, he was telling me about that farm the other night," said Jenny. "It sounded a lovely kind of place."

They were silent for a while. Then she asked him questions about his Uncle George. Peter gave him the best of characters, for he had the highest opinion of him, both as an uncle and a sportsman. Jenny seemed to receive it with interest and pleasure. She drew from him the history of his Uncle George's life as far as he knew it.

But then when he came to the end of it she sighed sharply and said, "But what's the good? There's nothing in it."

To Peter the words sounded somewhat cryptic and he said, "Nothing in what?"

She looked at him rather oddly and said, "Something I was thinking about."

Then she turned the conversation to the history of Peter's life.

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They sat there for nearly an hour—so cautious was Peter. Then they decided that it should be fairly safe to try to get to Hendon and a taxi.

They crossed the road to the gate of the field opposite. They kept along the hedge which unfortunately was a low one. Peter kept his eyes about him especially in the direction of the road. They came to the further hedge, got through it, and half-way across the second field, when away out on his left, coming from the road at an angle to cut across their course to Hendon, he saw two figures running. The crooks had driven down the road to London, stopped at a point at which they could command a view of the country, and waited quietly for them to make for home.

"Hang!" said Peter. "Here they come!"

They started to run. But it was an exercise to which Jenny was unused and their pace was poor. When they reached the further hedge of the fourth field their pursuers were a third of the way across it, Long Jake leading by twenty yards. As they scrambled through an awkward gap a briar tore Jenny's stocking and drew blood.

It seemed to be the last straw, for she stopped short and said in imperative accents: "Give me the gat!"

Peter had been thinking that the time had come to fall back on the automatic. He had meant to use it himself, but those accents were too imperative to be disobeyed. So he handed it to her reluctantly.

She crouched behind the hedge, her face white with righteous anger, her eyes shining with astonishing brightness, a very dangerous smile playing round her lips. Long Jake uttered a shout of triumph when he saw that they had come to a standstill and he sprinted.

He was not more than twenty yards from the hedge when she cried, "Take that, you Jake!" and fired.

Jake stopped short, spun round with a loud howl, and sat down with his back to them. It was not quite his evening.

His friend turned round and ran much harder than he had been running.

"And that's that," said Jenny handing the pistol to Peter

"Ripping!" said Peter from his heart.

They went a few steps and then he said in a tone of surprise, "Aren't we going to see after his wound?"

"See after Long Jake?" said Jenny in a tone of equal surprise. "You can't kill Long Jake! Besides I only got him in the shoulder and Zimmy will come back and look after him."

Peter could see nothing to be said against the arrangement and they went briskly over the fields to Hendon. There was no longer any need to run. At the corner of Bell Lane they found a motor bus on the point of starting and clambered aboard it thankfully.

"Well, you'll be able to take the necklace where you want to without being interfered with," said Peter in a tone of satisfaction. "You've certainly got rid of those two for the time being."

"Yes, thank goodness," said Jenny with a faint sigh of relief. Then she added thoughtfully: "I tell you what, you ought to have a share of that necklace. I must speak to Dad about it. They'd certainly have got it, if it hadn't been for you. In fact they did get it."

"Oh, no; thank you very much but I couldn't do that," said Peter quickly.

She looked at him with thoughtful eyes, then she said, "No, I don't suppose you could."

At Golders Green they found a taxi and she told the driver to drive to 120 Adelaide Road. Peter talked of the events of the evening. She was thoughtful and monosyllabic.

Then with a manifest effort she said slowly, "I tell you what, you'd better tell your uncle all about—all about the necklace—and how you got to know me—and—and what happened to-night."

"All right," he said doubtfully, astonished by the request.

He pondered it. To a boy as well read as he in the literature of his subject, the solution was not long coming. As the taxi stopped at 120, his heart swelled within him with a noble impulse; he laid his hand on her arm and said in his manliest voice: "Look here, don't you worry about Uncle George. When I grow up I'll marry you myself."

Another adventure of Peter's will appear in the June issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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AFTERWARDS

By IAN MACLARAN

HE RECEIVED the telegram in a garden when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm, and listening to the song of the fishers as it floated across the bay.

"You look so utterly satisfied," said his hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is charming in December; imagine London, and Cannes is paradise."

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun.

Her plea was that Bertie would weary alone, and that she hated traveling; but it came to him quite suddenly that this was always the program of their holidays—some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him, and the awful dullness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went north to a shooting lodge, where he told his best stories in the smoking room, after a long day on the purple heather; and she did her best for Bertie at some watering-place, much frequented on account of its railway facilities and economical lodgings. Letters of invitation had generally a polite reference to his wife —"If Mrs. Trevor can accompany you, I shall be still more delighted"—but it was understood that she would not accept.

"We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she will never come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her," his hostess would explain on his arrival; and Trevor allowed it to be understood that his wife was quite devoted to Bertie, and would be miserable without him.

When he left the room it was explained, "Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called a 'good wife,' you know.

"The only time she dined with us, Tottie Fribbyl—he was a Theosophist then, it's two years ago—was too amusing for words, and told us what incarnation he was going through. Mrs. Trevor, I believe, had never heard of Theosophy, and looked quite horrified at the idea of poor Tottie's incarnation.

"'Isn't it profane to use such words?' she said to me. So I changed to skirt dancing, and would you believe me, she had never seen it? What can you do with a woman like that? Nothing remains but religion and the nursery. Why do clever men marry those impossible women?"

Trevor was gradually given to understand, as by an atmosphere, that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife, and there were hours—his worst hours—when he agreed.

"*Cara mia, cara mia,*" sang the sailors and his wife's face, in its perfect refinement and sweet beauty, suddenly replaced the Mediterranean.

Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?

He had only glanced at her last letter; now he read it carefully:

The flowers were lovely, and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them in glasses, till we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. I waited for every post, and Bertie said, "Has father's letter come yet?" When one is on holiday, writing letters is an awful bore; but just a line to Bertie and me. We have a map of the Riviera, and found out all the places you had been at in the yacht and we tried to imagine you sailing on that azure sea, and landing among those silver olives. I am so grateful to every one for being kind to you, and I hope you will enjoy yourself to the

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full. Bertie is a little stronger, I'm sure; his cheeks were quite rosy to-day for him. It was his birthday on Wednesday, and I gave him a little treat. The sun was shining brightly in the forenoon, and we had a walk in the Gardens, and made believe that it was Italy! Then we went to Oxford Street, and Bertie chose a regiment of soldiers for his birthday present. He wished some guns so much that I allowed him to have them as a present from you. They only cost one-and-sixpence, and I thought you would like him to have something. Jane and he had a splendid game of hide-and-seek in the evening, and my couch was the den, so you see we have our gayety in Bloomsbury.

Don't look sulky at this long scribble and say, "What nonsense women write!" for it is almost the same as speaking to you, and I shall imagine the letter all the way till you open it in the sunshine.

So smile and kiss my name, for this comes with my heart's love from

Your devoted wife,
MAUD TREVOR.

P. S. Don't be alarmed because I have to rest; the doctor does not think that there is any danger, and I'll take care.

"A telegram." It was the shattering of a dream. "How wicked of some horrid person! Business ought not to be allowed to enter paradise. Let's hope it's pleasure; perhaps some one has won a lot of money at Monte Carlo, and wishes us to celebrate the affair."

"Whom's it for? Oh! Mr. Edward Trevor; then it's a brief by telegraph, I suppose. Some millionaire's will case, and the Attorney-General can't manage it alone. What a man he is, to have briefs in holiday time.

"There it is, but remember, before you open it, that you are bound to remain here over Christmas at any rate, and help us with our theatricals. My husband declares that a successful barrister must be a born actor."

An hour later Trevor was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that she might live till he arrived. He used to have a berth in the Wagon Lit as a matter of course, and had begun to complain about the champagne in the dining-car; but the thought of comfort made him wince on his journey, and he twice changed his carriage, once when an English party would not cease from badinage that mocked his ears, and again because a woman had brown eyes with her expression of dog-like faithfulness. The darkness of the night after that sunlit garden, and the monotonous roar of the train, and the face of smiling France covered with snow, and the yeasty waters of the Channel, and the moaning of the wind, filled his heart with dread.

Will that procession of luggage at Dover never come to an end? A French seaman—a fellow with earrings and a merry face—appears and reappears with maddening regularity, each time with a larger trunk. One had X. Y. on it in big white letters. Why not Z. also? Who could have such a name? That is a lady's box, black and brown, plastered with hotel labels. Some bride, perhaps—they are carrying the luggage over his heart. Have they no mercy?

The last piece is in, and the sailors make a merry group at the top of the gangway. They look like Bretons, and that fellow is laughing again—some story about a little child: he can just hear *"Ma petite."*

"Guard, is this train never to start? We're half an hour late already."

"Italian mail very heavy, sir; still bringing up bags; so many people at Riviera in winter, writing home to their friends."

How cruel every one is! He had not written for ten days. Something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter; he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party.

"Writing letters—home, of course, to that idolized wife. It's beautiful, and you are an example to us all; but Mrs. Trevor will excuse descriptions of scenery; she knows you are enjoying yourself."

Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, identifying the post man's feet in that quiet street, holding her breath when he rang, stretching her hand for a letter, to let it drop unopened, and bury her face in the pillow? Had she—waiting for a letter that never came?

Those letters that he wrote from the Northern Circuit in that first sweet year, a letter a day, and one day two—it had given him a day's advantage. Careful letters, too, though written between cases, with bits of description and amusing scenes. Some little sameness toward the end, but she never complained of that, and even said those words were the best.

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And that trick he played—the thought of the postman must have brought it up—how pleasant it was, and what a success! He would be his own letter one day, and take her by surprise.

"A letter, ma'am," the girl said—quite a homely girl, who shared their little joys and anxieties—and then he showed his face with apologies for intrusion. The flush of love in her face, will it be like that to-night, or—— What can be keeping the train now? Is this a conspiracy to torment a miserable man?

He thrusts his head out of the window in despair, and sees the guard trying to find a compartment for a family that had mistaken their train.

The husband is explaining, with English garrulity, all the station hearing, what an inconvenience it would have been, had they gone in the Holborn Viaduct carriages.

"Half an hour's longer drive, you know, and it's very important we should get home in time; we are expected——"

For what? Dinner, most likely. What did it matter when they got home, to-day or next year? Yet he used to be angry if he were made late for dinner. They come into his compartment, and explain the situation at great length, while he pretends to listen.

A husband and wife returning from a month in Italy, full of their experiences: the Corniche Road, the palaces of Genoa, the pictures in the Pitti, St. Peter's at Rome. Her first visit to the Continent, evidently; it reminded them of a certain tour round the Lakes in '80, and she withdrew her hand from her husband's as the train came out from the tunnel. They were not smart people—very pronounced middle-class—but they were lovers, after fifteen years.

They forgot him, who was staring on the bleak landscape with white, pinched face.

"How kind to take me this trip. I know how much you denied yourself, but it has made me young again." And she said "Edward." Were all these coincidences arranged? Had his purgatorio begun already?

"Have you seen the 'Globe,' sir? Bosworth, M. P. for Pedlington, has been made a judge, and there's to be a keen contest.

"Trevor, I see, is named as the Tory candidate—a clever fellow, I've heard. Do you know about him? He's got on quicker than any man of his years.

"Some say that it's his manner; he's such a good sort, the juries cannot resist him, a man told me—a kind heart goes for something even in a lawyer. Would you like to look——

"Very sorry; would you take a drop of brandy? No? The passage was a little rough, and you don't look quite up to the mark."

Then they left him in peace, and he drank his cup to the dregs.

It was for Pedlington he had been working and saving, for a seat meant society and the bench, perhaps—— What did it matter now?

She was to come and sit within the cage when he made his first speech, and hear all the remarks.

"Of course it will be a success, for you do everything well, and your wifie will be the proudest woman in London. Sir Edward Trevor, M. P. I know it's foolish, but it's the foolishness of love, dear, so don't look cross; you are everything to me, and no one loves you as I do."

What are they slowing for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this one?

Off again, thank God—— If she only were conscious, and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness.

At last, and the train glides into Victoria. No, he had nothing to declare; would they let him go, or they might keep his luggage altogether.

Some vision was ever coming up; and now he saw her, kneeling on the floor and packing that portmanteau, the droop of her figure, her thin white hands.

He was so busy that she did these offices for him—tried to buckle the straps even; but he insisted on doing that. It gave him half an hour longer at the Club. What a brute he had always been——

"Do anything you like with my things. I'll come to-morrow—as fast as you can drive."

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way, gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt, hating unto murder the immovable

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drivers whose huge vans blocked his passage. If they had known, there was no living man but would have made room for him—but he had not known himself—— Only one word to tell her he knew now.

As the hansom turned into the street he bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Had it been day-time the blinds would have told their tale; now it was the light he watched.

Dark on the upper floors; no sick light burning—have mercy—then the blood came back to his heart with a rush. How could he have forgotten?

Their room was at the back for quietness, and it might still be well. Some one had been watching, for the door was instantly opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned him to go into the study——

It seemed as if his whole nature had been smitten with insensibility, for he knew everything without words, and yet he heard the driver demanding his fare, and noticed that the doctor had been reading the evening paper while he waited; he saw the paragraph about that seat.

What work those doctors have to do sometimes——

"An hour ago—we were amazed that she lived so long; with any other woman it would have been this morning; but she was determined to live till you came home.

"It was not exactly will-power, for she was the gentlest patient I ever had; it was"—the doctor hesitated—a peremptory Scotchman hiding a heart of fire beneath a coating of ice—"it was simply love."

When the doctor had folded up the evening paper, and laid it on a side table, which took some time, he sat down opposite that fixed, haggard face, which had not yet been softened by a tear.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind; and Mrs. Trevor said you would wish to know, and I must be here to receive you. Her patience and thoughtfulness were marvelous.

"I attend many very clever and charming women, but I tell you, Mr. Trevor, not one has so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words; she thought of every one except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was to give directions about your room; she was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. But that is by the way, and these things are not my business.

"From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for; but she pledged me not to write; you needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be darkened with anxiety. She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness; how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay with the boy——

"The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I had Sir Reginald at once. We agreed that recovery was hopeless, and I telegraphed to you without delay.

"We also consulted whether she ought to be told, and Sir Reginald said, 'Certainly; that woman has no fear, for she never thinks of herself, and she will want to leave messages.'

"'If we can only keep her alive till to-morrow afternoon,' he said; and you will like to remember that everything known to the best man in London was done. Sir Reginald came back himself unasked to-day, because he remembered a restorative that might sustain the failing strength. She thanked him so sweetly that he was quite shaken; the fact is, that both of us would soon have played the fool. But I ought not to trouble you with these trifles at this time, only as you wanted to know everything——

"Yes, she understood what we thought before I spoke, and only asked when you would arrive. 'I want to say good-bye, and then I will be ready'; but perhaps——

"'Tell you everything?' That is what I am trying to do, and I was here nearly all day, for I had hoped to fulfill her wish.

"No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent. They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them in her hands. 'My husband was so thoughtful.'

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"This is too much for you, I see; it is simply torture. We'll wait until to-morrow——

"Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter—yes—let me recollect—— No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind.

"We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the Continental mails, and could detect the postman's ring. Once a letter came, and she insisted upon seeing it in case of any mistake. But it was only an invitation to you, I think, to some country house.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter would have done more for her than—— What am I saying now?

"As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her at four full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here,' and by that time she had your telegram in her hand.

"When I came back the change had come, and she said, 'It's not God's will; bring Bertie.'

"So she kissed him, and said something to him, but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out—for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap—she whispered to me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by her bedside—— I think it would be better—very well, I will tell you all.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath, and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will. She turned her face to the door and lay quite still till about six, when I heard her say your name very softly, and a minute afterwards she was gone, without pain or struggle."

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face. It was the first time she did not color with joy at his coming, that her hand was cold to his touch. He kissed her, but his heart was numbed, and he could not weep.

Then he took her letter and read it beside that silence.

Dearest: They tell me now that I shall not live to see you come in and to cast my arms once more around your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie, and remember that he is delicate and shy. He will miss me, and you will be patient with him for my sake. Give him my watch, and do not let him forget me. My locket with your likeness I would like left on my heart. You will never know how much I have loved you, for I could never speak. You have been very good to me, and I want you to know that I am grateful, but it is better perhaps that I should die, for I might hinder you in your future life. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been. None can ever love you better. You will take these poor words from a dead hand, but I shall see you, and I shall never cease to love you, to follow your life, to pray for you—my first, my only love.

The fountains within him were broken, and he flung himself down by the bedside in an agony of repentance.

"Oh, if I had known before; but now it is too late, too late!"

For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.

NOS IDEM MORTALES

From Aldebaran

When grief is fresh they come and say,
"Cheer up! you're young as yet:
'Twill come to be a memory—
Then, one day, you'll forget."

"Your life is all before you still,
You're young, and hale, and fit:
You'll talk of this, unmoved, in time"—
Ay, there's the sting of it.

M. St. Clare Byrne

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Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

The colossal statue of the Serbian national hero, Marko Kraljevic.

IVAN MESTROVIC'

By ELIZABETH GERTRUDE STERN

MEETING Ivan Mestrovic' twenty years ago, the great French sculptor Rodin said of the shepherd who had just stepped from an unknown mountain village into the center of the world of art, "This young man is the greatest phenomenon among sculptors of the world."

Ivan Mestrovic' is now forty-two years old. He has already almost four hundred works completed, most of them statues in the grand style characteristic of him. They are in bronze, in stone, in wood and in plaster. It was he who made the peace medal recently awarded by the Wilson Foundation to Lord Robert Cecil of Great Britain. At the time of the Peace Conference Mr. Charles Crane had hoped to arrange to have Mestrovic' come to America to make a bust of the President, but the serious illness of Mr. Wilson postponed the

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plan, and so it was not until this year that the sculptor could finally come. He is now here, and exhibitions of his work are being held in cities all over the country.

Mestrovic' has created a new school. In stone and marble he has told not only the story of his own developing genius but also the history and spirit, the suffering and the courage of his native race. Since first he began his career he has been the spokesman of his people and his country, Jugo-Slavia. He has immortalized his nation's history, and at times — as during the period just preceding the World War — he has, through his art, foreshadowed it. Long before the coming of the war he had prophesied its coming in his sculptures and, while the nations of the world were still in bitter conflict with one another, he had already begun to speak in stone and bronze of hallowed peace.

I saw him in his New York studio. The room had an almost monastic austerity, the walls were gray, and no paintings, no drawings, marred its serenity. In the center stood a swathed mass on a pedestal, splendidly set, even under its wrappings. That was the bust of Woodrow Wilson, just begun. When I entered, the room was filled with a perfect stillness, as if the noisy street and the roaring elevated train from which I had just stepped were miles away. A man with a shy and sensitive face, brown-eyed, so quiet that he seemed to step out of one's own thought, came forward. Before he spoke I knew him to be Ivan Mestrovic'. Like many of his countrymen he is dark and bearded. He speaks little. He listens, as it were, with his eyes. One cannot but feel a remarkable power, and a real nobility, a sense of absolute truth, in his presence.

He has often been compared to Giotto, the Italian master, for both were sons of shepherds and peasants, and in each an imperative genius directed the whole trend of life. Mestrovic' is a Croatian, born in 1883, in the former Austrian province on the Adriatic littoral — Dalmatia—which is now in the northern part of Jugo-Slavia. Until he was fifteen years old he had never left the tiny village, high in the Dinaric Alps, where he was born. That village is Otavice. At one time his country had been famous as the summer resort of the Roman emperors, and it was to Dalmatia too that the emperor Diocletian retired. Later it was the dreaded haunt of pirates whom navigators all over the Adriatic were to fear even to the past century.

Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

The Mestrovic' bust of ***Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor.***

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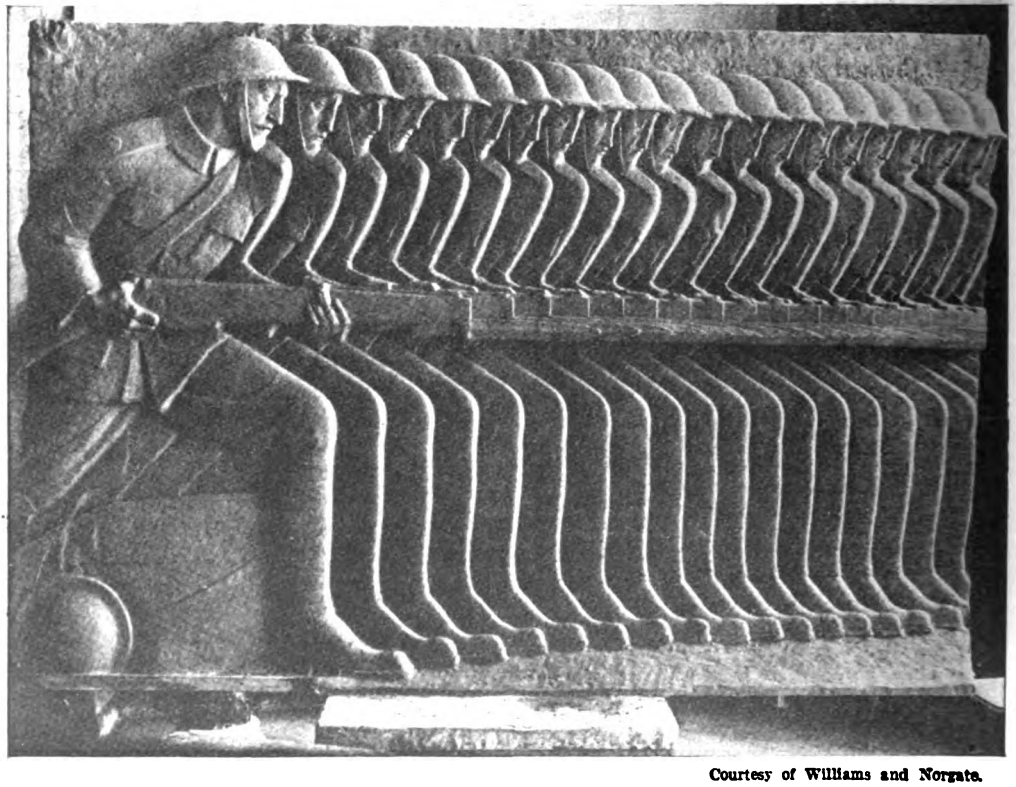
But all this vivid history of Dalmatia had faded into the dim past long before Ivan Mestrovic's time. The men and women in Otavice whom he knew, the little children with whom he grew up, also tended their flocks, plowed the earth, enjoyed the village festivals, and so, in an ancient simplicity, existed until death came. Books were unknown. There was not even a village school. Reading was the rarest of accomplishments and the most unnecessary. So remote was Otavice from the cultural center of Croatia that the very names of the sciences and of the arts had never penetrated to its people. It was a community utterly closed in.

But in this locked-in village was one man the boy Ivan Mestrovic' knew who sought, gropingly, for something he could not express, or name. That man was his own father, the village mason. In his youth the elder Mestrovic' had attempted to make great stone arches, doorways of a rude beauty, and even primitive monuments. The villagers had looked askance upon a man who gave himself to such strange and trifling pursuits when there were the flocks to be tended—"Imagine a grown man making monuments!" But a small boy looked and marveled and honored his father. He understood.

With no teacher to guide him, with only his imagination pointing the method to use, the boy himself presently took pieces of stone and bits of wood, and from them he began to make, not monuments as had his father, but figures of the saints and heroes of the familiar folk-songs which were part of the daily life of all Croats and Serbians. He had never heard of another person who had done what he was doing. But his hands seemed to divine how to break from the imprisoning stone the images his mind's eye conjured, and that needed but his will and touch to come forth. These early sculptures have been collected now and are in the national museum of Dalmatia, in Knin.

His brother, Petar Metrovic', now



Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

The Canadian war memorial.

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Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

Ivan Mestrovic', the great sculptor of Jugo-Slavia, one of the greatest geniuses of our time, who is now visiting America.

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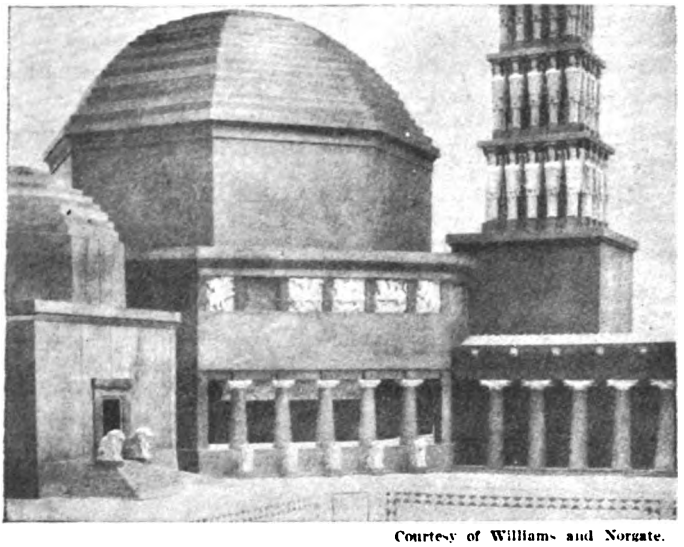

Courtesy of Williams and Norgate.

The Kossovo Temple, designed by the sculptor, which holds thirty of his heroic works.

with him in this visit to America, told me how the sculptor's work was received by his first public. He wanted to tell of this gift, this strange power he had discovered in his own hands. In the village his best friend was the tavern-keeper, a big jovial fellow, and so to him one day the boy brought with pride one of the little wooden figures he had been making, saying diffidently, "Give this to your daughter." The big man took the proffered gift with two huge fingers, he clapped the small sculptor on the back, and called upon the village-folk to come and see what Ivan had made. And the young artist received then his first knowledge of the bitter taste of public criticism. It seemed to him that the whole village burst into united laughter at him. To the peasants and shepherds it was uproariously funny that a lad old enough to be tending a flock of sheep and to plow the earth had wasted his time, unashamed, in whittling pretty images to give to a little girl. "Just what one would expect of Mestrovic's son." The Mestrovic' family was overwhelmed with humiliation at the revelation and the reception of their kinsman's secret.

His gentle mother could only caress her unfortunate, misguided son, and whisper to him, comfortingly, "Be good. Work more faithfully in the fields until the affair shall be forgotten."

He hung his head thereafter in public. But he did not put aside his knife, nor his precious stone and wood. In a little cave he now hid his images and covered the opening with a boulder. He learned the first lesson of the artist, to understand that he must live in himself, to forego "the mean stimulants of vulgar praise," as Browning puts it.

At that time Ivan Mestrovic' could not read even in his native tongue. One day, however, his father brought home an almanac, not unlike those our own country-folk prize. From this, on the winter-evenings, he would read aloud to the assembled family, for he was one of the few in Octavice possessing the rare gift of reading. So often did he reread that one bit of print that his son came to know every page by heart.

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Following the printed words with those printed on his memory, Ivan found that he could learn to read.

Then came a splendid journey. His father took him to Sebenico, on the Adriatic coast, when he was fifteen years old. In that ancient city, for the first time, the lad saw that he was not a strange outlandish creature because he found joy in carving stone into images of the human shape. He there saw, too, the exquisitely sculptured Rennaissance cathedral made and planned by Croatian masters of old. It was then he discovered what he wished to be. He learned the name of the work to which he was to dedicate his life—a word he had never heard uttered before—sculpture.

But back in his mountain home things went on as before, unchanging, until one day there came to them a visitor, his uncle. This man was to set the course of the youth Ivan Mestrovic's whole life. He was a wanderer from far cities and distant lands; he had been on strange shores. The Jugo-Slavs are both a mountain and a sea-people. It is said that few ships leave port anywhere without one Slovene or Croat sailing in the crew. In New York are retired sea-dogs, too ancient to follow the sea again, who first saw light in some fisher-village on the eastern Adriatic. The newcomer to the Mestrovic' home, like many a wanderer, had a gift of vivid speech. He brought stories of great cities and strange customs. But best did he recite the tales of heroes of his own people. He told of the bandit heroes and of the redoubtable Haiduk chieftains from whom he too had sprung. He repeated the national legends, telling with passion the long story of his nation's oppressors whom he fiercely hated, as do all Jugo-Slavs.

He described the long battles with the unspeakable Turks, the saga of victory and defeat. He made, in his speaking, the mould into which his young kinsman's imagination was to flow, fiery and ardent, there to assume its permanent shape. The shepherd-lad, listening silent and rapt, was receiving from those tales of struggle and suffering, of glamor and the high romance of his people's story, the enduring inspiration of his future.

For to understand Mestrovic' and the meaning of his work to us and to our time is impossible without knowing something of his brave and remarkable people; he is essentially the artist of the Jugo-Slavs, a race primitive, simple, joyous, brave and proud.

Courtesy of Williams and Norgate

Madame Mestrovic', saint and mother in one, by her son

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The first Jugo-Slavs to settle in the Balkans were divided into a group in the west, the Croats, who were under Roman rule, and an eastern group who became subjects of the Byzantine empire. In the 7th century this eastern group formed the first Jugo-Slav state, and this existed for a whole century. In 778 Charlemagne conquered it and annexed it to his own empire. But the desire for their national life persisted for a hundred years in the hearts of the conquered people, and they struggled, though in vain, to re-establish the state destroyed. But in the ninth century there emerged two plucky little new kingdoms of their own race, the Croatian and the Serbian. Of these the former was completely annihilated four hundred years later by the Hungarians. The other state, the Serbian, struggled, alone, for a whole century against two greedy empires reaching out toward this one surviving remnant of a race. At the end of the twelfth century came a hard-won and precious victory, and from it developed a powerful Serbian state which, for two centuries, sturdily and peacefully pursued its way, building monasteries, fostering science, creating a literature. It was the golden age of a troubled history.

Then, without warning, coming from conquests of Eastern Europe and Hungary, there swooped and charged upon the little state of Serbia the great armies of of the Turks. Almost overnight the accumulated treasure of art and culture of a gentle and dauntless nation was wiped out. Serbia found herself fighting against the enemy of all Europe.

The Wilson Foundation Peace Medal, Awarded to Lord Robert Cecil.

For four long centuries the Serbians were to struggle to free themselves from a pitiless master-state. In 1804 Jugo-Slavia at last tore herself free, but it was not until 114 years later that the liberation was complete. Those who admired the unbelievable courage of the Serbian and Montenegrin soldiers during the World War can understand it better, perhaps, in the light of their history.

Their struggle colored a whole national life, it created a literature and built a store of legends. It was to produce the work of Mestrovic'. The young shepherd, hearing the story from his uncle's lips, has made it the work of his life to repeat it to the world. And his tenderly loving understanding of his folk have made of almost every work he creates a national utterance.

When he was fifteen, shortly after his thrilling visit to Sebenico, there happened to come to Otavice an Austrian captain. Any stranger was a rarity, but to the shepherd folk he was a big figure and a man of the world. To this man Ivan's faithful friend, the tavern-keeper, told of the young boy who was cutting images of stone and of wood. It was through him that the sculptor was enabled at last to take the first step to his career. For the captain insisted on seeing the secret cave and its treasure. He came away from it with the conviction that the mountain boy must be given a chance. He went to Spalato, down on the seacoast, and there he arranged with a master-mason he knew, to have the boy come as apprentice. So Ivan Mestrovic' began his training near that spot where the great em-

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peror Diocletian of olden times had built, once upon a time, centuries ago, a palace for his declining years. Going there was a fortune he had not thought possible.

One day the master was absent, and the young apprentice, seeing a huge stone waiting, asked the wife if he was to cut it. Smiling, she nodded. "Try to make a cross. If the stone breaks, say it was an accident."

The mason returned, and there was waiting for him a cross, cut—complete. It had been done without design, without assistance; the young apprentice had taken the virgin stone and made it take the shape he willed. He knew then that in this youth he had a master.

And the boy felt that, even if he could not hope to be a sculptor, at least he could one day be a master-mason.

A delicate portrait bust of the artist's wife.

Nevertheless, a short two years later, at the age of seventeen, he found himself a student in the Academy of Fine Arts, in Vienna. He was admitted only after the bitterest struggle to be accepted, and then simply because of the interest of the director of the Academy, Helmer, the noted sculptor. He began the first training in his craft with the dawn of this century.

Not twenty-four months later he was holding the first public exhibition of his work in Vienna. There he met Rodin, whom later he was to know in Paris as a friend, though he was not his pupil. He met too, in Vienna, a Serbian girl and loved her, and she became the young sculptor's wife. She posed for the delicate portrait bust called "My Wife." The white marble likeness of his mother in medieval costume is a portrait of all womankind in Dalmatia.

The years following now were full of hard work, of poverty, but of happiness too. He went to Paris, and there became the central figure of a group of rising artists, influencing the work of many a young French sculptor. And in 1908 he began to chisel in that city the seventy-five sculptures that were to make his fame. These represented the heroes and figures of the South-Slavic legends; they were planned for the great Kossovo Temple. They were exhibited in Vienna, and once again. In 1911 they were to be shown for a third time in Rome, and to create an international sensation.

His works already showed the qualities that have been associated with his particular genius since. A Mestrovic' sculpture is usually distinguished by four qualities: great size—many of his figures are colossal; great force, a

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tremendous power; a primitive pathos; and lastly by the stamp of truth.

The outstanding piece was the now celebrated figure of Marko Kraljecic' on horseback. The most beautiful of the Jugo-Slav folk-songs are those telling Marko's story. Terrible to the enemy, fearless in battle, is Marko, but to the poor he is tender and strong.

As famous as Marko is his horse Sarac, who is not only steed but friend. To the Jugo-Slav people Marko and his horse have never been dead. They have believed always that this hero of their legends still lives, in a hidden cavern, waiting but the hour, and that he would come to aid them, were need to arise.

Mestrovic's group of the legendary hero and his horse was heroic. The man seemed ready to leap from the stone across mountains and hill-tops; he seemed to be shouting to following armies. So brave was the figure, so gallant, that despite the gigantic size of the work, it appeared alive. The wind seemed to move through Marko's hair.

The young Dalmatian sculptor was to ride to fame on the back of Sarac. In 1911, when the international exhibition in Rome was held, he decided to enter as a representative from Jugo-Slavia. He came, with Marko heading a group of forty-two figures destined for the Kossovo Temple. His coming created a new period in the history of modern art. He found himself famous at once.

He has had no need to follow footpaths; like Giotto, he "has taken hills at a stride." Between 1915 and 1919 eight exhibitions of his work were held in Great Britain alone. The exhibition in 1915 was opened by Lord Robert Cecil, then Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who ten years later was to receive in America a medal executed in imperishable bronze by the sculptor. On the committee was Lord Curzon, and with him served Cardinal Bourne, Balfour, Lloyd George, and such famous artists as Rodin and Sargent.

Over fifty exhibitions have followed the first modest one in Vienna in 1902, and they have been in cities all over Europe, as well as in the art centers of Croatia, Dalmatia, Serbia. But not until the end of 1924 was the first opportunity given America to see his work, in the opening of his exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum.

Although between 1912 and 1918 he produced 130 works, and despite the exacting demands of his art, he found time all during that period of war to take part in the activities for the liberation of Jugo-Slavia, even when he was living in Rome or Switzerland, England or France. After the war, when at last his country had freed herself, after so long a struggle, from all foreign domination, he went to live at Zagrab, the Croatian capital. And, in his native land again, he built, three years ago, on a little hill jutting out into the Adriatic, the beautiful memorial chapel now standing there in memory of the historic Racic family. There are thirty sculptured figures in it. Not since the day of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, commemorating King Mausolus and his queen, has such a work of commemorative art been built. Mestrovic's memorial juts out into the Adriatic to-day as did the mausoleum of Halicarnassus into the Aegean Sea.

His work has many aspects. The famous figures of his "widows" are full of a tender sorrow, lovely and gentle. During the war he made a series of noble images of angels. His sculpture of Jesus on the cross shows an emaciated figure with hands held out in a last agony, the face drawn in a final sorrow; the hands have been said to be the most expressive in sculpture. There are exquisite portraits of innocent and adolescent girlhood, and others of wild barbaric dancers. In America he is working on a bust of Wilson.

He will not say what he thinks of America. "I have but seen New York, and that is not America," he says. He plans to see the Grand Canyon, our western mountains, our great rivers and prairies. Western America is not unknown to the Jugo-Slavs, and they have had a part in its history; among the Jesuit missionaries exploring the west during the days of our colonization period were many of their people. Konsak made the first map of California, and another Jugo-Slav priest translated the Bible into their own tongue for the Chippewa Indians. The pioneer aspect of our life interests Mestrovic'.

This giant of a race has made it the work of his life and of his genius to elevate his race, and in so doing has given masterpieces to our age.

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THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PA

The Story of How They Got Acquainted with Each Other

By ELLSWORTH KELLEY

THE little boy and his pa lived on a ranch where the short grass ran down the slope to meet the elm and the hackberry trees along the river. He was the only little boy in the family; the only child, for that matter. His mother thought him the only little boy in the world, for she knew him very well. The little boy and his pa did not have an extended acquaintance. His pa was a very busy man, whose cattle business took him here and there and everywhere a great deal of the time. So the little boy did not see him every day, and when he did see him it was usually at meal time. When at home, sometimes his pa would say:

"Come, little boy, wake up if you want to eat breakfast with your pa and ma."

And the little boy would answer, "I'm getting dressed, pa."

At noon his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wash your face, and comb your hair, and be sure you eat nice at the table."

The little boy would reply: "Yes, sir."

At night when the clock struck nine his pa would say: "Now, little boy, it's bed-time for folks of your size."

Then the little boy would kiss his ma, and call "good-night, pa!" as he went upstairs to bed.

So their acquaintance stood still till one September day when the little boy was ten years old. That day his pa took the little boy with him to the county-seat. That day the little boy and his pa got acquainted with each other. It was a Kansas September morning. This sentence will sufficiently describe it to all who have passed a September in the short-grass country. Words cannot convey an adequate description to others. They rode along in silence for a while. The little boy had never been to the county-seat, and his imagination was busy with the farther end of the journey. By and by he fell to counting the herds of cattle grazing on the short-grass. He enjoyed the changing landscape. The quails whistled from the brown corn-fields. Somewhere back on the uplands the prairie chickens were drumming their sunrise march. He viewed with intense enjoyment the tag game of a village of prairie dogs. He watched a coyote in pursuit of a jack-rabbit. But even upon the soul of a child impressions of sound and sight will sometimes pall. Then the little boy, all unconscious of what he was doing, began to let his pa get acquainted with him.

"Pa, do you remember when you were a little boy — a ten-year-old boy like me?"

The vision of a barefoot boy with trousers rolled up to his knees, fishing for chubs and goggle-eyes in the old Spring branch—so many years ago—flitted before the father's mental vision as he replied:

"Well, yes, my son, I remember quite well."

"What was your name when you were a little boy? Your *boy* name, you know, that the other fellows called you by?"

"Tommy. Your grandma called me 'Tommy Taylor.' But the boys I used to run with called me 'Pony'—'Pony Taylor.' Sometimes they'd turn my name around, and call me 'Taylor's Pony' "

"Why did they call you Pony?"

"Oh, I guess it was because I was a great, big, overgrown boy."

The little boy caught the spirit of the irony, and laughed outright. He was silent for a while, and then he began putting his father through a little boy's catechism.

"Pa, did you ever play scrub?"

"Scrub? What's that?"

"Oh, it's a game something like baseball that you play when there isn't enough there to make nine on a side."

"When I was a boy — when I was Pony Taylor—we played town ball, and if we hadn't enough on one side, why,

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we just gave that side a 'blind eye.'"

"Blind eye! What's a blind eye?"

"Oh, it's just letting the first fellow out on a side play again."

"I see now. That made the sides even, didn't it? But did you ever play humperdown or foot-an'a-half or high jump or put the shot?"

"Well, not by those names. We used to play hop-step-and-a-jump, bull-pen, and old three-cornered cat."

"Do you know what an alley or taw is?"

"Sure! I'll never forget them."

Another short silence. The little boy was thinking.

"Pa, can't you tell me something—something funny—that happened—when you were a little boy?"

"Let me see! Well, I remember something that I thought was pretty funny when it happened and it got still funnier as I thought about it in school time."

"What was it?"

"It wasn't anything much." His pa hesitated a moment before telling it, for he did not know the little boy well enough to be certain that he would appreciate what, to him, was the ludicrous feature of the story. Then he began: "There was a little boy in our school that called himself the 'Boss.' He was a great big hulk of a fellow, and most of the boys were small, for it was a summer term. If we played war, he was captain. If we played horse, he was the driver. Well, one day he had a whole lot of us fellows pulling a sled of rocks from one part of the yard to the other. We had a hedge pole tied to the sled for a tongue, and each of us took hold of the pole with one hand and pulled. All at once he took a notion that he would be a horse, and he took my place and made me be driver.

"I soon saw what he was about. He was going to be the meanest horse ever hitched up. He reared and pranced and plunged and knocked the rest of the horses right and left. I cracked him one with the whip, and he kicked; and when he kicked, he struck his bare foot on a hedge thorn and tore it pretty badly, and then that unmanageable horse just sat down and howled! After school took up, I got to thinking about it, and I laughed right out. The teacher brought me out on the floor and when she asked me what I was laughing at, I told her I had thought of something funny. She said that she thought of something funny, too, and she took me over and set me between two girls. Then I cried."

The little boy laughed and said, "*I've* never had to sit with girls."

There was another mile sped over before the little boy spoke again.

"Pa, when you went fishing, what did you use for bait—good bait, you know?"

"Angle-worms to catch goggle-eyes, and minnows for bass. I fished for goggle-eyes mostly."

"Pa, do you think it does any good to spit on bait?"

His pa considered carefully before answering; then he said that, when he was a boy, it was so believed by all fishermen.

"Well, that's what I think, though I don't exactly see why. But Billy Mullins catches more fish than any of us fellows, and he says the reason is because he always spits on his bait. Say, pa, did you ever go swimming the whole afternoon? Just swim and swim 'till suppertime came, and then feel sorry because it was time to go home?"

"Did I? I used to be in the long hole of Spring branch so much that your grandma pretended that she could see scales and fins starting to grow on my body."

"Could you dive, and turn handsprings off the spring-board, and tread water, and lay your hair?"

"Better than any other boy in the crowd."

Then the little boy moved close over to his father, and said: "So can I."

By and by they came in sight of the county-seat. The little boy was surprised at its size. He expected it to be larger than Taylor's Corners, which had a school-house, a blacksmith shop, and a store where they got the mail. But he had not dreamed of such a picture as burst upon his sight when he reached the hilltop that overlooked the county-seat. Street after street walled in with high houses! Seven church steeples! A great two-story school building! Whole blocks of two and three-story business houses! It seemed to him like a scene out of his pictorial Aladdin which he found by his plate on Christmas morning. It was after reaching the city that

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The little boy began getting acquainted with his pa.

"Well, well, Taylor! I'm glad to see you. I am indeed. I was just telling my wife this morning that I would rather see Tom Taylor than any man likely to attend the convention. You see, Taylor, I haven't forgotten those three years we spent in the mounted infantry, nor how you pulled me out of the Johnnie's hands when I got that bullet in my arm at Okolona. Say, those Johnnie Rebs were the hot stuff that day, weren't they? And how are you getting along, Taylor, and how is the wife; and—is this your boy?"

"Yes—all I've got—and he's a namesake of yours—William Strong Taylor."

"You don't say! Well, well, well! Your boy and my namesake! A fine boy, sir, a fine boy." And the judge shook the little boy's awkward right hand—for it was not much used to handshaking and worked very much indeed like a pump-handle—and patted the little boy on the head.

"You and the little boy will take dinner with me to-day, Taylor. We don't get a chance to visit very often, so we'll just go right along down to the house, and talk over old times until dinner." And the judge took his pa by the arm, and holding the little boy's hand, together the three walked down the street to the home of the judge.

So walking, the little boy was face to face with the greatest episode of his short life. He had known that he was named for the great Judge Strong. He had occasionally heard his father speak of the judge in terms of the highest respect, and the little boy, in his boyish way, had grown to think him a great man, only surpassed in greatness by the governor himself, and now the judge had actually patted him on the head, and called him a fine boy; and now they were to take dinner with him! Again he thought of Aladdin.

While his pa and the judge were talking on the veranda, the little boy sat like some little old man, listening to the tales of camp life and army hardships; listening until he felt that he would have given anything in the world—which meant his Aladdin and his pony, Topsy—to have been old enough to have carried a saber and ridden a cavalry horse, with a Spencer carbine slung across his back.

At dinner he behaved very well, and said, "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "If you please" in just the right places, and the judge beamed on him with smiles of approval. He really would have enjoyed another piece of the custard pie, and one more spoonful of grape jelly; but he remembered his manners, and resolutely declined when motherly Mrs. Strong insisted on a second helping.

As they went back down-town after dinner was over, the little boy was surprised to notice how many men knew his pa. They all acted as if they were glad to see him, and shook hands with him very heartily, and called him "Captain." Finally they reached the Opera House, where the convention was to be held.

The little boy gazed curiously on the noisy, surging, good natured crowd of delegates and politicians that filled the room. By and by a big man on the stage hammered with a mallet on a table, and called the house to order. The committee on organization made its report, and named Captain Thomas Taylor for chairman. The crowd cheered, and adopted the report unanimously. Then there were cries of "Taylor! Taylor! Speech from Taylor!"

The little boy felt proud and sorry all at once—proud of the honor that had come to his pa, sorry because he was sure his pa could not make a speech. He had read something of Patrick Henry, and Webster, and Henry Clay, and knew that they were speech-makers. But he knew that they were dead, and he had a vague idea that nobody living, certainly nobody in that country, could make speeches unless it might be preachers and lawyers, or the schoolmaster on the last day of school. So when his pa stood up before the crowd and bowed and said: "Fellow-citizens and gentlemen of the convention," the little boy grew very pale and could hear his heart beat.

But his pa went right off into a speech about the grand old party and the spirit of liberty, and about the platform. The little boy wondered if he meant the platform upon which he was standing. Then his pa told a humorous story, and the crowd laughed and cheered. He spoke of prison-pens and dead heroes, and the little boy saw a man draw his coat sleeve across his eyes. When his pa

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had finished his speech, the little boy thought the cheering never would cease, and he mentally placed his pa in the list of men who could make speeches, and wondered if sometime that speech would be placed in a Fifth Reader for boys to study at school, along with the speeches of Henry and Webster and Clay.

The convention then proceeded to nominate the ticket. Finally Judge Strong was on his feet making a speech. He was placing a name before the convention for representative. He said he wished to name a representative citizen, a man well known and held in esteem by all who knew him; a man who had marched and fought by the judge's side through the years of the war; who now carried in his body the bullets of battle and bore upon his breast the scars of conflict. He drew a vivid picture of this man leading his company in a desperate charge at Missionary Ridge, and concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, I have the honor to place before this convention the name of Captain Thomas Taylor, of Summit Township."

There were more cheers, and some one moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination unanimous. Motion carried. Captain Thomas Taylor was declared the nominee by unanimous vote. The little boy could not remember anything like it in his story of Aladdin.

The convention was over, the congratulations of the delegates and others showered upon the captain, and then the little boy and his pa were on the homeward journey. They did not talk much for many miles. His pa was busy thinking over the events of the day. So was the little boy. The sun had gone down. Suddenly the quiet of the twilight hour —the great, impressive silence of the plains—was broken by a fusilade somewhere off in the gathering darkness. Some belated hunters were taking a parting shot at a scurrying jack-rabbit. A correlation of ideas inspired the little boy to ask: "Pa, when you were a soldier in the war with Judge Strong, did you ever kill any one?"

His pa did not answer at once. In an instant there flashed before his eyes the events of a September day in a year long gone. Clouds of smoke hung over a battle-field. The pungent, nauseous odor of sulphurous smoke was in his nostrils. Again he looked down a line of blue-coated horsemen sitting like statues, each holding a drawn saber. The men had grimy faces and tense, set jaws. He heard Jack Stevens jest about what pretty corpses they would make. Another man was softly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Dick Saunders cursed the whistler, and some of the boys laughed. A blast of the bugle cut through the smoke-laden air. A shell screamed overhead. A minie ball wailed and shrieked the length of the line. Each man leaned forward in his saddle and hitched his belt a notch tighter.

"Ta-ta. Ta-ta-ra. Ta-ta-ra-a-a-a!"

In ten seconds the company was making the saber charge now historic. It was a cumbrous whirlwind of horse and rider, and above, the sheet lightning of the flashing sabers. The lightning faded, and the sabers were dripping, but not with rain. A gray-sleeved arm was swinging a saber at his throat. Like a machine moving at higher speed, his own saber met and drove back that of the gray arm, and rested upon the cheek of the wielder. When his own saber swung to position its mark was upon the face. The face wavered for an instant, and then pitched forward. Was it a dead face? He never knew.

"Pa, did you ever kill a man when you was in the war?"

His pa, like one waking from a deep sleep, answered slowly, "Not that I know of, my son."

"Well, I'm awful glad you didn't," said the little boy, as he again moved closer to the side of his pa.

The little boy was sleepy and quite tired out when he reached the farmhouse on the hill-slope. His ma heard them coming, and opened the big gate for them to drive into the barnyard. As the little boy climbed out of the buggy and into the arms of his mother, he put his arms around her neck, kissed her, and exclaimed: "Oh, ma, I've had the best time! And I saw Judge Strong, and we ate dinner at his house, and pa knows nearly everybody, and he made a speech, and they nominated him for something, and his boy name was 'Pony,' and he could swim and tread water and lay his hair same as I can."

His ma kissed him for reply, and knew that the little boy and his pa had entered the Land of Companionship together.

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NEW SUCCESSES IN TREATING DEAFNESS

By VIOLA ROSEBORO'

WITHIN the last few years numberless reputable newspapers here and in Europe have published accounts written by their own reporters of clinics where, on the spot, Dr. Curtis H. Muncie greatly benefited the "incurably" deaf, some of them patients who had been told elsewhere that this affliction could not be ameliorated, and more who had received much treatment from specialists of standing without material benefit. Osteopathic journals have more than corroborated these authenticated reports and have given much attention to Dr. Muncie's "reconstructive methods" and results. His success with eminent private patients has been several times described in the public prints, thanks to revelations from the patients or their friends; since no such practitioner could himself give out such information—self-interest and professional ethics being at one in enforcing his reticence. As we shall presently see, some of Dr. Muncie's private patients have gone out of their way to make public their experience.

News of such wholly unprecedented success in making the deaf to hear is important if true. The world has a right to be highly skeptical about such a long leap over the old, established frontiers of auricular knowledge, practice and success. Hitherto the successes of medicine and surgery with ears have been nothing like as notable as the benefits they have bestowed on many other parts of the human anatomy. But the modern world is not going to hold to skepticism simply because an alleged advance is wonderful and new. We are too familiar with the new and wonderful. Neither are most deaf people going to prefer deafness to hearing at the hands of an oesteopathic aurist. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said that many

Dr. Curtis H. Muncie.

English folk preferred to die of small pox rather than to be inocculated with the virus and live, but that was the eighteenth century, and in the meantime even the most conservative of the medicine "regulars" have come around to vaccination, to Pasteur's doctrines of bacteria and to other long-fought revelations that came from "outsiders."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has gathered together some of the evidence to prove that Dr. Muncie is a pioneer in his methods and uniquely successful in his practice. There is far more such evidence than can be considered here—much of a scientific and technical nature; but we will review enough of it to amount to historical proof unless the testimony of many disinterested and reputable journals and of important and widely known beneficiaries can be proven worthless.

It is Dr. Muncie's habit to give a number of free clinics in different cities every year with two objects in view:

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he desires to demonstrate scientifically to other practitioners what his method does for the deaf so that the work can spread, and he welcomes the opportunity to restore hearing to those who cannot afford to pay his fees. On these occasions, before the operations begin, hours are spent in selecting the cases to be treated. Cases are chosen with a view to unmistakable immediate restoration of hearing, and with a preference for such as do not require any subsequent treatment.

The writer attended one of these free clinics on January 10th, 1925, given at the Philadelphia Osteopathic Hospital. It was reported at some length in three Philadelphia papers, *The North American*, *The Record* and *The Inquirer*.

It was a small clinic, only six cases, and none was as startling as many recorded on other such occasions; but here is what happened to a young Scotchman of twenty-five, Gregory Brommage. But first there is a bit of a story about how this young working man got to the Philadelphia clinic by way of Glasgow. When Dr. Muncie was in Great Britain in 1923, Mr. Brommage read in a Glasgow paper of the American's free clinics and unprecedented successes in several cities. Measles had left Brommage deaf when he was a child of five and he was growing deafer and deafer, finding it harder and harder to hold a job, and he was no longer getting any encouragement to even hope for benefit from the various hospitals whose help he sought. He wanted to see this American, but the American had left the country before the lad could manage to meet him. Soon Brommage found he had lost the clipping that had told him all he knew of the new aurist, and also that he had forgotten his name. To such a youth the clue seemed pretty hopelessly lost, but, when he resolved to come to America, the idea of bettering his chances for finding that wonder-working ear doctor was in his mind. And a month before I saw him in the operating theater, while he was working in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, arresting headlines on a discarded newspaper lying on the ground at his feet caught his eye, and there was an article about the very doctor, and he lived in Brooklyn! So now here was the young man undergoing the usual scientific tests with the acoumeter, the tuning fork the watch. He was obviously in good spirits. He had reason to be. first tests with the acoumeter had sh that six inches was as far as he co hear it with either ear. That was in afternoon when his fitness for an op tion at the clinic was being tested. A by the way, these specialists, report and others are urgently invited to m their own tests and measurements. Brommage's first examination had cluded the "Muncie Therapeutic Te that had incidentally achieved m than a diagnosis, for in the evening result showed that one ear had te porarily improved, indicating definit that permanent results could be pected from the operation. Dr. Mun explained that his tests determined the time of examination what can done in a given case. Here is the *Phi delphia Inquirer's* account of what ha pened next:

> Using nitrous oxide gas, which is applied a maximum of about two or three minut without producing complete anaesthesia, I Muncie opened the mouth of the patient wi an instrument. With his delicately train finger tips he corrected the deformities in tube.

Deformities due primarily, it may b added, to inflammation arising from i fected tonsils or diseased nasal tissues.

In half a minute Mr. Brommage wa coming to, and half an hour later, afte other patients had been operated on an he had been given time for all the re covery needed, he was brought back t undergo again the tests by the acou meter, the clock and the tuning forks The smiling young Scotchman looke as if he had certainly been cheered b some investigations of his own in th anteroom. Why not? It is certainly easy to tell the difference from hearing the acoumeter at six inches to hearing it in the right ear at fifty-seven inches and in the left ear from one inch to thirty-one inches. The clock and the tuning forks—measured in seconds—witnessed a corresponding gain. News of this patient obtained some weeks later show that without further treatments he has kept what he gained that night, and as he can now hear at ten feet conversation that he previously could not hear at two, his practical problems for getting a living are fairly

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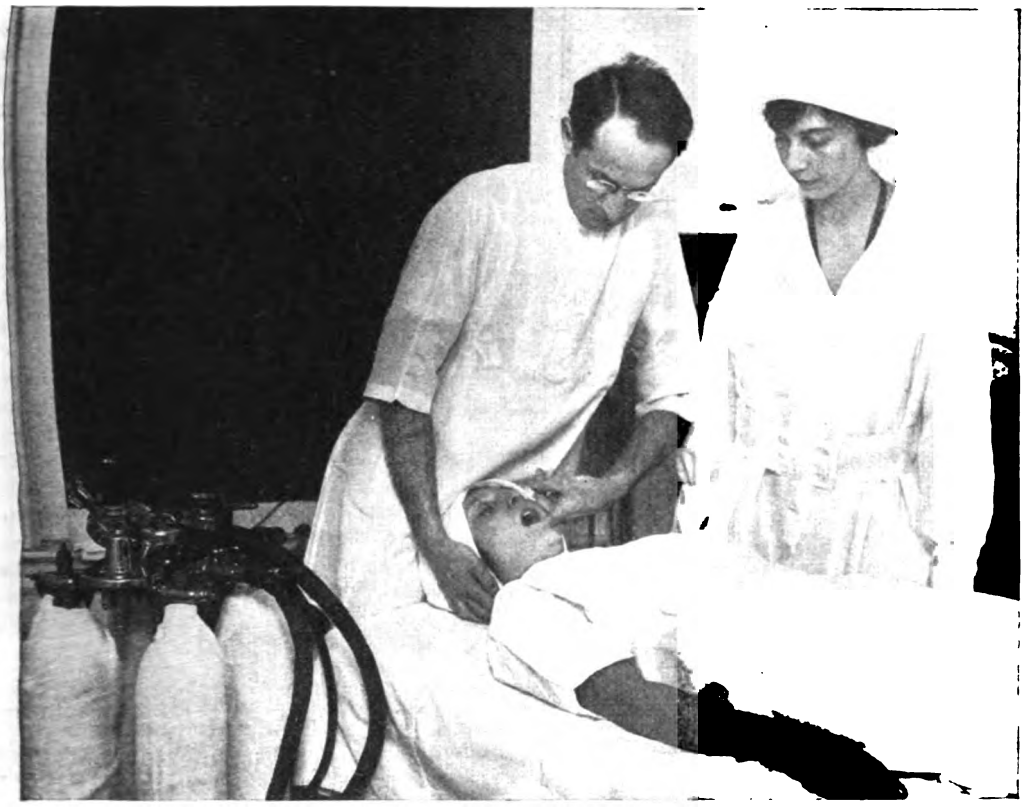

Dr. Muncie performing a reconstruction operation, with Mrs. Hicks in attendance.

solved. Normal people, by the way, have so much surplus hearing, so to speak, that a twenty or thirty per cent loss of it is not conspicuous in ordinary intercourse.

Like most of Dr. Muncie's cases, this one had received much treatment before. Mr. Brommage had been treated by specialists in Edinburgh and Glasgow and in the British Army, had had a nose operation and, finally, on all hands, had been declared hopeless. Most of Dr. Muncie's patients come to him as a last resort, and after having been the rounds of many doctors.

The most spectacular result I saw that night was in the case of Mrs. D. G. Elmore of Dallas, Texas, who had received treatments previously both in Dallas and in Philadelphia, and whose "prolapsed Eustachian tubes" had prevented any response to them. Again the operation, under the conditions already described, was very swift. Speed and accuracy are essential to safeguard the tubal structures from undue irritation, and delicacy of touch is paramount to distinguish the slightest tissue abnormality and to correct it without disturbing the normal tissues. This time the improvement measured by the acoumeter was from twenty-eight inches in one ear to ten feet, and from thirty-three inches to twenty-five feet. She was brought up to eighty per cent of normal. She is having post-operative treatment, and Dr. Muncie believes that in from four to six months she will reach permanent normality.

We are going presently to take a look at various cases that achieved normal hearing though, judged by old standards, they looked more patently hopeless.

Of the clinic on January 10th, 1925, the *Inquirer* says:

> Six persons were operated upon last night, and all showed better hearing less than half an hour after the completion of the apparently simple operation. . . . It was remarkable to see the patients re-enter the amphitheater and undergo tests which proved that the hearing had been increased in some instances as much

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as ten times. . . . After one night of rest, the patient may go about his ordinary business.

The reports of the Philadelphia papers are all in substantial agreement on this night's work. Newpapers will tell us of other such occasions that showed still more impressive features, but this was the clinic I saw.

I saw it and as I was, and still am at this writing, an office patient of Dr. Muncie I had a chance to make one comparison that interested me much. There is not one shade of difference between his manners with his clinical and his private patients, not a shade. Neither does Mrs. Hicks, the nurse who amounts to a professional assistant and has worked with him for years, neither does she show any idea that these patients are less to be considered than the paying patients she ministers to in the office. She does not show it because it is not inside her to show. Such kindly democratic respect and good will for a patient as a patient and a human being do not shine forth invariably on free patients anywhere, they are not exactly what you will find the poor expecting, and though it would be hard to prove that such unsnobbish democracy has any direct connection with professional skill, nevertheless there is an atmosphere of honesty in this continuous, unaltered, unposed direct dealing with all sorts of people and ought to be and is confidence inspiring.

Dr. Muncie is a slim, active young man of thirty-eight, of seemingly exhaustless vitality, whose pleasure in his work stands out plain and seems to show two obvious roots—whatever the others may be; his sub-conscious satisfaction in the precision and sureness of his mind and his fingers is like what one has often seen in the scientific men of laboratories and operating rooms and observatories; almost equally unconscious and habitual seems his gratification in giving folks back their hearing. After all, a man would have to be very scientifically denatured indeed not to rejoice a little with patients who rejoice so much.

It is amusing to hear that when in England several medical men seriously protested against the way Dr. Muncie shook hands with and otherwise treated poor patients just as he did rich ones. Of course, the wonder is that the English poor did not mark their objections too, not because any class of England is servile—none is, but because they all stick by old traditions and have their own kind of independence, with little liking for equality. But Dr. Muncie continued to practice the American democratic ways that come natural to him.

A free clinic held in Toronto last year was described in the *Toronto Evening Telegram* by a reporter who was especially satisfactory to Dr. Muncie, because he was such an intelligent and honest sceptic to begin with. He accepted Dr. Muncie's always urgent invitation to substantiate all tests himself. So the figures given in his reports are the reporter's own. I quote from his account published in the *Toronto Evening Telegram*, Saturday, January 12th, 1924:

Mrs. Jennie Stevens, 28 Pendrith Avenue, since a child at public school, has been unable to hear a general conversation. Specialists in various parts of the world have treated her without result.

"I have been deaf for thirty-one years," she stated. "They have tried everything to help me. Air pressure——"

"That shows that the old theory is no value," Dr. Muncie told his associates.

The tests were made and a few inches only from one ear could the acoumeter be heard. The simple preparations for the operation were made.

"I am ready," she announced with a wistful expression.

"You will be better in less than five minutes," Dr. Muncie was almost obliged to shout in order to make her hear.

In four minutes Mrs. Stevens was in the next room, informing her sister with tears of gratitude in her eyes, that she could hear, she could hear.

Upon returning to the room, Mrs. Stevens, with her face wreathed in smiles, carried on a conversation with the *Telegram* representative who stood in the opposite corner of a large room and spoke in a low voice.

"I can't express my gratitude," she told Dr. Muncie. "It is hard to tell just what this means to me." She could hear the acoumeter at a distance of fifteen feet with ease.

Then followed King, veteran divisional bandmaster at the Salvation Army Headquarters. Owing to his age, the operation was performed without an anaesthetic.

"We may hurt you a little—just a little," Dr. Muncie said.

"I won't mind," was his answer.

King could hear the tuning fork close by the ear for eight seconds and the clock about an inch from either ear and the acoumeter four inches from his left ear and thirteen inches from the right ear.

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Photograph by Brown Brother

Mr. William G. Rockefeller, a patient whose hearing was restored at 79 years of age.

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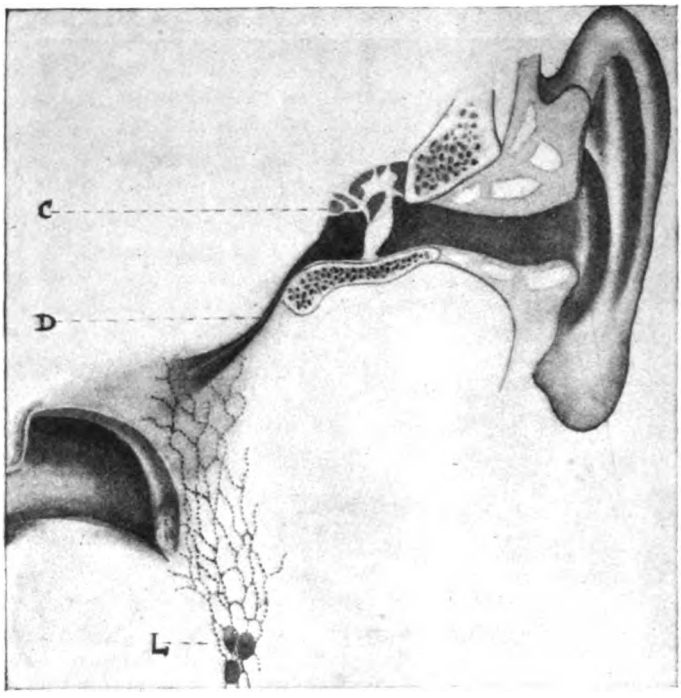

D. shows the prolapsed Eustachian tube before reconstruction. This is one of the eight types of deformity of the Eustachian tube which Dr. Muncie's research study has isolated.

Then the operation was performed without a murmur from the patient and an astounding transformation took place. The acoumeter was heard fourteen inches from one ear and thirteen from the other.

The reporter goes on to tell of a conversation he carried on with the bandmaster, demonstrating the patient's gain for conversation. Later Mr. King serenaded Dr. Muncie with the Salvation Army band as a relief to his own feelings and a fitting tribute to his benefactor.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes sought Dr. Muncie's services at the clinic because he had no time for any private patients in Toronto. She had lost her hearing four years before as one result of an attack of influenza—then epidemic. Before the operation she could not hear the acoumeter at all with the right ear and with the left two inches was her limit.

Mrs. Barnes stood the ordeal without a murmur and her joy at the results was great. "Won't you please accept money for this," she pleaded.

"You have more than paid me by your thanks," she was told.

She, too, carried on a conversation with the *Telegram* reporter at a distance of fifteen feet and heard every word uttered in a normal tone.

With the right ear she could now hear the acoumeter forty-two inches and with the left, thirty-six inches.

One reason for choosing to quote at length from this Toronto paper is that it made another report on these same cases on February 2nd, more than two weeks after Dr. Muncie, a fleeting visitor with no local interests, had departed. HEARING REALLY RESTORED is the title given this account of the subsequent investigations, and here is a part of what it says under date of February 2nd, 1924:

"Sitting in the dining room with the door closed and a shawl about my head, I heard the postman drop letters in the front door since Dr. Muncie, the Brooklyn ear specialist, operated on me at the King Edward Hotel, on January 12th."

So declares Mrs. Jennie Stephens, 38 Pendrith Avenue, questioned as to the efficacy of the Brooklyn specialist's treatment at his recent clinic here. "For thirty-one years I could not hear a conversation and could only hear any one who shouted next to my ear. Specialists without number in Glasgow and in Canada failed to help me. Now I can hear our bedroom clock tick in the corner of the room," she added.

"However low I have been spoken to, I have heard. I heard my small watch tick; the piano sounds twice as loud," says Mrs. E. A. Barnes, of 72 Bertmount Avenue, who also was operated upon by the finger method. "The first thing they noticed at home was that I spoke differently. I had been speaking in a husky way, but that has entirely disappeared." Mrs. Barnes lost her hearing following the first flu epidemic, suddenly while in a conversation with a friend.

Bandmaster King of the Salvation Army Headquarters states that he can now hear a kettle simmer.

Dr. Muncie says that many of his clinical cases would receive still more complete results if they could receive post-operative treatment, but this is impossible in the majority of cases. The value of after treatment in advanced cases of deafness is illustrated in the following dramatic bit of biography.

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The Philadelphia *North American* of Saturday, March 21st, 1923, carried these headlines:

OSTEOPATHS WATCH DEAF GIRL IMPROVE. HALIFAX BLAST VICTIM'S HEARING BETTERED FIFTY PER CENT BY OPERATION.

Rehearsing her terrific experience of 1917, the paper goes on to say:

Miss Stokes was on the second floor of her home in Halifax when the French Line Steamship Mont Blanc, loaded with munitions, blew up after being rammed by the Belgian relief ship Imo. Thousands of lives were lost in the accident and the damage ran into millions of dollars. Her home collapsed and she was dropped to the basement and buried under tons of debris.

Hours later she was rescued and it was found necessary to remove her left eye. Her hearing was affected by the concussion, and has been growing worse in the last few years.

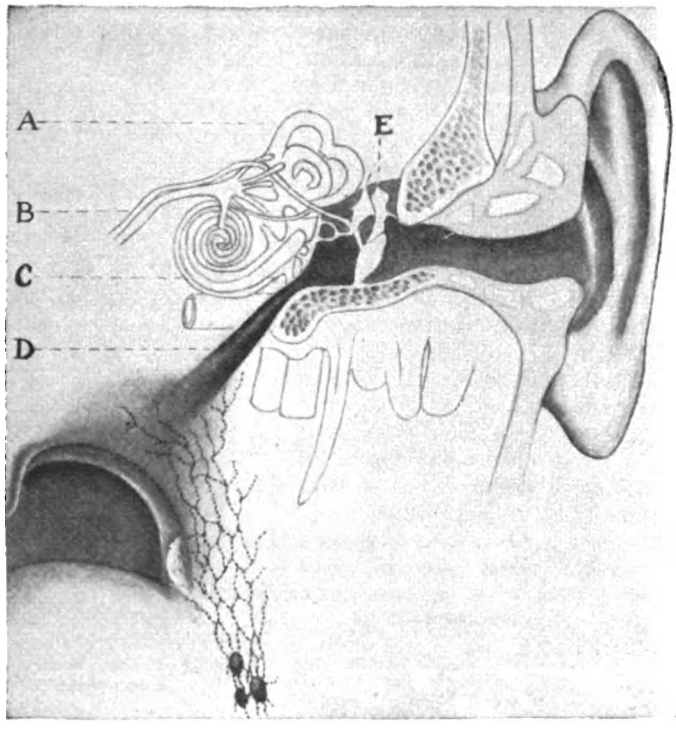
In telling of the operation the paper repeats, "In the few minutes she was under Dr. Muncie's care her hearing improved fifty per cent."

Miss Stokes had had her tonsils removed in January, 1923, and thereafter her hearing became worse. Dr. Muncie operated at a clinic at the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford on March 20th, 1923. Before the operation Miss Stokes heard the acoumeter with the left ear no further than two inches, and with the right at twenty-one inches. Miss Stokes had post-operative treatments for four months and now she hears the acóumeter the normal distance, 40 feet, can carry on ordinary conversation and has practically normal hearing.

In June, 1923, Dr. Muncie went to Europe to introduce his methods and to hold free clinics, after his usual pattern, in Great Britain and France. He had been invited by the British Osteopathic Association and the International Society of Otological Research to show them what he could do, and at practically the same time he was asked to go to Paris and operate on a member of a European royal family, a prince who was assumed by the newspapers to be Prince Jaime of Spain. Some word leaked out of the messages exchanged and the *World* printed an item that one had come from the King of Spain; but at any rate the patient was not Prince Jaime, his Majesty's congenitally deaf son, though to this day, and despite endless denials by Dr. Muncie, he is still often mentioned in print as a Muncie patient. Who it was has never been revealed.

Crossing on the S. S. Majestic, Dr. Muncie performed an operation in mid-ocean that seemed to interest him more than Royalty's case. It so happened that the steward who served Dr. Muncie in the dining-room had read of the operation for the deaf and remarked that a friend of his, also a steward, was deaf and was often in trouble through confusing his orders.

Dr. Muncie learned that the man, Hingley was his name, was on his



The reconstructed Eustachian tube after operation, A. showing the semi-circular canals, B. the nerve of hearing, C. the conchea, D. the Eustachian tube and E. the small bones of the inner ear.

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last trip on the ship, as he was to be discharged upon landing—a good man but too deaf for his job! How few the jobs that such a man would not be too deaf for. Dr. Muncie talked to Mr. Hingley. He was a married man with children and did not know which way he was going to turn. Dr. Muncie examined him and decided he could be immediately and greatly benefited. Would he let Dr. Muncie operate? He would, but how much would it cost? It would not cost anything, and he was directed to come to Dr. Muncie's stateroom when he was off duty that evening.

Could he bring a friend? Yes, the stateroom was a big one, and in the end it was cleverly converted into a surgery, and the "friend," the ship's doctor, Dr. Muncie's father who was a medical physician and surgeon of note, Mrs. Hicks, the nurse assistant, and "Sparks" were all there in the improvised operating room on the rolling ship. Tests showed that Mr. Hingley heard the acoumeter with his right ear six inches, and with his left ear seven inches.

The first tests after the operation showed that with the right ear he heard it forty-two inches, and with the left thirty-eight inches, and could hear ordinary conversation for the first time in years. As soon as the tests brought out these results, "Sparks" slipped out and wirelessed the story of the unusual operation, the first of its kind in the history of medicine to be performed on the high seas, to two continents and it was published in many newspapers the next morning. Most of them gave the patient's name as Hingley Steward.

A letter from Mr. Hingley, written within a few months of the date of this publication tells that he has kept the remarkable gain of that night.

I now quote from the *London Daily News* of July 3rd, 1923:

A number of British medical men and others interested in the new "finger surgery" watched Dr. Muncie treat a number of patients afflicted with deafness.

The most remarkable was that of a man who had been deaf for four years. After the operation the patient's first words to the nurse assistant were, "Why, I can hear you!" Before the operation he could only hear very faintly.

Patients recovering from the effects of the slight anaesthetic used for the operation returned for tests in hearing. In the case of every operation witnessed by a *Daily News* representative yesterday the patients' hearing had considerably improved.

Dr. Muncie, whose methods of aural osteopathy are unknown in this country, holds the theory that the majority of cases of deafness are due to a derangement, malformation or disease of the Eustachian tube. He performs all his ear operations through the mouth, using only his fingers.

Before leaving for Paris he will treat patients and give demonstrations of his method of "finger surgery" to-day and to-morrow. He is taking no fees.

The *London Daily Graphic* reports the same clinic with the same assertions as to its results under the caption:

MIRACLES WHILE YOU WAIT

It strikes a note more sensational than scientific, but that is not Dr. Muncie's fault. One of the most temperate and convincing reports was in the *London Daily Herald* of July 3rd. It tells of an old lady who

suffered from nerve deafness with catarrhal complications. Before treatment she had to be shouted at vigorously. After treatment she answered questions put to her in a low voice by the doctor at a distance of about six feet. The woman, elated, told the doctor she was seventy-one, though she didn't look it, and he replied: "You could not have had better results had you been eighteen. You will have a relapse but after that your hearing will be permanently better."

The third patient, the *Herald* concontinues

was a young single woman who had been deaf fifteen years. She could not hear a clock or watch close to the ear. After the operation she could hear both—though faintly.

Another young woman the doctor would not treat. She was suffering from what is known as otosclerosis.

"These cases are not beyond us," said the doctor, "but they usually require six months post-operative treatment."

He announced that it was his intention while in London to give a demonstration with a deaf mute.

"In my researches," he said, "I have found a means of curing deaf mutes. And," he added, "it is a remarkable fact that a man who has never heard sound has to be *taught* to hear, even after his sense of hearing has been established."

Dr. Muncie claims that most deafness is due to a derangement, disease, or deformity of the channel which leads from the back of the nose to the middle ear, known technically as the Eustachian tube.

The following excerpt comes from the report of a clinic held in Glasgow and is taken from the *Glasgow Evening News* of July 13th, 1923:

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Photograph by De Mijian Studio

The French actor, M. Fermin Gemier, a recent and remarkably successful "case."

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An Aberdeen woman, who had suffered from catarrhal deafness for many years, was able to hear low tones quite clearly and to distinguish the ticking of a watch three times as far as before the operation. In the case of a man suffering from nerve deafness which had been becoming worse for the last ten years, a great improvement in hearing was effected.

This man, in the language of the doctor, "had lost his high tones," but comparative tests with a tuning fork before and after the operation showed that the range of tones audible to him had been increased by about half. Among other cases successfully treated was one of otosclerosis. Dr. Muncie was unable to undertake the cases of several persons whose condition would have necessitated prolonged after treatment.

We get further details of this man in the *Glasgow Citizen* of this same date.

One man, who had been suffering from deafness for ten years, could hear a watch just next to his right ear, and two and a half inches from his left ear. After the operation, these distances improved to two and seven inches respectively. He heard a high-toned tuning-fork for twenty-seven seconds with his right ear, and for thirty-nine seconds with his left before treatment. After treatment the figures were forty-one and sixty seconds, respectively.

Dr. Muncie claims that when the immediate effects of the operation pass off, further improvement in the hearing follows.

Dr. Muncie went to Paris next. He had no friends there but Mr. Frank T. French of The Bedford Petroleum Company. Mr. French had learned of Dr. Muncie's work when he operated on Mr. William Rockefeller, early in 1921. Mr. Rockefeller made no secret of his experience and the reporters made the most of their opportunity for somewhat sensational news of a well-known man. Mr. Rockefeller was seventy-nine years old at this time, had been losing his hearing for about fifteen years, getting worse all the time, had been seeking relief from his growing deafness with Rockefeller persistence and, of course, at the most highly endorsed sources in both America and Europe, including the Rockefeller Research Institute. It was catarrhal deafness and by a six-minute bloodless operation and four months' post-operative treatment Dr. Muncie restored his hearing to about eighty per cent. of normal.

Soon thereafter, a member of Mr. French's family had obtained like relief at Dr. Muncie's hands, and Mr. French was more than ready to help on a free Muncie clinic in Paris. Mr. French's office boy was brought for treatment. Other deaf people came who could be relieved on the spot and would stay relieved without subsequent treatments; and the first Paris clinic of its kind was held in rooms in the Hotel Majestic with results that made history. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, telling of one woman, said that she had been "almost totally deaf for five years and such progress was made that the patient was able to hear the noise of traffic and to carry on a conversation at close quarters."

The reports of this clinic speedily brought Dr. Muncie an eminent patient who is not unknown to Americans: M. Fermin Gemier, the gifted actor and the director under the French Government of the Odeon Theatre, came to him in the company of a Mr. Williams, formerly an American newspaper man, and it was he who was responsible for the wide publicity given the case. Its news value was heightened by the diagnosis which showed, what many eminent authorities well knew, that M. Gemier's left ear drum was destroyed, together with the little bones of the left middle ear, while the right ear suffered from various defects, the whole pathological condition resulting directly or indirectly from an accident nine years before. Withal, Dr. Muncie decided that the case was favorable for an operation, so on July 19th, 1923, in the improvised operating room in the Hotel Majestic, his finger surgery did its work as speedily and effectively as usual. Before the operation the patient could hear the acoumeter only eight inches from the left ear, and from the right ear fifty-six inches. After the operation the left ear could hear the instrument at thirty-four inches and the right responded at twenty-one feet, tests with the clock and the tuning forks showing corresponding results. As this was the only time in which M. Gemier's case was reported in the newspapers, all we can say of it further is that its developments have been remarkably satisfactory. For an artist M. Gemier was singular in his readiness to let his reporter friend tell the world of his deafness and its mitigation. But the director of the Odeon can dare the truth where most actors and musicians find concealment necessary. And by the way several M. D.'s have been patients of

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Dr. Muncie. Several famous musicians are grateful to Dr. Muncie for salvation, so to speak, but they cannot afford to have any question made of their normal hearing.

On the other hand, I have before me several written tributes, printed and unprinted, from men who want to tell as many people as possible what Dr. Muncie and his reconstructive surgery have done for them. One is Father George A. Wood, of Nazareth, North Carolina, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who publishes in Church journals, *Our Folks* and *Our Lady's Orphan Boy* for December, 1924, a warmly grateful account. Another is a letter from Mr. Paul L. Bean of the Union Water Power Company, Lewiston, Maine, wherein Mr. Bean says of his aurist, "The service he renders is magnificent and I trust he may long be spared to perform his miracles, for they seem no less to me." This was written before Mr. Bean's hearing reached the normal standards subsequently attained.

A third patient more than willing to be quoted and writing in that hope is Mr. James L. Davis, an attorney of Bristol, Va. He writes Dr. Muncie, "If never before you had a Doubting Thomas in your office, you had one when I walked in on November 24th, 1924. However to me it was a last chance. For thirty years I had been under specialist after specialist and all the while my troubles grew worse." Mr. Davis tells how he went home to celebrate this last Christmas, and how it "was a great Christmas for us, the happiest we ever had," and he quotes a letter from his wife saying, "The day of miracles is not passed. Dr. Muncie has performed one for you." Mr. Davis has a brother who is Chief Surgeon of the United States Air Force, Colonel W. B. Davis of Washington, D. C., and Mr. James L. Davis quotes his brother as saying, "You are fortunate to have found Muncie, for there is no one else can do for you what he is doing."

Almost every country is represented among Dr. Muncie's clientele. One of his recent enthusiastic patients is the wife of the Chilean Ambassador to the United States, Madame B. Mathieu, whose hearing for several years in spite of treatment received in South America, Europe and the United States has been gradually failing, until she was cut off from being able to hear conversation.

The immediate improvement in her hearing which was established, following the operation, was enthusiastically described by the Ambassador in the words "This improvement is not only marvellous; but to me it seems like a miracle." Subsequent post-operative treatment has since established a hearing capacity well within normal limits, much to the satisfaction of her immediate family as well as her friends in Washington.

A superior reporter of Dr. Muncie's method is Mr. T. E. Stevens, a New Zealander who was at one time the head of a New Zealand school for the deaf, but who was in London in 1923 when Dr. Muncie was there holding clinics. Mr. Stevens is an author as well as teacher, and an authority on lip-reading and kindred features in the education of the deaf. He wrote a long account of Dr. Muncie's work for a leading American Medical periodical, but when the journal found out that Dr. Muncie was an osteopathic aurist and not of the orthodox school it backed out of publishing it. The New Zealander knew nothing of osteopathy further than his study of Dr. Muncie's achievements, but he then told his story in the Journal of Osteopathy. He dwells on his skepticism, the confidence inspired by the very processes of diagnosis—since he had seen a number of boys undergo aural examinations—"but," he says, never had he seen an investigation of "so minute and searching a nature." He was convinced now that here was a "highly skilled otologist." His article is eloquent about the cases he saw operated on at the first clinic he attended, "where the improvement varied from thirty-five per cent to one hundred per cent," and some of which cases he followed up in the year following. He tells of the experience of Mr. Thomas Charles Easton, 49 Sussex Road, Haywards' Heath, Sussex. Mr. Easton wrote him two months later saying, "After four years of almost total deafness it is almost impossible to describe the delightful feeling of having one's hearing restored." Eleven months later he, Mr. Stevens, interviewed Mr. Easton, finding Mr. Easton's hearing practically normal. He quotes Mr.

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Easton as saying that his case had been classed as hopeless by several of the leading specialists of Europe. Mr. Stevens closes by giving his own address as care of the Bank of New Zealand, Queen Victoria Street, E. C. 4, London, England.

There are many more such witnesses but as no individuals can be shown as more impressive and authentic than those we have heard, let us turn to an institution which has no institutional affiliations with any osteopathic physician or surgeon, but which has done itself and Dr. Muncie the honor of a candid investigation of a matter so concerned in the relief of the deaf.

The news of this American aurist's successes in Paris induced members of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris to arrange a clinic for him at the Hospital St. Louis, and before me is a letter dated August 30th, 1923, from Dr. L. Mathé of that University, congratulating Dr. Muncie on his "scientific theory, method of treatment and operative skill"—I translate. He also finds it notable that at a time when Paris is emptiest the clinic "had succeeded in bringing together eighteen Specialists of whom six are heads of hospitals. . . . And this success was consecrated," he goes on to say, "by the publication of your work in the international archives of the oto-rhino laryngoialric department of the St. Louis Hospital."

Dr. Muncie is eager to share all he knows with the aurists of any school in the humanitarian spirit that the great army of the deaf may be benefitted, but his practice—in deafness exclusively—is heavy, his clinics give information, but cannot give adequate training.

Deafness is on the increase. It is estimated that there are over five million cases of progressive deafness in the United States; and people who are open to evidence will probably be gladdened when Dr. Muncie says it is only a question of time and the training of a few, before we will establish a post graduate school for teaching constructive finger surgery.

CY AND I

As I went moseyin' down th' street,
My Denver friend I chanced t' meet.
"Hello!" says I.
"Where have you been so long a time
That we have missed your soothin' rhyme?"
"New York," says Cy.
"Gee whiz!" says I.

"You must have seen some wonders down
In that historic, splendid town;"
And then says I:
"For bridges, parks and crowded streets
There is no other place that beats
New York," says I.
"Cor*rect!*" says Cy.

"The town is mighty big, but then
It isn't in it with its men,
Is it?" says I.
"And tell me, Cyrus, if you can,
Who is its biggest, brainiest man?"
"Dana!" says Cy.
"You *bet!*" says I.

"He's big of heart and big of brain,
And he's been good unto us twain"—
Choked up, says I.
"I love him, and I pray God give
Him many, many years to live!
Eh, Cy?" says I.
"*Amen!*" Says Cy.

Eugene Field

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IN OUR present issue a new department is inaugurated. It is proposed to make it a transcript of life, filled with heroism, wisdom, truth and charm. It is edited with a feeling of greater freedom than is possible in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in its regular, established character; it is in reality itself a miniature magazine.

Whatever is worthy of praise and imitation will find its place here. The nobler and greater deeds of men and women who have advanced human well-being, who have achieved beauty in art or won great distinction, will be set forth in these pages. We hope to use biography and glimpses of character as well as direct contributions from those who have led in the development of civilization.

In *The Little Magazine* we aim to cultivate a sense of beauty, sweetness and goodness. I think it can be made an extraordinary influence for elevating the taste and stimulating the desire for what is best. It will inspire love for what is highest in thought and conduct.

It will contain stories of the wonders of the universe and the marvels of our world, told with simplicity and charm. There will be true fairy tales of to-day, the marvelous lives of plants and animals which are unfolded to us by study; stories of insects that rival man in intelligence, of plants that possess senses, of the world's beauty under the microscope; these and many other such tales will be told so clearly that they will reach the mind of even the youngest reader.

In this department we endeavor to express

Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report.

Inasmuch as the pictures here painted will often find their necessary subjects, scenes and colors in the vast fund of already printed treasures, we shall eagerly welcome the co-operation of our readers in the selection of material.

The nobilities and heroisms that shall fill the pages of *The Little Magazine* reach the highest spiritual levels of the human soul. Our country has its roots in the teaching of Jesus Christ. At a time when men's minds despaired of achieving a stable government for the United States, George Washington said, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God." And when Lincoln entered upon the most difficult task that has fallen to any man in our history, in the solemn moment of his departure from his home and friends in Springfield to make the journey to Washington, he expressed himself in most exalted speech. He said:

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether I ever may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed.

"With that assistance, I cannot fail.

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Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

"We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years," wrote the editor of *The State Journal*. "We have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected.

"When he said, with the earnestness of a sudden inspiration of feeling, that with God's help he should not fail, there was an uncontrollable burst of applause."

Did Lincoln in this great hour say these words lightly and without believing what he said?

An inaugural address by the President of the United States is a singularly basic utterance. It is the most important of all expressions of a people's will and beliefs. It is appropriate, therefore, to quote in this connection from the latest inaugural address in the history of our country. Mr. Coolidge said on March 4th, 1925, speaking of America, "The legions which she sends forth are armed, not with the sword but with the cross. The higher state to which she seeks the allegiance of all mankind is not of human, but of divine origin. She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God."

The quality of the pioneers that made America is clearly set forth in Miss Tarbell's chapters in this issue, dealing with the forefathers of Judge Gary.

George Bancroft, towards the end of his life, after having occupied many high offices in the government and made a profound study of the history of the United States, summed up his conclusion in these words:

". . . However great may be the number of those who persuade themselves that there is in men nothing superior to himself, history interposes with evidence that tyranny and wrong lead inevitably to decay; that freedom and right, however hard may be the struggle, always prove resistless. Through this assurance ancient nations learned to renew their youth; the rising generation is incited to take a generous part in the grand drama of time; and old age stands waiting in the tranquil conviction that the path of humanity is still fresh with the dews of morning, that the Redeemer of the nations liveth."

Washington, Lincoln, Bancroft and Coolidge mirror the essential America.

To Arthur Mee's editorial work and writings I am indebted for the invention of this *Little Magazine*, and from Arthur Mee I print three contributions in this issue; *The Panama Gang* tells the story of Dr. Gorgas, whose biography written by Mrs. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick has just appeared. *The Funeral of a Pauper* was published in a volume entitled *The Best Newspaper Stories of 1923*, Small, Maynard & Company of Boston.

Miss Fancher, who wrote *Theodore Roosevelt's Grandchildren* for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE last year, prepared the article on Tyndale. The great Halifax disaster of December 6, 1917, when the collision of a munition ship in the harbor caused an explosion and fire which laid in ruins one-third of the city and caused tremendous loss of life is referred to in Dr. Muncie's article in the big magazine, and forms the setting for the story of the heroic *Seven Men of Halifax* in *The Little Magazine*.

The beautiful words of Arthur Mee on Nature's gifts to every child follow a quotation from St. Francis, the monk who called the flowers and trees, the sun and stars his little brothers and sisters, and the poems of an American child who has the spirit of St. Francis.

S. S. McClure.

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ST. FRANCIS' SERMON TO THE BIRDS

"MY LITTLE sisters, the birds, much bounden are ye unto God, your Creator, and always in every place ought ye to praise Him, for that He hath given you liberty to fly about everywhere; and God feedeth you, and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink; the mountains and the valleys for your refuge and the high trees whereon to make your nests."

Whenas Saint Francis spake these words unto them, these birds began all of them to open their beaks, and spread their wings, and reverently to bow their heads down to the ground to show that the father gave them joy exceeding great. And Saint Francis rejoiced with them, and marveled at their good heed and sweet friendliness.

And then in the fashion of the cross that Saint Francis had made over them the one part flew toward the east, and the other toward the west, and the other toward the south and the fourth toward the north, and each flight went on its way singing wondrous songs, signifying thereby that even so the preaching of the Cross of Christ, renewed by St. Francis, would be carried by him and the brothers throughout all the world; and which brothers after the fashion of the birds, possessing nothing of their own in this world, commit their lives wholly unto the providence of God.

Chapter XVI, The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi.

GOOD MORNING

This poem was written by Grace Roosevelt, granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt, at the age of eight years. She wrote Dawn when she was ten.

Good morning to flowers and grass,
To trees and people that pass,
To bumblebees and flies
To birds and butterflies,
To the sun and the great blue sky,
And the white clouds passing by.

DAWN

The velvety blackness of night melts away,
The flush in the east sky announces the day,
The crickets cease chirping, the birds tweet and sing;
The wind in the trees makes the boughs sway and sing,
The sun climbs from bed to enlighten the day.
And the children awake and chase slumber away.

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EVERY CHILD'S GOOD THINGS

By ARTHUR MEE

I NATURE, give to you, to be yours for ever and ever, the right to the free enjoyment of this world. I give to you the years that are before you, and the world that is about you.

I give to you the Sun by day and the Moon and stars by night, with the power to wake as the Earth rolls into the light of the Sun, and power to sleep when the night comes.

I give to you the beauty of the Earth in the golden hour of dawn, with the vision of the Sun as it climbs above the hills, with the glow of fire across the meadow and the sparkle on the river that runs past. The sight of the new stirring of the life of the world, the sound of all moving things that praise their Maker, the feeling that uplifts the heart as the light breaks on another day, are yours.

I give you the eager hope of spring, with the right to see the slow disrobing of the winter earth and the slow unveiling of her secret treasury. I give to you the untold glory of a summer's day, with the touch of God in every lane and the fire of the Sun in every rose. I give to you the eternal promise of autumn, with the faith of all growing things in the life that will come again. I give to you the peace of the Earth on a winter's day, with the robe of stainless white not made with hands. I give to you the full glory of the changing year, and perfect trust in the ways of God that have never failed upon the Earth.

I give you the song that has been in the world since the birds began to sing, the joyous hymn of the lark and the plaintive music of the nightingale; the beauty that has been on Earth since flowers began to peep; the silver lamps that have hung in the sky since the stars began to shine.

I give you understanding of the voices of dumb things—the neigh of the horse that a rider loves, the bark of the dog that has been man's friend throughout the years, and the purring of the cat on the hearth. I give you the music of the day to stir your soul, and the stillness of the night in which you hear, if you listen, the voice of God.

I give you the gentle breeze that kisses the face of a child, and the wind that tosses the ship at sea; I give you tenderness and strength. I give you the charity that comforts the sufferer and the pity that softens the life of the poor. I give you

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the wisdom of health and the power to build up in your body a holy temple for your soul.

I give you the oceans in calm and storm, with the waters that dance in the air, the showers and the winds, the snow that clothes the world anew in a night, the rain that taps on the window, and the rainbow that springs out of the Sun.

I give you, free for ever, with the right to take whom you will, the full enjoyment of the Natural Gallery of everlasting pictures, and the right to see the unveiling of all sunsets, the covering of the heath with red and gold, the floating past of the clouds that ride like mountain peaks across the sky. I give you access to all the bushes laden with berries, to the daffodils and the violet beds, to the place where ferns and mosses hide, and to the tulips when they hang their heads at night.

I give to you the power to remember and the power to forget, and I give you the strength to forgive. I give you the love of the quiet places where the burden of the petty things will fall away. I give you the right to wander by the brook that babbles o'er the pebbles, to rise early in the morning and see the dew on every buttercup, to lose yourself among the heather and in the field of the cloth of gold.

I give you the Past, with its heritage of good and ill. I give you the Present, with the opportunity that knows no bound. I give you the Future, with the years that never end and know no sorrow.

I give to you the long, long thoughts of youth and the memories of the years; the hope of the dawning life, the dream of the days to be, and the looking-back. I give you the yearning and the craving that make life sweet. I give you the time of waiting and the time of fulfillment. I give you the spirit that good fortune does not mar nor ill fortune break.

I give you the calm that looks out upon the world and will not be discomforted. I give you the heart that does not quail; the courage that does not flinch; the faith that will not fail in the Valley of the shadow.

I give you the love of true things, the love of pure things, and the companionship of sweet liberty. I give you the scorn of all ignoble things, the hate of all things evil, and the strength to march breast-forward against them until they are destroyed.

I give you the promise that they shall be destroyed, that the face of the Earth shall be fair, that the mind of man shall be free, that all that came from God shall yet return to Him, that little children yet shall see the Dawn that no man knows.

From the Wonderful Day

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OBITUARY OF A NOBODY

By ALFRED SEGAL

In the Cincinnati Post, April 14, 1923, under the headline: "The Eulogy of a Pauper"

THIS was the funeral day of "Old Jim" Smith, 72, who died at the City Infirmary where he had lived 18 years. No sermon was preached for Old Jim; no silk-hatted pallbearers carried him; no ornamental hearse drove him away in fine style; no organ played a processional for him; no floral tributes were piled at his feet; no silken pillow rested his head.

Having been a pauper in a poorhouse, Old Jim had never expected these things anyhow.

So we thought it would be a good joke on Old Jim to give him, in the columns of this paper, what he didn't expect—a funeral sermon such as rich men get, even when they do not deserve it.

And here is our sermon for Old Jim in full:

"Friends: This man was James Smith. He was called 'Old Jim.' He was born in our city 72 years ago. Work was his portion from earliest youth. By trade he was a gardener. He knew every tree and flower by name. He knew how, with the pollen of two roses, to create a new rose more beautiful and fragrant than either.

"So he created beauty in the world. He made gardens to bloom in barren places. The work of his hands was like a benediction.

"He toiled a lifetime.

"'I shall plant the seed well,' he said, 'and in my old age I shall gather the harvest. In the sunset of my life I shall sit in my own garden and be content. My labor shall have earned for me a fair competence for my support to the end of my days.'

"He conducted a small florist's business in one of the suburbs. His wife died, and also his children; but, unbeaten, he went about creating new life and new beauty in the gardens.

"When he was 54 he had already gathered in a modest harvest.

"'A few years more,' he said, 'and then the sunset and rest and contentment in my garden.'

"And then a false friend took from him all he had gathered.

"He went to the poorhouse and became 'Old Jim.' And, though hope and courage had gone from his heart, his hand still reached out for beauty to create; and he worked in the gardens of the poorhouse; and new flowers sprang up at his touch.

"And when a mortal disease seized him he bore the agony of it without complaint until the end.

"So he who had contributed much loveliness to the world died unloved and friendless.

"But, friends, who shall say that he was not a success, even though he died a pauper? He gave much more than he received—and, in the final balancing of the ledger, he who has given much is to be accounted much richer than he who has only received.

"So we honor to-day not Old Jim, A Failure, but Old Jim, A Success." And this is the end of our sermon.

There was no coffin, no hearse, nor flowers at Old Jim's funeral. His body was lifted to an undertaker's wagon and carried to the medical college, as the law requires be done with those in the infirmary who die friendless.

So his body was dedicated to the study of disease.

Thus James Smith will continue to do good in the world.

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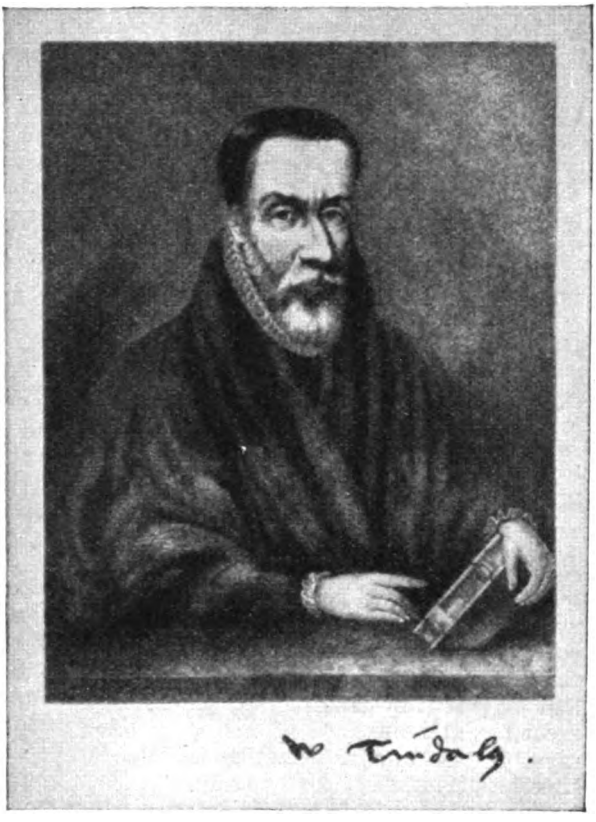
How The Bible Came To England

By Lauretta Fancher

IT is hard for us to realize that there was a time when men were publicly whipped for reading the Bible. Yet, in England, only a little over five hundred years ago, no one outside of the clergy of the church was allowed to have even a page of the Bible. If a person were caught with a precious fragment in his possession, he was fined or whipped or imprisoned.

The first man in England who tried to turn the minds of men toward the idea that every one has a right to study the Bible and to interpret it as he wishes was John Wycliffe. But he was so hated that, years after his death, his bones were burned and the ashes scattered.



William Tyndale.

About a hundred years later, Martin Luther translated the Bible into the German language. There was no English Bible. The Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek, and these had been translated into Latin, in which all of the clergy were learned. But the English people could not understand a word of it. The church at that time did not believe in allowing any one but the clergy to read or explain the Bible. They even thought that they were pleasing God when they persecuted any one who differed from them.

The Courage of William Tyndale

At the same time that Luther lived in Germany, there was in England a man named William Tyndale. His name is not well known to most of us, but it should be, for he gave to English-speaking people a wonderful gift, and paid a high price for it. The story of his life is a thrilling one. He greatly admired Martin Luther and wished to do for the English people what Luther had done for the Germans. But on all sides he saw men led to prison and even put to death for reading Luther's writings, and he knew very well that if he should translate the Bible into English, his life would be sought. Yet he determined to do it—not because he loved strife, for you can see by his picture what a kindly face he had, but, in his own words, "out of pity and compassion for my brethren."

Tyndale realized that he could not do the work in England, for he would be watched. He must go away—leave his own country. He had very little money, but friends promised him enough to pay for the printing, if he could succeed in

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finishing the translation. So he sailed to Hamburg, Germany, to "poverty, mine exile out of mine natural country, and bitter absence from my friends, the hunger, the thirst, the cold, the great danger wherewith I was everywhere compassed." Before he left England, Tyndale made a vow. He had been talking with one of the learned men who was bitterly opposed to allowing every one to read the Bible, and Tyndale became so indignant that he declared, solemnly, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plow shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost."

The Work Which Cannot Be Destroyed

In Hamburg, Tyndale took a little room and secretly went to work at the translation of the New Testament. It was a great task, but one for which he was well fitted. He had always loved the Bible, and even as a child he had had a gift for languages. The only record which we have of his early life says, in the quaint English of those times, that "William Tyndale . . . . was brought up from a child in the University of Oxford where he grew and increased as well in the knowledge of tongues and other liberal arts, as especially in the knowledge of the Scriptures, whereunto his mind was singularly addicted." We know that the things which a child does and reads and thinks about leave such a deep impression on his mind that his whole life is influenced thereby, so we are not surprised to learn that William Tyndale's love for the Bible began when he was very young.

His liking for languages caused him to study them, so that he became skilled in seven different tongues, and it was said of him, that no matter which he spoke, it sounded as if it were his native language. Yet, though he was such a scholar, he wrote the English Bible in very simple language, because he wanted to give it to the poor and unlettered, and this style is beautifully suited to the Bible, for it was written in the beginning for people of little education. William Tyndale did his work so perfectly that he fixed the style of the English Bible for all time, a style which cannot be equalled for clearness, dignity and beauty.

When the translation of the New Testament was finished, he took the precious sheets of paper to Cologne, Germany, which was famous for its printing presses, and ordered 3000 copies to be printed. The work had progressed about as far as the gospel of Mark, when the senate of the city ordered the printers to stop! The secret of the printing had been betrayed. Henry the Eighth, King of England, and the church authorities there were also warned that Tyndale was planning to ship New Testaments into England. Spies were everywhere. Tyndale, fearing that his life would be taken before his vow could be performed, hastily packed up what he could of the printed sheets and fled to the city of Worms. Of course, not every printer was willing to undertake the work, but he finally found a man who was brave enough to help him. The first edition was finished and another 3000 copies printed.

Bibles Packed in Barrels of Flour

Meanwhile, the English authorities were ordered by the king to keep a sharp lookout at every seaport for the Bibles which they knew Tyndale was trying to have printed. But in spite of their watchfulness, in spite of the delays, the dangers and persecutions, the Bibles came to England. They came hidden in barrels, in cases, in bales of cloth, in sacks of flour and in every other secret way that could be thought of. They were smuggled in—the whole 6000 copies—to those trusted ones who were anxiously waiting for them, and were quickly spread through all the land. When the authorities discovered that the Bibles were already in the country, every effort was made to find and destroy them. But more were being printed. During the following ten years 30,000 Bibles were smuggled into England. Thousands of these, bought by spies or seized by the church, were

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piled in heaps and burned with ceremony, "as a burnt offering most pleasing to Almighty God." But persecution always helps along any cause. People talked of nothing else but the wonderful book, and tried in every secret way to get a precious copy.

Tyndale was in greater danger than before. He was driven from place to place by his enemies. At last he was arrested and thrown into prison. One of the letters written by this brave man is left for us to read. It was written to the Governor of the castle where he was imprisoned in a dungeon for a year and a half. He asked first for some warmer clothing, and then wrote, "I wish also for permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is weary work to sit alone, in the dark. But above all things, I entreat and beseech you .... kindly suffer me to have my Hebrew Bible, Grammar and Dictionary."

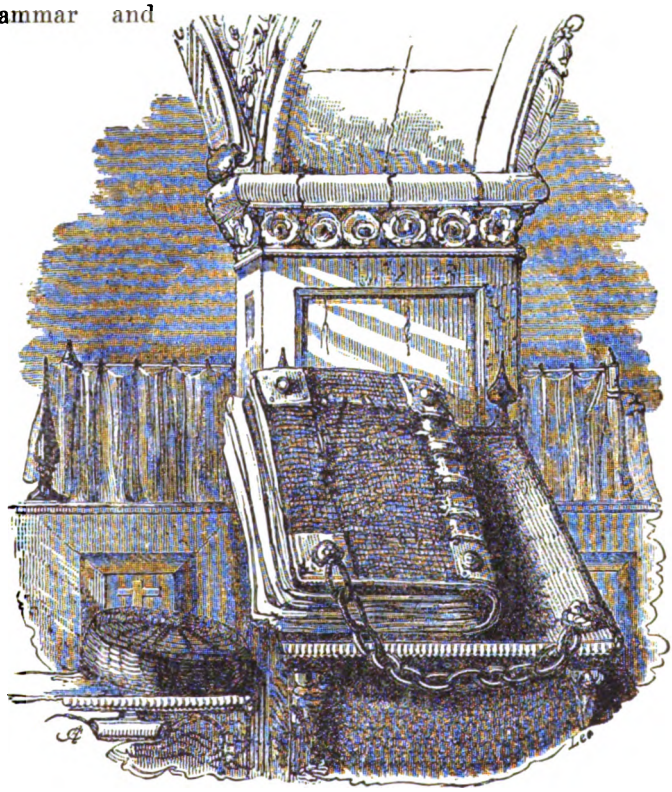
A Prisoner Who Was Loved by His Jailers

But this exile, sitting alone in the cold, dark dungeon, knowing that his life would probably be taken, did not stop to feel sorry for himself. His one thought was to finish his work, to translate the Old Testament into English, so that the English people might have the comfort and beauty of the whole Bible for their own. Some old records tell us that Tyndale was so gentle that he was loved even by his jailers. And his request was probably granted, for it is considered certain that the translation of the parts of the Old Testament which he left was written while he was in this foreign dungeon.

Finally the fate which he had foreseen when he made his vow overtook him. He was killed and his body burned at the stake. But his work could not be destroyed. At the very time of his death, the first Bible printed on English soil came from the press—and on the title page was the name of William Tyndale.

England's Sweetest Music

What joy there must have been when the first Bibles were brought into St. Paul's cathedral. Six large English Bibles were fastened with heavy chains to the reading desks, so that they could not be stolen, and the people crowded into the cathedral all day long, from morning until the evening, to hear the Scriptures read. Suppose you had never heard the words of the Bible, and suppose you went into a great cathedral



Bibles were fastened by heavy chains to the reading desks in St. Paul's cathedral.

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and tried to get as near as possible to one of the desks where a man was reading, and you should hear, for the first time, echoing down the great, dim aisles of the church, those sweet, comforting words, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God—believe also in me." Or "I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Those sentences would have fallen like strange music on your ears, "the sweetest music ever heard on English soil."

To-day, we know many of the most beautiful parts of the Bible by heart. We read it freely in our homes and churches, our Bible, which is largely the work of William Tyndale. No other translator has been able to improve upon him. He gave it to us—and paid for it with his life.

If you should ever visit the British Museum, where the English people keep their greatest treasures, you would see, among other precious things, a few worn, yellow pages from the New Testament. It is the only fragment left of the first edition of the translation of William Tyndale, the "Father of the English Bible."

The first step in bringing the Bible to us was taken when it was translated from the original into the Latin language. There existed in the second century a Latin version of the Bible made in Africa, and used by the African Fathers. In time this became so corrupt that Saint Jerome was requested to undertake a revision. He had not, however, proceeded far with his task of revising the old version when he was so strongly impressed with the inaccuracy of the Old Testament text, derived from the Septuagint, that he resolved to translate it anew from the Hebrew. On this he was engaged from perhaps A. D. 385 to A. D. 405. By the approbation of Gregory I, this translation acquired such authority that since the seventh century, with some mixture of other ancient translations, it has been exclusively adopted in the Western Church, and has borne the name of the *Vulgate* or current text.—Editor's note.

SELECTED FOR THE LITTLE MAGAZINE BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

A thought is a real thing and words are only its raiment; but a thought is as shy as a virgin; unless it is fittingly apparelled we may not look on its shadowy nakedness: it will fly from us and only return again in the darkness crying in a thin, childish voice which we may not comprehend until, with aching minds, listening and divining we at last fashion for it those symbols which are its protection and its banner.

James Stephens, in The Crock of Gold.

A Morning in May

I was out in the cool of the morning,
When the birds were beginning to sing.
Each calling to each
In the day newly-born,
Each calling to each
In the fresh-scented morn;
Calling — "Oh, it is spring! It is spring!"

And the dew-laden lilacs about me,
And the hum of an early bee's wing,
And the murmuring boughs
Of the new-leafing trees,
And the soft-stirring boughs
Rustling low in the breeze
Whispered — "Ah, it is spring! It is spring!"

Claude C. Washburn

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AN INSTINCT THAT IS OLDER THAN A CONTINENT

NORWAY, the land of the Vikings, is the home of a tiny animal which possesses the bold spirit of adventure that characterized those early rovers of the sea. This animal is the lemming. Lemmings are gnawing animals who live among the high mountain regions of the Scandinavian countries as well as in North America and northern Asia. Those who live in Norway are only five inches long, including the stumpy tail.

Ever since men have studied the lemmings, they have noticed that whenever their population increases so that the food supply is endangered, these little animals migrate. All nature books tell of this migration of the lemmings, but it occurs so rarely that it may not happen in a lifetime.

Two years ago, this marvel of nature did take place. The early spring and warm summer in Norway caused an abundance of vegetation so that the lemmings grew strong and numerous. This is always the cause of a migration. The animals increase so rapidly that the food supply begins to fail, and millions of lemmings, a countless population, face starvation. When they begin to realize this, through the host of tiny animals there runs a general uneasiness. Their comfortable life is over. There is no food. They begin to assemble, the same impulse seeming to affect a large group at the same time and spreading from them to the others. The animals arrange themselves in ranks, like an army, and the migration begins.

They hurry on in a definite direction, long trains of little creatures so close together that the head of one seems to rest on the back of the one in front of it. The light tread of their feet wears a path which can be seen for a long distance. The longer the march, the greater becomes the anxious haste. They fall upon all vegetation in their path, but their numbers are so tremendous that many get nothing. Hunger spurs them on. The little animals become brave with desperation; they gnaw through haystacks, they climb over mountains, they swim rivers and broad lakes; they face ravens and strong birds of prey and even man, defiantly. Many die by the way and others are born, but still the swarms rush on—on—perhaps for a year or two years or three years—until they come to the sea. Without hesitation, they plunge in. Their mad march is over.

It seems a strange, wild act, without reason. But some people believe that once, ages ago, there was a land, plentiful in food, which now lies under the sea, and that the lemmings used to march to this land of plenty when their food supply waned. After thousands of years, this instinct is so strong that it drives millions of animals, when their need for food arises.

We know that birds flying along the Mediterranean follow ancestral routes, coasts which are now submerged. It may well be true that the lemmings are driven by an ancient instinct, which has caused migrations in the past and will cause more in the future. For a few of the lemmings always stay behind. These repopulate the home country until, after many years, another long summer will produce again a surplus of life, and the lemmings will set forth, even as men do from over-populated countries, to find a newer, fairer land.

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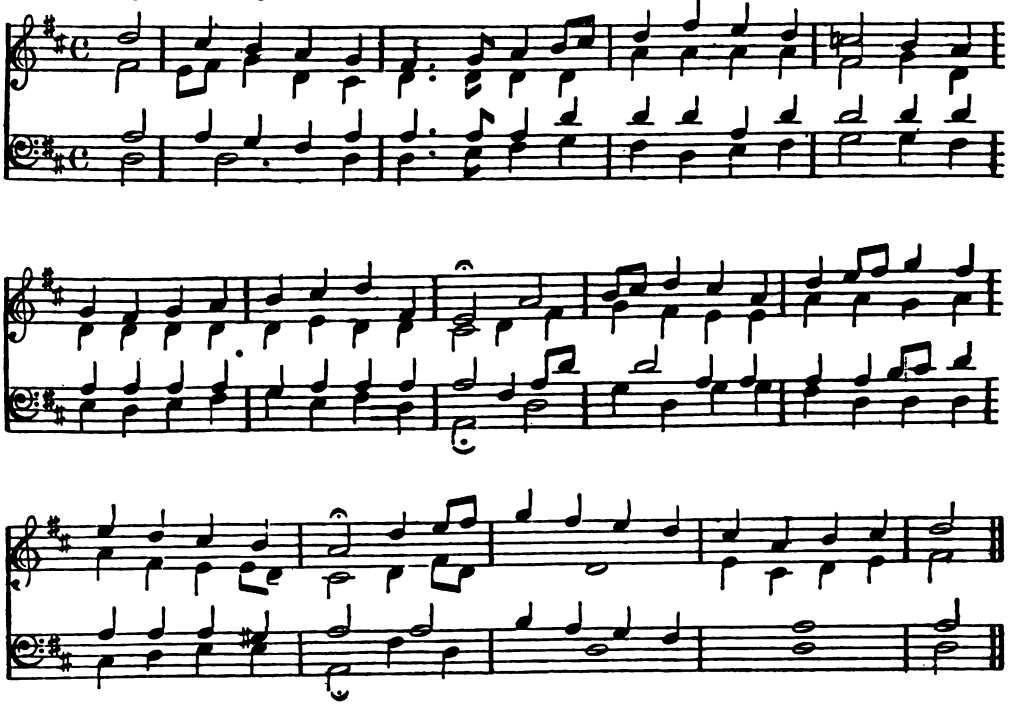
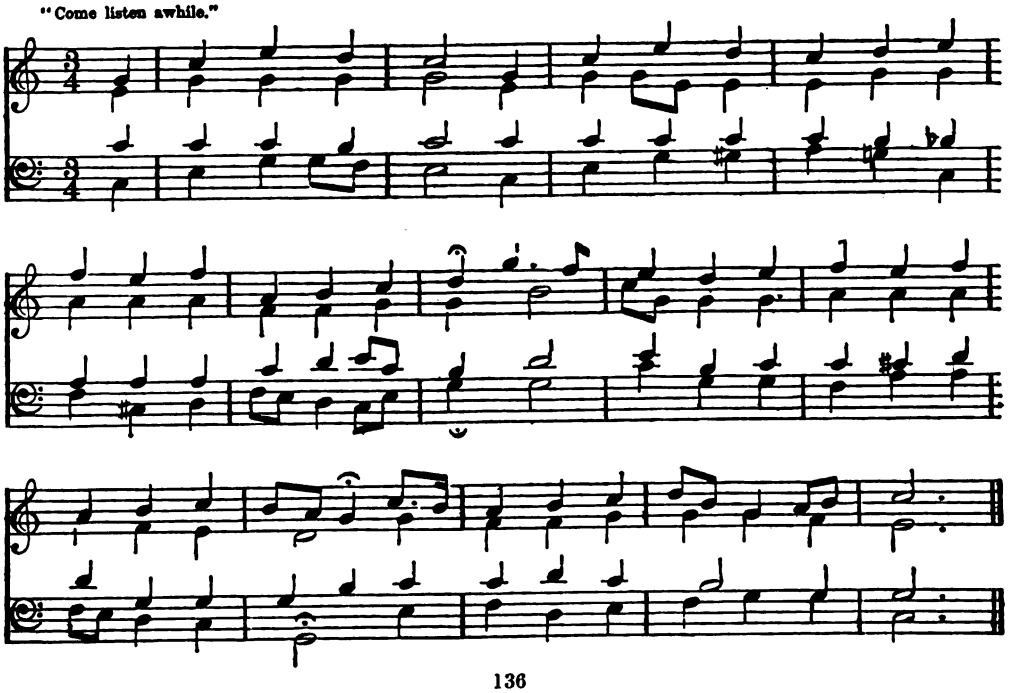
OLD MAY SONG. I.

"All in this pleasant Evening."

NEW MAY SONG. II.

"Come listen awhile."

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MAY SONGS

WHILE reading one evening towards the close of April, 1861, I was on a sudden aware of a party of waits or carolers who had taken their stand on the lawn in my garden, and were serenading the family with a song. There were four singers, accompanied by a flute and a clarinet; and together they discoursed most simple and rustic music. I found that the same songs are used every year. They are verbally recited, all of the words being deftly brought into the strain. The first song bears marks of some antiquity. There is its double refrain—the second and fourth lines in every stanza—which, both musically and poetically, are far superior to the others. Its quaint picture of manners, the worshipful master of the house in his chain of gold, the mistress with gold along her breast, the "house and harbor," "riches and store," all seem to point to earlier times.

—From An Old Letter.

OLD MAY SONG

All in this pleasant evening, together come are we,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;
We'll tell you of a blossom and buds on every tree,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your chain of gold,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
We hope you're not offended, with your house we make so bold,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold along your breast,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
And if your body be asleep, we hope your soul's at rest,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your rich attire,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
For every hair upon your head shines like the silver wire,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

God bless this house and harbour, your riches and your store,
For the Summer springs so fresh, green and gay;
We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and evermore,
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

NEW MAY SONG

Come listen awhile unto what we shall say,
Concerning the season, the month we call May;
For the flowers they are springing, and the birds they do sing,
And the baziers are sweet in the morning of May.

When the trees are in bloom, and the meadows are green,
The sweet-smelling cowslips are plain to be seen;
The sweet ties of nature, which we plainly do see,
For the baziers are sweet in the morning of May.

So now to conclude, with much freedom and love,
The sweetest of blessings proceed from above;
Let us join in our song that right happy may we be,
For we'll bless with contentment in the morning of May.

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THE SEVEN MEN OF HALIFAX

THE Great disaster in the harbor of Halifax was one of the most terrible calamities that have ever afflicted Nova Scotia.

It happened during the war, while a ship laden with munitions was waiting in Halifax Harbor, and the loss of property and life in the town was almost beyond calculation.

The munition ship was the French vessel Mont Blanc, which was run into by another ship. The collision set her on fire, and her crew, unable to extinguish the flames or stop the ship, escaped in boats.

Like a floating volcano the deserted ship headed straight for the British warship Niobe, the naval harbor, and the magazine. On board the Niobe was Captain Newcombe, having a wound dressed after the amputation of one of his legs. In that frightful moment he forgot his wound and realized the awful peril developing before his eyes. He called for volunteers to take the ship's pinnace, go up to the Mont Blanc, grapple her, and tow her out of the path in which she was carrying disaster and death. Boatswain Matthison of Toronto stepped forward instantly, and with him six other men, ready for the fearful plunge to death.

They lowered their boat, and the little pinnace moved like a fluttered bird towards the floating terror. The flames from the Mont Blanc mounted higher and higher, and it was evident that she must soon explode; but the dauntless seven raced on to haul her from her course.

They had almost reached her white-hot side when the catastrophe happened. The Mont Blanc blew up with a thunderous roar, wrecking everything far and near. When the murk subsided all eyes were turned to seek the pinnace and her crew, but not a trace of the vessel remained. The pinnace had been blown to atoms, and seven more men were face to face with God.

From Heroes of the Flag, by Arthur Mee.

A SONG OF DAVID FOR THE SPRINGTIME

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:
Thou greatly enriches it with the river of God,
Which is full of water:
Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly:
Thou settlest the furrows thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers:
Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness—
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

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THE PANAMA GANG

By ARTHUR MEE

Here we are, gentlemen, here's the whole gang of us,
  Pretty near through with the job we are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—
  South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
  Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any preference,
  Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,
  We who have shattered a continent's spine;
Office work—oh, but we couldn't do that again!
  Haven't you something that's more in our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
  Got any mountains that can't be cut through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
  Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,
  Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us
  Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,
  Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,
  Who has a job for this Panama Gang?

Berton Braley

A RIDERLESS horse walked up Ludgate Hill one day behind its sleeping master, and if a horse can feel and know what happens its heart must have been breaking—unless there came to it new strength in the pride it felt in the sight of its master sleeping under the Stars and Stripes on his way to St. Paul's.

For what was happening that day up Ludgate Hill was a rare and stirring thing. Here was no great Englishman, no great Briton, going to his rest: here was a ragged, barefooted boy of Baltimore being carried to St. Paul's, to rest a little while on his way across the sea, after his life's work was done.

He had done for the world one of the greatest things that an American brain has ever done: he had made the Panama Canal after thousands of people had died in the attempt; he had saved the travelers of the world thousands of miles on their journeys; he had given the commerce of the world new highways of traffic; he had shown that science can make the earth a Paradise when the world wills that it shall be so.

The work he did is almost beyond belief. It is almost beyond belief that a mountain has been cut in two, and that the Pacific Ocean is flowing through it. It is almost beyond belief that a way has been made which brings the Atlantic sea-front of America four thousand miles nearer Australia and saves six thousand miles on a journey from Liverpool to Vancouver. It is almost beyond belief that a ship is sailing at this moment through the Panama Canal, climbing up from the Atlantic to the top of the stairs that lead down into the Pacific; yet it is done every day of every week.

All that is as thrilling and wonderful as words can make it; but the wonder of it is as nothing compared with the wonder of how it was done. Since man first found power he has made no nobler

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use of it than in sweeping away the foulest scene on earth and putting in its place a smiling land.

I like to think of it all as beginning on that morning long ago when Power was born into the world. The King of England had heard of a young man in Glasgow who was talking of making engines, and the king went to see him.

Now, of course—so strange are the things of this world—even a king may be ignorant and a plain man may be wise, and there was never so beautiful a case as this of a plain wise man and a foolish king. For the king was very superior in his royal ignorance; he would put this little man in his place; and so, with a patronizing air, George the Third went up to James Watt, and asked, "Well, my man, and what have you to sell?" Let us put "my man's" words in bold type; they are worthy to be addressed to a king. Said James Watt to George the Third:

What kings covet, may it please your Majesty—Power.

Time was flying past them both, and the plain man and the king were passing from the earth to whatever lies beyond; but long after the world forgets that George the Third threw away America it will remember that James Watt made an engine run by steam.

What kings covet—Power! Well, men have found it now, and though most kings and governments are sleeping with the key of a new earth under their pillows, for once a government has sent out a plain man to use to the utmost the power thhat was ready to his hand.

And the story of the ragged boy of Baltimore is the story of what the plain man did with Power.

The old Panama has gone for ever, and men will hardly believe what they read of it in the years to come. The narrowest point of the mighty American continent, it remained for centuries the great highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. A glorious natural way it must have been in the days when the treasure-hunters of Spain passed through it with their captures; in the days when it came into the greatness of Spain and figured on the maps as Darien; in the days when Sir Francis Drake climbed a tree here and saw the Pacific Ocean, praying that the day might come when he would sail the unknown sea in an English ship. And a glorious way it has now become once more, so that again men will look out upon the world from here, and, remembering the famous lines of Keats, will be moved by what they see, as Balboa was moved

> . . . when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

And there were big things even then in Panama, for a King of Spain is said to have looked out from his palace windows, shielding his eyes and saying that he was looking for the walls of Panama, "for they had cost enough to be seen even from there." It was a kingly jest, but it speaks eloquently to us even now of the riches of Old Panama.

Yet all this time the power of Panama was not with the King of Spain, nor with his treasure-hunters, nor with the buccaneers who fought and scattered desolation everywhere in this way from sea to sea. The kings of Panama were Stegomyia and Anopheles, who had no throne of gold, but held the power of life or death over every man and woman and child in Panama. They took no taxes, made no laws, raised no armies, and commanded no respect. No traveler in Panama bowed down to them; for all the pomp that surrounded them, these kings of Darien might have been the humblest creatures of the dust. Yet in their grip lay the destinies of this beautiful land; without a single word, without a single sword, they drove back mighty hosts of men and broke the power of nations. When, after hundreds of years, Europe sent out its engineers to dig the Panama Canal, these kings were reigning still, and tons and tons of steel, crumpled-up engines, and bars of iron that trees have picked up and twisted round their branches, tell the tale of how Stegomyia and Anopheles dealt with them.

Like the Shadow of Death they reigned over Darien; they held sway unmolested for four hundred years, and there have

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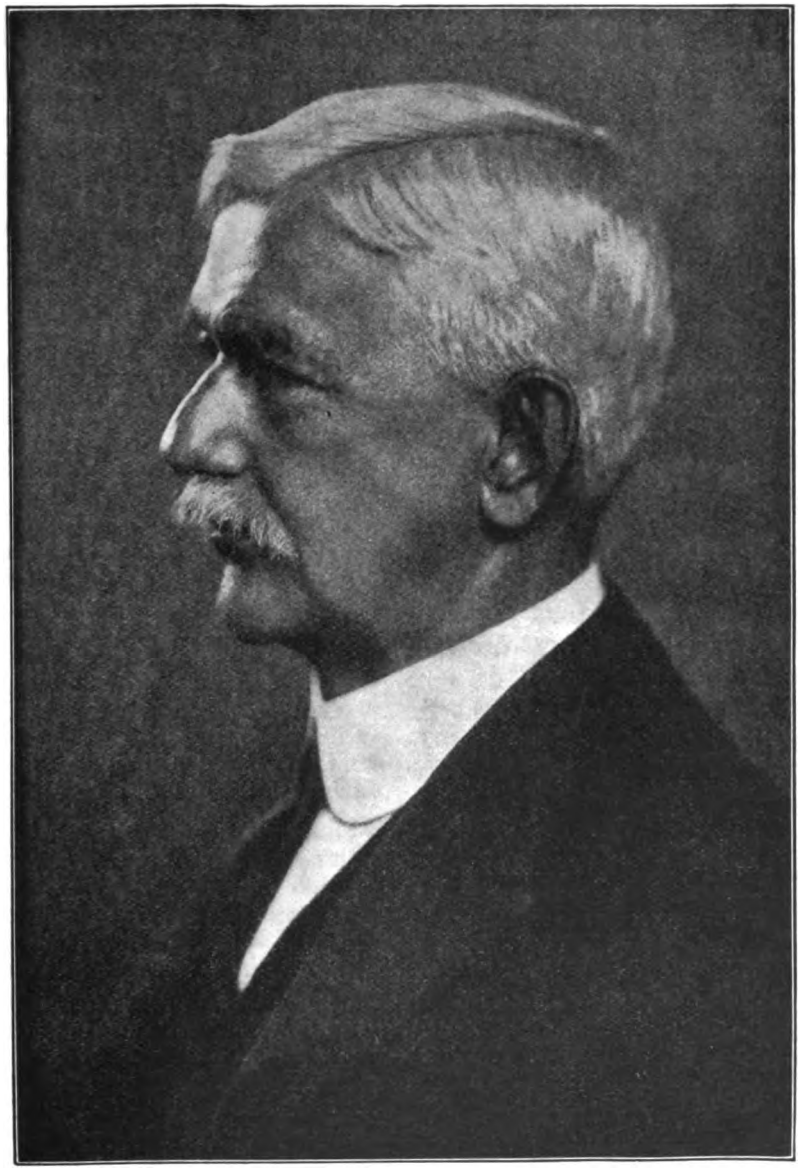

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William Crawford Gorgas, from one of his last pictures, taken in 1920

not been in the history of mankind two more powerful members of a ruling race.

For generation after generation they consumed the lifeblood of the people who lived in this beautiful region of the earth. The heat of Panama is such as only tropical travelers know; the terrific rainfall is almost beyond our imagination; and so, in a country with unmade roads, with only the roughest tracks beaten down by the tramping feet of centuries of passers-by there was nothing but encouragement for stagnant water everywhere. The moisture and the warmth of the rich soil gave rise to forests of vegeta

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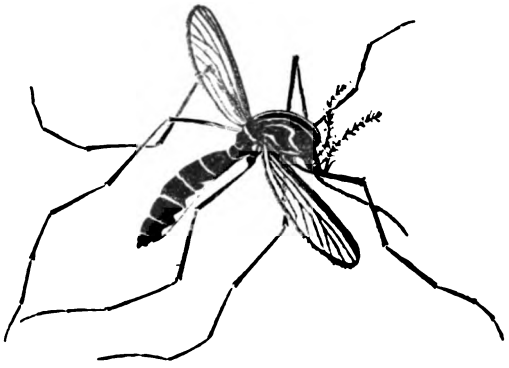
tion, thick growths of huge plants and deep jungles of hundreds of varieties of grasses, in which insects lived in countless myriads; and so there poured out into still lakes and pools and marshes a rushing stream of decay, dead and dying animal and vegetable matter, which never seemed to end, but lay there year by year, until it seemed almost natural that a city of ten thousand people, like Colon, should have within it a hundred and fifty thousand graves.

And so Old Panama came to be unfit to live in, a beautiful place befouled, until an English traveler declared that "in all the world there is perhaps not now concentrated in any spot so much swindling and villainy, so much of foul disease, such a hideous dung-heap of moral and physical abomination."



Stegomyia fasciata, the mosquito that spreads yellow fever.

Sir Isaac Newton was able to do his work because he stood on the shoulders of giants, he said, and the Americans have dug the Panama Canal because they stood on the shoulders of the poor Frenchmen who tried and failed. Let us remember them, giants that they were, brave men who faced disease and death and did not quail.

This is what happened when the great French engineer who had dug the Suez Canal, Monsieur de Lesseps, set out to cut America in two at the narrow isthmus of Panama. There was a French consul who advanced an engineer the money for a suit of clothes one day and invited him to lunch the next; but the engineer did not come. He had died of yellow fever at three o'clock in the morning, and was buried at dawn in the new suit he had just put on. There was another Frenchman, the first Director-General of the canal, who spent thirty thousand pounds on building a house on the top of a hill; but before the house was finished his wife and son and daughter had died of yellow fever, and the Director-General went back to France alone, a broken-hearted man. Another man was sent to take his place; he settled down and began his duties, and died of yellow fever. A thousand men were sent to dig, and every man was dead within a year — from yellow fever. Another thousand took their place, and before the first year ended the second thousand were dead too. Sixty-nine men in every hundred died at times; ten thousand after ten thousand brave workmen were stricken and fell.

So death went about in Panama, and nothing could stop its terrible march. It was like poison walking in the streets. No man was surprised if the friend he had seen in the morning was lying in a grave at night. Yet, in spite of Death, the Frenchmen went on digging, and they did as well as the Americans could have done in those dark days. For they were fighting Stegomyia and Anopheles; they were in the grip of the invisible armies of death, and their very efforts to save their poor stricken men were destroying the lives of their comrades. There are few things in the history of the world more pathetic than this— that, in those days before the truth was known, the French doctors, to keep the insects out of the beds of the sick men, stood the bedsteads in bowls of water, *in which the mosquitoes that spread the disease were bred.* So near to these poor doctors was the mysterious enemy which baffled them.

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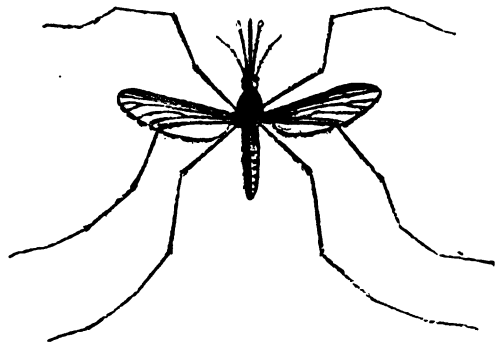
With nearly fifty thousand men, and over fifty million pounds, the great De Lesseps failed. He died with a broken heart in Paris, and his name is written across Panama in heaps of rusty iron and ruined machinery. There it lies in swamps and jungles, proclaiming to all the world the failure of human power against an invisible foe. It is all that is left of ten years of the labor of a great host of men, and the spending of *a sovereign for every five minutes of time since Balboa, in 1513, first looked out from his peak in Darien.*



Anopheles, the mosquito that carries the malaria germ.

And now we must come back to France, for while the Frenchmen who went to Panama gave up the work and gave up their lives, another Frenchman stayed at home and led the way to the Panama Canal.

It was Louis Pasteur, looking through his microscope, who set men searching for the invisible messengers of Death at Panama, and led to the arrest and trial and conviction of Stegomyia and Anopheles on a charge of destroying hundreds of thousands of lives. For what Louis Pasteur found was this.

Man is truly at the top of the world, the "highest yet" that Life has known. But man has against him, in his march of conquest, myriads of smaller creatures which, often before he knows it, sting him and poison him and may destroy him. Sometimes these creatures live on a man's body, so that we call them parasites, because they live on others; sometimes they have smaller parasites which live on them, so that even a harmless insect may carry a poisonous parasite and give it to a man with its sting.

And this great discovery of one [illegible], if it had been made a little while before, would perhaps have saved the lives of all those Frenchmen who died in digging the canal, for it led to the discovery of the hidden enemy of life in Panama, and to the sweeping away for ever—if we want to do it—of two of the greatest enemies that the human race has ever known.

We need not stop to trace here all the steps in this great conquest of the enemies of man—to recall the work of the great Pasteur himself; of his countryman, Dr. Laveran, who studied parasites in Africa; of his other countryman, Dr. Beauperthuy, who lies in a humble grave in the West Indies, but is for ever remembered as having, *long before De Lesseps began,* pointed the way to the great discovery that the real enemy was carried by the mosquito; or of the famous Sir Patrick Manson, whose long and splendid work in London was so valuable, and entitles him for ever to the grateful memory of mankind. But we must look for a moment especially at the work of the men who crowned this quest of knowledge with success — Sir Ronald Ross in England and Dr. Walter Reed in America.

It was Dr. Ross who found out Anopheles and Dr. Reed who found out Stegomyia, and what they found was that Stegomyia carried in its body the author of yellow fever, and that Anopheles carried within it the author of malaria, so that a bite from one of these mosquitoes might any time bring death. The parasite of Anopheles is known, that of Stegomyia is still unknown; but we know that both these fearful parasites inhabit the bodies of the mosquitoes, which give them to man when they suck his blood. Half their lives the

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parasites spend in the body of the mosquito and half in the body of man, whom for centuries they destroyed.

So, for ages past in the history of the world, two little mosquitoes have carried within their bodies the fearful creatures which have struck down millions of unhappy members of the human race. They have held whole continents back from civilization, and have made tropical countries impossible for white races.

These little pools by the wayside, the little pockets of water in the waste places — what a mighty meaning they have had in the history of the world!

For in them the mosquitoes breed, so that these still waters — like the pools of water in which the French doctors set the bedsteads in the hospitals! — were the very birthplace of these great afflictions that struck down whole races of men. They attack those rich regions of the earth of greatest value to mankind, and they strike down not only the native people who inhabit them, but the carriers of civilization too — the pioneer, the planter, the trader, the missionary and the soldier.

For ages past the things inside the bodies of these two mosquitoes have been fighting against mankind. They have been, said Dr. Ronald Ross, the principal and gigantic ally of barbarism. "No wild deserts," says he, 'no savage races, no geographical difficulties have proved so inimical to civilization as this disease. We may also say that it has withheld an entire continent from humanity — the immense and fertile tracts of Africa. What we call the Dark Continent should be called the Malarious Continent; and for centuries the successive waves of civilization which have flooded and fertilized Europe and America have broken themselves in vain upon its deadly shores."

The pages of history are black with the story of these terrible diseases. Yellow fever followed Columbus to America in 1493, and was so bad there that the King of Spain had to throw open his jails for volunteers. And still, within the lifetime of living men, yellow fever was raging in the same West Indies, so that in a few months 69 in every 100 white troops in Demerara perished. There is a sad story of a general who lost his reason when, in spite of all he could do for his brave men, they were struck down in hundreds by invisible bullets.

One traveller spoke of it as so terrible that it seemed as if the European carried something in his pocket which, coming in contact with the tropical atmosphere, lit up a conflagration. In Brazil there were 35,000 deaths in one year, and ships rotted in the harbor because their crews died and none could be found to replace them.

Naples was once in the grip of a plague which took 380,000 lives in six months; 144,000 people died in Constantinople in the year Napoleon marched from Moscow; there was a period of three years when 25 million people died from plague in Europe and 30 millions in China alone; and even in 1904 malaria killed a million people in our Indian Empire, destroying in a single week over 76,000 lives, a number equal to the entire British Army in India.

So, all over the tropical world, the mosquitoes came up out of the pools and spread death and misery and disaster among mankind. And *nobody knew*. It is said that there is an old book in the world, written 1400 years ago, which declares that malaria is caused by a mosquito, and we know that Dr. Beauperthuy declared that this was so in 1856; but either nobody noticed these things or nobody believed them, and the affliction of the human race went on. In their silent warfare against mankind the mosquitoes were winning all the time.

It is pathetic to look back and think of all the wasted efforts to drive back the plague, of all the human life and energy and thought and money that poured away in vain attempts to drive the enemy back. Clothing and baggage were disinfected or destroyed; ships were turned away from docks with the dying on board; thousands of tons of stone and cargo were thrown overboard

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Gorgas as a young man at Fort Brown, Texas, where he contracted yellow fever and so became immune.

in the belief that they contained the germs of yellow fever or malaria. A pitiful thing it is to think of these desperate efforts to break the power of an unseen foe; there is nothing in all the legends of gods and witches more terrible than this.

It is good now to come, in the story of this great conquest, to the day when Major Ronald Ross sat looking through his microscope in India at the last two mosquitoes that he had to examine. Working eight hours a day at his microscope, tried by the heat and tortured by flies, his sight grew dim, and his body sank with fatigue. But he still went on,

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gazing intently into the dapple-winged mosquito upon which his microscope was turned. And Dr. Ross did more than gaze upon this little creature in those anxious hours and days when, as we now know, he was on the verge of one of the greatest discoveries that men have ever made: he wrote these noble lines of prayer, which were so soon and so gloriously to be answered:

In this, O Nature, yield, I pray, to me.
I pace and pace, and think and think, and take
The fevered hands, and note down all I see,
That some dim distant light may haply break.

The painful faces ask, Can we not cure?
We answer, No, not yet; we seek the laws.
O God, reveal, through all this thing obscure,
The unseen, small, but million-murdering cause.

Dr. Ross was bending tenderly over his microscope as these thoughts filled his mind one night in 1893. He was profoundly disappointed, and was about to abandon the examination, when, he tells us:

"I saw a very delicate circular cell, apparently lying among the ordinary cells of the organ, and scarcely distinguishable from them. Almost instinctively I felt that here was something new. On looking further, another and another similar object presented itself. I now focused the lens carefully on one of these, and found that it contained a few minute granules of some black substance, exactly like the pigment of the parasite of malaria. I counted altogether twelve of these cells in the insect, but was so tired with work, and had been so often disappointed before, that I did not at the moment recognize the value of the observation. After mounting the preparation, I went home and slept for nearly an hour. On waking, my first thought was that the problem was solved; and so it was."

If that waking moment was memorable in the life of Dr. Ross, it is memorable, too, in the life of the world, for it was the beginning of the end of Anopheles, the scourger of humanity, the ravager of continents, the repeller of civilization. A new door had opened into the temple of knowledge; a new hope had come to the human race.

Here is the thought with which Dr. Ross himself looked out on the world that day. These are his words:

"The exact route of infection of this great disease, which annually slays its millions of human beings and keeps whole continents in darkness, was revealed. These minute spores enter the salivary gland of the mosquito, and pass with its poisonous saliva directly into the blood of man. Never in our dreams had we imagined so wonderful a tale as this."

What it all meant to the world we may see from just one instance. Malaria had broken out at Ismailia, in Egypt, and flourished until it was computed that every inhabitant suffered from it, when Major Ross was sent for. In two or three years he stopped the breeding of mosquitoes, and changed plague-stricken Ismailia into a health-resort.

While Dr. Ross was searching in India and discovering the author of malaria in Anopheles, Dr. Reed and three or four comrades in the American Army were searching in Cuba for the author of yellow fever. It was almost certain, after the discovery of Dr. Ross, that the parasite of yellow fever had its home in a mosquito. How this was proved by Major Walter Reed is one of the thrilling stories of the world.

There is no adventure anywhere more instinct with heroism than the search for the author of yellow fever and its discovery in Stegomyia. Even if there had been no gain for freedom in the Spanish-American War, the conquest of yellow fever would have been worth the war a hundred times. A hundred thousand men died of yellow fever in three years under Spanish rule; in forty-seven years 35,000 people died in the city of Havana alone. It was into these things that Dr. Reed and his comrades were sent to investigate. One of them died, and the camp was named after him—"Camp Lazear." A great name this will be in the real history of the world if ever its real history is written, and one picture that Dr. Reed has left for us shows us how the spirit of heroes and the love of humanity hovered about this camp.

Two men were wanted for experi-

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But we cannot eat, "just anything or everything," for replenishment.

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ments, and two young privates in the army came forward and offered themselves. They were to be bitten by suspected mosquitoes. Major Reed talked the matter over with them, explained the danger and suffering, and then, seeing that they were still determined, promised that they should be generously compensated for their sacrifice. It must have thrilled Dr. Reed to find that the moment he mentioned money these plain American men held back. Both declined to undergo the experiment except on the sole condition that they should have no money reward. Major Reed touched his cap to the privates and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you," and he said afterwards that, in his opinion, this exhibition of moral courage had never been surpassed in the United States Army.

That is how it was discovered that Stegomyia carries yellow fever and gives it to man with its bite, and it is sad to have to say that Dr. Walter Reed gave this discovery to the world as almost his last service to it; for he died soon after, having earned for himself the gratitude of all men living and all men to be born.

So the knowledge that is power came into the world. Now the world came to close grips with its mortal enemies.

Now the Panama Canal could be made. Now we come to our ragged boy of Baltimore and the rider up Ludgate Hill.

Nothing on earth can stop the human race when it has knowledge and right on its side; nothing but ignorance and folly can defeat mankind.

The American Government made up its mind to finish the work the Frenchmen had begun. They were to cut a continent in two at the narrow point from Panama to Colon, and let the world's ships sail through. They sent thirty, then forty, then nearly fifty thousand men to do the work, and made a plain man master over them. His name was Gorgas, and this is the manner of man he was, according to himself. Speaking at Baltimore university he recalled his boyhood in the time of the Civil War:

"I first came to Baltimore about forty-five years ago—a ragged, barefoot little rebel, with empty pockets and still more empty stomach. My father had gone south with Lee's Army. At the fall and destruction of Richmond, my mother's house, with all that she had, was burned, leaving her stranded with six small children. She came to Baltimore, and was there cared for by friends. These memories are vivid with me, and can never be effaced."

It was Colonel Gorgas—he had been made a colonel by special Act of Parliament, although he was a doctor—who showed the governments of the world what they can do with power when they have done with quarreling. Armed with the knowledge Major Ross and Major Reed had given him, he went out to Panama and met Stegomyia and Anopheles face to face.

He found there a workshop forty-five miles long, and his power extended all the way for five miles on each side. Over four hundred and fifty square miles this plain man from Baltimore had the power of a king, he made the law and carried it out. He had neither guns nor powder, none of the instruments of war; he had simply a fact, and the power to drive it home to everybody who lived in his four hundred and fifty square miles. He knew that two mosquitoes lived in stagnant pools, and he locked them up while the workmen went on digging. He locked up every pool with oil; he drained or sealed up every ditch; he closed every way that could be found through which the mosquitoes could come. Never was there known before so great a pouring of oil upon the troubled water; never was there known so silent a battle between an army of hundreds on one side and hundreds of millions on the other.

On the one side were a few hundred men—doctors and ditchers, drainers and dispensers, oilers and clerks and sanitary inspectors, guarding forty or fifty thousand laborers and their families, scattered over four hundred and fifty square miles in about forty camps and villages. They were doing the biggest piece of engineering that has ever been done on the earth, digging a way from

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sea to sea, cutting up a mountain for the sea to pass through, and building huge walls to hold in the sea as it passed.

On the other side were millions of mosquitoes of the race of Stegomyia and Anopheles, born in still waters but emerging, with their powers of death, to fly through every door and window, to suck the blood of any human being and poison the life-blood of all Panama, as their ancestors had poisoned it for ages, with yellow fever and malaria.

Our hero was equal to his opportunity. He was worthy of that long line of heroes who had lived and died to give him the knowledge that he knew was power. He had against him all the ignorant little people who are always against the man who knows, but he stood firm, like a strong man with the eyes of the world upon him. He screened up all the houses, and ordered every household to cover up all vessels that held water. He drained lakes and swamps that had never been drained before, and poured out the filth of ages to the sea. He drained every ditch and pond that could be drained; those that could not be drained he oiled, so that the mosquities in them could not breathe. He cut grass jungles to the ground, destroyed all vermin, and burned all rubbish. He raised all buildings up above the ground, and covered them with fine wire screens. He screened every train, and on every train he put a hospital car. He made every man in Panama a total abstainer, for he ordered alcohol off the ground. Fifty thousand strong teetotalers have done the greatest piece of work the modern world has ever seen.

A marvellous thing it is these men have done, these troops of workmen with their giant machines, with a hundred excavators, twenty diggers, five hundred locomotives, and five thousand trucks, pumps, elevators, cranes, and tugs.

Tremendous machines there were which broke up mountain peaks and carried off enormous rocks, which plunged huge shovels into water and brought up hundred-weights of mud, which unlocked a train of fifty wagons at one stroke; and it is no surprise to know that 200 million tons of earth have been moved away, equal to a tunnel through the earth from side to side. It is no surprise to know that in such a workshop

(*Continued on page* 154)

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Were it possible to describe this Equipment properly in an advertisement, we would do so. But its possibilities are so great, its uses so many, that we send directly to your home or office an expert who explains everything.

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there was a fine spirit of rivalry among the men of the three great divisions—the Central, Atlantic, and Pacific divisions, and that strong men worked like schoolboys to beat the record.

If a machine broke, it was thrown down to strengthen an embankment; if an engine overturned, there was no time to rescue it. There was no time, evidently, for quarreling or abuse, for Official Circular Number 400 gave notice that "the use of profane or abusive language by foremen or others in authority, when addressing subordinates, will not be tolerated." A fine thing it must have been to see this workshop forty-five miles long, with men working in comradeship in a great world cause, and we can understand the spirit of the traveler who was carried away at the sight of it, and wrote:

"A region is being shaped anew. Cut, carved, transformed, it has now another form and another outline. Peaks have disappeared, other heights have risen; certain valleys have vanished, others have been born; great rivers have obediently followed the will of man, as in the Arab legend the sea, roaring and foaming, followed the steps of Lalla Muna, the Moroccan saint. And across the yellow virgin earth has at last been opened a deep, monstrous furrow, which the waters now invade. The gigantic shipway passes from sea to sea, and possibly is visible to other planets—a slender, luminous, strange new sign on the immutable face of the world."

Yet all this mighty work would have been still undone if the doctor had not been king and used his powers well. There were seventeen districts, each with a chief sanitary inspector, a clerk, and a staff of three experts—one of them wise in mosquito lore; another skilled in ditching, draining, and oiling; and the third a good organizer. Each of these districts had forty or fifty laborers to do the draining, carpenters to keep the screens in repair, and dispensers who went about administering doses of quinine among the workmen. Each inspector was responsible for excess of malaria in his district.

And this is the work they did in these seventeen districts in one year. *Cut down twelve million square yards of brushwood, drained one million square yards of swamp, cut thirty million*

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square yards of grass, maintained three million feet of ditches, emptied three hundred thousand oil-cans, used nearly three million pounds of quinine, fumigated eleven million cubic feet of house space.

The end of it is that men do not die now in Panama from yellow fever or malaria, that fewer people die in Panama than in New York, and that the death-rate of Panama is now the lowest of any large body of people in the world—less than eight per thousand, and less than three among white Americans. The end of it is also that ships can now sail through America instead of round it, and that all the world knows that any part of the world can be opened to civilization and the white man.

It is, perhaps, the greatest school-lesson that has ever been taught to the world, and the cost of it—you will not believe it, but it is perfectly true—has been equal to a halfpenny per man per day. That was the whole cost of Dr. Gorgas and his staff. The world's death-rate is about thirty in every thousand lives; whoever brings that figure down by one saves a million and a half lives every year. It is worth a halfpenny per life per day; is it not worth all the money in all the banks that have ever been?

That is the story of which the sight of a riderless horse on Ludgate Hill set me thinking one day, for it was the man who did this mighty work, Colonel Gorgas, who was riding that day to St. Paul's, sleeping his last sleep on earth, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. There were thousands of people standing still, there were hundreds of men in khaki passing by, there were ambassadors and other great people; there was the lonely woman who was on the way with her hero to conquer disease in Peru when death took him from her. And there was the riderless horse.

All these came up Ludgate Hill, and as the sun poured down on this ancient way, our hearts and ears throbbing with the solemn music of the Dead March, we knew that we were looking on the passing of a man whose name would shine for ages in the history of our race.

From Heroes of the World

The full biography of Gorgas, by Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick is published by Doubleday, Page and Co.

DRAWING is a way to FORTUNE

Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth,—which illustrates a great truth.

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If you do it is an almost certain indication that you have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent,—your fortune lies in your hands!

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The Man with a Million Dollar Memory

A MAN must have a pretty good memory to have it assessed at a million dollars. Yet this is what business men say is a small valuation of the memory of one of our big industrial leaders. This man is one of the giants of American Business. He is the president of the largest corporation of its kind in the world, one whose employees run into the hundred thousands.

Ask him anything about the history of his business—about the details of production in any one of his plants—about the characteristics of his thousands of important employees—or in fact anything you can think of in relation to his business and its complex ramifications, and he comes back with the figures and facts without an instant's hesitation.

All who know this great man—and there is not a man in America who doesn't know him—say that perhaps the greatest factor in his marvelous success is his MEMORY.

"You Too Can Do This"

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake.

"After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Mr. Roth's Amazing Method

David M. Roth, whose feats of memory have astonished large audiences from coast to coast, has often said to eager inquirers: "There is nothing miraculous about these demonstrations or about my ability to remember instantly anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, words, definitions, or something I have read in a book. You can do this just as easily as I do."

More than half a million people are already familiar with the Roth Memory Course, and thousands have testified in unsolicited letters to the great benefits they have received from using this fascinating Course of seven lessons, in which Mr. Roth explains the secret of a better memory so simply and clearly that any man or woman can learn to do the things which seem so wonderful when Mr. Roth does them. The "Memory Master," as Mr. Roth has come to be known, states that he began with a really poor memory, yet to-day there are over 10,000 persons in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times whose names he can recall instantly on meeting them.

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Read this letter from a man who bought the course when it first appeared:

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Name.....

Address.....

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MCL. 5-25

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NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 2

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER 372

Founded 1893

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THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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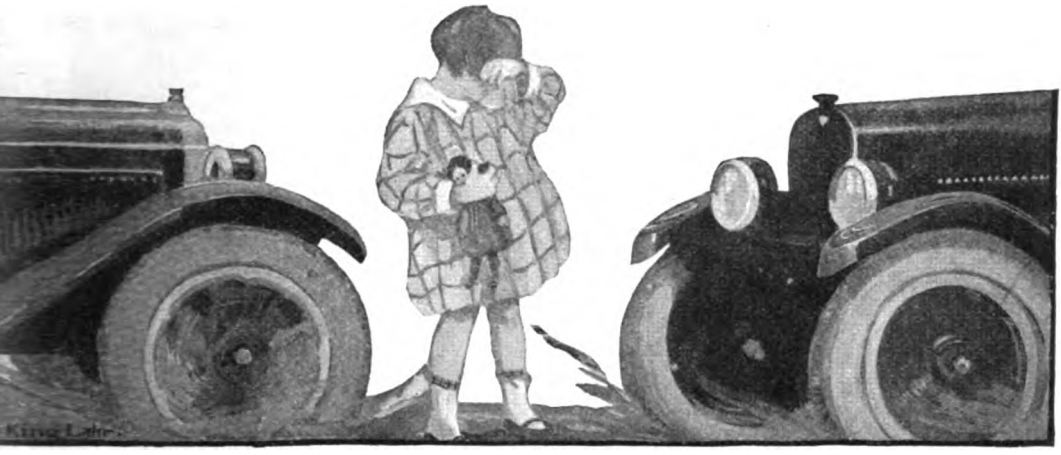
The DANGER *is just as real when you feed her* Denatured Food



The menace of denatured food s in the fact that its victims d users are wholly unconscious the perilous effects that inevitly, sooner or later appear.

The child pictured above in the ril of the oncoming cars would ver be led into such a position any mother. But mothers are ading their children into as grave danger through feeding them natured foods as though they l them into the path of the eeding machines. Because the other is ignorant of the danger unaware of it, does not lessen e responsibility, nor reduce the azard one iota.

Natural growth and physical and ental development is retarded. he handicap during childhood exnds over into adult life and ffects the entire existence of the eing. Its effect appears in the rm of decayed teeth, defective yesight, enlarged adenoids, disased tonsils, rickets, and all the ther ailments of civilized peoples.

The sole purpose in eating is to eplenish the blood stream with ll the 16 elements in balanced reation of which the life-forces are onstituted. With every heart-beat ome of these elements are being sed and they must be replaced r function will cease. If only artially replaced, function alters nd disease is manifested.

Denatured food creates disease ecause it violates the law of life n that it fails to replenish the lood stream with the exact thing in kind that is used up by the life processes with every heartbeat.

Food is denatured when some element or part of an element is removed or lost. It may be through milling, refining, or through cooking in the presence of the oxygen of the air, resulting in changing the minerals from their organic form into oxides. This is one of the greatest discoveries of modern times.

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A Business Opportunity

exists for the man who wishes to be his own boss and the owner of a permanent, ever-expanding, profitable merchandising service. It may start with $100 capital or $10,000, but it cannot start without capital. The degree of success has no reasonable limit. It has attracted to it, and has today engaged in it, men who are conspicuous successes and of long and wide experience in merchandising with capital abundant for all their requirements; and the other extreme of men and women with limited business experience and qualifications, and very small capital.

No man is too big for the business.

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March 4, 1925.

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"He has never had a dose of medicine in his life, and doesn't know what constipation means. I feed him **Whole Grain Wheat** twice daily with either dates, figs, or prunes. He loves it.

He has never been sick a minute, and altho he is cutting an eye tooth now, I don't believe he knows it.

"I don't believe I can be thankful enough for **Whole Grain Wheat.**"

(Signed) Mrs. Wm. Geis.

Whole Grain Wheat is never sold through grocery stores, but only through authorized distributors or direct from the company, because it is guaranteed to reduce your meat and grocery bill 25 per cent to 50 per cent when used twice daily. It comes in hermetically sealed sanitary 11-ounce tins (ample for four servings) and is sold in packages of not less than one dozen (a 24-day supply because regular use is essential to results), delivered for $2.00, east of Denver; west of Denver $2.25; foreign $3.50.

Look in your telphone and city directory for **Whole Grain Wheat** distributor or address **Whole Grain Wheat Co.**, 1849 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Chicago readers telephone orders Ravenswood 4101; Canadian address, 26 Wellington Street, E., Toronto, Ont. Toronto readers telephone orders Main 4489.

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The rim of the moon spread slowly into the sun's disc.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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VOL. I, No. 2

JUNE, 1925
Founded 1893

Whole Number
372

STUDYING THE ECLIPSE FROM THE LOS ANGELES

By

CAPTAIN EDWIN T. POLLOCK, *U. S. Navy*
Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory

"IN THE beginning God created the heaven and the earth." So, from "the beginning," not of time, but simply from "the beginning," astronomy, geology and physical geography have been in existence. Not only that, but nearly all other arts and sciences have been intimately connected with the first science—the study of the heavens. History, mathematics, transportation, navigation, surveying, photography, aviation, and even radio are also associated with astronomy.

No one book could tell all that connects astronomy with any one of the other sciences, for the more the connection is studied, the farther afield does one go, with the end still beyond vision—beyond imagination.

Some scientists claim to have found the remains of men dating before the accepted Biblical age of Adam, yet the "days" of the creation by Him to whom "a thousand years are but as yesterday" were not our present "days."

Where the history of the world really began, written records fail to show, yet authentic history owes its authenticity to that oldest science now being considered. For four thousand years, astronomy was made to serve as the handmaid of astrology, but during all that time astronomical observations[1]

[1] The Chinese in 2608 B. C. built an observatory and had one set of astronomers to observe the sun, another the moon, and a third the stars.

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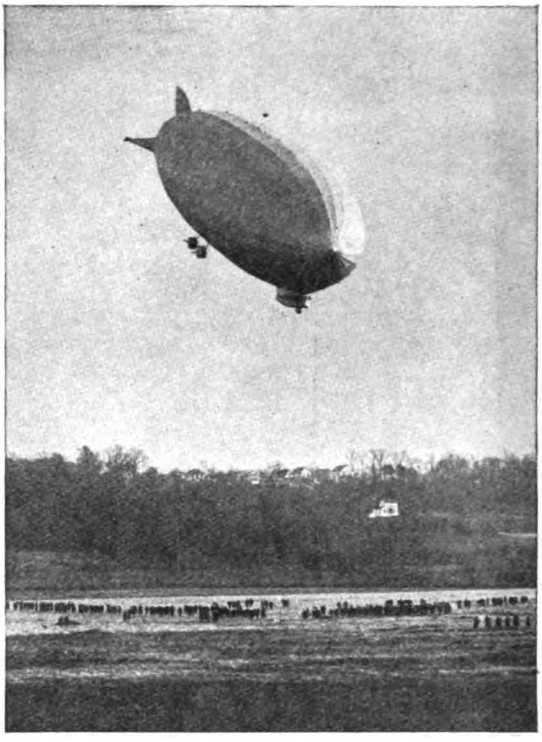
served not only to mark accurately certain dates in history,[1] but to guide the traveler on his way both on land and sea, and to tell him the time.

The Chinese Emperor, Fou-Hi, whose reign began about 2857 years before our era, caused his subjects to study astronomy, and the history of China records an eclipse of the sun which occurred on October 22, 2136 B. C. That eclipse caused the two court astronomers to lose their heads, however, because they had failed to predict it. In these modern days, the world would surely come to an end for all astronomers, if an eclipse occurred which had not been predicted and the time calculated to well within a minute.



The Los Angeles coming down to earth at Anacostia, D. C., to be christened by Mrs. Coolidge.

Astronomy is an exacting as well as an exact science. One of the most notable feats of astronomical calculation occurred in 1846, when the outer planet Neptune was discovered. An English and a French astronomer, both young, concluded that the apparently erratic movements of the then outer planet Uranus —1,750,000,000 miles from the sun— must be due to the influence of another satellite of the sun still farther away. After much calculating, each stated his belief to other and older astronomers. The conservative English were slow in accepting their countryman's work. The Frenchman had a German astronomer friend with a large telescope and up-to-date table of star places. Pointing his telescope at that portion of the heavens where the young astronomer had figured that a new planet would be found, the German astronomer, *in less than thirty minutes,* picked up that planet about one billion miles beyond the orbit of Uranus— which had caused Uranus to be affected. So it was possible to calculate the cause of its variations —to the everlasting renown of the two young astronomers, Adams and Leverrier.

It is by means of other intricate calculations that astronomers predict the exact time that an eclipse will occur. With the earth revolving on its axis, the moon revolving or wobbling along at various distances around the earth, while the earth also rotates at a variable distance around the sun, which in its own place in the celestial sphere is flying on at about fifteen miles a second, carrying its solar system with it, it is hardly to be wondered at that computations are intricate.

When one realizes these things, it is not surprising to have wonder expressed that the time of an eclipse should be predicted to the second, and it is still easier to be aghast at the idea that astronomers should be perturbed when the predicted time was five seconds out. Absolute accuracy is striven for, but the variables involved are many.

Some years there may be as many as five eclipses of the sun and two of the moon. There are never less than two of

[1] In the South Seas, where there were no written records, the dates of certain migrations and of the eras of certain kings were fixed by eclipse-legends. In the Bible certain dates were accurately determined by eclipses which were mentioned.

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the sun, although sometimes none at all of the moon. There may, however, be as many as three of the moon, when the first occurs around January 1.

Again, at no one place will two eclipses similar in phase be seen oftener than once every 360 years, on an average, although they may happen twice in a century. It must be remembered that an eclipse may be total, as was the recent solar eclipse of January 24, 1925; it may be annular, when the moon does not entirely cover the disc of the sun even in midcenter; or it may be partial, so far as visibility from the earth is concerned. A map of the world, showing the paths of totality of total solar eclipses for a century, looks like a child's attempts to draw short curved lines in as irregular a manner as possible, although in an east-and-west direction generally, except at the polar regions, where they go "any old way."

With telescopes unknown before the time of Galileo (1564–1642) and without time-pieces, one cannot but marvel at the study which the ancients must have given to astronomy in order to predict eclipses. In those days, even more than in the present, scientists and astronomers were regarded as visionary. But while to the ordinary man they may seem "queer," yet the results of their research and their observations are used by practically everybody the world over.

Eclipses affect people in different ways and their psychological effect is also queer. The Lydians and the Medes who were fighting for supremacy in 585 B. C. made a lasting peace when a total solar eclipse occurred in the midst of a battle, although the eclipse had been predicted by Thales.

After the recent eclipse it was reported that in Philadelphia various people sold their belongings, since "the

The observing party ready to embark on the Los Angeles. Captain Pollock is in the center of the group.

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vorld was coming to an end." Why ell if there was no further need for ne's goods? In New York it is stated hat a man stood on a street corner and ffered to make large bets—without any akers!—that the eclipse of the sun vould not come off anywhere near on ime.

In marked contrast to an eclipse resulting in lasting peace, as mentioned, t is noteworthy that, by the time the irst eclipse expedition was sent from the Jnited States, opinions had so changed hat hostilities were suspended so that n eclipse might be observed.

On October 27, 1780, Penobscot, Maine, was held by the British, but they kindly allowed an expedition from Massachusetts[1] to occupy their post to observe the eclipse. The military authorities were more obliging than the sun and moon that day, for it so happened that the calculations for the path of totality did not have the present-day accuracy and the astronomers found themselves outside of the belt.

The United States Navy has always been interested in astronomical observations and necessarily so, for the calculations of a ship's position at sea depends on knowing the exact positions of heavenly bodies and also on the time. It is a matter of history that the first Naval Observatory in the United States

[1] In Massachusetts on June 24, 1778, an eclipse of the sun was the first eclipse to be scientifically observed in the United States.

Watching the Los Angeles brought down for its christening—Mrs. Coolidge, the President, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, and Rear Admiral Moffett.

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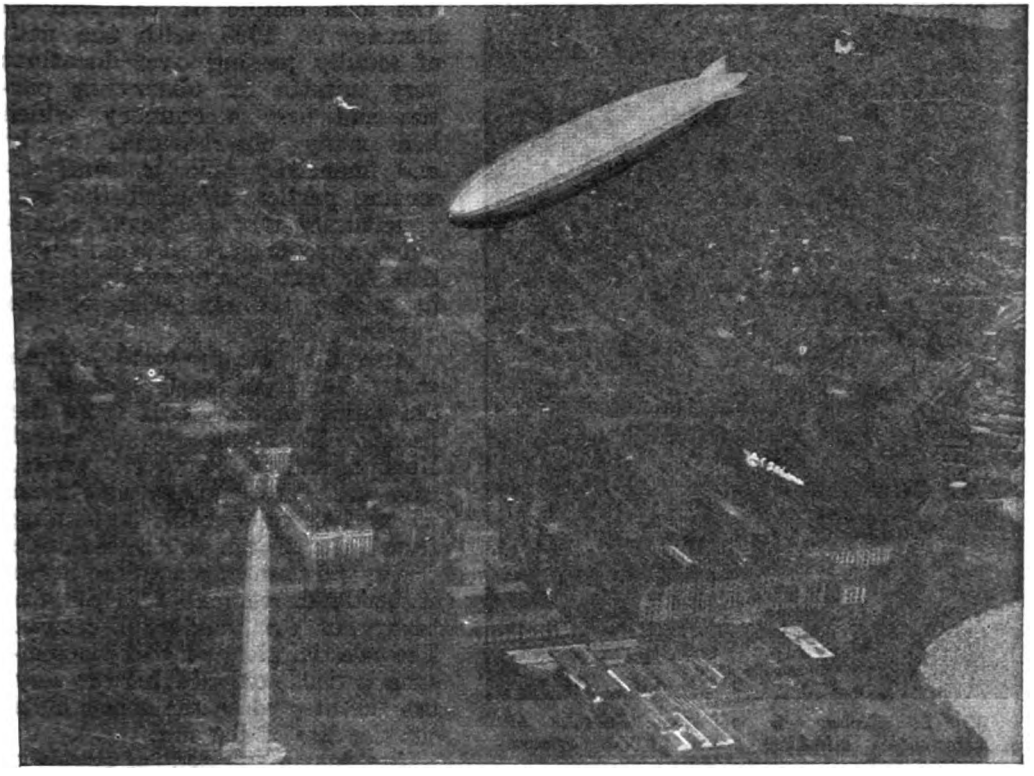

The Los Angeles over Washington.

was built at Washington in 1833 by a Naval Officer at his own expense, with the desire to insure more accuracy in navigational appliances.

The present Naval Observatory, a national institution, is the result of that first little observatory, and not only does it furnish the American Nautical Almanac and Ephemeris, which is used by all American observatories, surveying parties and seamen, but it furnishes also the exact time for almost all of North America. The value of that time to railroads, and, in fact, to every business as well as to astronomers, is such that chaos would result if the time service were discontinued or even interrupted.

The observations made at the Naval Observatory serve to make that time accurate to the hundredth of a second, and also to keep the Nautical Almanac up to date. The positions of the heavenly bodies are continually changing and "position astronomy" is one of the principal functions of that institution. This leaves other observatories free to devote themselves to purely scientific research work.

The determination of the latitude and longitude of various places on the earth is of vital importance to navigators, and the Navy Department and Naval Observatory, as early as 1838, had an expedition under Commodore Wilkes—the Naval Officer who built the first Observatory in Washington—which spent nearly seven years on such work in the South Seas.

Later naval expeditions also made longitude determinations in every ocean except near the coasts of Europe and Africa. A recent one, in 1913–1914, gave the accurate determination of the difference in longitude between Paris and Washington, while more recently the Naval Observatory Time Signals have been used in Canada and even in Australia to determine longitude. Plans are now under way for a round-the-world longitude determination, to begin this year.

Transits-of-Venus expeditions, including astronomers from several observatories, were sent to Siberia in 1874 and to Patagonia in 1882.

Anything that can be done to insure

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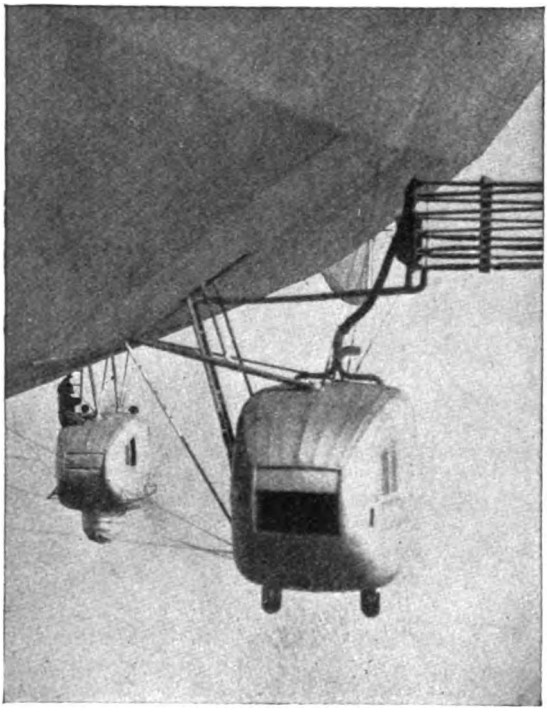

W. L. Richardson of the Bureau of Aeronautics climbing down to his camera in the rear engine car

the accuracy of the position tables of the heavenly bodies is important to navigators, and solar eclipses afford an exceptional opportunity. It is for that reason that the Naval Observatory has had the help of the Navy Department in sending expeditions to Siberia, Africa, Sumatra and Spain; in one case a squadron of three ships, with the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, Rear Admiral C. M. Chester, U. S. Navy, in command, took the party and their instruments.

As various sciences develop they have been called to aid the oldest of them all. On September 10, 1923, airplanes were used in an endeavor to get above the clouds which were most unusual in Southern California, but an altitude of 7,000 feet did not afford an opportunity to observe and to take for the first time moving pictures of a total solar eclipse. That feat was reserved for a later date.

Besides checking the positions of the sun and moon, observations of a total solar eclipse are of importance to the Navy, because electrical disturbances in the sun affect our communications by telegraph and cable. This was known. The total eclipse of the sun on January 24, 1925, with the path of totality passing over locations very suitable for observing parties and over a country which had many observatories ready and financially able to send observing parties, afforded the best opportunity that had ever occurred to astronomers and other scientists for furthering their research in solving the mysteries of the universe.

Although the partial eclipse was visible from icy Greenland to the torrid equator, and from the Rocky Mountains to Central Europe, and in Northern Africa, only those in a narrow belt from 70 to 100 miles wide, extending from Lake Huron to the Atlantic Ocean and then at sea to the north of Scotland, were able to see the beauty of the wonderful corona. The celestial glory of this phenomenon is visible only during the very few minutes while the moon blots out the disc of the sun.

The longest period of totality can be but seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds, while the average is about three minutes. This time it was for a little over two minutes. Yet for a two-minute glimpse of that corona and the attending phenomena, astronomers have traveled half way round the earth. Sometimes their journeys have been made in vain, as clouds have altogether obscured the sun.

The seeming mysteries of some sciences are very slowly solved. Although astronomy is the oldest science, there is no limit to what may be learned eventually of what is in the heavens. In striving to learn more of the oldest science, the newest ones, such as radio and aviation, were used, not only for the benefit of astronomy, but for that of radio as well. It will be seen that the two are connected. How that is so will be studied, but, as in all sciences, it may be a long time before definite conclusions can be drawn.

During a total solar eclipse, fifty-seven years ago, the scientists saw in the spectrum of the corona a yellow line in a new place—a line that indicated an element found in the sun but not yet seen on the earth. The scien-

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tists gave it the name helium. A new green line was also seen, but although the name coronium was assigned to it, it is still unknown upon earth.

The practical man might ask, "What's the use of all this, anyhow?"

The scientist would answer, "Sometime we will be able to tell you."

About fourteen years later a fleeting glimpse of that new yellow line was found in lava from Mount Vesuvius—the strange element was in evidence.

In another fourteen years another scientist, after many years of work, found the substance itself—a gas. Still later the new gas was found outside of laboratories, in natural gas in our own country. With more work we were able to secure it in quantities sufficient to use.

So, over fifty years after some highbrow saw a pretty yellow thread through his microscope, those who followed that thread saw it lead to a giant airship, filled with a non-inflammable gas which scientists called helium even before they knew whether or not it was a gas lighter than air.

With that giant airship, the U. S. S. Los Angeles, the party from the Naval Observatory ascended towards the heavens in an endeavor to find out more that would benefit science and also aid the practical man. Other astronomers had to be content to make their observations a mile further away from the sun, where the earth haze made the atmosphere less clear. Nearly all obtained good results, as clear skies favored all, from Ithaca, New York, eastward. Much time must again elapse, however, before definite announcements can be made as to what results were obtained. Whither they may lead no man knows.

According to calculations at the U. S. Naval Observatory years ahead, the time of contact of the limbs of the sun and moon was five seconds late. The reason for the delay is what almost all astronomers will endeavor to find out. Two of the five seconds have been accounted for. Such inaccuracy, however, must be fully accounted for in an exacting science. Something new may be discovered—then the tables of position will have to be revised.

During the week of the eclipse, two large sun spots showed up north of the sun's equator. On the day of the eclipse they were near the western edge of the sun, where the moon first made contact. It is more than a coincidence that the streamers from the sun which were visible during totality were near where those sun spots were, and that they extended a million or so miles from the body of the sun.

Science travels far, sometimes fast and sometimes slow, but there is always a goal ahead. Some people now alive may see the results of this eclipse ex-

Commander J. H. Klein and Captain Edwin Pollock, in the control car of the Los Angeles.

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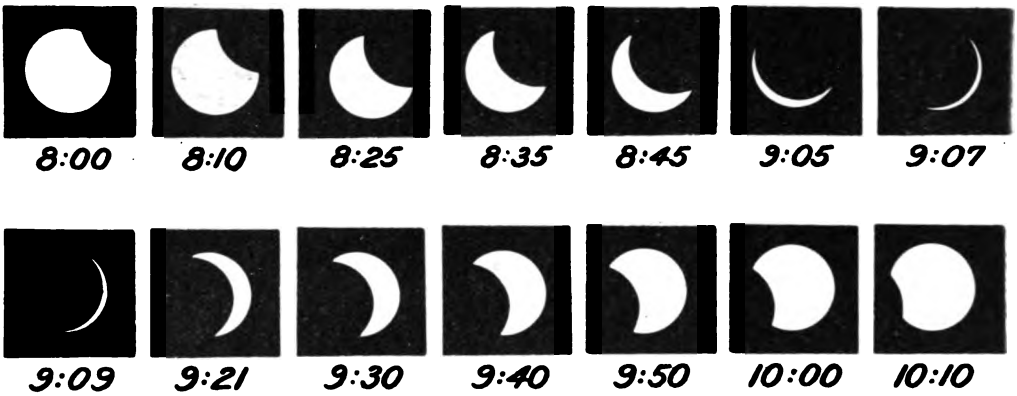

Partial eclipse of the sun, taken at Edgewood, Maryland, January 24, 1925.

pedition, as we have seen the results of following a little colored line, first seen fifty-seven years ago. Could the one who first saw that line have imagined it would lead to a giant airship like the Los Angeles? Or that those streamers he saw would affect his radio apparatus in 1925?

As stated, the Naval Observatory and the Navy Department have a vital interest in studying the heavens, and all that can be done by them has been done to advance science. When the Naval Observatory requested the use of one of the Department's airships, therefore, to observe the eclipse of the sun, the request was readily granted.

Too much credit cannot be given the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy Department for its assistance and co-operation, not only in Washington but also at the air station in Lakehurst, New Jersey. The Acting Commanding Officer, Commander J. H. Klein, U. S. Navy, and all the personnel there were most energetic in furthering every desire. For nearly two weeks before the eclipse members of the Naval Observatory party were on the spot, installing their apparatus—a description of which will be given elsewhere—and holding rehearsals. Two minutes is a short time to have available, and a second's delay in shifting a photographic plate might mean losing the opportunity of a lifetime.

For two days before the eventful day, strong and variable winds prevented getting the Los Angeles out of the hangar for a trial trip or even for mooring to her mast. After being up all the previous night, waiting and praying for the wind to die down, the observing party made a start at about 4 A. M. and the eclipse cruise began.

The hangar at the Naval Air Station buzzed with more than the usual excitement preparatory to an aerial cruise. With the exception of two members of the scientific staff from the Naval Observatory, none of the forty-two men on the Los Angeles had ever seen a total solar eclipse, and all wondered what the unusual spectacle would be like.

The ground crew of some three hundred men—for every available man at the air station must help the giant bird start on its flight or keep it from starting until all is ready—were mustered at their stations in the hangar at the handling lines, about fifteen men to each line, and seventy-five were holding the hand-rails of the center line cars. Bundled up in heavy woolen blanket shirts, wind-proof suits, wool-lined gloves and knee-length arctics, they looked like a fat man's regiment. The thermometer registered 4° Fahrenheit. The flying field was covered with slippery ice across which the cold wind blew.

The five powerful engines had been running intermittently all night to keep them warm and ready, but there was no warmth anywhere else as there were no heaters. The water-ballast valves were tested. All the ship's company of forty-two persons went on board. Calculations of lift, volume of gas, ballast, load, trim, fueling, ceiling—the height to which the ship could go—had already been made. Fuel for thirty hours full speed and eight hundred pounds of food were on board.

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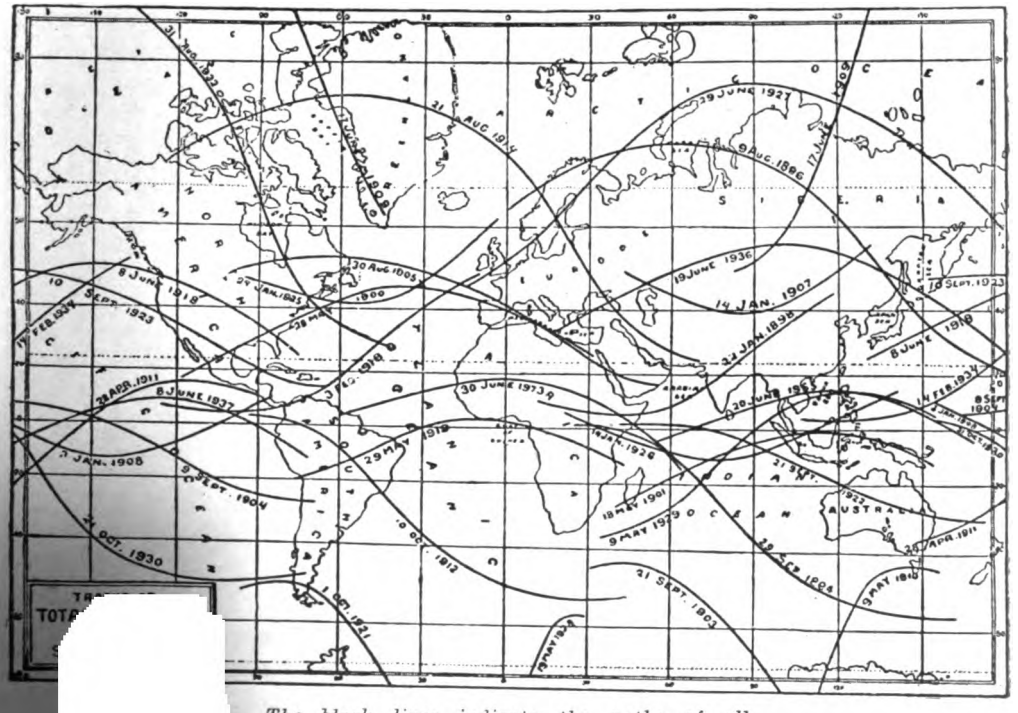
All the sand bags were taken off the ship but she had no lift. Water ballast for "fifty seconds at frame 155" was followed by more valving at other frames, and shifting of men to keep the trim. Six men got off to lighten her, more water was let out, and two men came back on board, before the ship was ready to be walked out of the hangar. With the wind blowing "across hangar," although twice as many men were on the weather side as on the lee side, a gust started the ship broadside on across the field before she was quite clear of the hangar. The engines were used to get her clear of the huge door frames, but the ground-crew still held the lines as they skidded across the ice field. The four men to complete the ship's party slid along, too, ready to be hoisted on board when the effect of the change in temperature and dropping water ballast warranted more weight. At times it seemed to the non-aviators that the ship would get away from the ground-crew and go sailing off without the rest of the party, or be blown against the trees half a mile away. Finally, the huge bird was brought head to wind, and soon it was "All aboard!" Proper trim was made, the engines whirred, and "The Angels" was in the air, heading slightly upward and toward the distant heavens.

Below, the crowd on the flying field faded from view; bright lights showed lines of streets in towns along the Jersey coast; while a dark line with a faint streak of light above it marked the dawn of day along the world's rim.

Very soon a brilliant spot of light appeared above the horizon; then another, also brilliant, with a third, not so bright, between—the three planets, Venus, Jupiter and Mercury, all fairly close together. The early risers on the earth would have to wait a little longer to see that spectacle of three planets in conjunction. As the Los Angeles continued outward to the northeast and upwards, the dawn brightened, but the planets waned, while the sun's rays on the clouds made a beautiful picture in pink, red, orange, and purple, with the reds predominating—a pleasing augury for an eventful day.

The Jersey coast was left below and astern as Long Island loomed ahead. By the time the ship was over the coast again day had come. The inland bays



The black lines indicate the paths of all the total eclipses of the sun from 1894 *to* 1973.

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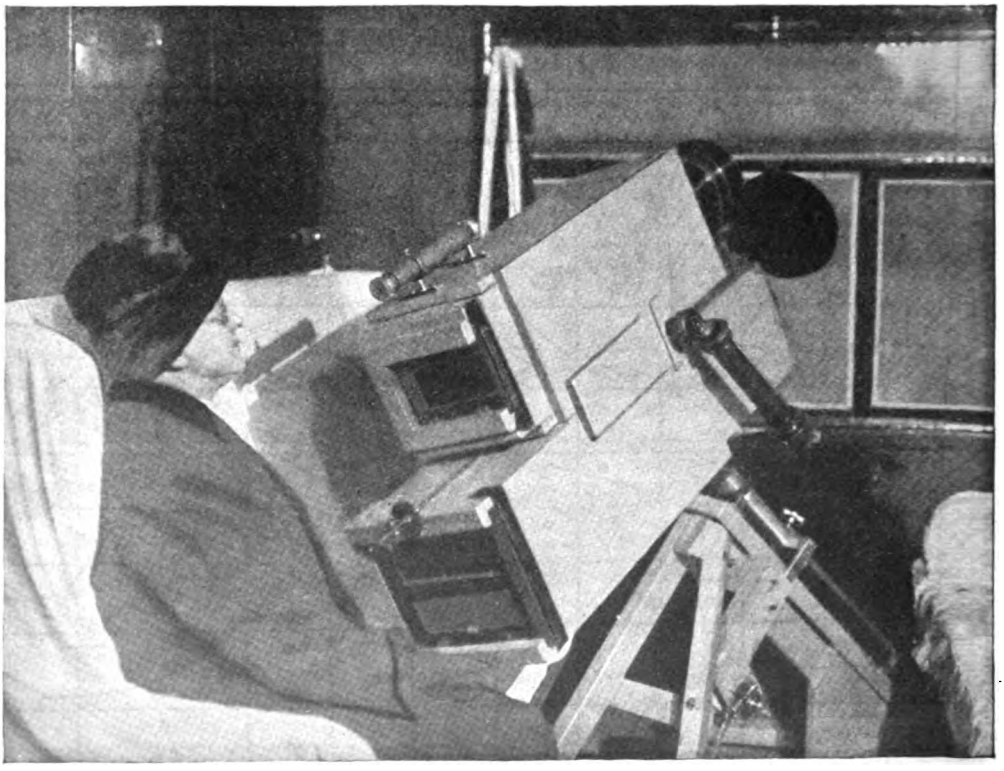
of Long Island showed their outlines, with the little islands as dark patches in the fields of ice. Bleak and desolate it looked, cold and forbidding, for even the few houses were hard to see under the snow. Because of a strong northwest breeze the airship had to head northeast to make the easterly course along the shore.

As the sunlight increased, the north shore of Long Island appeared, with the width of dark water separating it from the white shores of Connecticut. Five thousand feet below a large passenger steamer, heading in to New York, looked like a tug-boat. The ocean waves were very plainly seen. "Steady as a church," the gigantic airship kept on until east of Montauk Point, with Block Island and Rhode Island also visible. We wondered if the observing party at Easthampton, Long Island, saw us go by.

It had been intended to go on to the neighborhood of Nantucket Island, but the late start, as well as the mass of clouds to the eastward, made us decide to observe the eclipse from just south of Block Island. At an altitude of 4500 feet a sea of clouds 2500 feet below looked like snow-covered mountain ranges. At various places above us light clouds were so far above that it would have been impossible to rise over them. Would they kindly keep away from between us and the sun? Up to one-half minute before totality it was doubtful, but in that last thirty seconds our hopes were realized.

The ship had been so steadied on a course as to be at right angles to the direction of the sun, and at a speed so as to be on the center line of totality at *the* time, 9:12 A. M. To minimize vibration, although none was evident, only two engines of the five were used, but they carried us along at thirty-eight miles per hour.

All the observers, with cameras, or sketch pads, or chronometers, were at their stations. A. K. Peterson, Chief Photographer, U. S. Navy, with his movie camera equipped with ray filters, superspeed and special films, was in the



The "polar axis" double camera with its operator, G. H. Peters, Associate Astronomer of the Naval Observatory, on the Los Angeles.

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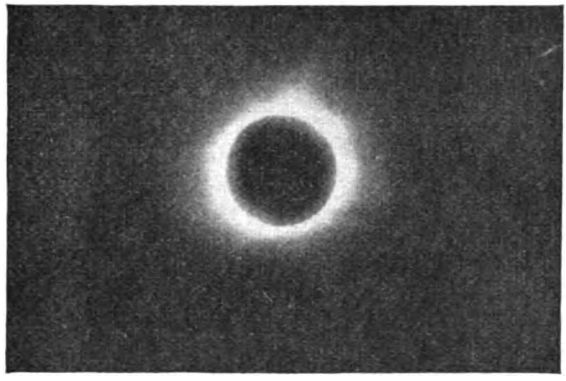
little cockpit on the top of the gigantic gas-bag from eight o'clock, grinding out parts of the eclipse, until just before totality began. Then, with a very special film, he took continuous movies during the entire period of totality. For the first time in history such a feat was possible and was accomplished, notwithstanding a thirty-eight-mile wind and a temperature of 5° Fahrenheit. Three times a relief was sent, but he had determined to see it through. He did so, although at the cost of a frost-bitten cheek and chin.



The Corona.

Mr. W. L. Richardson of the Bureau of Aeronautics had his movie camera in the rear engine-car below the center line, so that he could, if possible, get the approaching shadow on the west, and swing around to get the features of totality. He did both. Mr. G. H. Peters, astronomer, assisted by an Army sergeant and a Navy machinist, worked his double camera, mounted on a polar axis in one of the compartments from which the windows had been removed. Mr. C. B. Watts, astronomer, had his double camera on an "altazimuth" mount in the side-entrance passage. One step beyond the mount and his next would have been over the sill to the sea 4500 feet below!

Peters and Watts both took pictures —still pictures— of the corona; one of short exposure to get the inner corona, and the other of longer exposure to get the fainter outer corona.

Dr. C. S. Keiss of the Bureau of Standards had his spectograph in the aft-compartment. One of his desires was to get the "flash spectrum" which, as the name indicates, is the spectrum which shows during the flash that occurs at the instants of the beginning and the ending of totality.

Although Dr. Keiss missed the flash spectrum, he succeeded, for what is believed to be the first time, in getting the spectrum of the corona in the deep red region which was but meagrely known heretofore. When he has further studied and measured his photographs, he may have more information about the unidentified element coronium which is believed to cause a green line, and several other lines unclaimed by known chemical elements.

F. A. Jandick, aviation machinist's mate, was in the ship's galley, and, assisted by the ship's cook, operated a specially made apparatus to photograph the shadow-bands.

Colonel C. G. Hall, U. S. Army, Captain G. C. Westervelt, (C. C.) U. S. Navy, and some junior officers were ready to sketch the corona and the streamers and prominences on specially prepared sheets, to note comets, and so forth, if seen. One officer counted the time aloud in seconds; another, in the radio room, was busy getting the replies from radio compass stations on shore, so as to locate accurately the ship's position, when not receiving the "time signals" from the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington, via Arlington.

Mr. Watson Davis of *Science Service* was taking still pictures, making the reports by radio to a shore station, etc. Capt. Littell of the Naval Observatory staff supervised the details of the scientists' work and looked out for the time of totality.

Commander J. H. Klein, in charge of the Los Angeles, saw to it that his ship was steadied on course 150° on the center line of totality over the ocean south of Block Island, at 9:12 A. M.

Every officer and man on board was engaged, if not at his regular station, then at some observing. The details, which had been rehearsed several times, were so arranged that with the possible exception of one machinist in the engine-car on the wrong side of the ship —in this case the port or left side—

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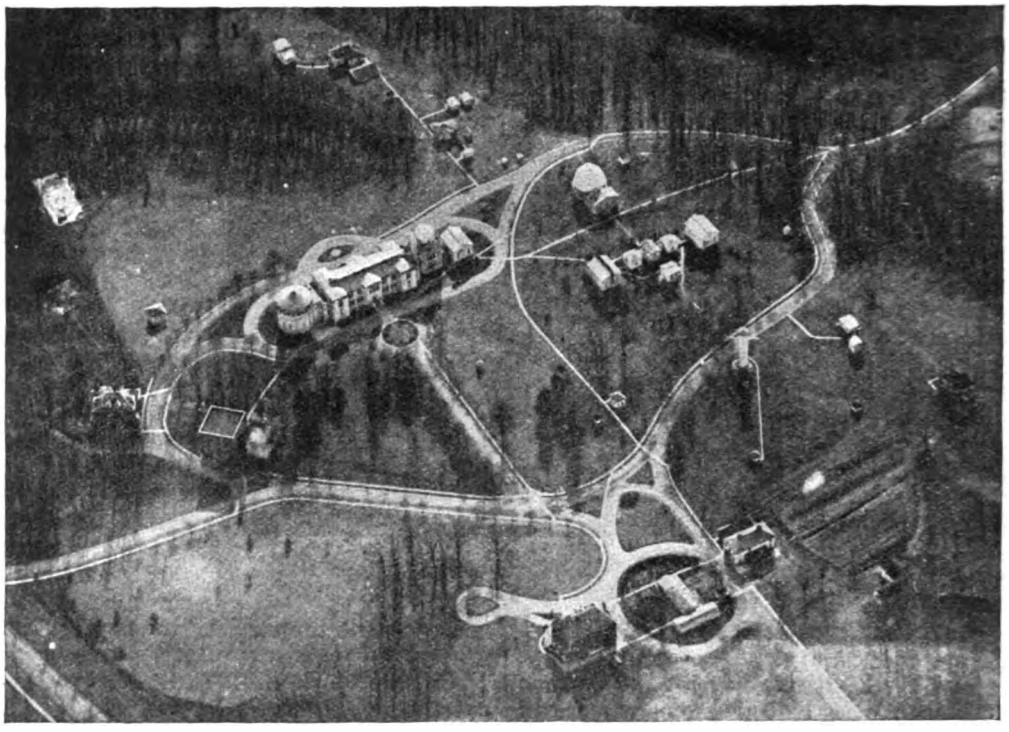

The Naval Observatory from the air.

every man had his duties so planned that he could get a glimpse of the wonderful corona during the two minutes available.

It is not always possible for even an astronomer to do that when he is busy with his definite duties. The story is told that one noted astronomer had "observed" several eclipses without ever having seen the corona, but when in Australia, September 21, 1922, as a member of the party, he determined to take a look. His wife, who was counting the seconds for him, gave him the word, and for about a ten-second interval he satisfied the longing of a lifetime. "That short view of the wondrous spectacle was worth waiting years for."

As the moon gradually encroached on the disc of the sun, until the sun appeared as a mere crescent of brilliant light, the air became darker and darker. The clouds in the neighborhood took on gorgeous colors, which changed like a rapidly moving panorama, while the sky became a dense blue black near the sun.

I have seen sunsets at Naples, sunsets out from the Golden Gate at San Francisco, and again in Manila Bay, looking past the frowning fortress on Corregidor—all are beyond the art of a painter to depict—yet for concentrated and rapidly changing beauty of cloud effects, the beauty of the variegated and gorgeous hues of all the colors of the rainbow seen in the clouds during parts of this eclipse surpassed all other spectacles. The scene filled one with awe at the possibilities of Nature. The lights in the navigational instruments began to glow as totality approached. Bailey's Beads, the last distinct view of the sun until after totality when again they appeared for a moment, were the bits of the sun's light seen through the valleys of the mountains of the moon as the tops of these mountains were on line with the rim of the sun.

At the same time a vast dark shadow appeared, sweeping down from the northwest like a heavy thunderstorm, approaching at a mile a second and threatening all in its path. Airplanes near the northern and southern edges of the shadow took movies of it and some were high enough to get both sides, so that the accuracy of the calculations of its path could be verified. The

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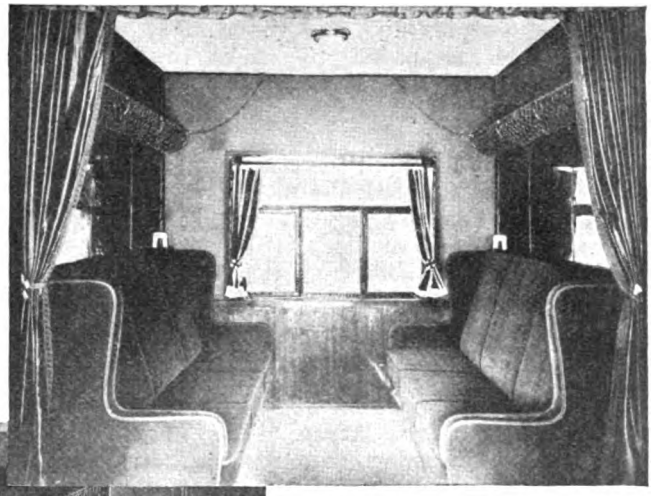
"shadow bands" chased each other in the general direction of the path both before and after totality. They were apparently due to the various densities of the strata of air through which the waning light penetrated.

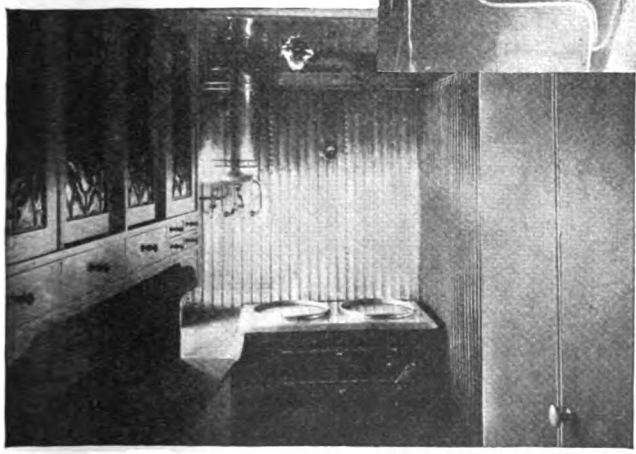
It grew noticeably colder—at least to the imagination—although the thermometer showed a drop of only 2° Fahrenheit. The planets which had been seen just before sunrise appeared and glowed brighter and brighter as the darkness increased, while a few stars also loomed up.

The few seconds the moon was late, according to our calculations, seemed ten times as long as they really were. Then when totality occurred and the word "go" was given, action began. One man counted the seconds one by one on the chronometer so that all could hear, while the others were busy with their cameras or pencils.

When Bailey's Beads first disappeared it was a sign that the "photosphere," or main body of the sun, was entirely hidden by the moon. It was then that the relatively shallow layer of incandescent gases, several thousand miles in depth, which is known as the chromosphere, showed up, with its deep rose color, against the coal black body of the moon, while the scarlet flames of incandescent hydrogen made the solar prominences, sometimes arched, sometimes intricate in form, conspicuously visible to the naked eye.

In 1918, during the sun spot maximum, one prominence at least 40,000 miles high looked like a prehistoric animal and was named a "Heliosaurus." Sometimes they may be 200,000 or more miles high. During a sun spot minimum the solar prominences are not so large. The sun spots which apparently cause these prominences are vast magnetic storms and it is known that they affect telegraph and radio communications on earth. The aurora borealis is most active when the sun spots are large. Last year I stated that it was believed that radio communications were affected by the sun spots, so telegraph and radio companies made many tests during the period of totality during this last eclipse, to see what they could see. The change in the difference of potential or telegraph lines, with one end in and the other outside of the totality path, was not enough to be registered with the instruments used. Radio observers had more and surprising results. Some wave lengths were heard better during totality than either before or after—for other wave lengths the opposite happened. Something definite was obtained with which to start investigation, however; although it may be months before the various theories are proved right—or wrong.





Two views of the interior of the Los Angeles. Above, one of the compartments, very much like those in a Pullman car; below, the galley.

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As Bailey's Beads disappeared, followed by the flash spectrum, the glory of the sun—the corona—burst upon one. With a narrow base of the scarlet chromosphere and the solar prominences, surrounding the black body of the moon, the pearly silver sheen of the outer gases, radiating in all directions, made a halo that held one spellbound in awe at its magnificence.

When the Sun-Worshipers saw a total solar eclipse, while they must have been overwhelmed by the dark shadow sweeping over them and awed by the corona, they undoubtedly felt they had still more reason for worshipping the source of the earth's light, heat and power. No painter could depict adequately the wonderful radiance of the halo which extended a million miles from the sun.

Some of the flames extended further than others; some seemed to curve inward and flicker, like flames from molten lava in a volcano; while the clouds farther away took on gorgeous shades of purple, blue, and yellow.

The cameras began to click, the corona-sketchers to sketch, the timekeeper to count the seconds, as others gazed in wonderment.

Two minutes and three seconds went by. Then a beam of light—the diamond of the engagement ring—appeared at the side of the ebon disc of the moon, while the black shadow of the umbra traveled rapidly away southward to the sea. The darkness faded, while sighs, as if from holding the breath in ecstacy over the scene, were heard. The stars and planets disappeared and the crescent of the sun grew larger.

Again the lighter gorgeous colors appeared on the clouds. The observers felt the release from the tension and surpressed excitement. Then came the order, "Home, James!" and the Los Angeles circled around over Block Island and Montauk Point towards Lakehurst, sending out brief broadcastings of the successful expedition.

It was still cold. Some of the coffee in thermos bottles had kept warm for a while. Some things had frozen after a few hours in the air, as we found when we bit into apples or bananas. One man fried an egg on an electric plate. It seemed to frizzle on the bottom and freeze on the top. There was relaxation after elation, however.

At 2:20 P. M. the landing field was reached, but it was 3:40, and some of the precious helium had been valved, before a landing was made; by 5:10 the ship was in the hangar in spite of the cross-wind. Then, the ship safely ballasted and secured, a never-to-be-forgotten cruise was over.

"One million dollars wouldn't have bought my ticket, and this was my fifth eclipse expedition," said the oldest astronomer of the party.

Now, the radio and electrical sharps are trying to solve the reason for the changes in radio reception of various wave-lengths; the physicists are studying the faint lines in their photographs of the spectrum; and the astronomers are comparing photographs and data on the solar prominences and on the corona with those taken at previous eclipses.

Later on—perhaps to-morrow—perhaps in fifty years—new and startling additions to science will be announced. Time will tell.

A splendid series of photographs of the recent eclipse, taken in Van Courtlandt Park, New York City, by Perce Collison.

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THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

CHAPTER III

Student — Lawyer — Judge

THE Illinois law student in the middle period of the 19th century enjoyed an intimacy with his elders in the office where he read quite unlike anything that we find to-day, save possibly in some old-fashioned town whose traditions and customs have escaped the invasion of modernity. The wisdom of the firm was at the student's command — a condensed wisdom born of experience. Perhaps the most valuable feature of it was impressing upon the boy that if he was to be a lawyer he must make himself one, that it could not be done for him. I take it that much of the counsel was similar to that Abraham Lincoln gave to a young man who had asked to read law with him:

"If you are resolutely determined to make a lawyer of yourself the thing is more than half done already. It is but a small matter whether you read with anybody or not. I did not read with any one. Get the books and read and study them till you understand them in their principal features; and that is the main thing. It is of no consequence to be in a large town while you are reading. I read at New Salem, which never had more than three hundred people living in it. The books and your capacity for understanding them are just the same in all places. . . .

"Always bear in mind that your resolution to succeed is more important than any other one thing."

This picture of Elbert Gary at eighteen years of age was taken in Naperville, Illinois, just after he began to read law.

I presume that young Elbert Gary, who at eighteen years of age began to study law in the office of Vallette & Cody in Naperville, Illinois, received about the same counsels. He needed them less than many a young man would have done. As a matter of fact, they were already a part of his youthful philosophy for success in the world.

There was no other boy in the Gary connection, brother or cousin, who took hold of work more closely than he did; he not only accepted it fully, but joyously—liked it, thrived on it. That is, this young law student whom Vallette & Cody had admitted to their Naperville office was of a temper and intelligence to go far and to bring the firm credit.

Vallette & Cody, like many other lawyers of that day, had their office in a little one-story Colonial building, set up in the corner of a yard fronting on the Court House Square. You find these stout little structures in almost every town of the South and Middle West. They took the litter of books and papers, the confusion of many callers and long conferences, out of the house where in the days of the first settlements the

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work was carried on, frequently even the work of courts. In Wheaton young Elbert had for years seen the family sitting-room used as a court room by his father, Justice Gary.

It fell to the law student to take care of the office. That is, like a trade apprentice he was expected to perform various tasks outside of his studies, such as sweeping out, dusting, and bringing in wood, keeping the fires, arranging books and papers—all the very primitive housekeeping of a pioneer law office. As Elbert Gary usually had a companion student, the tasks were shared.

From the beginning of his connection with Vallette & Cody, the young man was very much on his own in his studies. He and his companion examined each other on the books which they had read—much more severely than they were ever examined by their elders. They went out of their way, voluntarily, to perfect themselves in certain things which they felt would be advantageous in practicing their profession, such as rhetoric, grammar, oratory. Nothing, indeed, which had a bearing was neglected.

A matter to which Gary gave infinite care was penmanship. All legal documents in those days had to be written out in long-hand, and a clear, readable hand was an asset. The boy saw it and worked to secure it. He was particularly keen in mastering the forms of legal procedure, going regularly to court when it was held in Naperville, at odd times assisting the circuit clerk, the county clerk, the treasurer, the sheriff, in their routine work. To be sure, he received small fees for his services, but that was not his aim. It was to acquaint himself as thoroughly as possible with the machinery of legal business. These efforts were almost entirely self-determined and self-directed. One gets a pleasant picture of a healthy, cheerful, hard-working farmer boy, intent on being a lawyer—a lawyer as good as the best of them, and putting his whole force into the purpose.

Chicago and the surrounding territory was not so crowded in those days that men in a profession did not know fairly well what was going on among their associates, even down to the fact that in this or that firm there was a particularly promising law student. The only law school in the vicinity, the Union College of Law of Chicago, afterwards transferred to the Northwestern University at Evanston, kept an alert eye on students scattered in law offices in the nearby county seats, and the head of this school, Judge Henry Booth, an acquaintance of the Garys and the Vallettes, suggested to Erastus Gary that it would be wise to let his promising son finish his studies at the law school. Young Gary snapped at this opportunity. His father loaned him the money, and in the fall of 1866 he entered the institution, the youngest student there. The thoroughness with which he had been directing his studies, the practical knowledge of legal procedure which he had acquired in busying himself about the courts gave

> I was 18 years old when I first read Blackstone. The passage which then struck me most forcibly and which has remained with me to this day is the following:
>
> This law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God Himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe in all countries, and at all times: no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original.
>
> The experiences of my life as a lawyer and a man of business have emphasized the truth of the passage and the necessity of its application in all the affairs of life.
>
> Judge Gary on the Law.

Judge Cody and Colonel Vallette before their law office in Naperville, Illinois, where Elbert Gary began reading law in 1864.

him at once a leading place in the school.

One of the favorite institutions of the Union College of Law was the Moot Court, where fictitious trials were staged to give students an opportunity to apply their knowledge and practice procedure. Everybody connected with the institution, as well as some outsiders, took a lively interest in the Moot Court, and it was frequently presided over by members of the faculty or even by visiting lawyers. Gary was soon chosen clerk of this court. He kept its records, helped in making cases ready, helped on pleadings. Frequently he appeared on one side or the other of a case. He took this work with great seriousness, as indeed the school did, and was soon ranked high by its leaders. "Is any question presented ever decided against Elbert Gary in this court?" the lawyer opposed to him asked one day after a series of rulings in Gary's favor.

"No, sir, not as long as he is right," the presiding judge retorted.

In June of 1868 Gary graduated at the head of his class, and a few days later was appointed a deputy clerk of the Superior Court, on the recommendation of Dean Booth. His salary was twelve dollars a week, with a promise of increase in strict proportion to the increase in his value. It was a chance to acquaint himself still more definitely with the ways of courts, their rules and forms.

The young lawyer took hold of the work with the same zest that he had shown ever since he began his studies. He began to find things to do outside the duties assigned him, particularly in improving the technique and methods of the business. A man was to be hanged. The clerk of the court must furnish the sheriff documentary authority under seal. He never had done such a thing. What was the proper form for directing a man to be hanged? He did not know. Young Gary hurried to the books and brought back from his investigations a form for a mandate which the lawyers interested at once accepted, and his superior gratefully used.

As time went on there were frequent chances for similar work. Wherever he found a form inadequate or lackin

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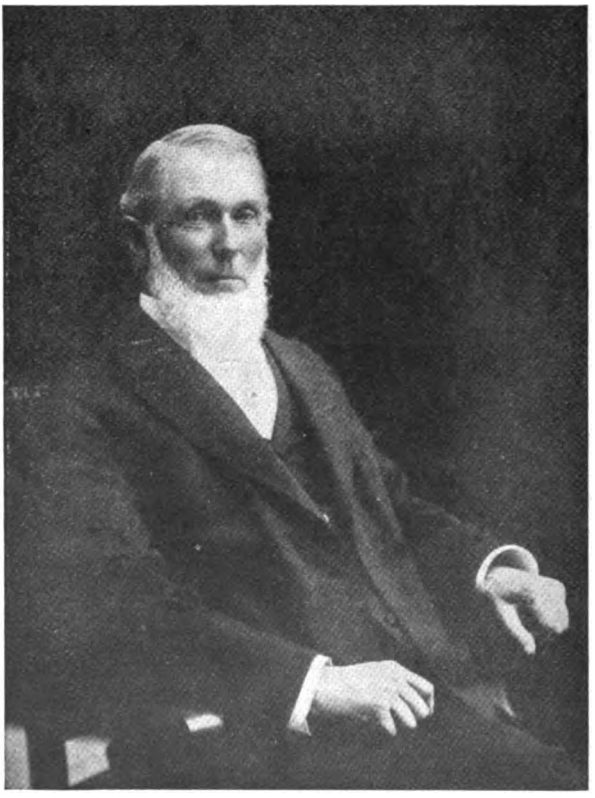
he promptly prepared one. He suggested improvements in those which were already in use, until he had made ready a series which were adopted and printed as the official forms of that court.

It fell to him to write the law record of the court proceedings, and here his skill in penmanship came in. Volume after volume was prepared. He aimed at perfection in all of them, and, in the case of the last one, achieved it—a volume without an error, an erasure, an interlineation. Its writing was clear as copperplate. It was the show piece of the court. What a shame that it, with its companions, should have gone up in the Chicago fire!

Gary was not merely a paragon of exactness, a stickler for correct forms. All of those old lawyers and judges who to-day remember him as a clerk recall his lively interest in the cases and the help that he constantly gave. They remember, too, the meticulous honesty of his administration. "He never would allow us to touch a sheet of court stationery," his sister, who occasionally visited him, says. "He told us it was not honest." Judge Jesse Holdom of Chicago recalls his success in making the lawyers pay their "*boarding* fees" of fifty cents a month. That is, he was a young man interested in everything that concerned his office, and very insistent that things be done right. He seems even to have been able to look after its manners. Judge Holdom recalls an occasion when one of the clerks became for some reason highly offensive in the court, and Gary, who by this time had risen to be chief clerk, took it upon himself to thresh him.



Judge Hiram H. Cody, junior partner of Vallette and Cody, became a partner of Judge Gary and his brother Noah in the firm of Gary, Cody and Gary.

It took him only seven months to arrive at the position of chief clerk, his salary being increased from twelve to eighteen and finally to forty-five dollars a week. John H. Batten, afterwards Judge Batten, who took the twelve-dollar place, says that he wondered what Gary could do with so much money as eighteen dollars a week!

With his advancement to the post of chief clerk and a salary of forty-five dollars a week, Gary felt sure enough of his future to marry. He had fallen in love with a young woman of Aurora, a neighboring town, Miss Julia Graves, the daughter of Captain Amos C. Graves of the Union Army. The young couple settled in Wheaton, which had become the county seat of DuPage County, in a home of their own, and for the next thirty years he commuted back and forth between that town and Chicago.

Soon after his marriage Gary determined to resign as chief clerk and to set up for himself in the law. By this time his uncle, Colonel Henry F. Vallette, with whom he read law in Naperville, had come to Chicago and gone into the firm of Van Armen & Vallette. In the spring of 1871 they offered to take him into into partner-

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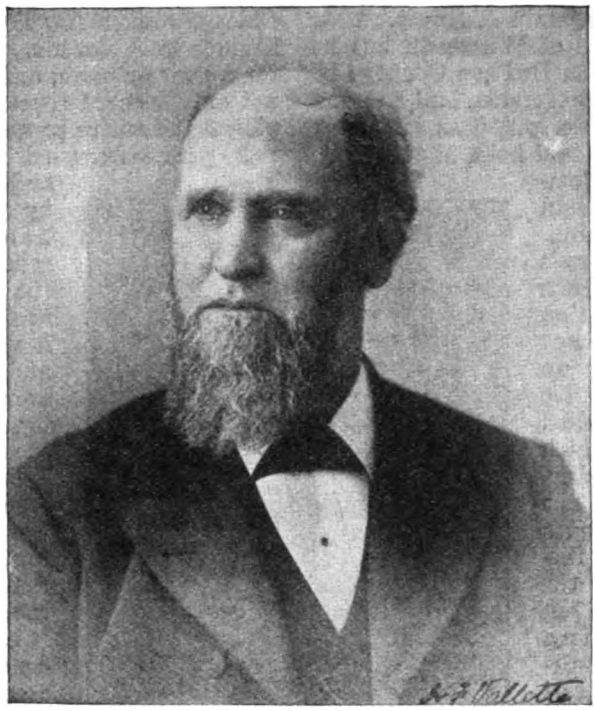
ship, or to give him a salary of one hundred dollars per month, with an office and the use of their library, allowing him to take on any business which he could get for himself. It was entirely characteristic of this self-reliant young person that he should have accepted the second proposition. From the start he found himself with considerable business. His three years as clerk of the Superior Court had given him a wide acquaintance in the profession. Many of the ablest of the bar had come to look upon him as an authority in pleading procedure and form. They were friendly to him, too, liked him, and were glad to turn business his way. Life was a full, promising, joyful affair, with no disturbance or set back in sight, and then suddenly one came.



Colonel Henry Vallette, senior partner of Vallette and Cody, was an uncle of Elbert Gary and it was at his suggestion that the boy undertook the reading of law.

Going into Chicago from Wheaton on Monday morning, October 8, 1871, Gary's train, due at nine o'clock, was held up at Canal Street, and there he learned for the first time that Chicago was burning. For twelve hours, at least, an uncontrolled fire had been raging. He went to reconnoiter, found the court house gone, his office gone, all the familiar places in their neighborhood gone. It was not until he reached Lake Street that he found the fire. All day long he followed it, mile after mile, sometimes so near that the heat scorched his face.

Within two days the fire had burned itself out. What vast desolation it left behind! Two hundred lives, at least, gone—one hundred thousand people homeless—every building on over two thousand acres destroyed — a total loss never exactly estimated, but running up into something like $200,000,000—a vast sum for those days. But when Elbert Gary returned to Chicago Tuesday morning, he found a courage at work, greater even than the disaster, for on every side men were starting business on still smoking ruins!

Although the Chicago fire destroyed permanently the firm of Van Armen & Vallette, Van Armen preferring to retire, Gary and his uncle, Colonel Vallette, decided to go on, each for himself. They found two vacant rooms at 59 West Madison Street—the second story of a frame building; each of them took one, and soon their shingles were hanging out over the sign of a restaurant running below them. Here in this office Elbert Gary began his independent career as a lawyer—began it well, for in that first year he made more money than he had ever made before in his life—twenty-eight hundred dollars.

But he was making, in this time, something more valuable than money. It was a reputation as a young lawyer who knew his business. People noted that he won cases. They noted particularly his skill in cross-examinations, that he could force the truth from a witness and be scrupulously fair and courteous in doing it. It was his skill in cross-examination that won him one of his first important cases. In the year he had acted as the assistant of Van Armen & Vallette it had fallen to him to cross-examine a man worth impress-

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ing—General Benjamin J. Sweet. This man was a native of Wisconsin but he then had a home in DuPage County; he was a lawyer by profession, had had one arm permanently crippled as an officer in the Civil War, and held, at this time, the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington. Young Gary's ability and adroitness in cross-examination had driven Sweet into a corner so effectually that he had been compelled to admit facts which he had been reluctant to disclose. The party affected was a friend, and the disclosures lost the friend his case; but the way the thing had been done delighted General Sweet.

Elbert Gary in 1871, the year that the Chicago fire broke up his legal connections and led him to open an office of his own.

Only a few months after Gary had set up for himself, he received one morning a telegram from the General, asking him to come to Washington at once. It was a great hour for the young lawyer. Without waiting to go to Wheaton for his bag and tooth-brush, he took the first train East. It was his first sight of the capitol, but he lost no time in sight-seeing, presenting himself at once at the commissioner's office. A greater compliment could hardly have been paid to a young man than the one General Sweet now paid Elbert Gary.

Briefly, the General told him that through the dishonesty of a partner he was in danger of losing everything he had in the world, amounting to some $25,000, invested in Colorado ranches and live stock. He had formed such a high idea of Gary's ability, in the cross-examination he had undergone at his hands the year before, that he wanted him to act as his counsel. Of course the young man accepted the case. Gathering up all the papers and information General Sweet had, he left at once for Chicago and, a few hours later, was on his way to Colorado. The case ran on for a year or more, and in the end Gary not only secured Sweet's full claim but placed the entire property in his hands.

A year afterward the general died and Gary found that by the will he had been appointed executor. He managed the property for two or three years before it was finally settled, and did it without ever asking or receiving a commission as executor.

Perhaps no case ever gave Elbert Gary more satisfaction than this of Benjamin Sweet. It was a great chance. It came to him as an unusual tribute of confidence in his qualities from one whom he regarded as a "big man." It must have made him feel, too, that he was on the right track, and have strengthened a conviction natural to him, intensified by his training and his observation, that a man can be a lawyer and still be a gentleman.

The Sweet case gave young Gary special satisfaction, but the case which gained for him a pronounced reputation in his home county, DuPage, and vicinity, was that of Hough versus The Illinois Linen Company. In this case the plaintiff, a prominent Chicago business man and president of the company, had sued for a share in certain profits, outside of his salary. As the Chicago courts were badly congested, the venue had been changed to DuPage County, where Judge Cody, with whom Gary had read law, was then sitting as Circuit Judge. Hough had already engaged two well-known lawyers but wanted further counsel, and on Judge Cody's advice chose Gary.

Night after night, after days spent in listening to the unusual mass of testi-

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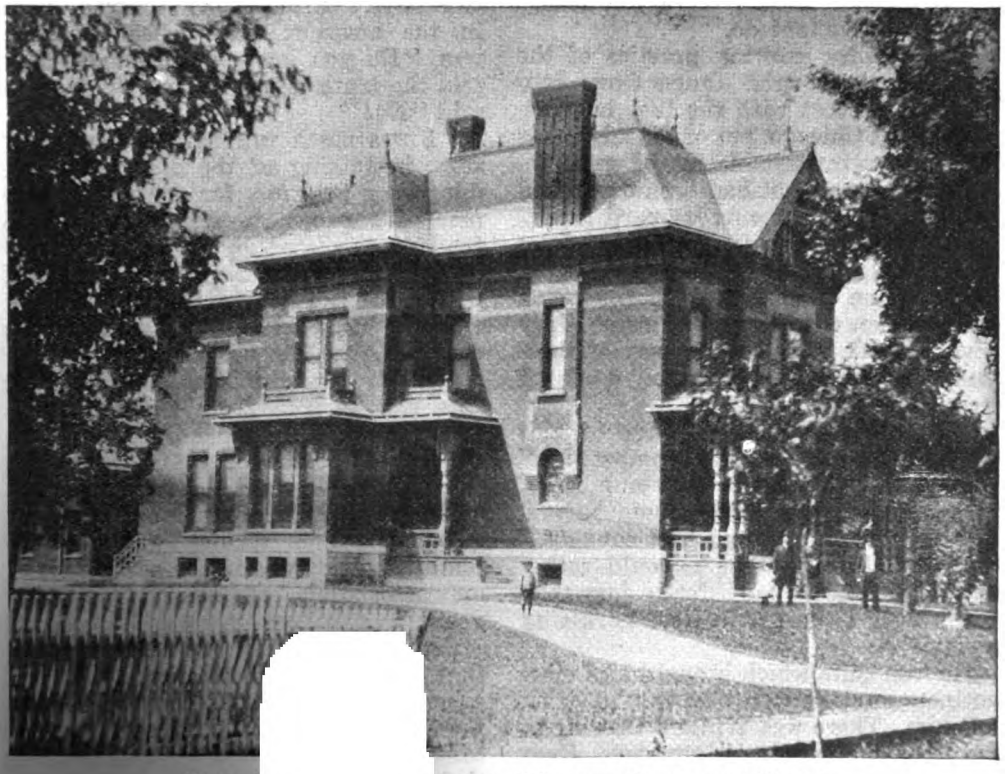
mony, which included much complicated accounting, Gary went home to study and digest what he had heard. While his colleagues in the case, as well as his opponents, were amusing themselves, he was making himself so familiar with the evidence that whenever a question of fact came up, a disagreement over a point, he could immediately refer to the record written up day by day by the court stenographer. His client was so impressed by his mastery of facts that he asked him to make the closing argument. His leading opponent, Judge Leffingwell, a lawyer of ability and prominence, in summing up talked for six and a half hours, but Gary outdid him, talking ten and a half hours! After the first two or three hours, the opposing counsel, evidently overwhelmed by his familiarity with the testimony, and his verification of statements by the records when objections were made, left the room; and in the end the jury rendered a verdict for the full amount claimed.

The judgment of his friends who had watched the case was that "Elbert won because he studied nights while the opposing lawyers played poker." There was to be more than one victory in his subsequent career to which the same explanation could be applied!

In telling this story Judge Gary is certain to add a characteristic remark. "If you ever say anything about this case, you must be fair. You will have to mention that the Supreme Court set aside the verdict, though on a point different from that for which we fought, and that was that Hough, as president of the company, had no right to a share in the profits that he claimed outside of his salary."

Business was now flowing into the young man's office from all directions—business of all kinds. Within two or three years he found it necessary to have assistance and took in as partner his brother Noah, who, after recovering from terrible wounds received in the Battle of Reseka, Georgia, in the fall of 1864, had read law. The firm became Elbert H. and Noah E. Gary, and a little later, Gary, Cody & Gary—Judge



House l... ary in Wheaton, Illinois, in 1881–82
at a c... thirty and forty thousand dollars.

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Cody, his old preceptor, whose term as elected judge of the Circuit Court had expired, having asked to come into the firm. This was a fine connection, for Cody was an able judge and lawyer, greatly respected by every one.

At times the firm really was crowded with business, for they made it a practice to accept all kinds of cases that they considered "legitimate." They had clear ideas, however, of what was and was not legitimate, and were not afraid to express them. Judge Gary tells a story of his brother Noah which illustrates very well one phase of their professional ethics. A man had called to engage the firm in a suit that he proposed bringing. When he told his story, Noah said, "If that is the case, that beats you."

"Well," the man replied, "I will change my testimony."

"I was watching my brother," said the Judge, "and I saw him spring up excitedly and heard him cry angrily, 'Get out of this office. A man who would perjure himself cannot find a lawyer here.' Like most lawyers, we were offered more than one retainer that we could not touch; there are things that a man cannot do."

The rapidly growing practice of the young firm brought Judge Gary into constant contact with the best lawyers, not only of Chicago, but of the adjoining counties—a remarkable set of men, including several that had been associated with Abraham Lincoln: Leonard Sweet, General Stiles, Melville W. Fuller, John Van Armen, Isaac Arnold and many others. One of his associates comments on the fact that from the start Gary never shrank from meeting any of these men, and he adds, "He rarely came off second best."

The Judge is proud to-day of this competition—"first class competition" he calls it. "There were any number of very able lawyers in Chicago, Aurora, Elgin, Joliet, all around that country," he will tell you, "that I would rather have try a case for me before a jury than any lawyer I can get in New York City to-day."

He won suits which brought him more business, and he won clients who never left him. There was William Deering of the Deering Harvester Company. Gary had been employed by one of his rep-[illegible]tives to prosecute a suit to be heard in the court of Belleville, near St. Louis. When he arrived at Belleville, he found his client had not a single witness to contradict important testimony that was being presented by the defendant. In listening to the chief witness, however, Gary became convinced that he was dishonest and that his only hope was to break down his testimony in cross-examination. In beginning his cross-examination he took care not to let the witness know what he was after, but the opposing lawyer soon saw his tactics and objected, arguing that the questions should be asked in such a way that the witness would understand the point. Finally Gary said to the Court:

"I know, and the counsel of the other side knows, that the purpose of objecting is to keep this witness advised of the effect so that he may shape his testimony accordingly."

"Mr. Gary is absolutely right," the judge said. "You can make your objections if you wish, but I shall overrule them without discussion, unless I deem it necessary to hear you."

This cross-examination went on for two days. After many contradictions in the answers, Gary's last question was, "Do you know whether you have told the truth or not?" and the witness said "No!"

"I was much worried," Judge Gary says, in talking of the case. "It was dangerous business, for we had no witness of our own to contradict the defendant. I closed my argument by saying, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, if the chief witness of the defendant doesn't know whether he is telling the truth or not, can you give him the verdict?

"While I was talking, Mr. Deering who had arrived from Chicago, came into the court room, and after I had sat down came over to me and said, 'Mr. Gary, I want to tell you that whatever the jury does I am perfectly satisfied.' The verdict was for the plaintiff. This was in the early days of an association of some twenty-five years."

And this was only one of many cases that could be cited of clients that had once come to him because of a first favorable impression, and remained because they found that he took care of their interest; such good care that, as time went on, several large concerns

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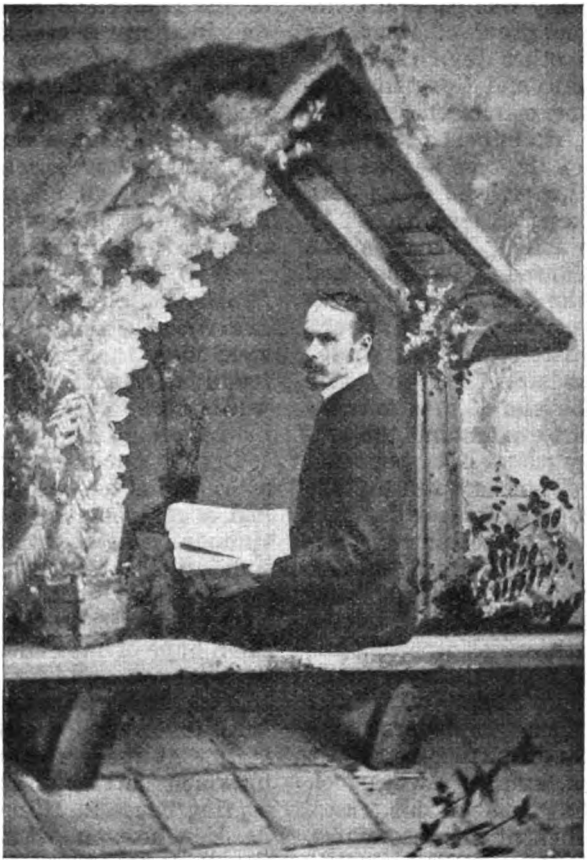
made it a practice to turn over all their difficulties to him, to settle as he saw fit, out of court if possible. Indeed in a few years he had attained a reputation for settling cases without suits, although for about ten years he was in court nearly every working day. He seems to have had Lincoln's idea—"discourage litigation." One of his favorite stories to irate clients, who insisted on bringing suit when the Judge thought the matter might be adjusted, was of a DuPage farmer who in the early days had a bull that thought it could lick anything in the country. When the railway came the bull looked upon the locomotive with hatred and derision, and made up its mind that it would try an issue with it. One morning the farmer heard an awful tooting, and looking out, saw that the bull had jumped the fence and was rushing, head down, towards the approaching locomotive. A moment later there were only spots of hide and hair on the track. "I always liked your pluck, old bull," the farmer said sorrowfully, "but dang your discretion."



Elbert H. Gary at 35, taken in the favorite pose and with the fashionable background of the period.

Much of his success unquestionably, was due, as the above incidents show, to his skill in cross-examination. In the years in which as a student and clerk he had so closely watched and estimated the conduct of lawyers, he had not only learned the value of cool, adroit, careful examination of witnesses but had become thoroughly convinced of the value of courtesy. "Cross-examination is a high art," he says, "and courtesy is at its base. A lawyer should be a gentleman in justice to himself, but if that doesn't interest him, he should be a gentleman because he has the jury against him if he is not." He has numberless tales in his great legal repertoire to illustrate how being a gentleman pays in legal practice.

But courtesy was backed by a superior knowledge and judgment of men, a thorough knowledge of the law and a power of clean, strong argument. His father, Erastus Gary, was a wise and shrewd appraiser of human nature and his sons had learned from him. Then those years in which he had watched men filing in and out of courts had whetted his naturally keen sense of the honesty, decency and rightness of people. He knew men so well that he could practically always tell when a witness was lying, and could find a way of making the judge and jury sense it; or better still, or bringing him around to the point where he would tell the truth.

A spectacular instance of the latter kind occurred in an insurance case in Chicago. A warehouse owned by Jewish merchants had been burned with all its contents, and an elaborate claim had been made against an insurance com-

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pany for which Gary was general counsel. There was no proof of what was in the warehouse other than the statement of the owners, and Gary in questioning them became convinced that they were lying. Now, it happened that during the progress of the case he was told by the general adjuster, who was a Jew, that if a Jew takes the Jewish oath he will not swear to a lie. This gave him a hint that he followed. He subpoened the secretary of the firm, a young Jewish woman, and proposed that the Jewish oath be administered to her. Judge Gresham, afterwards Secretary of State under Grover Cleveland, was on the bench. He did not understand the reason for the suggestion, but suspected Gary had a sound one, so, against the loud objections of the plaintiffs, consented. It is a solemn ceremony, this Jewish oath, requiring lighted candles and a beautiful ritual. The girl went through it reluctantly, but put on the stand told the truth, which was that the inventory was not made from an examination of goods but largely out of the imagination of her employers; the verdict was for the insurance company.

Gary knew men, and he always took care to know the facts in his cases. The general verdict of his associates, clients, judges, fellow lawyers, is that he was indefatigable in informing himself. Those that faced him for the first time, knowing nothing of his record, were apt to underestimate him, he was so unassuming and courteous. More than one opposing lawyer waked up to find that, as one of Gary's colleagues says, "he had tried the case in every detail in his office long before it had been called."

This preparation went even to investigating on the spot, to see whether a thing could have been as it was claimed. Take the personal injury cases in industrial establishments and on railroads, many of which came to him both from corporations and injured individuals. If possible he made sure of what had happened by personal verification. In one case a man claimed large damages for permanent injury to his arms from the blow of a lever on what he claimed was a defective machine. Gary visited the factory, and after making sure by inquiry that the machine in question was in the same condition as at the time of the injury, he had it set in motion, and in the presence of a number of disinterested witnesses, went through a series of operations, to see whether it was possible for the lever to do what the injured man claimed, that is, crush his arm. First he let the lever strike a blow at a small piece of timber loosely held, then bits of scantling rigidly placed, then he tried the same experiment with other materials and shapes. Finally he let his own arm take the blow and when he found he was not hurt, he concluded that there must have been fraud involved. And this he was afterwards able to prove. The plaintiff lost his case.

But he could not have gone so fast or so far as he was going if he had not had a real passion for the law, a continuous interest in its intricacies, an indefatigable energy in adding to his own legal equipment. Not infrequently he stayed by cases in which there was small hope of substantial fees—this after he was commanding handsome ones—because of his interest in the legal problems involved. He still holds it as a matter of pride that one "little case," to which he stuck faithfully, became a leading cause in Illinois, because of the decision he won. "It is some satisfaction," Judge Gary says, "to have offered a radically useful decision to our legal profession."

Obviously the cases referred to above are only typical. It is not practical in a sketch of this nature to attempt to cover Judge Gary's professional career. It is enough for our purpose to know that his practice included a great variety of cases, involving large interests, complicated questions, and stubborn contests; also that his ability and energy were rewarded by increasingly handsome earnings.

If this young man who so rapidly strode ahead at the Chicago bar, and made his way by such logical and honest practices, appears a bit faultless in retrospect, the recollections of certain of his contemporaries add an occasional grain of salt to the story and hint at traits of character apt to be obscured in a narrative of this kind. While no one who remembers him fails to comment on the way he kept his head under all circumstances—cool, collected, impossible to ruffle, they all insist that he was

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quite capable of using his fists if necessary. There is a tradition, running through all the reminiscences of Gary as a young lawyer, of a time when a bumptious opposing counsel, who threatened to knock him down, found himself suddenly lying flat on the other side of the rail. That is, physical vigor went with his mental vigor, and came to the front when he considered it necessary.

Nor did his absorption in business in these years destroy his family and social life. He loved the town of Wheaton where he lived, and found endless opportunities to serve it. As a matter of fact he was leading in Wheaton in those busy early years an attractive, important, all-around life. He and Mrs. Gary were carrying on the Gary traditions. Social life in Illinois towns in those days, as almost everywhere else, centered in the church. The Methodist church to which the Garys belonged was the strongest and most active in Wheaton. It was the church in which Gary had been trained to work, and as he came into an active professional life he never neglected its interests. The Gary Young Ladies' Bible Class was, through all these years, up, indeed, to the time when Judge Gary left Illinois, a kind of church Junior League, an institution which every girl connected with the church aspired to join.

From boyhood he had been a member of the church choir, and though he no longer kept his membership he "filled in" when the choir-master was short of a baritone. He served on the official board, he was a "wheel-horse for work," one of his colleagues has said, but we have it in a letter from one who was his pastor for a long period, that, active and generous as he was, he never abused this position, never showed any desire to become a church boss.

Along with this serious service went a great deal of joyous social activity. He *liked* church suppers, socials, picnics —liked the games—even the clothes-pin game!—the singing, the frolicking. Indeed he was a man who knew how to

Methodist Episcopal Church of Wheaton, Illinois, built by Judge Gary in 1900–1901 as a memorial to his father and mother, Erastus and Susan Vallette Gary.

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play "when it did not interfere with work," he is careful to tell you to-day! One of the healthiest features of his life during these years was his insistence on getting a certain amount of outdoor exercise and sport. He rode horseback, and his old coachman, still alive in Wheaton at this writing, loves to tell how for years he had Prince, which he describes as "some horse"—"nervous, vicious, and a goer"—ready at six o'clock for the early ride that Judge Gary regularly took before breakfast. He kept this up for years, until one morning Prince came back without his rider. Frightened, he had jumped over a deep ditch, fallen, and thrown Judge Gary. After four or five weeks in bed, the Judge gave up his morning horseback ride for good, but he always continued to drive fast horses. "A horse never could go fast enough to suit Judge Gary," the coachman says.

As for sports, his old associates in Wheaton evidently remember him as very keen on them all. "He was one of the best side-hold wrestlers in this county," says one of his townsmen who had grown up with him and tested him out both in sports and hunting. "He was decidedly handy with his fists as well, as some people learned. One of the best billiard players in town, an authority on croquet, a member of our crack baseball team, fond of hunting and an excellent shot. We made many trips of from two days to two weeks in Iowa and Minnesota, shooting prairie chickens and ducks, and we often went fishing." This long-time intimate of the Judge gives a remarkable testimony to the cleanliness of his habits as boy and man. "He did not smoke or chew tobacco, never used profane or vulgar language. I have never heard him tell a story or utter a word that he could not have told in a parlor full of ladies, and it was always understood that he didn't care to hear any stories that were off color, or any profane or vulgar talk."

It is difficult to understand just how Judge Gary could have found time, with his law, his church, his family and his sports, to give to the affairs of the town of Wheaton the attention which he did. As a matter of fact he was a part of it almost from the first. He was still in his early twenties when he was elected president of the town council—a position he held for three successive terms. When Wheaton was made a city he became its first mayor, and until he left Illinois in 1898 he had much to do with the organization and management of its affairs. The only incident of importance in the history of the town in which he seems not to have taken an active part belongs to the early days. It is known in local history as the "Wheaton Raid." By considerable pressure and possibly some wire pulling, the voters, under an act of the state legislature, had been persuaded to transfer the county seat from Naperville to Wheaton, and Naperville, outraged in its pride and its interest, refused to give up the county records. One night Wheaton men went after them and after an exciting fight brought them back. If you ask Judge Gary to-day if he was one of the raiders, he will tell you, with a burst of irritated regret, "No, I wasn't and I have been mad ever since."

But if he missed the raid he was the center of the fiercest legal battle Wheaton ever fought—a fight to keep itself dry. But let the Judge tell the story:

"It happened when I was president of Wheaton. It was decided to make Wheaton a temperance town. It was a college town—a town of homes. We didn't want saloons there and we had driven them out, but there was one of the saloon-keepers that was fighting. He brought suit, and engaged good lawyers. They wanted me to take the case for the town, but I was very busy, so Noah took it. One night as I got off the train, I found half Wheaton at the station. They told me that those lawyers were twisting things in such a way that the town would surely lose if I didn't take hold, that I must stay and conduct the fight. Of course there wasn't anything else for me to do.

"We had an exciting time. The house was packed every day—on one side the drys, on the other all the saloon interests of DuPage County, as well as some from Chicago. The plaintiff's lawyers grew more and more abusive. Finally one of them, when Noah questioned the truth of something he had said, jumped towards him shouting, 'You are a liar!'

"Noah was excitable and bounded to his feet, as the man came toward him. But Noah was not disposed to fight—he had been shot all to pieces in the war

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and never after was quite as strong as I. So I jumped in between them, and as the man rushed at me, I struck him once, just once. The whole court room poured down around us, thinking there was going to be a fight, and I can see now a leading citizen of Wheaton, a pious, dignified-looking man, a spectator in the back of the room, bounding over the seats and, it seemed to me, over the heads of the people, crying out as he landed at my side, 'I don't believe in fighting, but if there's going to be a fight, I'm in it.'

"But there wasn't any fight. The lawyer cooled off, and we went on with the case, and won it. It was appealed to the Supreme Court, and we won it there—Rickert versus The People. It was regarded as a leading case in the state, lawyers everywhere that were fighting the saloon using my argument."

This town activity of his was partly self-protective, for before he was thirty years of age he was one of the largest property owners in Wheaton and its neighborhood. His father's counsel to buy land, run in debt if necessary for its purchase, had been adopted by young Gary, though, as a matter of fact, he had been so thrifty that he never needed to hamper himself seriously with debts. He bought land in and near Wheaton until, at the time that he left, in 1898, he owned some 2500 acres outside and inside the corporate limits. Moreover, when he was about twenty-five years old he had helped members of a National Bank of Chicago to establish a private county bank in Wheaton. The bank did very well for some eighteen months, when its parent failed. A run on the Wheaton branch began immediately and Gary saw that unless confidence could be re-established the results might be very serious. It was he and his father and brother and uncle and cousins that came to the rescue and offered to lend their names to the firm. Such was their standing in their community that the old depositors began immediately to come back and many new ones were added. The bank became, and still is, prosperous, and he remained its president until he left Illinois.

This experience, although costly to young Gary, was also valuable in the future when his legal business brought him frequently into touch with banks. Such was the value of his counsel that in later life he was invited to the board of directors of many banks in Chicago, and afterwards, in New York, served as chairman of one and member of the executive committee of another. Out of this experience he holds that the two most important things for a banker to bear in mind are: First, that it is better to let the funds of the bank remain idle than to loan them on doubtful security or to a dishonest applicant; and second, to learn how to refuse an accommodation in such a way as to keep the respect and friendship of the applicant. He insists that this can be done if a banker is willing to give a man frankly his reasons, at the same time showing that he is sorry that he cannot do what is asked.

Of course a young lawyer, forging ahead in his profession and in his fortunes, particularly a man in whom a whole county believed as thoroughly as DuPage County believed in Elbert Gary, was bound to be regarded as political timber. Indeed, in Illinois at that period, politics were considered an almost inevitable adjunct of the law, but Elbert Gary never seems to have had any inclination toward politics. He loved his profession too well to give it a rival. At the same time he found in his healthy Wheaton life and interests too much satisfaction to wish to share it with politics. So, whenever the game was open to him, he refused. However, in 1882 the lawyers of DuPage County prevailed upon him to run as county judge. It was what might be called a part-time job, since the two annual sessions of the court rarely ran over two or three weeks, so that it did not seriously interfere with his practice. He was elected by a large majority and served two terms of four years each as judge of DuPage County, but refused re-election for a third.

The qualifications he had shown as a lawyer marked him as a judge. Particularly did he insist that the proceedings before him be conducted with courtesy and decorum. The thing in which he was particularly interested was breaking up the too-common practice of brow-beating witnesses. He declares that he never hesitated if necessary to run the risk of making the lawyer before him angry by saying, "You

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are not treating that witness fairly, you cannot do those things in this court." It was part of the man's nature—you must be fair. He meant to be fair himself, and wherever he had authority he meant that others should be fair. Courteous as he was as a judge, he could, if necessary, be sarcastic. One of his contemporaries still tells of his saying to an officious young man who, every time a ruling was required, would march up and stand close by the Judge:

"If you have a photograph you might stand it here on my desk this afternoon, just to show you are present."

His work as judge was not confined to DuPage County; frequently he was called upon to serve on the bench in Chicago, because of the absence or illness of a judge or to help clear up the docket, and steadily he seems to have gained in the estimation of the legal fraternity. A tribute paid to him as a lawyer and judge, years later, by U. S. Senator A. J. Hopkins of Illinois, in a public address in Wheaton, expresses the general opinion of his fellows in his profession and gives, too, a fellow-lawyer's opinion as to how he reached the place he held. Senator Hopkins and Judge Gary had started in the law about the same time, around 1871.

"During the period of more than a quarter of a century that we both followed our profession as lawyers," said Senator Hopkins, "I saw much of him, both as an associate in the trial of causes, and as an attorney and advocate opposed to me in the trial of cases. His first efforts in his profession foreshadowed the eminence which he subsequently attained. He was cool, collected, self-confident, and aggressive in the trial of a case. I never saw him disconcerted or apparently surprised by any change in the trial of a case. He seemingly had anticipated any emergency that might arise, and was prepared to protect his client's interest under any and all conditions. . . . . .His self-confidence was not tinctured with egotism that makes such a quality sometimes offensive; but it was of that character that leads a client to place implicit confidence in the judgment and ability of his attorney.

"His rise in his profession was neither spectacular nor phenomenal. It was steady and progressive. Every year added to his experience and ability; and long before he abandoned the profession of the law for the business career in which he is now recognized as one of the great captains of industry, he had attained a position in the first rank of his profession in the state of Illinois.

" . . . . Had he remained in his profession he would before this, in my judgment, have been one of the distinguished members of the Supreme Court of this state, or would have held an honorable position on the Federal Bench."

Senator Hopkins' judgment of the judicial honors that were within Gary's reach would have been realized before the Judge left Illinois, if he had not refused the positions on the Bench that he was urged to take. After his refusal of a third term from DuPage County, a movement was set on foot by the lawyers of the district to make him a Circuit Judge of the state and he was nominated unanimously, but he would not undertake the job. He was suggested for the Supreme Court of the state but refused to be the candidate, because of his sympathy for the judge who then held the position and was a candidate for re-election. There was much talk of him once as a Federal judge, but he was too engrossed in important affairs to pay attention to it.

By 1892 Judge Gary had been in general practice for twenty years, engaged in law and chancery cases of large importance. He had made money; his position was secure. He had represented many corporations during this period and had opposed others. He had been president of the Chicago Bar Association. He had more business than he could attend to, when something happened which was to affect his whole future career. He became interested in steel, and it is with his first contacts with steel, which was finally to claim him, that we now turn.

In the July issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in the chapter of The Life of Judge Gary entitled "Gary Goes into Iron and Steel," Miss Tarbell will tell of Judge Gary's first connections with the steel industry.

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IN THE TENNESSEE HILLS

By ROBERTA McDONALD

DOWN behind the Blue Ridge Mountains where the Tennessee River turns northward toward Kentucky, there nestles a little town, whose folks still ardently believe in the regenerating power of the religious revival. New Hope Church is its name, and when late summer comes and crops are laid by, all the little cup-shaped valley prepares for this greatest event of the year. For weeks before the meetings begin a state of prayer prevails through all the countryside; hams are boiled, cakes baked, and new frocks whisked through sewing machines—and then the evangelist, who comes every year, appears, and the spiritual battle is on.

Every night and twice on Sunday, the good man preached in the little graying church, built in pioneer times; healing the soul's sickness in his Master's name, casting out the heart's devils, as it were.

But young love—that first impassioned sweethearting of youth and maid—was also a feature of New Hope's revivals. And here all at once a strange rumor went forth. Brian O'Dell, the young singer who warbled like the cherubim and seraphim at the meetings, had fallen in love with Mary Lee Fenlow. How the good people buzzed! He, a scion of one of the "first families" of the hills—a fine upstanding fellow, with a career before him; the best catch in the countryside. She, the daughter of New Hope's blackest sheep! Moreover, this disgraceful parent—Dave Fenlow had broken most of the Lord's commandments—was even now in jail awaiting the final adjustment of a late and turbulent venture in bootlegging!

Never in the world should they have met, of course, these two—though Mary Lee was a good girl, mark you, with a heart as pure as a drop of crystal water. But there they were, and since the sin was not theirs, may God give His angels watch over them!

Simply enough it began, that young romance upon which fell the shadow of Dave Fenlow and his prison bars.

The choir of New Hope's little church was composed of Brian and whoever else "tuk" a notion to go up front and help sing, and on the day the meetings began, Mary Lee, for the first time, stole up to the corner with a shy offer of help. Since he was always courteous, Brian handed her a chair, and because of the pretty grace with which she accepted it, offered to share his hymn-book. Unaware that these were unusual attentions from the handsome tenor, the girl stood calmly beside him, listening carefully for the opening measures of the hymn. As usual Brian sang finely; and for Mary Lee, as for him, music was a living presence. She took up the hymn with some of his own skill, singing in a clear, joyous young voice which blended perfectly with his own. Brian found the experience delightful; doubly so in that it carried both the zest of a pleasant surprise and the tantalizing provocativeness of some half-buried memory. He had seen Mary Lee Fenlow more or less all of his life, but had never dreamed that she could sing or be in any way pleasing to a fellow. And here she was quite suddenly almost everything a man liked in a girl. She was lovely—in her quiet way. She was musical. She was—*herself!*

"Where did you learn to sing?" he whispered behind his book, as they sat down; and as he spoke he noticed again the quaint line of her unstarched white frock, the soft curve of her young cheek. Her eyes were down—looking at the slim brown hands in her lap—and her lashes made a tender shadow against the dusky white of her satin skin.

"Nowhere," she breathed, a wisp of a smile floating over her averted face. "I just knowed. But my mother used to sing. She died when I was little."

She just *knowed!* What a funny, innocent sort of young thing she was. About eighteen, he would say, or less. Her eyes were dark—a sort of cloud-

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weighted, dull black by moments, and yet when she sang they had stars in them—of that he was sure. And they had something to do with him, Brian O'Dell, as if he had created them!

Then somewhere back in the past was another day when her eyes had shone to his liking; when down the leafy aisles of Big Bottom Woods he had found a shy little child, in a red slip, singing to a doll made of sticks and leaves. Again he could feel the road dust squelching between his bare toes, the prickling of the forest debris, the grateful comfort of cool moss by a trickling spring; he could see a slim birch tree and a little girl who was like a part of the woodlands—playing with her make-believe doll as if it were real, with muscle shells and the flat, hollowed pyrites of the hills. She had seemed a wild little soul, that starry-eyed child of the woods. A gypsy. A princess lost from her court.

Again they rose to sing, the Hymn Ninety and Nine. She sang it—as if she were far away from him. No, she hadn't changed. She was still self-reliant—and lonely.

"Do you ever go to Big Bottom Woods now?" he asked as the meeting came to a close. She said something—"sometimes"—and he could see himself gathering woodland treasures for her; shaping wreaths and garlands for her—crowning that sweet dark head of hers with grapes and bright blossoms.

As the young people came out of the church a stout lady with a fine face and a somewhat aristocratic manner accosted them. She was a Mrs. Williams, in whose home Mary Lee had found sanctuary during the period of her father's enforced absence.

"I'm having dinner at your house, Brian," she smiled, after a keen glance at their rapt young faces; and told the girl that she, too, was invited. But her charge, moved by some new sweet shyness, attached herself to other friends, and the boy followed, watchful and silent.

In the afternoon the young folks wandered through the drowsing woods, and somehow Brian and Mary Lee soon found themselves alone. On a high bluff with the river below them they sat at last, and there the girl told him of her dead mother. She had been a Mary Lee, too—one of the good Lees of Virginia, fourth cousin or something to the great Civil War soldier. And she had promised that dead mother to lead her father from the ways of wrong-doing. It wasn't that he was really *bad*, but just easy-going.

"Satan tempts him," said Mary Lee's mournful little voice. "When he comes out of jail—" And in her gentle way, with a piety which made every word seem a holiness, she made it plain to him that she could not look upon a handsome youth with longing, till she had opened the doors of Sin's prison house and brought forth her pappy clean and whole unto his Father!

"You can do it," said Brian, choking a little. For something had begun to ache in his breast, something that would not be comforted. And he lay awake through the night in a world all white with the moon, his senses steeped in the odors of the dew-drenched garden—listening to the far, wild note of the whip-poor-will; dreaming of life's greatest honors—of bliss ineffable; thrilled, exalted, and in torment.

She was the one woman for him—Dave Fenlow's daughter! None other could ever bring him the same hope, the same joy.

Yet he must never tell her he loved her, he told himself.

And he must see her every day, he knew—morning, noon, and night!

And so, though they met and all the lover's heart was read by New Hope, Brian came to another Sunday with his passion still undeclared—a perfect day when the whole world seemed to speak to him of love and fruition. The still air of late summer, the mellow sun, the sheaves of golden corn in the valley, all told it; now was the time for houseless man to build himself a home and put all therein that was dear to him.

Mary Lee had been different with him lately—but only sweetly different. Dave was still in jail, and the meetings which were so important to the saving of New Hope's sinners had reached their moment of supreme importance.

Now every home in the countryside was filled with guests, and mean indeed must be the house which did not accord the pioneer's ready welcome to any stranger.

From the farthest hills the good folk

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came, pouring down every road, in mud-bespattered Fords, in mule-drawn wagons and old-fashioned buggies; men and women in course jeans and calico, emerging from by-paths with the swift long-striding walk of the hill-dweller; some coming thirty miles or more afoot, bringing the babies and family dogs and all the news of the little hamlets hidden away in the deeper hills.

Early that morning Brian was called to shoot chickens for his mother, to put white pine tables together, and beat the feather beds to downy mountains; by ten o'clock all in his home was ordered, spotless, filled with a spirit of plenty.

Mary Lee came to dinner, as he had known she would, invested with the simple dignity which crowned her when she sang, so that she shone within the ordered peace of his home, as does the star in the pearl-white brightness of the morning sky. Brian felt an impulse to kneel, to implore the benediction of her slender hands, the exaltation of some deeper look from her eyes. Every convention of his world forbade any such conduct, and so, as a substitute, he invited his lady to inspect the family photographs.

It was at this moment that the rest of the young company entered, collectively thrilled by a piece of news which they were sure neither Brian nor Mary Lee had heard. It was one of Brian's girl cousins who told it.

"I guess Mary Lee will have plenty to do to-morrow," she announced pleasantly. "Her daddy was let out of jail to-day and came home."

The boy rose, shaken at once by anger at the manner of the attack, and by consternation at the new turn in Mary Lee's affairs. If she loved *him* she belonged to him, and there was but one thing to do now—make her his wife. He went toward her, darting a furious look at his tactless relative.

"If pappy has come, I must go," Mary Lee was saying, with a dignity which carried its own rebuke.

Brian picked up her little hat—he wanted to show them all how he felt.

"I'll go with you," he said firmly; and then added, as he saw her hesitate, "if I may."

"Well—if you want to," she acquiesced. But she was grave, preoccupied, still removed from him; and Brian, walking unhappily by her side, found himself completely lost in the worry of his spirit. Practical problems of another sort began to obtrude themselves. In the easy inefficiency of a Southern farm he had grown up, and charged to his father's account at the store whatever he wanted to buy. His lady, of course, could not be maintained in any such slipshod manner. She was not his father's responsibility, but his. And then——

He had been away for two years at County High School, all of sixteen miles from New Hope, and had traveled three times by boat to St. Louis, selling cattle for his father. He knew that the world is a larger place than the space between three hills, and was conscious that a man is responsible to society for the kind of woman he makes the mother of his children. He meant to study law, and a lawyer must have social position.

He turned to the girl, striving to make her see the folly of her sacrifice. Why did she go back to her father? He was not worthy of her great devotion.

"You don't *have* to go," he ended lamely, and then saw her eyes—wide and deep with a piteous reproach.

"I am my father's daughter," said Mary Lee gently, but in a way there was no disputing. And in a poignant silence they came within sight of the river and the ragged gash in the willows which marked the steamboat landing and her own home beyond.

Dave Fenlow's house was a bit of plank boxing perched on the slope of a hill above the landing. A half mile away was one other home almost as poor. Its other neighbors were the store and a shantyboat which was moored at the foot of the crosstie yard. When the young people arrived, the returned bootlegger was down on the deck of the shantyboat, telling jokes to the fisherman and his son, a great hairy brute of a fellow, who sprang up at sight of Mary Lee and came bounding up the hill with her father. The disgraced parent himself, a man of dark and striking type, approached a little slowly, saying with something like mockery as he came up:

"Well, girl, we're home."

"Yes, pappy, we're home."

The girl spoke with all gentleness.

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But there was something behind her words—a quiet compelling force—which at once straightened up the returned jailbird into a different man. His sulky head lifted, and into the dark eyes, flashing from one to the other of the young people, there came a look of pride.

He smiled at Mary Lee. "You look good, honey," he said, and then nodded the guest a civil "Howdy."

Brian stood spellbound. He had been away from New Hope so much that he had forgotten how good-looking Dave Fenlow was. And how young he seemed! Not a silver thread in his shock of blue-black hair. No wrinkle in the rich red and bronze of his skin. Yes, a handsome scoundrel, and with something other than mere health and good looks about him, too. Something simple and taking, as if God had loved this clay as he had loved his mold for better men.

No wonder he had won a wife of better class and education than himself. Men of that type——

Mary Lee spoke—Mrs. Williams wanted to see Dave soon—and Brian could feel the young heart of her, feel its strength and its pitifulness.

Then, all at once, his own heart came to anchor. Dave Fenlow had become his own problem, his own disgrace—yes, as much as if he, Brian O'Dell, had inherited him. And now he was aware that not in condemnation, but in love, lay the older man's redemption. But he only stood very still and straight by Mary Lee's side, his intense eyes fixed on Dave with a sternness which brought the recreant father to a sudden and complete recognition of all his remissness toward his child.

That his girl should marry anybody was a new thought to Dave—that she should marry Brian O'Dell was a possibility beyond belief. The O'Dells were "folks." They preached and practiced law and even occasionally went to Congress. Their women held up after forty; their sons grew up into decent lads; their fathers-in-law were invariably men of respectability. Dave's gaze shifted back to Mary Lee, with the mantle of a new duty fallen upon him, a swift resolve in his troubled soul to turn over a new leaf. He had had the feeling before, but never so deeply as now; and the sweat broke out on him at the mere thought of all that he was and all that he should be.

The fisherman's son, impervious to the spiritual battles waged in those forty seconds, guffawed loudly and rumbled forth some supposed wit concerning Mary Lee's cookery as compared to jail fare.

"Maybe Brian will stay to supper," invited Dave, glad that the tension was broken, and using the familiar form of address common in the mountains.

"Thank you, no. But I am coming in for a few minutes."

The girl knew why he was coming, and made the way easy for him.

"You better go to the store, pappy, and get some things," she prompted, and included the fisherman in the same nod of dismissal.

Brian lifted the gate-latch and they came up the weed-grown walk to the steps. The door was not locked and the girl pushed it open, but Brian did not enter—he could not. Too much of dread, of fear, lay beyond that door. Carousals—ah, he had heard of them—drunken men and oaths! It tore his heart to think that Mary Lee knew it all.

It was characteristic of her that she did not pretend to misunderstand his mood.

"When pappy ain't himself I go up there on the hillside. There's a good place under a cedar tree, even when it rains," she told him quietly.

Brian's breath came sharply and he drew up his shoulders, all his being crystallizing into manhood.

"God knows," he faltered, "I hadn't dared dream of anything—we both seemed so young. But now I see—I can't have you go away from me. Mary Lee—oh, my darling, it is my right to take care of you, to help you with Dave! I love you! I love you!"

Mary Lee was standing with her back to the door. She pressed against it, her breast heaving, her eyes closed. Then she opened them, gazing far down the river where the limped water gave back in palest blue the picture of a perfect sky.

"I'm glad you told me, Brian," she said at length, "but I can't marry you—nor anybody."

"You are not to mind what people might think." Brian also refused the

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pretense of misunderstanding. "Only you and I——"

"It ain't that. I've always known that nobody I'd have would want me—or ought to take me if he did want me. And now——" And then Mary Lee wept, but only two big tears which stood in her eyes with the cold sparkle of winter stars. Yes, love had touched her too with its magic. But love had strengthened and calmed her. Sacrifice had become an easy thing; of far more moment now than her own happiness.

"But now you are wiser. Now you know—" the boy's pleading voice broke into huskiness. The very world seemed to wait on her answer.

But she would have none of his pleading.

"I don't know anything," she said sharply, "except what I've told you."

"And you don't love me?"

"Would you go if I said yes?"

"I hardly think so."

"Then I won't tell. Good-bye."

She turned abruptly into the house. And Brian went, asking questions of life that he had not known before were ever to be asked.

Wearily the days wore away to another Sunday, the last of the meetings. Dave had been to church several times; but of his daughter Brian had seen nothing. He thought he was never to see her again, until at the last service she appeared—slimmer, paler, more removed from life than ever, a very wraith of the girl whose image he had been cherishing.

His heart pounded at sight of her and then steadied. For something had passed between them—that bright signal which heaven so often flashes to anxious lovers; a meeting of eyes—and lo, a joy, a hope! And now, with this brave promise of her against his heart, Brian felt that he could whip the world.

Mary Lee, who looked only plaintively sweet to other eyes in her little homemade white frock and simple broad-brimmed hat, had come with some neighbors; but as yet her father was nowhere to be seen. When the service had begun Dave came in. Something new in his attitude caused a stir throughout the church and gripped, for an instant, the attention of the evangelist himself as he pounded in full-voiced passion at hesitant youth and reluctant age. The girl clenched her hands tightly, her eyes closed, and Brian knew that she was praying.

Clean as wax and extra good-looking was the ex-bootlegger, and a little bashfully, a bit timidly, he took his seat far back in the church as usual, but in a pew alone, as if he hoped by this sign to prove that he was not ashamed of being there. One by one, in family groups, the good folk piled in; and all looked well for Christian peace—looked well for Dave Fenlow till his enemies came. The boon companions of his lawless past were there, a half dozen big-fisted, whiskey-drinking ruffians, who had got wind that Dave Fenlow was actually in the way of joining the church and meant to put a stop to the foolishness at any cost. With insulting disorder, much shuffling of feet and almost open scoffing, they came in and placed themselves in the very pew occupied by the prospective penitent.

One wanted the window seat that he might eject tobacco juice; another moved over without excuse; and Dave was pushed along to become the center of the group. To their minds he was still one of them. To his own mind he was an outcast, neither as black as he had been, nor yet white enough to shine against darkness. Moreover, he was the type best inspired by a crowd, and the more he tried to be decent, the more readily bitter sayings came bubbling to his tongue. The men thought him in drink—and with sly nudgings urged him on; and Dave, abandoning all hope of benefit from the evangelist, with the native shrewdness of a Patrick Henry, now began a series of satiric compliments to his sermon, which proved far more entertaining to the whole rear of the building than the preacher's own efforts. The uproar became a scandal, and indignant whispers of calling the sheriff were growing louder when the sermon abruptly ended. There was a pause, and the evangelist leaned against the pulpit, every pore oozing perspiration, his thin seersucker coat wet across the shoulders, his collar collapsed, his untidy handkerchief streaming from a moist and shaking hand. It was the moment in which he should have been calling penitents to the altar, and yet there he stood, apparently more helpless than any other soul present.

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Uneasiness fell upon the throng. Whispers rose, a shuffling of feet, through which rasped the staccato of the organist changing stops and the snickerings of the hoodlum element. Then, suddenly, out of a clear sky, the man of God leaned forward over the desk, his face glowing with one of those inspirations by which the Lord rewards the faithful in their hours of defeat and, stretching forth a finger, he called sternly:

"Dave Fenlow, come here! God wants you."

Instantly an electric stillness settled over the church. Would Dave Fenlow shoot? Would he curse? Would he merely sneak out of the door? But he did nothing. His soul was swinging in the balances and he knew it. His jaw dropped; he half rose from his seat and sank back, limp and tremulous.

"I ain't good enough," he said weakly. "I ain't good enough yet."

"Shucks," beamed the evangelist, himself again. "God wants you." And he quoted his tender Lord, that good Shepherd who had come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. "Come, Dave, boy. He wants you."

As stricken now as Peter at cock-crow, Dave writhed amid the wreck of his good intentions, worse in his treachery to his quest, he felt, than in all the careless years of his past. And then, amid a breathless silence, he rose and slowly walked down the aisle. No one of the hoodlum crew had dared to stop him.

"Good for you, brother." The evangelist met him with open hand. "Now get down here on your knees and ask these Christians to pray for you."

"Pray for me," choked Dave after a moment, and clumsily sank to his knees. A dozen of the good folk instantly clustered about him. The choir broke into a wild entreaty to "Throw Out The Life Line." The two ministers and half-a-dozen laymen prayed aloud, singly and in chorus. Every effort, now, was concentrated on the salvation of the man who was where nobody had expected to see Dave Fenlow.

Brian glanced at Mary Lee. She alone of all that throng sat still. And yet under her quiet the boy noted a tenseness that made him wince. Her eyes, star-bright with radiant power, were fixed upon her father, and her spirit, like a guardian angel, seemed to hover over him, willing him on. But even as he looked Brian saw the high purpose of her face change to a pitying love, the bright eyes veil behind tear-washed lids. Mary Lee knew Dave's helplessness with the Spirit—and for one moment she had gone down to the depths to him.

The choir changed its vehicle of grace to "O Sinner Come Home." But their leader had ceased to sing. Heedless of everything, he crossed to the girl and spoke her name; and for one startled instant her wet eyes met his—a blinding flash of love's own glory.

"Can't you let me help?" pleaded Brian, sitting down beside her. "That is all I ask. But oh, my dear, you need me, as I need you—not to-morrow, but now."

"Wait," she whispered brokenly. "If pappy gets religion, we'll take it for a sign. And if he don't——" Again her shoulders stiffened. "I've prayed so long," he heard her say.

"If he does, you will marry me?" The question was meet for church, so deep did the current run that had caught these two simple lives.

"I will. And if he don't, I can't." Her eyes opened, looking straight into his, flooding him with tenderness; and yet so clear of purpose were they that Brian found no recourse save in the providence of God. Into her young life again had come the calmness, the sureness, the never-failing strength with which she had first demanded that Dave go seeking after righteousness.

Around them flowed the agony of the meeting, the ministers shouting to high heaven for grace for the sinner, the people kneeling in the aisles, about the altar, in the pews, in tears and anguish—with Dave Fenlow still groveling on the floor, in what Brian began to sense was a very real and honest contrition.

"There stands the Devil!" shouted the evangelist at last. "But there, closer to you still, stands Salvation—your risen Lord! Which will you choose?"

Wonderful was the love of him, as he leaned over the black sheep whom he so longed to gather into the fold. But the powers of darkness must still have had something of a grip on Dave Fenlow. His heart was bursting with the need

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to join the church—to show people that he meant to be a better man, but entire grace was denied him.

The evangelist wheedled. He threatened. The people screamed:

"Now! Now! O Lord!" But still the sinner, upon his contrite knees, could only mutter aimlessly,

"I ain't fit yet."

And then the miracle happened.

Up through the clamorous din rose a new voice that filled the church, the golden, glorious voice of a singer, thrilled with a mission, uplifted by faith till her notes seemed tuned to the very harpstrings of angels.

Lead, Kindly Light,
Lead Thou me on —

It was Mary Lee, singing her father home, singing him across the bar, as she had sung to him once when the river, at flood, surged almost to their door, and the man's unsteady steps had come stumbling through the dark.

With a consummate knowledge of the depths of the human heart, the evangelist raised his hand for the rest to keep silent. The murmuring and scuffling ceased and only that single voice, rising to unutterable heights, filled with the very honey of love, went on.

Keep Thou my feet,
I do not ask to see—

And again Dave Fenlow heard. He lifted his head, listening beyond the earth; slowly rose to his feet and, in the deep hush, held forth his hand.

The evangelist grasped it, his voice husky as he stated the formal question:

"Do you, by the help of the living Christ, here and now, renounce the Devil and all his works and take upon yourself your proper garments of truth and manhood?"

"I do, so help me God."

Clear as a trumpet call the words rang out and another Dave Fenlow stood to face the people, unashamed of the tears which flowed down his quivering checks; a heart newborn in truth, as even his late friends, the six emissaries of Satan, could see.

They passed the astounding word down the line:

"He's quit with us all right!"

And like a cloud of evil spirits who had been shown the Cross, they seemed to vanish from the church.

In the choir's corner the two lovers sat, hand in hand, exchanging a shining look—that look of joyous wonder which has been in the world since it first came into love's keeping in Eden's garden.

It said all there was to say.

God had given them to one another!

LOVE

They loved—they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young heart has
Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;
And it is Love that works the mine, and brings
Its treasure to the light. I did love once,
Loved as youth — woman — Genius loves; though now
My heart is chill'd and sear'd, and taught to wear
That falsest of false things — a mask of smiles;
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich color over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When the dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
Bearing the poet's words of love: and then
The twilight walk, when the link'd arms can feel
The beating of the heart; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once—
A light the eyes can never see again;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of love
Seem echoes of the heart.

—*Letitia Elizabeth Landon*

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GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT!

A Study of Calvin Coolidge

By MYRON M. STEARNS

THE White House at Washington is not particularly conspicuous. Across a park, from the front, you can hardly see it at all. From the rear, where the ground is lower, it seems higher, beyond a low hedge and a wide stretch of lawn. It stands a little in front of the center of grounds the size of four city blocks, surrounded by fine trees. Perhaps the trees, here and there, make the tall pillars of the portico less noticeable. Across the street to the west, the great bulk of the State Department building, a relic of the wooden-gingerbread period of American architecture, rising almost from the sidewalk, is more prominent.

From the White House itself low wings have been built to the west and east, extending like long corridors across the grounds almost to the street. At the very tip of the west wing, right across the street from the big four-or-five story State Department building, the President has his offices.

There was an entirely different quality from an ordinary call in the message, "You're wanted on the phone by the White House." The black call-boy was a shade more deferential. A man within earshot looked quickly around to see who was getting the message. There is an inescapable limelight that surrounds every act, every slight contact, of the President of the United States. The prominence of his position, the potential power of his every act, makes itself felt.

Over the phone the president's Secretary, Mr. Sanders, told me to come around to the regular weekly conference with newspaper correspondents that day, and stay afterward to talk.

There were perhaps forty newspaper men in the vestibule of the executive offices. A good many of them had canes and spats. They piled their coats and hats on the long table, on chairs, on the mantle-shelf, and made themselves familiarly at home. It occurred to me suddenly that it was through these men, Washington correspondents of their papers all over the country, that my impression of the President had come. Of necessity, they stand between the man in the White House and the rest of us at home who ordinarily have no chance to go to Washington, reporting his actions, translating his words, interpreting his often far-reaching decisions or his perhaps equally far-reaching silences.

At exactly four o'clock a door was opened and we all trooped into the President's private office.

The room is round. The carpet is green; comfortable leather lounging chairs are also green. Heavy draped hangings on the windows are still darker green. At one corner of the President's medium-sized desk stands a beautiful American flag, silk, on a standard as high as your shoulders. Mr. Coolidge stood behind the desk, with his back to the curving row of windows, waiting for the newspaper men to group themselves in a semi-circle before him. In his hand he held a thick bunch of papers.

To these correspondents it was all an old story. To me it was full of surprises.

The President was a taller man than I had expected. As tall as I am—about five feet ten. From cartoons and photographs I had gathered the impression of a man of medium height, or below. But he's not; he's above. He's a heavier man than I'd expected. the lower part of his face is quite full. Not a small man, at all. His hair is darker than I had thought it would be; in certain lights it shows the "sandy" quality often mentioned, but for the most part it seems merely light brown.

He began speaking, answering a suggestion written on one of the bunch of yellow pages he held in his hand. His voice was rather low, clear, and easy. He talked without any of the hesitation, or bitten-off sentences, that you would

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Calvin Coolidge.

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expect from a man who is supposed to be taciturn almost to the point of absolute silence. He spoke with easy confidence, with a smoothness that gave an impression of mastery, both of what he had to say and of how to say it. It was like a man telling his acquaintances of matters on which he happened to be thoroughly posted. He gestured from time to time as he spoke, and when he did the movements were easy, apparently unconscious, usually only with the hand, or arm below the elbow. When he came to a point where he referred to a suggested action—it was during his set-to with the Senate in the matter of the Warren appointment—as being not worth taking because it would be useful only to "put the Senate in a hole," he smiled, taking the newspaper men into his own humorous slant on the situation. He did not question the right of the Senate to criticize the action of the President of the United States; but it seemed to him that the matter of confirming the selection of his personal associates should not be made material for partisan politics. Stressing the point that this should not be made a partisan matter sounded quite reasonable. So did his other statements. When he came to the matter of calling another Disarmament Conference he spoke with the same easy reasonableness, as though world peace were a simple matter of the nations of the earth getting together and agreeing not to fight. Indeed, from first to last it was hard to find any point where one could either criticize or disagree; the handling of each matter was direct, reasonable and evidently sincere.

Before him the crowd of correspondents shifted slightly, moving from foot to foot, some raising and lowering themselves a trifle on their toes. Many were taking notes. Inside of two hours these quiet sentences would appear in headlines across the afternoon papers: "President Intends to Call Another Arms Conference," "President Will Re-Submit Warren's Name to Senate," "President Believes Cabinet Appointments Should Not Be Matter of Party Politics." At his side a short-hand reporter took down each word as it was spoken, to make sure there would be no garbling or misquoting of what was said by the "Spokesman for the White House"—for in these conferences the President is not directly quoted.

Apparently there was no mental hesitation or doubt in his mind concerning the important things he was saying so simply. It was wholly easy, natural, and confident.

By contrast the newspaper correspondents presented a far greater picture of tension. Used as they were to the situation, inured to listening to the presidential sentences, they had not the relaxed control of the man facing them in an everyday business suit, motionless except for the action of his lips and an occasional very slight rocking backwards and forwards on his toes. To me, having heard of Coolidge only at second hand, it seemed an impressive occasion, an impressive demonstration of fitness to fill a high office.

A question or two was asked, to be answered as readily as the speaking on the written notations, in an easy, simple, direct, and evidently sincere way. The man's confidence, his complete familiarity with his subject, was apparent. It was as though he was so sure of his ground that he could safely walk at random within the confines of his knowledge—even though each word might be quoted far and wide. It was quite reasonable. You felt that even though, from your own point of view, you might disagree with him, there would be always a certain reasonableness on his side—a direct method of approach and attack that would leave many people, at least, convinced, and on exactly the same grounds as he himself was convinced.

The President put the remaining papers on his desk, and nodded slightly. The interview was over. The President of the United States had spoken. The correspondents made their way out, putting their notes in their pockets. When they were gone, Mr. Sanders stepped up and introduced me to the President. His handshake was firm, but rather quick. Shaking hands, with presidents, gets to be a rather formal matter, I imagine, and Mr. Coolidge seems willing to have it over within the least possible time.

"Sit down," he said. He sat down himself, swung around in his swivel chair, crossed his legs, and leaned back. "Well," he said, "What can I do for you?"

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The plan was for me to spend enough time with him to tell people about him intelligently. He seemed a little vague about it. What it would require, and what it would result in.

"The idea," I explained, "is for me to make a visit to you here, and tell what I see—just as if whoever reads about it had been here instead. How you look, and how you act, and what you do, and the way you spend your time. How the business of the office is carried on, and what life in the White House is like—possibly even a little about the way your mind works, and how you tackle a problem. Just common details, that will give people a chance to form opinions of their own, instead of having to take what *I* may think." That seemed to clear it up.

I spoke of a slight resemblance that Mr. Coolidge bore to a man I'd met on one of the Atlantic boats a couple of years ago, an assistant of Mr. Frank Stearns, and wondered if the President happened to know him.

"Yes indeed," he said, "I know him well. Why, he's an Amherst man." And he gave the year. He knew my uncle, also an Amherst man, and gave *his* year. And still another. "Do you know," he said, "that in proportion to its size, Amherst has more men in *Who's Who* than any other college in the country?" He's kept a lot better track of his college than I have of mine, and is more interested in it. He was loath to change the subject; one idea would suggest another along the same line. It occurred to me that the action of his mind might be compared to the cutter yachts of thirty years ago, that came about slowly and seemed always loath to change their course—in sharp contrast to the later centerboard boats and "skimming-dish" models, that would spin into a new direction as easily as nothing at all.

It was hard to realize that this simple matter-of-fact man, with his quiet voice, his frequent smile, his eagerness to talk about his college or whatever else was interesting him, was the solemn Coolidge we've been told about, who is supposed to speak only in monosyllables.

"Come around in the morning," he said, "about nine o'clock, or whenever

Photograph by U. S. Army Air Service

A splendid aeroplane view of the White House, showing Lafayette Square, the Department of Justice building—at the left, across the street from the White House offices—and the Treasury building at the opposite end.

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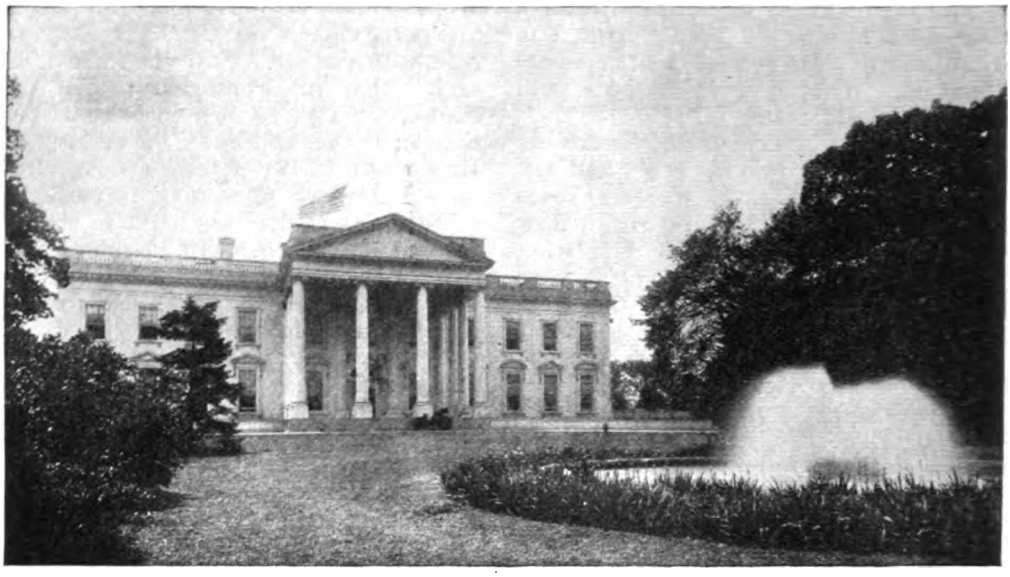

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A charming vista through the White House grounds.

you feel like it, and we'll see if we can't fix it up. You can be in and out of the offices and get an idea of how things work."

So imagine yourself given the run, for the time being, of the President's executive offices, in the tip of the White House wing opposite the big State Department building—where decisions are made, and actions are taken, day after day, that affect your prosperity and well-being, and mine, and a hundred million more.

There was a small group of newspaper men outside the executive wing. There were two or three camera men, ready to take a snap of any notables who might be passing in or out. There was a good-natured sergeant in uniform at the door; he has seen newspaper men come and go, one after another—and presidents too. Inside the vestibule there was the desk of the rather important man who passed you further in, or kept you out, whom I hardly know how to describe except as one of the president's secretary's secretaries. He send you in to Mr. Sanders, the President's Secretary, or calls out Mr. Clark, the president's private secretary, or possibly connects you with still another secretary. Then you get in to Mr. Sanders' office.

The President's Secretary, you realize, is a pretty important person. Don't confuse him with any idea of an ordinary secretary. Mr. Sanders was elected to Congress from Indiana in 1916. Mr. Slemp, his predecessor, is perhaps a still more striking example of "President's Secretary." He was also a member of congress, from Virginia. He graduated from college with a higher stand than any other student ever secured in the history of the institution. He is a millionaire. Steering people into the President or steering them away from him, indirectly influencing the whole course of government—the laws that govern us, the armies that defend us, our foreign relations, the taxes we pay—by assisting this contact and preventing that and smoothing out the other, means a good deal.

Mr. Sanders' office is larger than that of the President, square, finished in yellow, and with windows on two sides—one of them on the street. It connects through a corridor with the round green office of the President. On Mr. Sanders' big desk is a tall vase of beautiful roses, worthy of a bank president or motion picture magnate. On the wall opposite the desk is a large photograph of the President, carrying still further the motion picture touch, where the picture of the Big Boss usually hangs in the reception room.

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The atmosphere of the big room is one of courteous hospitality. As frequently as practicable the different visitors are introduced to each other, carrying still further the impression of interest and friendliness. Many of the callers—in fact, the great majority—are elderly, gray-haired men. The list of appointments for the morning gives an idea of the scope of the vast influences of the President of the United States. It includes a bishop, several different congressmen, two senators, a foreign ambassador, a distinguished scientist, a high army officer, a financier, and the editorial writer of a Chicago paper, as well as a visiting delegation of women welfare-leaders, and a workman who is to be personally thanked by the President for some service rendered, I think in connection with the inaugural ceremonies. As the morning wears on, one or two of the appointments are canceled. A cabinet minister comes in without an appointment, asks to have a little of the President's time, gets it, and goes away. Most of the interviews are short; a few minutes up to—rarely—half an hour. At times Mr. Sanders' office has eight or ten people waiting, and there is a hum of conversation like an afternoon reception. At other times it empties, until you can hear the clock on the mantel-piece ticking in the silence. Occasionally there are conferences in whispers. They may concern matters of little moment; they may, on the other hand, touch delicate foreign relations that affect the course of nations.

I got into conversation with the visiting banker, to find out what manner of man he was. He had started in, he told me, in railroad work, and was a brakeman for several years. To-day his own boy is following almost in his footsteps, working each vacation to earn money for further study, preferring—as his

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The west end of the White House where the President's office is situated.

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father wishes it—also to make his own way. The lad's "Harvard fund" is now around $1,500. A younger brother is still a Boy Scout; the father has himself put in five years as scout-master.

If all the President's callers are as good scouts as that, he's lucky.

As the door of the corridor opens to let out departing visitors, Mr. Sanders ushers in the next man or group, introducing each one punctiliously.

Outside, in the vestibule, a crowd gathers as the morning ends. Between fifty and a hundred visitors who have been directed to the White House by their congressmen or Senators or other friends are on hand to look at and greet the most powerful man in the world. At 12:30 two doors opening directly into the President's office from the vestibule are opened and the line of visitors passes through, going in one and out of the other. Standing behind the President in his office, I again notice his height—well above that of the handshaker's average. The visitors pass through rapidly, to an accompaniment of "How do you do," "Glad to meet you," "How are you," or just nothing at all, from the President. There are more women than men in line, two to one. A little girl gets a longer hand shake, and an extra smile. A baby on father's arm is not forgotten. When he gets old enough to understand he will be told how the President of the United States reached up and took his tiny fingers. One or two women pause long enough to deliver rapidly a carefully prepared sentence, before they are hurried along by the pressure in the line. Three schoolboys are the only ones who take a chance and look back. In all, there are seventy-eight people in line this morning. They have averaged a little more than one second apiece. The whole ceremony has taken less than two minutes.

The first morning I was in Mr. Sanders' office when the hand-shaking started, and the whole business was over and the vestibule cleared before I even found out that the thing had begun.

After the hand-shaking there is a breathing spell. In the outer office Mr. Sanders has a chance to dictate, or look over accumulated material, or get the appointment list for the following morning straightened out. In the inner office, the President has a chance to turn to his mail, the letters that have been sorted for him as being of sufficiently commanding importance to warrant taking his personal attention and the nation's time. This and other matters keep him at his desk, except for the short walk to the main body of the White House—he usually takes it outdoors—and lunch, until well into the afternoon.

At his desk, the President is almost motionless. A batch of letters is brought to him to go over. He picks up the one on top, glances through it in from three or four seconds to possibly half a minute, then makes a quick notation on it and puts it to one side. During the process his head, his body, his feet, do not move; where most people would shift in their chairs, turn their head, move about a bit, he does not. It is as though he had schooled his body to be "silent." He conserves energy, and he conserves time. Occasionally he writes longer directions across a page—two or three lines.

Signing documents takes a good deal of the President's time. There are hundreds of bills that require his signature before they are effective; when he vetoes a measure that the lgislature branch of the government has passed, as was the case with the bonus bill, it is a matter of grave moment. With others, his signature means just as much. And then there are countless more of less consequence. To judge from appearances, signing things is one of the reasons for having a President.

The things to be signed—letters, bills, documents of any sort—are brought in by one of the secretaries and presented to the President. Mr. Coolidge comes to a position as definite as "present arms!" or "parade rest"—feet, knees, body, arms just so, pen already dipped in ink and waiting. The signing begins. As each "Calvin Coolidge" is finished, the secretary whisks the document from the top of the pile, and the pen hardly pauses. There is no sound in the room except the scratching of the pen, no motion except the President's hand, and the secretary's arm as it whisks the signed paper away and comes back for the next.

In a different way, it is almost an exact duplication of the hand-shaking

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New Years crowds waiting to shake the President's hand—at the rate of one second each.

ceremony. In each a system has been worked out that saves so many seconds apiece, so many hours a year.

Yet there is no nervious tension—no straining for speed. When the President swings his chair around to talk to you, and crosses his knees, he is at ease, comfortable, relaxed yet alert.

So much for the office.

"At dinner," the President's private secretary told me, "you will wear your dinner jacket." He took no chances.

To be sure, if you will flock with presidents, you have to wear dinner-jackets.

The White House rooms—it is hard to think of them as being under the same roof as the executive offices in the long, distant wing—are large and high. There are great oil paintings—George Washington, Martha Washington, Thomas Jefferson—and heavy curtains, and big pieces of plush furniture. Just the little party of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, and Mrs. Coolidge's mother, and a couple of guests, seem almost lost in the big rooms. Two dogs help make the environment less formal—Laddie Boy, the boisterous Airdale, and Rob Roy, a white collie.

The dining room is large like the rest. The table is round, with great spaces of green carpet around it, against which the white collie makes a beautiful picture. The White House servants, like the sergeants at the executive offices, in most instances "go with the place." Presidents come and presidents go, but the old darkies who help you off with your coat stay on.

Mrs. Coolidge is not quite so tall as her husband, and darker. Her hair has none of the "sandy" glint that the sun brings out in his. During the past year or so I have done a great deal of writing about schools; the work has brought me in contact with many teachers. Again and again, among the more earnest and enthusiastic and intelligent ones, I have met those who have in no small degree resembled the President's wife. As White House hostess, she takes the lead from her husband, almost as though there were a definite division of duties between them—the executive work and all pertaining to it falling to his exclusive share, while Mrs. Coolidge takes over the social side. Later, the President told me that this is in fact the case;

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that he leaves the White House arrangements so entirely to his wife that, except in a general way, he doesn't even know what the plans are or who the guests will be on any particular evening. On the other hand, he keeps to himself, just as definitely, the entire burden of his official duties, the nation's business and his own personal concern. Mrs. Coolidge knows no more of this work than he does of hers. At the table, he most nearly approaches the picture drawn of him as a silent man, leaving his wife, except for an occasional remark, to direct the conversation.

An excellent chowder; the President remarks on how good it is. Ham, sweet potatoes, spinach, and beets, with small home-grown rolls of the kind that my mother used to call "baking-powder biscuits." Then a green salad, excellent again, with cheese. And last, to be sure, true New England apple-pie before the small cups of coffee. A typical family-circle meal, with only the evening dress, the big room, and the fact that guests are usually, instead of only occasionally present, to differentiate it from thousands of others all over the land.

Four tall candlesticks give the table an air of distinction, the little yellow flames reflecting in points of light on the attractive jade ear-rings that Mrs. Coolidge wears. The meal is surprisingly free from formalities. The President eats rather quickly; he is through before the others. Mrs. Coolidge is a pleasant and thoughtful hostess. The servants, even, give an air of taking care of you, of looking out for your comfort rather than of strict attention to the proper form. One time, I remember, the collar of my coat was not turned over smoothly; the old doorman hurried after me to fix it before I got away.

After-dinner cigars are smoked upstairs in the President's study. Mrs. Coolidge and her mother go into another of the big rooms to listen to a radio concert. Usually the President and his guests join them in fifteen or twenty minutes; if the visitors are all men, though, friends of the President, or seeing him on any particular business, this is not the case. Then the study gradually gets bluish with smoke.

The President sits in a comfortable desk chair, tipped back, and occasionally puts his crossed feet on the corner of his desk. It is a position of easy, unconscious comfort. To me it suggests New England chairs, tipped back around the country grocery-store stove. The desk is large, with a good many books and papers on it, in piles. One big bunch of yellow papers is pasted over with newspaper clippings—one batch the general news of the day, another division the political items, another the editorial comment. Mr. Coolidge frequently passes up altogether the general news of the day—crimes and scandals and distressing accidents. He usually skims briefly through the political news and matters of international interest. The editorial comment he runs over more carefully than anything else. It is there that he finds both a running account of current events and their interpretation. The desk is not particularly orderly, as is the one in his office; it has too much on it. It suggests there are a good many things that he'd like to do, if he had the time—books he has decided to read, and so on. As in his office, a flag stands at the corner of the desk—and here there are two, the stars and stripes at one end, the President's flag at the other.

As in his office, the President talks freely, easily, without any of the marks of a silent or taciturn man. The talk runs to this and that, skimming political subjects, and glancing away again. Always he turned from one subject to another slowly, almost reluctantly; frequently, just as some one started to introduce a new topic, he would interrupt with a remark that carried farther some thought on the old one.

The talk turned to the development of children. "In the country," he said, "the contrasts are sharper, and impressions are deeper, than in the city. Why, if a wagon came down the road when I was a boy, we noticed everything about it—what kind of wheels it had, and the horses, and the harness." And following up the same line of thought, he told of his own changing about; how he first went twelve miles away to preparatory school; then down to college; then studied law; then to Northampton; then up to Boston, in the state legislature; then governor; then to Washington, as Vice-President—until it seemed as though it were all just going to school, over and over again.

"The President of the United States"

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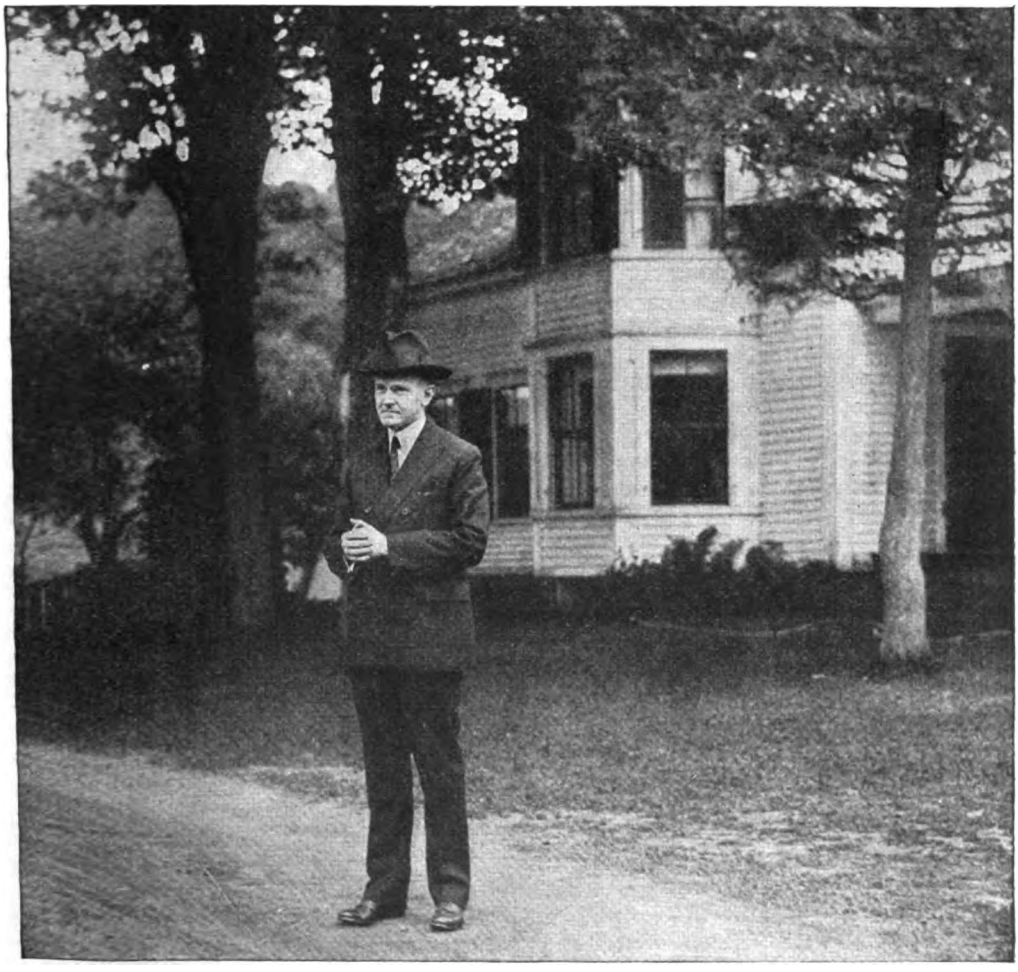
he refers to not infrequently. So does Mrs. Coolidge. Once, telling of driving an automobile to California with a full carload of family, I was asked if it wasn't pretty hard work. I admitted it was, but qualified it: "Doesn't having a good time usually mean hard work?"

"Now," said Mrs. Coolidge, "you're talking exactly like the President of the United States."

Whenever the dogs came into the room—they were usually together, egging each other on to start something—the President sternly ordered them away. They seemed to be doubtful as to whether he was absolutely in earnest or not, but ended by obeying. It was not until the third day of my acquaintance with him that I saw the reason for their hesitation—although I had guessed it before. Then, instead of ordering them away, he let them come to him, and touseled their heads, and made the white collie sit up and put up both his paws. "He's always wanting attention," the President said; "he's a regular nuisance." And he kept on petting him.

Once, the President turned to his desk during the conversation in his study, and started writing. Mr. Warren was his guest that evening, and kept on talking with me. Presently the President interrupted with a comment; he was following the conversation as closely as before. At the end of the evening he took from his pocket a note that would open certain doors for me.

"You'd better arm yourself with



Photograph by Brown Brothers

President Coolidge outside of his father's home in Plymouth, Vermont. Here the elder Coolidge administered the oath of office to his son.

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this," he said. He had thought ahead for my convenience. It was what he had written in the study.

The main hall on the second floor of the White House is twenty feet wide, and so long that it seems almost narrow. It has a red carpet, and at one point four or five stairs that take you to a slightly higher level. An electric elevator that works by push-buttons takes you upstairs or down. Mr. Coolidge pointed out to me the room President Lincoln used as his bedroom, and told me how, when he couldn't sleep, Lincoln had often taken a book and walked down the long hall to where his private secretary slept in the opposite corner of the house, and waked him up and read to him, sitting on the side of the bed.

The Coolidge family, when there are no guests, goes to bed rather early. The hours in the big White House are quiet hours—not like the busy ones during the day at the executive office. The President himself sleeps well, he tells me. "Though sometimes," he adds, "I wake up early, if there is a pressure of things I need to think about."

That is significant. Instead of lying awake and worrying, he wakes up early to attack additional problems.

Frequently the week-end is spent on the *Mayflower*, dropping down the Potomac Saturday afternoon, and coming back Sunday. In that case, church services are held on the boat. If the President stays in Washington, as during the time I was his guest, he goes to the First Congregational Church.

Every seat in the church is filled. Admission is only to pew-holders, or by card. When the President's party comes in, at exactly 11 o'clock, the entire congregation rises, at a signal from the preacher.

It is a big, oblong room, this main body of the church, with a square-cut gallery along three sides—just such a plain, unornamented hall as my own father used to preach in, in New England forty years ago. The form of service, the music, the hymns, the announcements, all sound as familiar to me as during my boyhood. There is a big bouquet in front of the pulpit, red flowers mixed with yellows of different shades, and white, like a mammoth edition of one of the old-fashioned farm nosegays. The sermon is a plain, homely talk that takes for granted the religious verities and assumptions on which it is based. The singing of the choir, the playing of the organ, are also plain, rather pleasing, rather unfinished performances—music such as I again recall from the nineties. The responsive reading is a bit rapid, following words rather than meaning. It is impossible for me to avoid running over, in my mind, the circumstances that have allowed me, gradually, in a different part of the country, to drift away from this particular form of worship, and in the end question even many details of the creed itself. Obviously, the President has never chanced into such circumstances. He sits with an arm extended along the back of the pew, thoroughly at home.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Coolidge talked with me steadily, for four hours—from three until seven. During that time he did most of the talking. Not continuously, to be sure, but as any conversation might run on, with pauses before another addition to the subject, and sometimes slightly longer gaps before a new topic came up. We went back to the days of Greece and Rome, and forward to speculate on the future of the race. During the first three quarters of an hour or so the President was sitting in an ordinary kitchen chair, knees crossed, while a New York sculptor gave corrective touches to a bust that had been brought to the finishing stages from a photograph. During that time the conversation was in measure three-cornered, although Mr. Baker was largely concentrated on his work. Afterwards the President took me for a walk of nearly three miles, and then we came back and talked an hour or two.

Here we have, apparently, a complete contradiction. A man with a reputation for silence such as no man in public life ever possessed, and a perfect willingness to talk freely, easily, for hours at a time. I believe the explanation lies in two things.

First, Mr. Coolidge, at times, "withdraws" into silence almost as a turtle draws back into his shell. I noticed a little of this at the table, and occasionally in his office. Much more marked instances, of course, have come to me second-hand. One story tells of a bet made between two men, one of whom was to sit next to the President at a

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large dinner, that he would not say three words during the entire meal. Towards the end of the evening, getting desperate because Mr. Coolidge had not yet spoken at all, the man next him told of the bet, ending: "He bet ten dollars you wouldn't say three words, but I bet you would." Mr. Coolidge, according to the story, considered the matter for some moments, then turned a little towards his companion. "You lose," he said. Two words. I take it the President doesn't feel it is worth while, on such occasions, to make the necessary effort to start a conversation; the smaller conventions get little attention from him, and "small talk" is the last thing you can imagine him bothering about. Or possibly under special circumstances certain small inhibitions become stronger, and do not seem worth overcoming until there is a more compelling purpose to be achieved. The second thing we talked about. The President told me that the newspaper men and other writers he had met were, as a whole, a fine crowd. But to make a story, to draw a picture, they might take some point and develop it, like cartoonists.

"Take economy," said the President. I forget whether the subject came up that Sunday afternoon, or during one of the talks in his office. "Saving money is never popular. If you go in for an economy program, you're almost sure to be held up as a penny-pincher. But it's necessary. Waste just creeps into government. It's easy to run along and just leave it there. It's easy to run an extravagant government. It's lots harder to run an economical one."

As we left the White House two secret service men, in plain clothes, slipped into their overcoats and unostentatiously followed us, a few steps behind. At street crossings, they came up on each side of us, and the four of us waited for a gap in the automobile traffic, just as anybody else would. When the street had been crossed they'd drop behind again. Occasionally some one recognized the President, and he would bow or lift his hat; but for the most part even those who passed close to us didn't notice him. Although it was a chilly day, he wore neither gloves nor overcoat, walking with a short, brisk step, and keeping his hands clasped behind him.

"Walking is about as good exercise as you can get," he explained to me later, when we were talking about his mechanical horse and how the story of it hap-

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The Capitol at Washington. Every bill that is passed by both houses must have the President's signature before it becomes law.

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pened to get out. "And it takes less time than anything else. Of course, I'd like to ride a horse, but to do that, or play golf, means changing your clothes when you go out and when you come back. If I just walk, I'm getting the exercise I want as soon as I get outside the door, and in fifteen or twenty minutes I can be back and get to work again, feeling a lot better. Sometimes I simply walk around the White House grounds."

At one time the subject of government forestry, on which I had been doing some writing, came up, and I referred to the total area—157 odd million acres. The President, without questioning my figure, was a little hesitant to accept it.

"I thought it was around a hundred and eighty million," he explained. He was right, at that. The gross area is more than 182,000,000. I had subtracted the amount of privately-owned land within the forest borders.

Once or twice, while talking, I ran against what seemed to me to be strong prejudices. In particular these came up in connection with certain men. Sometimes for, sometimes against. In one case I argued about it a little, but felt as though I had come against something that couldn't be attacked, any more than a phase of religion. Perhaps I was wrong. At any rate, on other things the President's mind seemed to work clearly, easily, accurately.

One other thing requires mention. Repeatedly at and near the White House, I came in contact with those whom the President has chosen to assist him in his work of administrating the government of the United States. He seems to lean towards the type that he represents himself—simple, direct, and extremely able, even if sometimes within certain circumscribed areas. Obviously, he has mastered the great art of organizing brain-power, man-power, effectively. He secures results that would be perhaps impossible for other men by choosing the men he needs, and then putting behind them his own faith, his own simple reliance, his own unwillingness to change, his own outstanding loyalty.

His power is almost unthinkable. When the selection of a new attorney-general came up, the whole matter of law enforcement and justice, our own respect for the government, our own attitude, and that of others towards us, and towards our lives and property, was involved. Matters of taxation, of economy, of tariff, touch the pockets of each of us. Five hundred million dollars annually is spent by the Army and Navy Departments for national defense, to protect us from possible foes; how is that expenditure made—wisely, or foolishly? It is the President, through his selection of the Secretaries of the Army and Navy, and shaping the policies they are to pursue, who, largely, decides. When we commute to the city, when we mail or receive a letter, when we pay the freight on a shipment of household goods, when we tour through the national parks or camp in national forests, we come in contact with the work of the Department of Commerce, or the Department of the Interior, or the Department of Agriculture—all directly affected and guided by the President himself.

He must know about telegraph and telephone and radio and railroads and commission men and motion picture censors, as well as about the government forests, and water power, and everyday morality. Through the State Department our entire future, our relation with other powers, our foreign policy, the likelihood of war or the possibility of peace, is at stake. Read, if you will, any of the messages that President Coolidge has sent to Congress, and see how much is involved—and, incidentally, how complete is the grasp which this quiet man has of his subject.

A kindly man, I found Calvin Coolidge, and considerate. Friendly, and easy to talk to—at least, it seems to me, for any one of similar heritage, understanding the same environment and its results. Above all, a competent man who can cooperate with able assistants, securing with them results that more spectacular men might never achieve. Able to come to the great work of government simply. Able to put a full day's work into every day without fuss or feathers. Accepting the doctrine of human fallibility, keeping himself free from worry and fit for work, attacking the involved and intricate matters of administration directly, with a quiet mind, a step at a time and the nearest one first. Possessing two, at least, of the attributes of true greatness—he is a simple man, and sincere.

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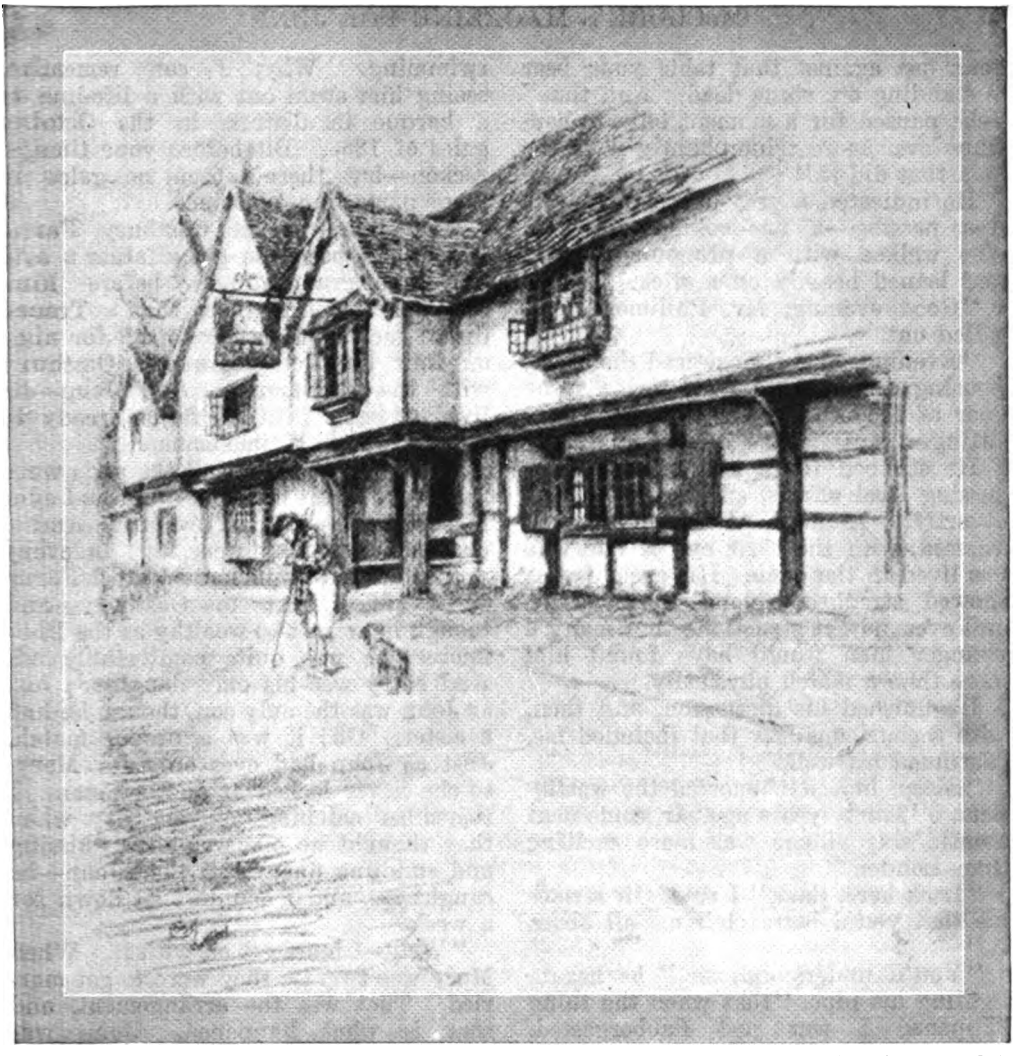

Courtesy of Cecil Alden, and William Heinemann, Ltd.

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR ON HIS FACE

By SAPPER

"A WRITING gentleman, are you, sir?" said the landlord. "Well, well—it takes all sorts to make a world. Not that I hold much with it," he went on. "I reckon that it's better to be up and doing than sitting down and spoiling good paper."

Against such an outrageous assault as that I felt I had to defend myself, and I pointed out to him that one had to put in a bit of up and doing oneself before beginning to spoil the paper.

"Not that I should think there's much doing beyond sleep in this village," I added sarcastically.

"That's just where you're wrong," he remarked triumphantly. "Why in that very chair you're sitting in a man was shot through the heart. Plugged as clean as a whistle, and rolled off the

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chair up against that table your beer is standing on, stone dead. And that" —he paused for a moment only to continue ever more triumphantly—"is the man that did it."

He indicated a gray-haired man who was passing—a fine-looking old man who walked with a pronounced limp and leaned heavily on a stick.

"Good evening, Mr. Philimore," he called out.

"Evening, Sam," answered the other, pausing and coming over towards the door of the inn outside which we were sitting.

He stopped for a few moments discussing local affairs, and I studied him covertly. A man of seventy-five, I guessed, with the clear eye of one who has lived in the open. His great frame showed strength beyond the average, and even now it struck me that many a younger man would have found him more than a match physically.

He finished his discussion, and then, with a courteous bow that included me, continued his walk.

"Sleep, indeed!" snorted the worthy Sam. "Thirty years ago, sir, come next month, this village was more exciting than London."

"Look here, Sam," I said, "it strikes me that you'd better tell me all about it."

"You'll understand, sir," he began, lighting his pipe, "that when the thing happened I was just flabbergasted. Couldn't make head nor tail of it, because I didn't know what it was all about. It was only afterwards when I began making inquiries and talking to this person and that, that the whole thing was clear from the beginning. And that's the way I'm going to tell you the story."

"And quite the right way, too," I assured him.

"It starts nigh on fifty-five years ago, when I was a nipper of ten, and John Philimore—him as you've just seen—a man of twenty-one. You can talk of good-looking men—and I've seen a tidy few in my life—but you can take it from me he came first. The girls were fair crazy about him, and well they might be. Tall, upstanding, strong as a giant—they don't breed 'em nowadays. There wasn't a man on the countryside could touch him at any sport, or at swimming. Why, I can remember seeing him swim out with a life-line to a barque in distress in the October gales of 1868. Bit before your time, I reckon—but there's been no gales in these parts like 'em since.

"He lived up at Oastbury Farm, which had been his grandfather's and his great-grandfather's before him. Aye—and longer than that. Traced direct back from father to son for nigh on four hundred years was Oastbury with the Philimores. And John—he lived at home with his father, ready to take on when his time came.

"I've told you that all the girls were fair crazy about him, but John had eyes for only one—Mary Trevenna. And a proper match they were, too, in every way. Old Trevenna had Aldstock Farm, —the place next to Oastbury—and though he wasn't so wealthy as the Philimores, he was quite comfortably off. And Mary was his only daughter; just as John was the only son, though he had a sister. Oh! it was a proper match. Just as John had eyes only for Mary, so she never looked at another man. I remember catching 'em one day when they thought no one was about, kissing and cuddling fine. And then John—he caught me, and I couldn't sit down for a week.

"Well—I must get on with it. When Mary was twenty, they were to get married. That was the arrangement, and that is what happened. John was twenty-two and they were going to live in a small farm near Oastbury which his father had given them.

"It was a great wedding. The squire came—that's his present lordship's father—and every one from the country side. And after it was over they went off to Torquay for the honeymoon. Then they came back to the house where they were going to live, and things settled down normal again.

"Of course, you must remember, sir, that I was only a nipper at the time, helping my father in this very house. Them was the days before these new-fangled schemes of education, when folks held with a boy working and not filling his head with rubbish. But little pitchers have long ears, as they say, and I very soon finds out from what folks said that there was a baby on the way.

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"'John Philimore came in less and less, and after a while he hardly ever came in at all; and when he did it was only for a moment or two, and then he'd hurry off home. Not that things weren't going well, but a lad is apt to be a bit fazed over his first.

"'A boy it would be—of course; for generations now the eldest child born to the Philimores had been a boy. And a rare fine specimen, too—with such parents. John's mother looked out the lace christening robe and all the old fal-lals the women like fiddling round with at such times. And at last Mary's time came, and it was a girl—as fine a child, so I heard tell, as any one would have wished for. But it was a girl.

"Well, sir—I don't profess to account for it; Lord knows there was plenty more time for 'em to have half a dozen boys, but it seemed to prey on Mary's mind that she should be the first for so many generations to have a girl as her first-born.

"I remember old Doctor Taggart coming into the inn here one night, and leaning across the bar for his brandy and water. He and my father were alone, and they paid no attention to me.

"'Sam,' he said—my father was Sam, too—'Sam, that girl don't want to get well. There's nothing the matter with her; at least nothing serious. She just don't want to get well. I tell you I could shake her. Just mazed, she is, because it's a girl, and John near off his head.'

"And sure enough old Taggart was right. Ten days after the child was born, Mary Philimore died. She died in the afternoon at three o'clock, and with her death something must have snapped in John Philimore's brain.

"Never to my dying day shall I forget that evening. There was a bunch of people inside there, and naturally every one was discussing it, when suddenly the door was flung open and John stood there swaying like a drunken man. He'd got no collar on; his eyes were blazing—and his great fists were clenching and unclenching at his sides. He stood there staring round the room, which had fallen silent at his entrance, and then he let out a great bellow of laughter.

"'A murderer!' he roared. 'That's what I am—a murderer. Confound you all! Give me some brandy.'

"'Shame on you, John,' said one of the men. 'With Mary not yet cold.'

"And John hit him on the point of the jaw, and as near as makes no matter broke his neck.

"'Brandy,' he shouted, 'or I'll take it!'

"And take it he did, for there was no stopping him. He tipped half the bottle down his throat, and once again he let out a roar of laughter, as he stood there with his back to the bar. He looked at the men bending over the chap he'd hit, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"'What's it matter if he's dead?' he cried. 'One or two—what's it matter? I've murdered Mary: what's Peter Widgely to her? I tell you I've murdered her—my little Mary. What did it matter if it was a boy or girl? But she thought it did—and she's dead. And if they hadn't hidden the brat it would be dead too.'

"And then suddenly he grew strangely silent, and stared from one man to another. No one spoke; I guess they were all a bit scared. For maybe a minute you could have heard a pin drop in that room, and then John Philimore spoke again. He didn't shout this time; he spoke quite quiet. And in between his sentences he took great gulps of raw brandy.

"It's burnt on my brain, sir, what he said—and there it will remain. For on that night John Philimore cursed his Maker with blasphemy too hideous to think of. He cursed his Maker: he cursed his child: he cursed his father and, above all, he cursed himself. And when he'd finished he laid the empty bottle on a table, strode across the room looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, opened the door and went out into the night. And from that moment no man in this village saw him again for twenty years."

Mine host stared thoughtfully across the little harbor at two fishing boats beating in.

"A bad sailor, Bill Dennett. Always keeps too long on that tack. However, sir, as I was saying, John Philimore disappeared. From time to time there came news of him in different corners of the earth—and it wasn't good news.

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With a wild set he'd got in, and he was the wildest of the lot. From South Africa, from Australia, from over in America we heard of him at intervals—but only indirectly. He never wrote to his father, or to his sister—and it fair broke his mother's heart. For John was just the apple of her eye. She kept on hoping against hope that he'd walk in some day, and when the weeks passed, and the months and the years, she just faded out herself—though she was still a young woman.

"That was seven years after John went, and they buried her along with the rest of the Philimores. And then five years later the old man got thrown from his horse out hunting—and he died too—cursing his son on his death-bed for being the cause of his mother's death, even as John had cursed his father for being in part the cause of Mary's. A hard lot the Philimores—and always have been.

"And so for the first time Oastbury passed into the hands of a woman—John's sister, Ruth; though, of course, it was John's whenever he chose to return. If he'd been able to, the old man would have cut him out, and left it away from him—but he couldn't. But until John did return it was Ruth's, who went on living there with the innocent cause of all the trouble, who had been called Mary after her mother. She was twelve years old when her grandfather died, and even then gave promise of being as lovely as her mother. Of her father she knew nothing; she'd been told simply that he was abroad and no one could tell when he would return.

"On the death of the old man Ruth had written a letter to the last address at which her brother had been heard of, and she had caused advertisements to be put in the papers in Australia and South Africa. But after some months the letter came back to her, and there was no reply to the advertisements. In fact, there were a good many of us who began to think John Philimore was dead, and seeing how he had turned out, no bad riddance either.

"Well, the years went on, and Mary grew from a girl into a woman. And the promise as she'd given as a little 'un became a certainty. She was lovelier even than her mother had been, for there was a touch of the Philimore in her—in the way she stood, and in the way she looked at you. And in addition to her looks Mary stood to be a pretty considerable heiress. Old Trevenna—her grandfather—was ailing, and he had no kith nor kin but her. And if, as most of us thought, John Philimore was dead, then Oastbury became hers on her twenty-first birthday. For Ruth was only just in there as a guardian; Oastbury was John's till they proved him dead and then it passed to his child.

"So you'll see, sir, that Mary was due for Oastbury and Aldstock—and that in the days when farming was farming. It made her the biggest heiress round these parts, and the young fellows weren't exactly blind to the fact. Not that she weren't worth having without anything at all except her sweet self; but with them two farms chucked in like, the boys were fairly sitting up.

"But Mary wasn't going to be in any hurry. No one could say which way her fancy lay—not even her aunt; though it did seem sometimes as if it was towards young George Turnbury, whose father was a big miller in Barnstaple. Not that they were tokened, but when old Gurnet drew him in the sweepstake he stood drinks all round.

"A fine boy—young George—big and upstanding, who would come into a pretty penny of his own in time. And absolutely silly over Mary, as well he might be. And we was all beginning to think as things would be settled soon when the trouble began.

"I was standing at this very door—I'd been landlord then for nigh on two years—when I saw a stranger coming up the street. A great big fellow, he was, with a curious sort of roll in his walk, such as you often see in men who have been a lot at sea. As soon as he seed the sign over the door he made for it like a cat for a plate of fish. And I give you my word, sir, I got a shock when I saw his face. From his left temple, right down his cheek as far as his chin, ran a vivid red scar. It was an old one and quite healed, but it must have been the most fearful wound that caused it. For the rest, his skin was dark brown, his nose was hooked and his eyes a vivid blue.

"'Say, I guess you'll know,' he said, staring at me with those blue eyes of

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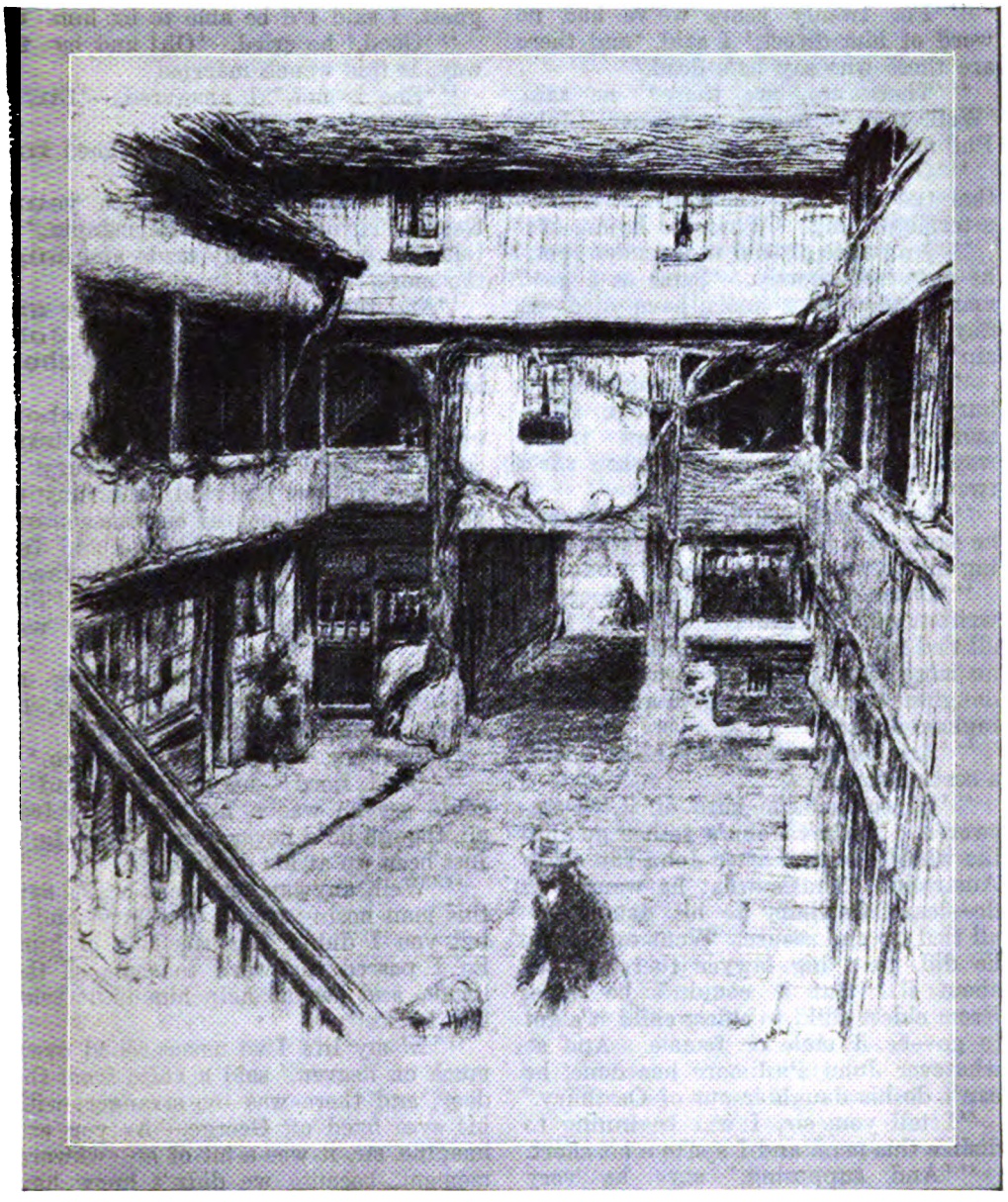

Courtesy of Cecil Alden, and William Heinemann, Ltd.

"Such a man was he that the women fled at the sight of him."

his. 'Is there a shack called Oastbury in this district?'

"'Well, at that I pricked up my ears, for I'd placed him already as a man from foreign parts.

"'There certainly is,' I said. 'If you go round the corner you can see Oastbury Farm upon the hill there.'

"'I guess it will stop there,' says he, without moving. 'Good farm, is it?'

"'It is accounted the best in these parts and one of the best in the whole West Country,' said I, and he nodded his head as if pleased with the news.

"'May I ask, sir,' I went on, 'if you have by any chance news of John Philimore? I can see you come from foreign parts, and since you've asked about Oastbury, I thought you might know something of him.'

"'Then your thoughts are correct,' he answered.

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"'For twenty years we've had no word of him direct,' I said, 'and there are those who say he's dead.'

"'There are, are there?' he said. 'Well, they've backed a winner. John Philimore has been dead a year.'

"'Good heavens!' I cried—for now that the news was confirmed it seemed a terrible thing. 'What did he die of?'

"'An ounce of lead in a tender spot,' he answered shortly. 'Same as a good many other poor fools have died of. Say, now, there's a daughter of his alive, ain't there?'

"'There is,' I said. 'Living at Oastbury Farm now. And if John Philimore is dead, the farm is hers. Leastways, it will be in a year, when she's twenty-one.'

"'And what would happen, mister,' he said, 'if John had made a will leaving all he possessed to me?'

"'It wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on,' I answered shortly. 'It's all tied up—see? John Philimore could no more leave Oastbury away from his daughter than he could give away Buckingham Palace.'

"'Are you sure o' that?' he said with a sort of snarl.

"'Of course I'm sure of it,' I answered. 'Didn't John's father go into the whole question after John ran off to Australia? That's what he wanted to do—leave Oastbury to his daughter—all tied up and secure. Went to Exeter, he did, to a big lawyer there, to see about it. But it couldn't be done. From eldest child to eldest child it's got to go—be it male or female. And so whatever John Philimore has done, he can't do his daughter out of Oastbury.'

"I tell you, sir, I was beginning to dislike this man, and I spoke a bit short.

"'And supposing,' says he very quiet-like, 'this daughter of his should die before she's twenty-one?'

"'Then,' I said, 'it would go to her aunt—John's sister.'

"With that I left him and went indoors. And half an hour later he was still sitting at the table staring across the harbor. Then he gives a shout, and out I goes.

"'Can you give me a room here?' he says. 'I'll pay what you like, and give no trouble.'

"Well, business is business; and though I didn't fancy having him as a guest, I said I'd be able to fix him up.

"'Good,' he cried. 'Oh! and by the way, is this wench married?'

"'She is not,' I answered. 'But I expect she soon will be.'

"'So do I,' he said, and laughed in a funny sort of way.

"'She's all but tokened to young George Turnbury from Barnstaple,' I told him, but that only made him laugh the more.

"And then, what with one thing and another, and telling the news of John Philimore's death, I forgot all about him for a time.

"I reckons it must have been about nine o'clock when George Turnbury came in. He'd been up at Oastbury.

"'Say, fellows,' he said, 'have any of you seen a queer-looking customer about the place? A great big hook-nosed fellow with a huge red scar down his face.'

"'It's the stranger,' I cried. 'The one who told me John Philimore was dead.'

"'Dead?' cried George, staring at me. 'John Philimore dead?' For, of course, he hadn't heard the news.

"'That's so,' I said. 'A year ago.'

"'Good Lord!' he muttered, and I could see he was a bit moved. After all, though he'd never known John, he'd just been up at his daughter's.

"'Well, anyway,' he went on, 'I saw this man nosing round Oastbury, and I tell you I didn't like the look of him. So I passed the word to some of the hands, and heaven help him if he tries any tricks!'

"'In my life I've never relied overmuch on heaven,' said a voice from the door, and there was the stranger, with his eyes fixed on George. As you can imagine, sir, it was a bit of an awkward moment, because we didn't know how much he'd heard.

"'I've found that I'm quite capable of looking after myself, young man,' he continued, crossing the room and standing close to George. 'And now may I ask why you don't like the look of me?'

"George Turnbury got a bit red.

"'I'm sorry you should have heard that,' he said. 'I didn't know you were in the room.'

"'I'm still waiting for an answer to my question, young man,' said the other quietly, though there was a nasty note in his voice.

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"'Young George, he drew himself up, or he had a temper of his own, and he didn't like the stranger's tone.

"'"You'll get the answer in a looking-glass," he said, and turned his back on him. 'I guess it was a powerful cat you tried petting,' he flung over his shoulder.

"'The stranger put out both his hands quite gently, and caught hold of George from behind just above each elbow. Now, George was a powerful lad, used to handling sacks of corn, and I shall never forget the look of blank amazement that spread over his face. It must have been a quarter of a minute they stood there without movement, and the reason was plain to us all. George couldn't move; he was as powerless as a child in that man's grasp. We could see him struggling so that the sweat broke out on his forehead, and there was hardly a tremor in that stranger's hands. And then the stranger laughed.

"'"It wasn't a cat, little boy," he said. 'It was the slash of a cutlass. And the man who did it died as he did it. It was a much stronger man than you, little boy. But as far as you're concerned, don't be rude any more, or I might have to whip you.'

"'And with that he let George go and swung out the door.

"'For a while after he left no one spoke. George—who had a proper pride in himself—was well-nigh crying with shame and mortification at having been made to look such a fool before us all. And, of course, a thing like that was bound to get around, if only as a measure indicating the stranger's strength. But as the days went on it was forgotten in the much more important affairs that were happening up at Oastbury. It had us all beat; we couldn't make head nor tail of 'em.

"'For this stranger pretty well lived up there, and what Mary Philimore or her aunt could see in him was beyond us. He still kept on his room here; but mostly he was at Oastbury.

"'George was pretty near off his head about it all; seemed to think he'd got some hold over Mary—this man with the scar. And sure enough two or three times when I seed her, she seemed to have a hunted look in her sweet eyes.

"'Then a month after he'd arrived we heard the news. At first no one would believe it; but it was true right enough. Mary had tokened herself to this man, whose name was Henry Gaunt.

"'I tell you, sir, it had us all knocked endwise. For Mary, that sweet girl, to marry this bully, who was old enough to be her father, seemed a horrible sin. And once it was settled, what little mark of decency he had kept on to start with disappeared. He took a delight in picking quarrels and insulting people. Such a man was he that women fled at the sight of him. He nearly killed poor old Dick, the policeman, one night—and only just escaped prison by a hair.

"'That sobered him up a bit, and he was more careful in future. But even then he was a devil. Chaps as had come to this house for years, and their fathers before them, stayed away because they were afeard of Gaunt. And this was the man Mary was going to marry.

"'Time went on and the wedding was due in a fortnight. And then one morning I was standing in the door there thinking things over, when again I seed a stranger coming up the street. The house was empty; Gaunt was up at Oastbury—but this stranger reminded me in a way of him. The same build—the same roll in his walk, and I thought to myself, I thought, 'Good Lord! This ain't another such as Gaunt!'

"'And then as he got nearer I began to rub my eyes. I must be wrong, of course, but it surely was a staggering likeness to John Philimore.

"'"Hullo, Sam!" he sung out. 'Forgotten me, I suppose. I know it's you; you're so like your father'

"'"Great guns!" I said, all mazed-like, 'it's John Philimore!'

"'"The very same," he answered.

"'"But we was told you were dead.'

"'"And who told you that?" he says.

"'"Why, Henry Gaunt," I answers. 'Him as is staying here now.'

"'The smile had left his face, and he stared at me speechless.

"'"Do you mean a man with a great red scar down his face?" he said in a terrible voice.

"'"That's the one," I told him. 'And not only is he staying here, but he's tokened to your daughter.'

"'"What!" he roared, and I thought he was going to strike me. Then he pulled himself together. 'Come inside and tell me about it. But—wait a moment. Where is he now?'

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"'Up at Oastbury,' I said, and I've never seen such a look of rage on a man's face before or since.

"Well, I took him inside, and I told him all I knew.

"'Sam,' he said, 'I rely on you. Not a word to a soul that I'm back. Above all, not a word to that devil incarnate.'

"'You have my word, sir,' I said. 'And if you can get rid of him, I, for one, will be profoundly thankful.'

"'I'll get rid of him all right,' he answered quietly.

"Naturally I was fair bursting with the news, but I kept my word and didn't breathe a hint to a soul. At six Gaunt came in and, sitting down in the chair you're in, he ordered his usual bottle. In a foul temper he was over something or other, and he sat there glowering across the harbor. There were two or three others drinking over at that table, and by this time my knees were shaking under me.

"Five minutes later young George Turnbury passed down the road on the way to the station.

"'Hi, you—you young swab,' sung out Gaunt. 'Come here!'

"George, he took no notice and just walked on, when—would you believe it, sir?—that devil pulled out a revolver and fired. George told us afterwards that he felt the wind of the bullet.

"'Next time I'll hit you,' said Gaunt, 'unless you stop!'

"George stopped.

"'Now, you young cockerel, is it you who has been closeted all the afternoon with the girl I'm going to marry?'

"'It was not,' said a stern voice behind him. 'It was I.'

"And there was John Philimore standing just behind Gaunt with a revolver pressed into the devil's neck.

"'And if you move, Gaunt; if you try any of your foul tricks, I'll blow the top of your head off.'

"Gaunt's face was a study. He'd gone quite white, and the scar looked like a streak of bright red paint, while in his eyes there was the look of an animal at bay, a sort of snarling fear.

"'Is it you, John Philimore?' he said, moistening his lips, for with that gun in his neck he dursn't look round to see.

"'Who else would it be, Gaunt?' said John. 'You see you didn't kill me after all, though it was touch and go, Gaunt —touch and go. If two prospectors hadn't come along soon after you cleared out with what was left of the water, you would have killed me, Gaunt.'

"Young George, he started forward.

"'You foul swine!' he shouted, but Gaunt heeded him not. There was only one thing he could think of at the moment, and that was that his sin had found him out. And ceaselessly he moistened his lips with his tongue.

"'And then, Gaunt,' went on John Philimore in a terrible voice, 'having killed me, as you thought, you came to my home. And when you found it was entailed, and you couldn't get it by forgery—then Henry Gaunt, you went to my daughter, and told her that I wasn't really dead; that you'd lied when you said so—lied on purpose. You said that I was in prison for life for murder and bushranging; that I'd been guilty of unnameable crimes; that you had proof of it. And you blackmailed her into the unthinkable sacrifice of marrying you. Can you tell me, Gaunt, of any single reason why I shouldn't kill you where you sit?'

"Gaunt laughed harshly, though his eyes roved wildly from side to side as if seeking some way of escape.

"'One very good one,' he snarled. 'They'll hang you if you do.'

"'True, answered John Philimore. 'Then I'll flog you, Gaunt—flog you here and now till the blood drips off you.'

"And then, sir, it happened—so quickly that one could scarce see. Of a sudden two shots rang out, and we saw John Philimore sink to the ground. And even as he fell on one side of the chair, Gaunt rolled off on the other.

"We rushed up to them, young George Turnbury first of us all. And John, he looked up at him with a smile.

"'Go up, young George,' he said, 'and tell Mary that the wedding can take place, but the bridegroom will be different.'

"'Are you hurt, sir?' cried George.

"'Not as badly as Henry Gaunt.'

"We looked at the man with the scar on his face, and he was dead. Shot through the heart—plugged clean.

"Well, sir, that's the story. John Philimore was shot through the groin; maybe you noticed he still limps. And young George, he married Mary. That shows we don't always sleep here."

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TALES OF THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

The times; the spirit of the times! *Cicero*

HE WAS a Bourbon—a white lily of France; the Marquis de Mores, eldest son of the Duke of Vallombrosa, whose estates are among the show places near Paris. Restless, stirring, ambitious; resenting the new order of Republican rule and the disposition of the royal Bourbons to make way for what, in his secret heart, he considered pot-heads and *canaille;* an aristocrat to the bone and willing to fight at any instant to uphold the honor and glory of his dying cause.

For this was in the early 80's and the Bourbons still fiercely resented the fall of their dynasty. The gulf between the old *régime* and Republican rule was yet fathomless. Still clinging to their heritage, the younger aristocrats, among them the Marquis, continued in the army. His outspoken comment brought on frequent duels with his Republican brother officers, and led to his resignation from the army and his departure to America. In the meantime, he had met, loved and married Medora, beautiful daughter of L. A. Van Hoffman, the powerful New York banker, whose fortune was reputed to be fabulous.

It was the era of empire building. Save for its gold, silver and few cattle, the boundless Northwest was yet undeveloped. Hudson Bay factors were still coming down from the north, their fantastic, endless trains of single ox-carts piled high with rich furs. The western plains of the Dakotas, still a single territory, were black with countless buffalo. Backed by huge German capital, the Villards were pushing the Northern Pacific Railroad through this virgin land, on to Portland and the Pacific. The Southwest was equally crude and territorial.

It was in 1883 that the Marquis came to the shack town of Little Missouri, where a population typical of the times foregathered in lazy abandon. Bull-whackers, mule skinners, deserting soldiers, buffalo hunters, beaver trappers and renegades of all sorts—for the Bad Lands was an impenetrable maze of hiding places, and the nearest U. S. Marshal 160 miles away. The Northern Pacific was built on buffalo meat, and what was the use of working when a handful of cartridges would keep a man in meat and drink for weeks? A few ranches, struggling against odds, had been established; otherwise the land was utterly lawless and defiant.

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

The Marquis de Mores.

De Mores was dark-eyed, tall, slender, alert and graceful, a typical dashing young

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officer of the old French *régime*. Like Roosevelt, he was first attracted to the glowing Northwest by the big-game hunting. As became his rank, his hunting outfit was most elaborate; guides, cooks, skinners, and a big *remuda* of hunting ponies. He was a good shot and was very successful, falling in with the main herd of buffalo before their escape across the Yellowstone and into Canada the following year.

He was a born pioneer, but unlike Roosevelt, who was impetuous yet wholly practical, the Marquis was a dreamer. He saw visions of mighty wealth and power in controlling the market and sale of the countless thousands of cattle that were to swarm over the virgin prairies and foot hills of the northwest empire. Backed by the huge Von Hoffman fortune he organized a mammoth company, to buy, slaughter, and ship in iced refrigerator cars all the cattle and sheep whose ranges were tapped by the Northern Pacific, then the only transcontinental railroad north of the Union Pacific. At that time the cattle market was wholly manipulated by the great Chicago packing houses, which were even more powerful than at present. Prices were low, and little mercy was shown the ranch owner with his cattle, gaunt, fagged and shrunken after their fifteen hundred mile ride on slow freights.

The Marquis' plan was to buy, kill, and dress the cattle at abattoirs, located at initial shipping points, and thus, through a chain of cold storage depots and refrigerator cars, not only stimulate further open range ranching, but save the enormous loss incurred in the shrinkage of cattle in transit. As to many Utopian dreams, actuality brought disaster. But our story concerns the Marquis and his subsequent brilliant, but unhappy career; brave and gallant gentleman that he was.

Establishing a chain of cold-storage houses, reaching from Duluth at the head of the Great Lakes, to Portland, Oregon, on the Pacific tidewater, he chose, as his initial abattoir city, the wide flat directly across the river from the town of Little Missouri. Workmen and material were imported and in an incredibly short time for those days, giant abattoirs rose, surrounded by a city of 700 souls.

This was Medora, named for his beautiful young wife, who, fearless like her dominant husband, sought only to be near him whom she idolized. She was small and fair; slender, but vigorous and very beautiful. On a sheer bluff, opposite the turbulent little city, they built their home, and in the near years to follow, two handsome sons, Ethelbert and Athenais, were born. To commemorate their births, the Marquis had built and presented to the town a brick chapel, whose corner-stone bore their names. It is standing to-day.

Ill-advised and wholly unfamiliar with the ethics of feudal America, the Marquis unhappily got into serious trouble at once. The lawless element, the riotous drinking, gambling, quick-shooting fraternity at the old shack town across the river involved him in their intrigues. This faction bitterly opposed and hated Roosevelt.

Territorial government was now established at Bismarck and the Dakotas were filling up with renegades and shyster lawyers, who had found their home sheriffs becoming too inquisitive. The murder of one Luffsy gave the opportunity for a promising shakedown, so the Marquis was arrested, charged with killing him, and confined for a brief time in Bismarck jail. For a substantial consideration, the charge was dismissed and the accused returned to Medora. Who actually killed Luffsy in the general shoot-up was never known.

The story of the rise and fall of the Northern Pacific Refrigerator Car Company is too long and too full of complicated incident to be repeated here. It concerns feuds and hate and gun-fire; stark tragedy and ridiculous humor; lawless men and passions run amuck; turbulence, riot and disorder; abandoned stages and men and horses frozen to death; thrilling valor and rank injustice; all the picturesque incidents that would be natural to establishing a like enterprise in a community that knew not, nor would brook, law.

Four years, and three millions of dollars spent, proved the hopelessness of the Marquis' dream. Little by little, the city at the foot of Graveyard butte, with its more than thirty graves of those who had died violent deaths, shrunk back to sage-brush stillness. One by one the thirty saloons and dance halls folded

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Most emphatically I am not your enemy; if I were you would know it, for I would be an open one, and would not have asked you to my house nor gone to yours. As your final words however seem to imply a threat it is due to myself to say that this statement is not made through any fear of possible consequences to me; I too, as you know, am always on hand, and ever ready to hold myself accountable in any way for anything I have said or done.

Yours very truly

Theodore Roosevelt

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

Theodore Roosevelt's reply to the challenge of the Marquis de Mores

their tents, and departed to more promising fields. Still the Marquis' house, on the brow of the cliff across the river, with its splendid collection of hunting trophies, remained intact, although he and his family had returned to France. So remained the giant abattoirs, the hotels, the Concord stages that ran between Medora and the Black Hills; so remained all that was his and all the things with which he was identified, including the fifty-odd head of hunting ponies that made up the outfits of himself and the Marquise, when off on their frequent hunts. All was left in charge of a custodian, with strict instructions that nothing be sold.

We next heard of the Marquis from China, where he was seeking concessions for French railroads. At this time Anglo-French politics were rampant, and a very well-known Paris journal made an attack on the house of Vallombrosa, incidentally reflecting on the beautiful American wife. Taking the first steamer, the Marquis hurried home, challenged the editor at once, and nearly killed him with a sword-thrust through the lung.

In his northwest career in the Roose-

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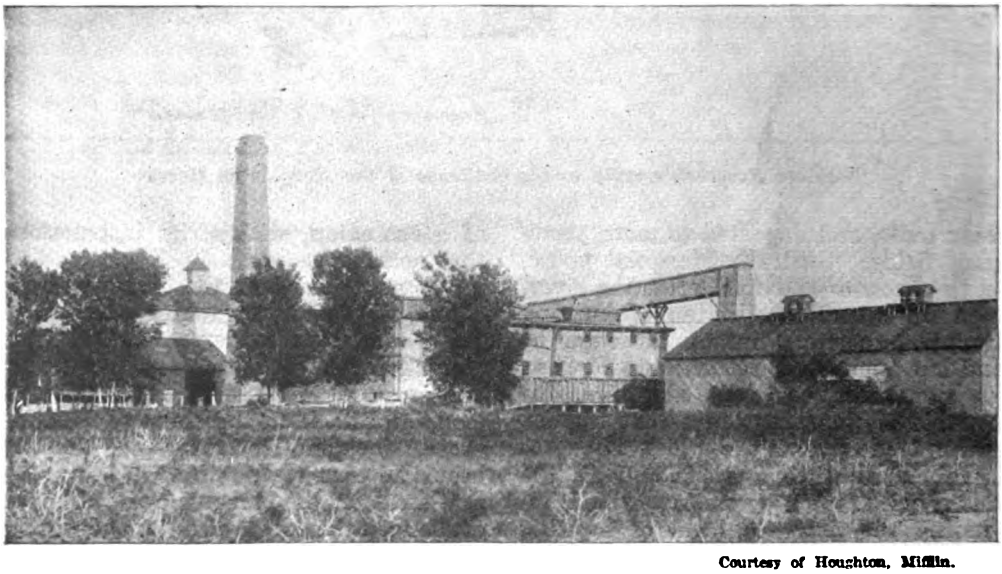
velt country, the Marquis and that young ranchman were usually more or less at swords' points, but only once were they in serious danger of actual combat. The M. Bar cowboys, the Marquis' outfit, were charged with a cattle theft. Roosevelt sent warning to the titled Frenchman that a repetition of the occurrence would not be overlooked. The latter tartly replied that the matter might well be settled between them with weapons. Roosevelt, thoroughly angry, replied that the suggestion was eminently satisfactory to him, and hinted at Winchester 45's. While the Marquis was a better swordsman than shot, he did not demur. Things were approaching a serious stage when other critical events overshadowed the quarrel and the incident passed.

Throughout the Marquis' picturesque and stirring career, his devotion to his charming wife stood out, and she returned in kind a loyalty and devotion that rival classic ideals of love. He taught her to ride and shoot; to be fearless and unafraid; to be self-reliant and aggressive. Alone, with her own outfit of thirty ponies, hunting-wagon, cook, and guides, she would invade the Big-horn country, then the paradise of giant elk, and the savage grizzly or silver-tip. My ranch, the "Quarter-Circle Diamond," was a favorite hang-out for mountain sheep, and she frequently came there with her hunting party to camp for a few days. She always insisted that I be her guest at evening dinner, eaten before the camp-fire. She made a picture as, fair-haired, slender and graceful, flushed with fatigue and triumph, she presided with all the grace and dignity that became her Bourbon house. Although she always wore knickers, she rode a side-saddle.

Once, after a long hunt for a stray saddle-horse, night caught me at Sentinel Butte, at the head of Garner Creek. Far off I could see the reflection of a camp-fire, and, pushing on, found it to be the camp of the Marquis and Marquise, who were then on a hunt for the antelope that swarmed the open prairie, which fringed the rim of the Bad Lands. They were entertaining a distinguished French general, whose name I do not recall. The general was insisting on supervising the dinner, to be prepared in a huge pot swung over the fire, and there was much merriment. All insisted that I remain to dine and stay in camp for the night.

The general first sliced off a number of antelope steaks, chopped them fine, and to this added a slab of bacon, also chopped fine. All went into the pot, to be followed by several cans of corn, beans, and tomatoes, some canned chicken and some brisket of antelope. All simmered for hours and smelled



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin.

The abbatoir in Medora in 1884. *It was abandoned long ago and destroyed by fire and flood.*

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Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

The Marquis and his wife are the ones on horseback. It will be seen that, although she rode side-saddle, the Marquise wore knickers.

heavenly. He kept adding spices and herbs, until the celestial savor inspired actual tears and ravenous appetites tempted to murder. Just before the heavenly stew was lifted from the fire, he knocked off the head and poured in a whole bottle of Mexican chili sauce. This added the supreme touch, and the memory of that glorious stew, prepared by the famous Egyptian and Algerian soldier, still remains.

It was a brilliant moonlit night, warm and balmy, and the silence of the mighty Northwest brooded peacefully over us, save for the far-off yap of a lone coyote or the whistle and stamp of lusty black-tailed deer Romeos, fighting for the favor of some fair doe—for it was September and in the rutting season. The Marquise had retired for the night, in a deserted sheep-herder's shack close by, while the Marquis, the general, and I spread our blankets close to the edge of the still and deep water, where the creek-bed at this point had broadened.

Too much celestial stew made us all wakeful. At midnight, as I was idly watching the moonlight on the water from my blanket bed, I suddenly saw the V-shaped ripples made by an animal swimming across the still, moonlit water. I heard the Marquis stir and get up. Bang! The whip-like snap of a Winchester was followed by an uproar in the water. It was a full-grown beaver, taking a midnight stroll, and the Marquis, in the moon's deceptive rays, had nailed him at the first shot. There was a rush from the sheep-herder's shack, and the Marquise, in sleeping pajamas, came rushing out, and flung her arms about her husband's neck, in terror lest an accident had befallen. On an isolated ranchman and range-rider, wholly unacquainted with nice women and women's ways, her devotion made an impression that I have never forgotten.

These are but incidents that mirror the ideal early lives of those whom fate had marked for later world-wide events of tragic conclusion. On returning to France the Marquis' distinguished family, as well as his wife's grace and wealth, easily made them national figures. When England and France were struggling for possession of in-

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terior Africa, in what is known as the Fashoda incident, he, a pioneer and explorer by nature, was sent to lead an expedition into the disputed territory. After penetrating nearly two thousand miles into the heart of the African jungle, his party was attacked by natives and he was killed. Survivors of the party buried him, and, after months of struggle, returned to the coast.

This did not close the chapter of an idolizing American wife's love and devotion. Backed by her powerful family, she prevailed on the French government to organize an expedition to recover the body. It was led by the Marquise herself, and she brought that body, by carriers and canoes, over the fearsome two thousand mile journey from the heart of the jungle. A special steamer carried it from the coast to France, and now the gallant Marquis lies at peace in the family vault at Vallombrosa.

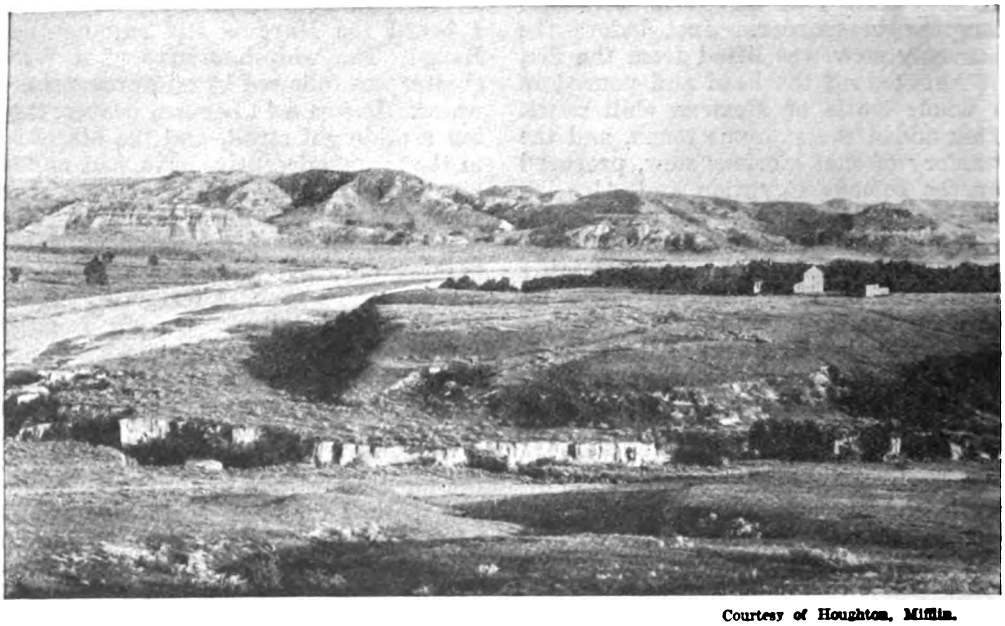
After many years, no matter what happened, the Marquise still made regular pilgrimages to the house on the bluff, overlooking the deserted village that bore her name, where her happy days had been spent. She would have nothing there sold or touched. The rollicking hunting-ponies and big, gaunt stage-horses had long since died of old age. Decay and ruin, due to the savage Bad Lands floods and perishing winters, ate into the great buildings and they slowly disintegrated. Only the house on the bluff was kept intact and in perfect order—the furniture, the hunting trophies, the spurs, bits, and saddles, all the gear that he had owned and loved.

All the Marquis' early contemporaries, or almost all, have gone West, Roosevelt among them. But the house still stands, and a loyal wife still treasures the shadow of the past.

The writer has made an effort to trace the careers of the two sons, who naturally became officers in the French army. A report was current that they had been killed early in the Great War. A later message states that both served gallantly, but their lives were spared. If this ever reaches their vision, it may serve to tell them that a ranch-companion of their distinguished father still reverently visits that little chapel whose corner-stone bears their names in grateful recognition of their birth.

Since the above was penned, I have learned that the Marquise passed away at her chateau in France, and now lies at Vallombrosa with her husband.

I hear again that both sons are living.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin.

Still standing to-day—the house built by the Marquis for his beautiful young wife, near the town named after her—Medora. It is surrounded by trees, at the right of the picture.

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NUTRITION AND THE MENTAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN

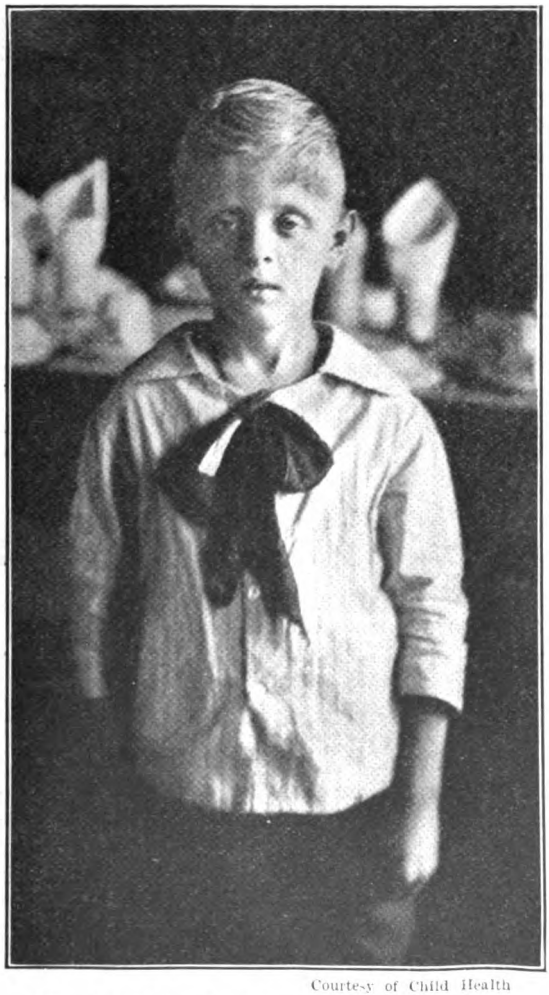
By WILLIAM R. P. EMERSON

Professor of Medicine, Tufts Medical College, Boston

IN considering the relation of nutrition to mental development, let us first of all define what we mean by the term "nutrition" and also by the term "mind."

The use of the word nutrition to express two quite distinct meanings has given rise to much confusion. Instead of being merely equivalent to nourishment or food, a better and broader definition is, "the process by which animals and plants take in and utilize food substances." This larger meaning includes not only the food itself, but also those factors which have to do with the assimilation of food and its utilization in promoting the growth and repair of the body. It is in this sense that we shall use the term in the discussion of its relation to mental development.

Still greater confusion exists in regard to the definition of what we call mind. For many years, unfortunately, the mind has been considered as something quite apart from the body, but we are now coming to understand that it is a function of that part of the body called the nervous system, of which the brain is the chief organ. So then, considering mind in its relation to the entire body, and especially to that part called the nervous system, we study it in much the same way that we study other functions in their relation to the special parts of the body through which their behavior is observed.



Courtesy of Child Health

The apathetic appearance of this little boy tells all too plainly of malnutrition.

Using the brain as a symbol for the physical basis of mental activity, we recognize that the better the body, the better the brain, and its power to function as mind is determined by the quality of its tissue, its blood supply, and other physical conditions. Therefore, the child needs a well developed and well nourished nervous system for mental efficiency, just as he needs well developed and well nour-

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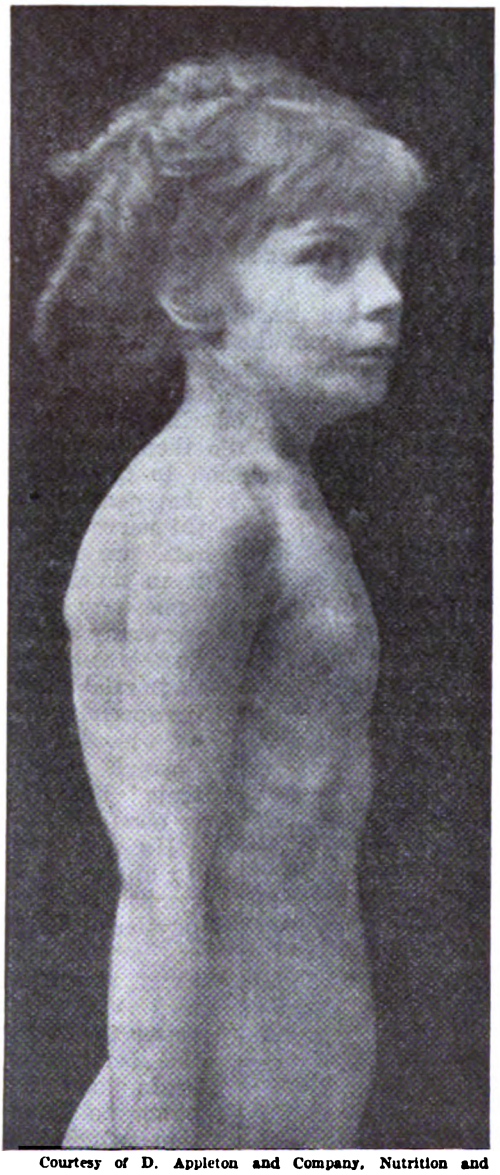

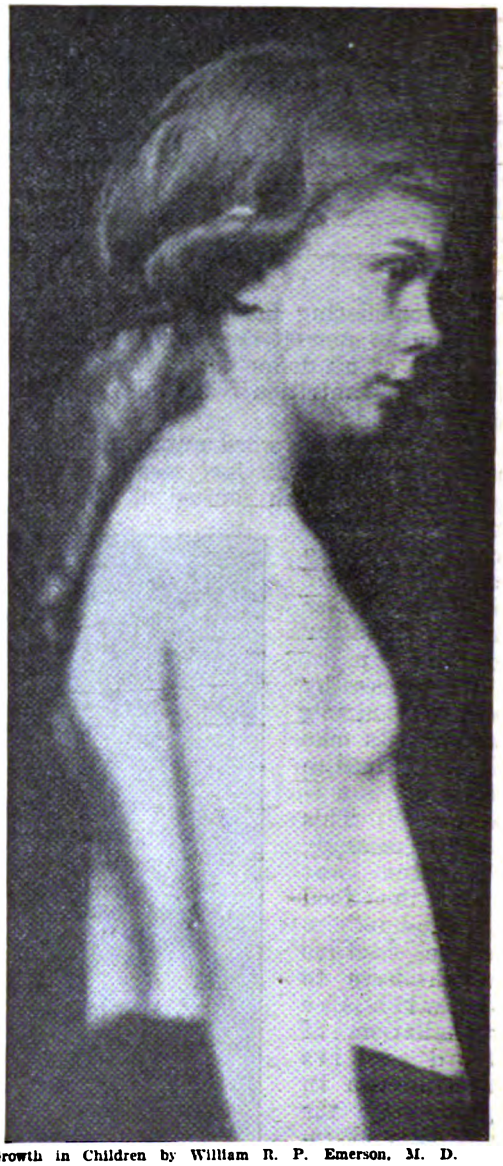

Courtesy of D. Appleton and Company, Nutrition and Growth in Children by William R. P. Emerson, M. D.

Before *After*

The Case of Dorothea

Dorothea, aged eleven, became tired on slight exertion, so tired that it took her nearly an hour to dress in the morning. She would sit and dream, rarely smiled and her face looked distressed. She passed the school medical inspection but was given a tonic by her family physician. The hospital diagnosis was "No Disease." The nutrition diagnosis was: underweight 21%; nasopharyngeal obstruction; cervical adenitis; carious teeth; spinal curvature; fatigue posture. Nutrition class treatment was begun with the resulting transformation in both mental and physical condition shown above.

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ished organs in other parts of his body for physical efficiency.

When attention is thus turned to what the mind *does*, rather than to the more abstract problem of what it *is*, the whole subject of mental development becomes more clear. In a recent discussion Robinson states the new trend of opinion:

"Man is an integral part of the natural order; he and his environment are constantly interacting. Such well-tried old terms as the will, consciousness, selfishness, the instincts, etc., when reinspected in the light of our ancestral background and embryological beginnings, all look very different from what they once did. . . . . .

"Mind and matter can no longer be divorced, but must be studied as different phases of a single vital and incredibly complicated situation. Mind is still in the making. An historical consideration of human intelligence, taking into account its animal and prehistoric foundations, its development in historic times, and the decisive childhood experiences through which each of us individually must pass—all these combine to reveal previously neglected elements in our minds, and untold possibilities in their future growth."

Nutrition in Infancy

The relation between nutrition and mental development is shown in its simplest form in infancy. The well nourished baby crows and laughs; he eats, sleeps and takes interest in the life about him, offering no difficulty in his relations with others beyond the effort to get what he wants. The poorly nourished infant is fretful, irritable, nervous; his sleep is disturbed, and every one associated with him suffers because of his condition. Such an infant is rightly considered a sick child, and is treated accordingly. He needs mental treatment in the way of training and control, but this is futile without physical treatment to bring him into a normal state of nutrition.

Unless this malnutrition is promptly removed, further mental effects appear as the child grows older. Instead of a natural reaching out into the various forms of activity that are essential to his well-being, there appears an attitude of defence and a desire to be let alone which are fatal to normal social relationships. The child's interests are narrowed and his whole attitude becomes negative. Unfortunate personality traits develop, such as self-centeredness, shyness, lack of confidence, selfishness, jealousy, fearfulness, depression, day-dreaming and unusual attachments. As the sentiments and emotions develop, the situation grows more and more complex, and it is difficult to separate cause and effect and say how much the child's physical condition affects his mind, or to what degree his mental condition affects his body.

The close parallel existing between physical and mental development was recognized by Bowditch as early as 1891, and the work of later investigators has served to emphasize his conclusions. In 1893, as a result of a study of St. Louis school children, Porter reported that the brighter children were definitely heavier, and the dull children lighter, than the average child of the same age. A similar observation is made by Baldwin, who has summarized with the results of his own researches data gathered by many other investigators both in this country and in Europe in studies extending from 1836 to 1913.

The following statements from his report are significant as representing a practically unanimous opinion:

"Dull children are shorter than precocious children of the same age, or average children."

"Successful pupils are taller than unsuccessful, and the rate of growth is quicker than in the unsuccessful."

"Dull children are lighter than precocious children."

"The lung capacity was found to be much greater in children whose standing in school is high, and distinctly inferior in a school of laggards."

"The tall, heavy boys and girls with good lung capacity are older physiologically, and further along in their stages toward mental maturity, as evidenced by school progress, than are the short, light boys and girls."

The same correlation between school progress, and the nutrition of the child, as represented by the weight-height index, is shown in a more recent study made in Detroit covering 80,662 children, which reports a clear tendency toward an increase in percentage of

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underweight in proportion to the years of retardation in school work, while an equally consistent trend in the opposite direction accompanies each half-yearly step of acceleration in school work.

It has been argued in this connection that these studies merely show that mental superiority accompanies physical superiority, without proving that the physically inferior child, if brought up to normal, would show a corresponding improvement in mental development. At the present time, it is true, we cannot say how much improvement in the brain itself results from improvement in the general physical condition, but we do have conclusive evidence that the mental power of the child is actually increased. It is a change in power to function rather than an increase in native ability that we look for in bringing about improved nutrition.

Clinically, the physical changes that take place in the malnourished infant or older child as he returns to a normal physical condition are often remarkable, so great that the child can hardly be recognized. The mental transformation that accompanies physical recovery is frequently as great, so that it is a customary comment of parents and teachers—"He is a different boy. His whole mental attitude has changed. You would not know him."

One of the common fallacies met with in discussions of the relation between mental and physical growth is due to the tenacity with which we hold to some exceptional case, as, for example, the weak or delicate child who despite physical handicaps has made striking progress in school. That this is not a typical experience, however, is shown by Whipple's study of "gifted" children, in which he reports that of 128 students observed, 90 per cent were healthy themselves, and 83 per cent had healthy parents.

Essentials of Mental Health Necessary

During the first year of life, the child's needs may appear to be met by attention to the physical essentials of health, namely proper food, rest, air, and exercise; yet mental hygiene is also needed even in the first few weeks to ensure both mental and physical growth.

The first requisite is the teaching of obedience. The child's instinctive desires are expressed by crying if he does not immediately get what he wants, and if this method is successful, chaos soon reigns in the home, with the forming of habits that directly interfere with growth. Self-control through obedience is the foundation for all training.

A second need of the child is mothering, or love, which brings with it trust, happiness, and contentment. It is common knowledge that it is undesirable to keep an infant too long in a hospital, however perfect the hygienic conditions may be. Mothering is necessary for growth.

A third factor is regularity, which has to do with habit formation, and gives the child a sense of order and security.

As he grows older, he needs to be taught responsibility, which gives him self-respect and self-confidence.

All these factors in mental training are best brought to bear on the child's development in the environment of a good home, where by the force of example as well as by training, the child develops proper habits of work and play, learns to have consideration for others, and finds out how to adjust himself to parents, servants, neighbors, and other children.

Our greatest accomplishment in child welfare thus far has been in standardizing a program for infant care. This is one of the notable medical achievements of our era, and has resulted in a greatly reduced infant mortality. But when the period of infancy is passed, our record is not so creditable, and the pre-school years have come to be known as the most neglected period of life. In fact, most children pass through the whole growing period without the kind of examination that is needed to determine whether they are developing properly, mentally and physically.

The opportunity afforded for the spread of infection by the massing of great numbers of children in our public schools has led to a certain degree of care with regard to contagious diseases, and we salve our consciences by a formal inspection of children in a hurrying line. But this sort of school examination, with children fully dressed, reveals little about their general nutrition, and anything like a thorough

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physical examination is almost unknown until the child becomes acutely ill. A beginning has been made in the wider adoption of the practice of weighing and measuring school children, but it should be followed by the incorporation of a broad nutrition program in the school system.

In a recent report of an orphan asylum, five pages were devoted to the subject of mental tests, while two lines were considered sufficient to sum up the results of the health inspection. Yet in this institution more than a third of the children were suffering from malnutrition. The mental examiners, it is true, call for a physical examination to rule out physical defect before they diagnose defects as mental, but there has been little attempt to see that the physical examination is adequate. Conduct and various mental qualities are graded and marked, but both in the school and in the home the physical condition of the growing child is treated with less intelligence than the farmer applies to his live stock, or the dog fancier to his puppies.

The result is that a third or more of all the children of this country are underweight, undernourished, malnourished; physically, and, therefore, mentally unfit. This neglected third is unrecognized in the home, the school and the community, and we may well be startled by the significant fact that the major part of our discussions and conclusions concerning normal children is based upon observations of this group.

A clear distinction between the well and the sick would clear the way to a better understanding of individual differences and possibilities. A malnourished child who is toxic from focal infection, fatigue, bad air, imperfect digestion or assimilation, or any other cause, is a sick child, and his mental reactions are different from those of a child in normal health. Were this more generally understood, we should be the better able to cope with his difficulties.

These are the children who congest our clinics. They gain a place in open air schools, and remain there, with little progress, until the age limit removes them. Teachers and principals spend profitless hours each year on a discussion of their promotion or demotion. More recently they have come to be a problem in industry when a working certificate is required. They appear in large numbers in the juvenile courts, and charity organizations know them through generation after generation.

In a prominent country day school it was found, after weighing and measuring all the children, that with one exception every problem of promotion and of discipline was in the underweight group.

Hereditary Tendencies

Much time has been spent in discussing the respective influence of heredity and environment in both mental and physical development. We know little about heredity, for, even when there seems to be tangible evidence as to the appearance of certain traits in successive generations, we are unable to state what might have been the development of the ancestor in question had he been placed in a more favorable environment. This is particularly true in the case of malnutrition. Time and again, when a certain child has seemed predestined to be thin because of his unmistakable resemblance to a thin forbear, we have seen him attain normal weight and maintain it, with a decided improvement in physical and mental condition. A practical attitude toward this important question is well stated by Kirkpatrick, as follows:

"From the individual standpoint, heredity should neither be ignored as of no importance, nor yielded to as inevitably fixing one's destiny. Instinctive and hereditary tendencies are roots from which the physical, mental and moral life develops. Some individuals develop more readily and to a greater degree than others. All are of the same human characteristics, but each may make the most of his environment. Some cannot go as far as others in certain directions, nor as easily, but no one has exhausted his possibilities of development. The practical problem is to expend our efforts upon the useful characteristics which we possess in the greatest degree."

Whatever be the child's heredity, he needs the best possible environment to promote the mental, moral, and physical growth which his inheritance affords.

The question is often asked as to the

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extent of permanent damage done by malnutrition, and the degree of recovery and compensation possible after the causes have been removed. Animal experiments by Mendel and by Stuart and Jackson show that the organism has wonderful powers of recuperation, and remarkable ability to make adaptation in cases in which recovery is limited; yet if malnutrition continues throughout the normal period of growth there results an actual stunting, the vital organs remain undersized, and the length of the body lessened. In children who remain undernourished throughout the whole period of growth there is little evidence that they ever attain their own normal degree of development; while, on the other hand, undernourished children who are made "free to gain" and put on a good nutrition program respond promptly by an accelerated gain both in weight and in height.

During the World War opportunity was afforded for the observation of malnutrition on a large scale, and Blanton has reported a study made in Trier, Germany, with special consideration of its effect upon mental development. Some of his conclusions are:

1. At least forty per cent of the children in the Volkschulen are suffering from malnutrition to such a degree as to cause a loss of nervous energy.

2. While the percentage of stuttering, stammering and other speech defects did not increase, there was a marked increase in poor, lisping, slurring speech due to retardation or interference of the fine coordination necessary for good speech.

3. Failure to pass grades increased from a pre-war average of 8 per cent to 15 per cent in 1917 and 1918. It is estimated that half of this retardation is due to malnutrition, and half to war conditions.

4. A similar lowering of the whole standard of school work, due in part to the same two causes, is noted. Half the children who in pre-war times did superior work now do average work, and the percentage of children who do inferior work has increased from 20 to more than 30 per cent.

5. Specific changes noted are: a lack of nervous and physical energy; inattention during school hours; poor and slow comprehension; poor memory; a general nervous restlessness while in school.

6. While children of good nervous stock, or superior intelligence, seem to withstand a serious degree of malnutrition extending over more than two years without greater impairment than a lack of nervous energy, children of poor nervous stock or inferior intelligence suffer a general, and sometimes a permanent, lowering of the whole intelligence level from even a moderate degree of malnutrition.

The problem of correcting malnutrition in children is in many instances a simple one, but in others it is one of the most difficult in all medicine.

Beginning work on this special problem in 1908, it was not until 1918 that I was able to demonstrate that every child in an entire group could be brought up to normal. Since then we have been able practically to eliminate malnutrition from ten orphan asylums and in the year 1923 nutrition work carried on according to our program in Rochester, N. Y., demonstrated that approximately 1,000 of the most undernourished children of that city could be made to gain at the rate of 343% in their own homes without seriously interfering with their school work. Similar results have been secured in other cities.

This was accomplished by ascertaining the cause of their malnutrition and removing them in nutrition classes by uniting the forces that control the child's health.

Five Causes of Malnutrition

It is of interest to note that the five chief causes of physical malnutrition, as observed in many thousands of cases, are also fundamental causes of mental unfitness. Taken in order of their importance, they are:

1. *Physical defects,* or inflammatory processes, such as adenoids and diseased tonsils. This cause affects the mental condition by toxemias, clouding the mind, bringing about early fatigue, producing lack of concentration, poor memory, restlessness and unstable nervous reactions.

2. *Lack of home control.* While this cause is essentially mental, its physical results are so conspicuous that

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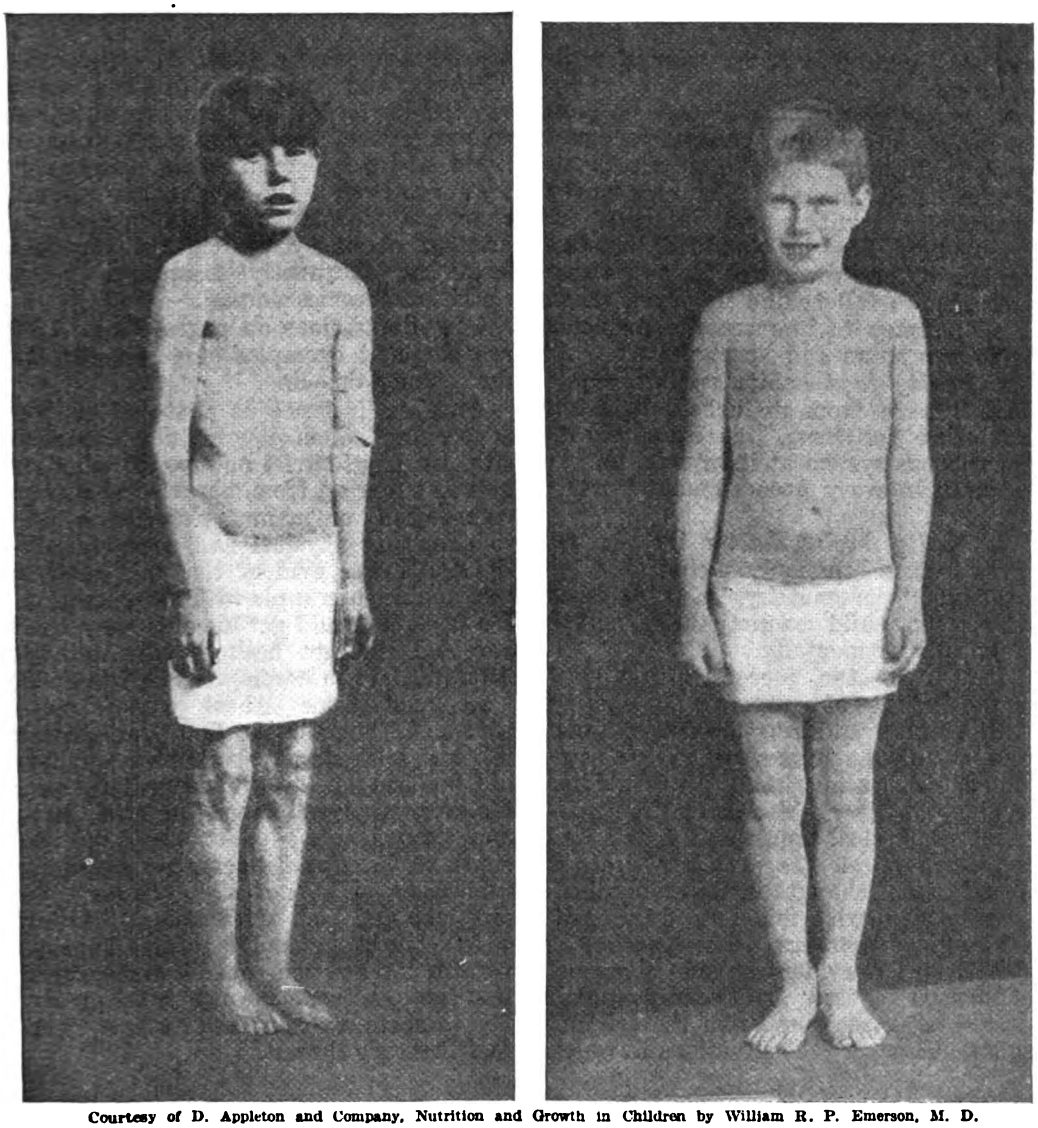

Courtesy of D. Appleton and Company, Nutrition and Growth in Children by William R. P. Emerson, M. D.

Before *After*

Mental Retardation or Mental Deficiency

Tom was 11% underweight, a mouth breather, with round shoulders, flat chest, spinal curvature and flabby muscles. He was considered stupid and kept after school in a vain attempt to hold him up to his grade. The right half of the picture shows him after his diseased adenoids and tonsils had been removed and he had followed directions as to diet and rest. The transformation in his condition can be seen to be mental as well as physical.

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we list it second in the causes of malnutrition.

3. *Overfatigue.* This cause is perhaps the one most generally overlooked, although its effects are both physical and mental. The constantly increasing activities and interests of present-day life have added to the burden of the growing child, and when he begins to fall behind in school there is a tendency to increase the pressure by longer hours and home work.

4. *Faulty food habits and improper food.* Aside from disturbed digestion and other functions, this cause affects the nervous system at its source, and is reflected in every form of mental activity.

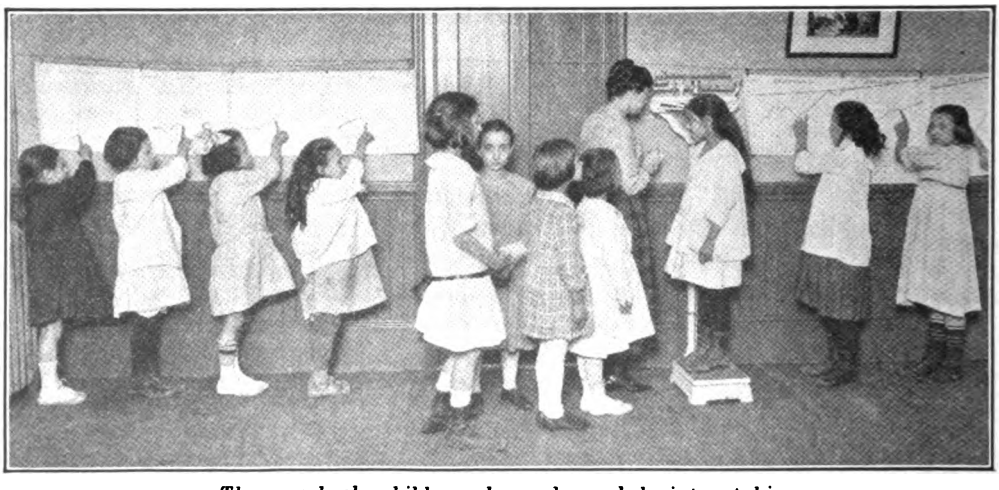
5. *Faulty health habits* include all those factors commonly included under the term "personal hygiene," without which the child cannot thrive either physically or mentally.

It will be seen, therefore, that most of the features of a program for dealing with mental unfitness are based upon removal of the causes which are associated with malnutrition. In fact, after working on the problem from the standpoint of physical unfitness, I found that the removal of these causes brought about mental changes in the child which corresponded with the aims of the mental hygiene workers. The parallel is sometimes less evident because abnormal conditions caused by sickness often persist after recovery from the original cause. These are the situations in which mental hygiene by itself is especially effective, but it is not effective when applied by itself as a cure for children suffering from such toxic conditions as listed above unless the basic cause is first removed. On the other hand, abnormal mental and social reactions, brought about by the child's physical condition, frequently disappear when nutrition becomes normal.

The illustrations on pages 72 and 77 are eloquent examples of what can be done along this line.

Another instance is that of a boy concerning whom it was not clear to either a psychiatrist or myself whether he was suffering from mental deficiency, retardation, or mental perversion due to abnormal physical and social conditions. It was evident that his mother was unable to grapple with the situation. He knew he could get his own way with her and did not hesitate to use both fists and feet in accomplishing his ends.

A good home school was chosen, where the boy for the first time in his life met with standards of living which did not bend to his whims and fancies. He soon recovered from the first shock and proved to be an example of the depth of inferior behavior to which an intelligent child can sink through indulgence and lack of training. Within a few weeks he had attained average weight, learned self-control and proved that he possessed normal intelligence. His teachers reported him to be a "perfect little gentleman."



These school children have been led into taking an interest in their own weights by keeping charts.

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In any group of malnourished children we find lack of home control a factor in a surprisingly large proportion of cases, although its effect may be so conspicuously evident in improper food and health habits, chronic overfatigue, or the failure to have physical defects removed that the child's condition may seem to be due to one of these other causes. These are not only the children from homes which have become disorganized by tuberculosis, by the death or separation of the parents, or where the mother is the bread winner and cannot properly supervise the children's activities; but also in even greater numbers they are the "only child" or "spoiled child" types from well-to-do families or homes of wealth, where the children are over-indulged or left to the care of indifferent servants.

We can discover which of the causes of malnutrition are operating in any given case only by complete social, physical growth, and mental examinations. Each of the three is essential.

The Social Examination

The social examination has been almost unknown in the past, yet it has to do with the child's interests, activities and occupations, and is directly related to the factors of home control, overfatigue, and food and health habits. This record also includes the family history and the child's own health history, which may have valuable information bearing on his present condition.

The mental examination is given to determine mental defect, mental retardation or acceleration, and personality.

The physical growth examination must be thorough, not only to answer the question, "Has the child any physical evidence of disease?" but also the further question, "Is he growing properly?" The first step in this examination is the determination of weight and measurements, because we have as yet found no other items of information that affords so much help in discovering the child's nutrition. We are accustomed to follow the weight chart of an infant as an index of his condition, but the older child's weight line is an almost equally sensitive indicator of the effects of overfatigue, loss of sleep, slight indigestion, school tension, or any of the thousand incidents in his life.

Having, through this series of examinations, ascertained the causes of physical unfitness, the nutrition class brings together the home, the school, medical care and the child's own interest, thus coordinating the various forces that safeguard health. Weekly meetings are held, at which the attendance of the parents and the physician are essential. Home and school which have been "unhappily divorced," as Campbell puts it, are thus united, and the child's own interest is aroused through competition and cooperation. The class method gives the child a health objective. He has his individual weight chart which visualizes his physical condition, so that the mere mention of a habit that interferes with his gaining is often sufficient for its correction.

In scores of communities from Labrador to the Hawaiian Islands these classes are in operation; in the city of Rochester there are some fifteen hundred children enrolled at all times during the school year. As fast as one comes up to average weight and "graduates," another takes his place, and it is found that 70 per cent of the children maintain their new status after leaving the class.

Holt has characterized the class or group method as epochal in the treatment of children. It is a most effective method of health education, and humanizes our child welfare work. It is based on the century-old maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano,* providing instruction as well as treatment, and appealing to the sympathies and affections as well as to the intellect. When a child has come up to the average weight line the improvement he has made is mental as well as physical. During the period in which he has faithfully followed the program of rest periods, diet, and general hygiene he has not only received a health education of the highest value but in the process there has been developed in him something called character.

Reprinted by courtesy of The Childrens Foundation from "The Child: His Nature and His Needs."

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A TUNE IN COURT

By MARION HILL

A Story of the Italian Quarter in San Francisco

INASMUCH as little Tinto Trevino, in his daily social and commercial dealings with the San Francisco public, was hailed indifferently as a "dago," "greaser," "Eytalian," or "Portugee" kid, it is evident to any intelligence that the child was a foreigner. It is not so evident, however, why the grubby and solemn-eyed infant should have been considered of enough importance to engage the attention of the municipal government; but he was. Tinto, five-year-old, reticent, hungry Tinto, was arrested for being a public nuisance.

This to the Trevinos was more than a family grief; it was also a financial horror, for Tinto contributed appreciably to an income already miserably insufficient for a family that was outrageous as to numbers. In addition to Tinto and Tinto's father, Luis, and Tinto's mother, Tessa, there were brothers and sisters as follows: Stefano, Senta, Catalina, Rafael, Tonio, Anita, Marta, Jose, Doretta, and Maria—all undersized, underfed, greasy, scowling, garlicky, and clannish. Tessa once, when called upon to reconcile her youth with her indisputable motherhood of the brood, explained that she had had "T'ree-a to one time, two-a to one time, and one-a, oh, ever so many time."

This sentence was given with the villainous scowl of suffering which English brought to every Trevino countenance. They were so ignorant of the language that they dreaded it like a scourge; the scowl, though purely a linguistic manoeuver, prejudiced observers against the Trevino character.

Besides the English language—and luck—another foe to the Trevino peace of mind was an ill-disposed countryman of theirs whose last name was Zanardi. His first names are too holy to write, being those of the Divine Son and the blessed Mother; but Zanardi had them emblazoned in full in red letters on his yellow vegetable cart, and made the offense greater by his own daily life, which was of a nature calculated to bring reproach even upon the name of the Prince of Evil.

Zanardi, who had caused the arrest of baby Tinto, had harassed the Trevinos ever since that frightened bunch first set emigrant foot upon California soil, led by some ill fate to rent a shanty next to his in that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known loosely as "Spanish Town." His only reason for persecution lay in the fact that he was a born bully, and the cowering inoffensiveness of the Trevinos was an irresistible temptation to him; then, too, they were trying to buy their shanty, and such thriftiness offended Zanardi's sense of what was proper in a Trevino.

He was really clever in his enmity, and kept safely out of the reach of the law by making the law itself perform his dirty work for him. The law has peculiar facilities for punishing the unoffender. A garden-hose can be turned upon a weak and thirsty plant so as to wash it into the dirt. For instance, when the Trevinos had gathered together a few sticks of furniture, Zanardi set the tax-collector upon them, and the ignorant wretches assented to so much English that they did not understand that they were assessed five times too much, and were fined for delinquency besides.

Then two little Trevinos, the two-a-to-one-timers, broke out in pimples due to lack of nutrition, and Zanardi promptly herded the whole flock of Trevinos to the new City Hall, and had the Board of Health vaccinate them, resulting from which their arms swelled out and hurt them and kept them helpless for weeks, thus stopping the final payments upon the cottage.

Luckless Rafael's arm communicated

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pimples to the rest of his body, so Zanardi once more strenuously raised the cry of small-pox, in consequence of which the mortgaged Trevino shanty was quarantined, and then fumigated to the total destruction of all belongings that had escaped being condemned and burned.

Next, when Zanardi thought that Luis had become enough of an American citizen to vote, he had him vote industriously three or four times at the one election, and upon his information there followed an elegant seance about illegal registration, and Luis was reprimanded and imprisoned and fined and kept in so much hot water that a whole cargo of bananas went bad on his hands, not being sold in time. To ripen those bananas, Tessa and brood had nightly taken the bunches to bed with them, as is the custom of fruit peddlers; and when Tessa was worried into brain fever by Luis' difficulties with the ballot, Zanardi confided to the public the trick of trade in fruit-ripening, had Trevino's stock condemned as infected, and thereby killed the Trevino banana industry forever.

Then the School Board was induced to investigate why the Trevino children were not kept at school, with the result that they were taken from lucrative trades and put into infant classes, where they twined their long legs around desks too small for them, sat all day making queer marks upon slates, scowled darkly at an uncomprehended, uncomprehending teacher, and never by any chance learned anything. When Stefano took a day off to nurse his wrath, and sought the water-front to do it privately, not to worry his parents with his own cares, the truant officer was sent after him; and there followed another dismal seance in still another department of the City Hall.

Tinto was too young to suffer at the hands of any School Board, so Zanardi exercised special ingenuity and hurt him in a child's most vulnerable feelings—through a pet animal. The very rich and the very poor have one blessed privilege in common—both can afford to keep a dog: those in merely comfortable circumstances cannot stand the expense. Tinto had a puppy, a big, rollicking slob, so good-tempered that he got fat on a diet visibly consisting only of sunshine and the affectionate mouthings he gave the children. The puppy made a friendly run at Zanardi one day, catching playfully at his moving boot, and the Italian—after some personal treatment in his own room—came out lacerated around the ankle, showed the "wounds" to the police, and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes. The moan of the pup and the shriek of the child made music acceptable to J. M. Zanardi.

So much cannot be said of the music which came from Tinto's violin. That music was a source of annoyance to the enemy, for from it came many nickels to the small player. Could the law hold out no remedy? It could. Tinto could be arrested for disturbing the peace, and being a nuisance—which brings us back to where we started.

When, in answer to the charge, they all filed into a court-room of the new City Hall on that foggy December morning, the Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance. They all came—Luis and Tessa, Senta, Catalina, Anita, Marta, Doretta, Maria, Jose, Stefano, Rafael, Tonio, and, of course, Tinto—and they came shivering and scowling, the skirted members darkly muffled in greasy head-shawls, whence their eyes gleamed like those of cats; the trousered portion with dirty hands deep in frayed pockets and still greasier collars pulled high up around swarthy necks; and they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tivoli opera. Zanardi, on the contrary, sleek as a panther, was the embodiment of Italian grace. His face was as open as day, and when he smiled it was like sunshine, and his teeth gleamed like pearls.

It is no wonder that the desperate Trevinos had not enough interest in life even to wash. Ruin is ruin, whether the money involved be reckoned in millions of dollars or in a handful of dimes. In losing their shanty and banana trade, the Trevinos were more destitute than the word "bankruptcy" has any power to suggest: they might as well all cut their throats and leave the rest to the coroner. It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the horror of tragedy hourly going on in our imported population. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glowing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power

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to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence; while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die, and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining from their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. Loneliness fills as many graves as whisky. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful: they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco, the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of a torried belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is Hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.

The Trevinos, as they shivered in court on that gray December morning, bore in their gloomy eyes a history of pain—grief for their lost South, suffering for their present predicament, and fear for the hungry, disgraced, and homeless to-morrow. Small wonder that the history expressed itself in scowls and slinking ferocity. The Trevinos hated everything they saw. They especially abominated a eucalyptus tree which grew outside the City Hall and clashed its cruel leaves against the court-room window. An abominable tree is the eucalyptus. Its dark, sickle-shaped leaves saw against each other with the rasping of knives. Moreover, they have the power of condensing mist into rain. On a foggy day every eucalyptus drips an incessant downpour. The tree outside the court-room window was behaving with more than usual nastiness, contorting itself, wringing its arms, clashing its noisy leaves, and weeping with vulgar abandon, throwing the mist from it in a steady shower of cold tears.

Not the Trevinos alone suffered from its depressing influence; with Christmas not a fortnight off, all the court clientele was in an especially holiday humor—this with adults means, of course, discontent, a sneering remembrance of—and sorrowing for—childish dead joys, contempt for the empty present, and disgust for the coming ordeal of taking and giving gifts. God pity the wretches who come before a judge when he is in a holiday humor.

Next to the advent of Christmas, what most soured his honor was the presence in the court-room of a large number of medical students: young men of prevailing pallor of complexion, most of them gone wildly to beard, and all smelling of antiseptic soap, which, though cleanly enough in itself, has unpleasant suggestions in the background. These young men had just come from an examination of some disease corpuscles, beautifully mounted on glass slides and kindly on microscopic view in the rooms of the Board of Health, and they had obtained permission to use the court-room as a means of studying how the exhalations of crime vitate the atmosphere, or something of the sort. At any rate, there they were, and their obtrusion was another prejudicial factor in the Trevino case.

Indeed, as Zanardi cited his wrongs, no sane judge could do anything but believe him to be an injured party.

"All-a time, ever since Trevinos they come next-a door, they have injure my property, and be evil-minded to me, and set on their dog to me," wailed J. M., his handsome eyes flashing eloquently. "From how they look darkly on me, you can see how much-a hate they have of me; but all those things is nothings to me, so long as they leave to me my quiet to sleep, so that I get strong to work next day. But no, no! Me and my wife and all in my house have our heads distracted with fiddle, fiddle, all-a-time fiddle, until we no know nothings no more. My poor wife, my poor Nella, she much-a too sick to come to-day——"

"He lie!" called Tessa, desperately. "Nella, she home iron out a shu't waist. I see her."

"Silence!" thundered his honor, not more to Tessa than to the medicos, who had enjoyed immensely the feminine outburst.

"No lie," softly denied the long-suffering Zanardi, in patient dignity.

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"Every day Nella grow weak' and weak'. Fiddle next door all day and all night. Never to sleep makes a very nervous woman, and Nella she so much unsettle she can no longer take in wash, and can only go around hold on to her head, and moan—oh, how she moan for rest! Me myself find it a big burden to have that sound of fiddle all-a time within my head. Many peoples can tell how much that small Tinto can fiddle even in one day and a night."

Which "many peoples" immediately proceeded to do. There was no lack of witnesses to prove how undesirable were the Trevinos as neighbors; how uncleanly, given to accumulating loathsome diseases; how unpatriotic and uneducational, but especially inconsiderate in the persistency with which they incited Tinto to untimely practice of noisome tunes upon a discordant fiddle. They prayed not only for abatement, but for absolute prohibition of the baneful scraping.

"The wonder is, why Luis has this hate of me, who but wish him well," mourned Zanardi, "who have been his friend from the first, but it is a true proverb that who smears himself with honey will be pestered by the flies. I can stand no more, and I pray that Luis will be made not to set Tinto to scrape that fiddle when most Luis thinks I am sick and in need of sleep."

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge of Luis.

Knowing well what he had to say, and saying it, Luis did for himself. He expressed a wish that some Jew might spit on the grave of Zanardi's grandmother, and promised that he, Luis, would ere long smash in Zanardi's face. There is an excuse for him. Ignorant as he was of English, he yet divined intuitively that the whole case, against him from the first, was settled irrevocably in the mind of the judge, and would come shortly to a conviction and costs. It was equivalent to a death sentence; and a dying man does not quibble with words. What Luis said he meant. His whole family meant it, too, for, with the same intuition, they divined the situation as well as he, and every Trevino face was one malignant scowl.

No, not every face. Tinto, bored long ago with proceedings which seemed to have nothing to do with him in spite of the frequent occurrence of his name, was examining with placid interest a glass paper-weight upon the judge's desk. The better to do it, he had wandered into the center of the room, where he stood in unconscious prominence, hugging his violin under his arm as a girl might hug a doll.

This unvexed vision gave the judge an idea. "Here, you Tinto, play something! Show us what sort of a nuisance you are. Understand? Fiddle! Scrape! Give us a tune. *Sabe?*"

Tinto turned immense eyes from the judge to his father, much as he would appeal from an idiot and Luis said something in Italian.

The child, looking more like a wee mahogany god than anything human, turned his assenting orbs again upon the judge, and commenced to tune his violin, doing it with what looked like unembarrassed leisure, but was in reality infinite love and patience.

The embryo doctors leaned back with the complacency of those who have front seats at the minstrels. The judge had an angry expectation of being assailed with the strains of a popular song, with a chorus demanding that all who heard should "Bone dat turkey, brudders, bone dat turkey!"

Tinto let his slow gaze wander around the court-room for inspiration. He rejected the sad picture of his kinspeople, the smiling doctors, a curious throng of outsiders at the doors, the unfriendly court, the lonely tree that wept against the window-pane and writhed against a background of sullen sky, and fixing his yearning eyes finally upon the crystal bauble which had chained his fancy—the beautiful, ever-unattainable iridescence of that fairy-like plaything—he sighed deeply, and then took route for fairyland itself upon the bridge-like, golden, vibrating notes of Schumann's "Traumerei," the dream song of dream songs.

Perhaps he looked further than the bit of glass, and saw in his pathetic daydream those other glittering shams for which, in the coming years, he would barter the music of his man's soul—the woman's smile, the crown of fame, the shine of gold, the hearts of his friends. Whatever it was, it spoke with a moving sweetness, and the courtroom was filled

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with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer, who guided a tiny bow with the grimy fingers of a baby.

Like the flight of a bird that reaches high places; like the unexpectedness of an earth-quake shock which reveals God to us; like the fragrance of a flower that steals unbidden upon our senses; like a baby's velvet touch which thrills our beings with divine tenderness, the music of the Dream Song floated through the court-room and held the listeners spell-bound. Sweet as it was, yet hand in hand it went with pain; for what is there for us but sorrow when we dream dreams of what might be and know we must waken to the things which are?

After a first shiver, as from an icy clutch at his heart, the judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. But he too had crossed on that golden bridge, not to the future where Tinto went, but back into a past that he fancied was forgotten. Dreaming, dreaming! Ah, dear God, had not all the ambitions of his youth been dreams! And she—his wife, not the stately woman who now bore his name and showed off his wealth, but that little dead girl who used to bring her violin and play to him when the twilight came and the firelight danced over the bare room that was home to them—had not she in her hopes and prophecies for him been but dreaming, too? This very tune was what she mostly played, and the time came when she played it with her dreams reaching out to fold themselves about a little child that was to be theirs, the little boy who stayed but long enough to deliver God's message that wife and child were both to go back to Him. She was in her grave, and this tune, that surely was hers and hers alone, was going on, beautifully insistent, to waken all the laments of his lonely soul.

But at last the music stopped, and the small player looked inquiringly at the judge.

Now it is undeniable that, had the judge's previous humor been *for* "Bone dat Turkey" instead of against it, the "Traumerei" would have proved Tinto a nuisance of virulent type. It is also undeniable, though regretable, that a dead wife has more effectiveness as a moral force than a living one. And the judge was touched. So touched was he that he dared not look up until he had strangled at their birth the sobs that threatened to come. It would never do to have those prim teachers at the doors surprise him at his emotions.

The teachers were in the building to collect back salaries. In San Francisco, when the opening of a street, or a park road, or the leveling of a sand hill empties the sensitive treasury, the deficit can always be met by docking the school-teachers of a percentage of salary. Then a new administration sets in, and, as a politic move, pays back a dribble, just enough to insure grateful support. One of these celestial reimbursements was being made on the day of Tinto's trial, and his violin had drawn curiously to the court doors a throng of happy spinsters, each with a plethoric chatelaine bag hanging from her belt and further guarded by the clutch of a gloved hand.

When fortified to meet the examination of these sharp feminine eyes, the judge raised his head, and his gaze was very severe. It softened once when it rested on the upturned face of Tinto, but hardened doubly when directed upon Zanardi.

"Is this the music that is driving you distracted?" he demanded in disgust.

Zanardi misinterpreted the source of disgust, and further committed himself.

"Yes, yes; just like-a that. Music like-a that, at all time Tinto plays."

"Then the best thing Tinto can do for you is to keep on playing till you grow able to appreciate it," ordered the judge, and the medical students drowned his further words in a shout of applause. A yong doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover.

"Here, you shaver," called one, "here's a half-dollar to buy yourself a Christmas gift. Make it a cake of soap if you can." As he tossed the silver, the infection caught his comrades, and they all began to search their pockets for small coin.

Tinto thought it his professional duty to go around with his hat, court or no court, and stoically did so, winding up by besieging his honor himself, but giving him a wistful look rather of thanks for past favor than an appeal for alms.

"Isn't he cute?" whispered the

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teachers. But they did not give him any of their restored salaries. It had come too hard for that.

"For yourself, Tinto," murmured his honor, dropping a yellow piece among the silver.

But the poor do not own themselves. What they have belongs to the head of the family, that he may make a better fight against the wolf of poverty. Tinto, without even looking at it, wearily carried the money to Luis, and gave it all up. It was no concern of his. His duty was just to work and to hand over what he made like any workhouse drudge. His childhood never knew the delight of spending money.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" cried a teacher. Her eyes moistened and her hand fumbled in her purse. The "cuteness" of Tinto could not touch the teachers, they being too much the martyrs of "cute" infancy, but his unchildness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money freely flowed.

As the Trevinos eagerly watched the shower of silver, they correctly estimated it as sufficient to pay off the last penny owing upon the house, and figured a residuum for the recommencement of trade. They were shrewd enough to realize also that this public tide-turning would make of them people of genteel distinction to their neighbors, and the Trevino faces were as bright with eyes and teeth as an altar with tapers.

Zanardi was sensibly endeavoring to sneak outside, which suggested a *finale* for the judge.

"Get out, everybody!" he ordered. "This is a farce. We have wasted entirely too much time. Clear out."

Thus ended the case, and if the succeeding cases did not suffer horribly from the severity which is the reaction of heart-softening and purse-opening, then is human nature in the city of the Golden Gate beautifully different from human nature in rest of the world.

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THE RIDING SONG OF A FREE COMPANY ABOUT ROCHE D'ARIEN

From Aldebaran

There du Guesclin bites his nails,
Listening to the jongleurs' tales,
Little love, or so they say,
Nourishing for such as they,
Or their newest virelay;
But he must abide his time and wait,
In that little room above the gate,
In that gray place, a chill place,
An old place, an ill place,
A bad place in winter,
In Roche d'Arien.

There du Guesclin sits each day,
Waiting for the word to slay,
Watching for the face he'll know,
Scans the folk who come and go,
Riding, trudging through the snow:
There will be good blows to give
This March or April — if we live!
But 'tis a cold place, a stark place,
A grim place, a dark place
A bad place for waiting,
Is Roche d'Arien.

—*M. St. Clare Byrne*

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THE PUBLIC RESPONSIBILITY OF THE BAKER OF BREAD

By GEORGE S. WARD

AFTER a lifetime spent in helping to create an industry which removes the baking of bread from millions of homes to outside industrial establishments, I realize the personal responsibility incurred. It may be summarized in a few words. The baker's responsibility can be met by the production of good, wholesome bread, made of pure ingredients, under sanitary conditions, and placed within convenient reach of the public, at a price fair at once to baker and consumer.

Speaking for the baking industry I am glad to say that our responsibility has been met in a very creditable manner, especially during the score of years last gone by, during which period the baking industry has grown in merit by leaps and bounds. It is interesting to review the advancement made in these years because I believe it marks the period during which the baker comes to have *conscious* responsibility.

It was in Pittsburgh, in 1905—just twenty years ago—that the first large fireproof, sanitary factory bakery was built. This building was the pioneer effort towards progress, and yet at that time it was laughed to scorn by leaders in the industry. Baking of bread had until then generally been done in more or less inadequate quarters, in buildings unsuited for the purpose, mostly old residences or other adapted structures, with ovens and workrooms in the cellar, altogether unsanitary, and often unspeakably so. The necessary ingredients were selected without proper knowledge of their purity. The work had been carried on in overheated and badly ventilated rooms. The doughs were mixed by the perspiring hands and arms of poorly paid and ignorant workmen—uninstructed alike in the processes of fermentation and the laws of hygiene. Bakers worked exceedingly long hours, and it was almost a general practice for them to sleep and live in the baking rooms. They did all the work of the establishment, procured fuel and prepared it for the ovens, carted the flour and other ingredients, looked after stables and rolling stock, mingling these tasks with the operations of baking—which arrangement, you will agree, prevented any proper attention to sanitation or personal cleanliness.

During the last decade, however, such conditions have practically passed away, and the example has been widely followed of the first modern factory baking plant, with its big, broad windows to let in the sunlight, and its observation of every requirement of sanitation and hygiene. Building has been guided by the new sense of responsibility, and with a new vision towards future possibilities of the baking business.

During the last decade the industry has come into more competent hands, the hands of men who have won away from the housewife the job of providing the American family with its daily bread. Just as the shoemaker is passing from his bench, as electric light has almost sent the candle-maker into oblivion, as the modern packing house has put out of business the old-fashioned butcher and his unsanitary slaughter-house, so has the baker been stepping along in the parade of progress. The old-time jingle of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" has become obsolete. To-day the vocation is followed by progressive, wide-awake, alert business men, men who have put capital and brains into their enterprise, and many of whom know the value of science in baking. The new order is the modern baking plant, planned and built by architects and engineers specializing in bakery construction. Raw material is selected for purity and food value. The baker of to-day carries on his production with a scientific selection and clear knowledge of the value of ingredients that go into the dough mass under controlled conditions of humidity and tempera-

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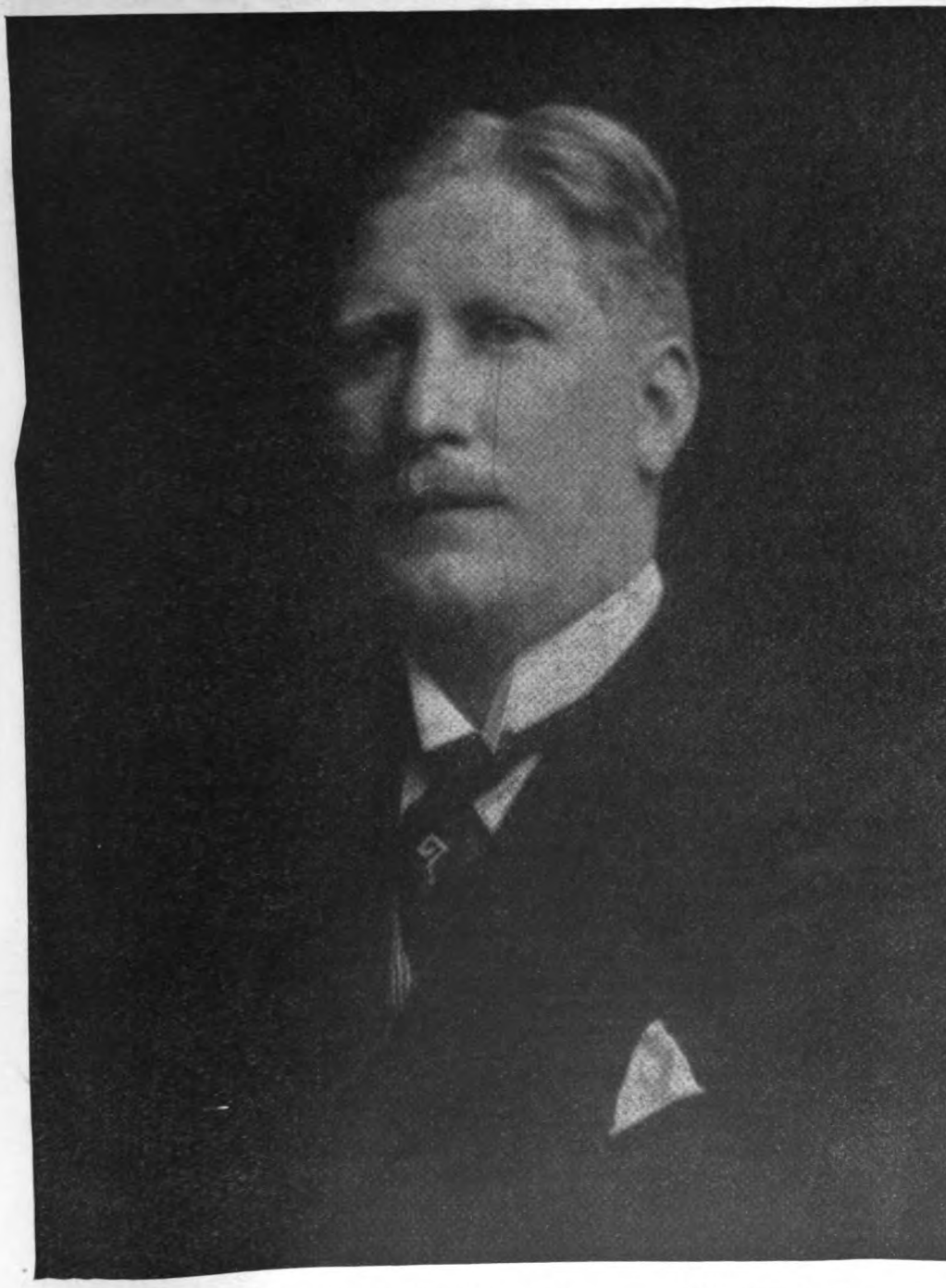

George S. Ward. On his retirement, the company he helped to found took the super loaf off the market. "It is my firm resolve," he says, "that this betterment of human nutrition shall be carried on."

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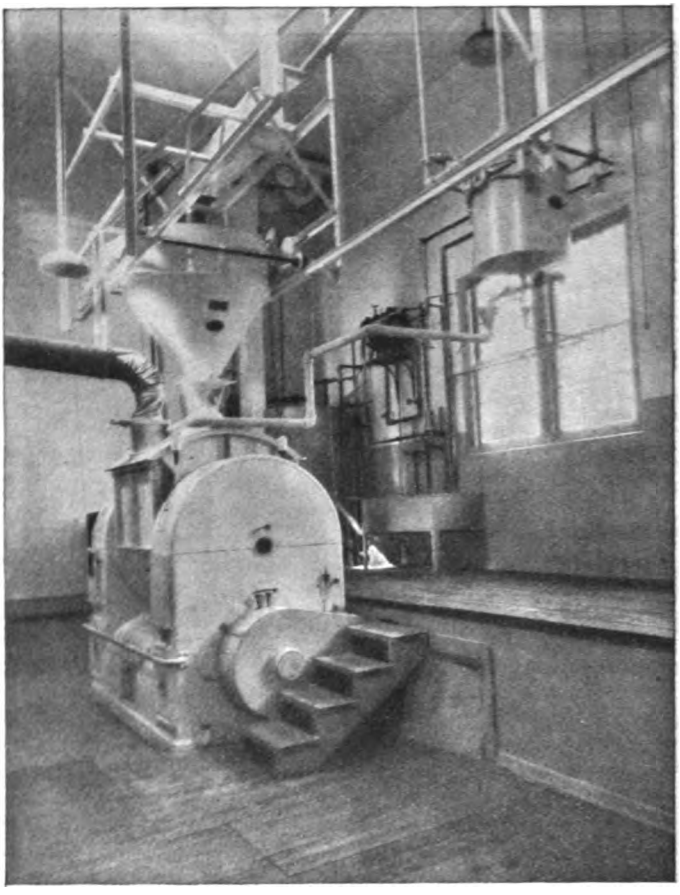

This automatic mixer relieves 1600 women from the drudgery of bread-making every fifteen minutes.

ture. The thermometer is the baton with which he measures time and temperature, to the joy and music he finds in his job; and I can think of no enterprise more worthy of a man's best effort than the baking of good bread for the people.

I suggest, as an interesting experience that you might greatly enjoy, a visit to a modern baking plant. Here is a building such as I have described, with large, well-ventilated, white tiled rooms, where cool, clean arms of steel have replaced sweaty arms of flesh in the mixing of the dough, handling barrels of flour at a grasp, where pounds were once the measure, and producing infinitely better results. Here the great steel dough troughs, suspended from overhead tracks, can be seen following one another into the fermentation rooms, where, during the hours of proofing and rising, ventilation, temperature, and humidity are all carefully controlled. When ready for the next step in the process the dough is automatically divided and weighed into loaf pieces by machines and rolled into dough balls. It is then placed, still automatically, into pocket proofers for further rising in the loaf piece, again under controlled temperature and humidity. When ready for their final shaping the loaves are moulded by a machine, which in a short second does what formerly took the hand laborer several minutes. As the loaves leave the moulding machine at the rate of from eighty to ninety a minute, they are gently dropped into baking tins, which go in rotation on conveyors to the very mouth of the ovens, already heated and ready to receive hundreds of loaves in one batch; or else the dough loaves are carried automatically into the heated caverns of immense traveling ovens.

It is interesting to watch them through observation doors as they pass in soldier-like alinement down a hundred feet or more, to the discharging end, where the golden-brown baked loaves, with delicious aroma bespeaking their goodness, are separated from the baking tins, and continue through the cooling chambers, whence, after an hour's time, they emerge to the wrapping machine. Here again they are automatically handled. The wrapping machines turn out each loaf beautifully and hermetically sealed in wax paper, ready to be delivered to the customer. The bread has now passed through an entire process, from raw materials to finished product, without the touch of human hands.

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"Cleanliness is next to godliness." The Eleventh Commandment preached and practised among leading bakers of to-day is cleanliness. In the early "forward movement" "Mother's Bread" was advertised, to point the claim that it was the better the more closely it resembled the home-made loaf; whereas the present baker's loaf has grown uniformly better than the house-wife's, by reason of his correct and scientific practise and his better equipment.

During the years when our country was involved in the World War the baking industry suffered a severe set-back. You will remember that we all, housewife and baker alike, volunteered to save wheat to win the war—to save each a slice a day. The baker was put under Government license, and in making bread was required to incorporate with his wheat flour other food elements that were never intended by nature for such use. There was a prescribed 25% of some other cereal than wheat, such as corn meal, barley flour, rolled oats, or even potatoes. None of these materials will stand the leavening process. Used to such excess they so over-burden the gluten of the wheat flour that the loaf breaks and falls, because the leavening gas, carbon dioxide, produced by the yeast in process of fermentation, could not be retained in the envelope or skin of the loaf. Many of you remember the poor quality of bread available during that period.

This was the most trying crisis through which the industry had ever passed; and yet it may be truthfully said, to the baker's credit, that he accepted his responsibility and performed his duty well—so well indeed that, at the close of the war, the industry received the thanks and commendation of the Government for its patriotic co-operation.

Nevertheless, hundreds of thousands of consumers were turned away from use of baker's bread, and the baker was forced to rehabilitate and rebuild his business and win afresh the good-will and confidence of the public, particularly of the house-wife. This situation caused him to study first principles more thoroughly. He turned to science for help as he had never done before. This

A travelling oven of more than a hundred feet in length. The unbaked loaves are put in at this end.

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resulted in organization of local, state and national associations, in fact continuing the associations which had been formed during the war for the exchange of knowledge and mutual help. The baker's vision was broadened, and to-day, in Chicago, the American Baker's Association has a splendid building known as the American Institute of Baking. There all materials used in baking can be sent for standardization, so that every element used is certified for purity and baking quality. Here research is carried on for the industry at large, and scientists are employed in finding out the ways of producing better and more nutritious bread. Baking schools are conducted, where young men are taught the science and technique of baking, and are given certificates on graduation. Better and richer materials and more efficient machinery have come into use.

On many other points I might touch in relation to the baker's responsibility to the public, but I feel that I have already given enough time to it. Before leaving the subject, however, I take the liberty to suggest that occasionally in our busy lives we stop to think of what is behind the many conveniences we enjoy. We are so accustomed to service in answer to pressing the button or to the telephone call that we seldom trace our many blessings back to their source; and so let us recall that

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour, the mill,
And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,
And the sun and the Father's Will.

Permit me to call attention to my own work on nutritious bread, and to my success in producing a super loaf, through use of which, with water alone, animal life, growth and reproduction have been indefinitely sustained beyond the ninth generation. Such a result has never before been recorded for a single food.

In telling this intensely interesting story I hardly know where to begin; and yet because it grew out of my own life, and is indeed my life's work, I feel that I must carry my readers back even beyond the beginning of my own career, for the purpose of emphasizing to young men and women that what we do and think in our early years is the foundation on which rest the will and power to do our best in our coming life's work.

The name Ward had a humble origin. Hugh Ward, my father, introduced it into the baking business in a little one-oven shop in Broome Street, New York City, in 1849. He was born in a small village in Ireland, near Belfast. He was the fifth of seven sons. His father, James Ward, was a cloth weaver, but because of his large family of sons he engaged also in the contracting business of road building. The younger sons were apprenticed to various trades, my father to that of baker. He was bound out to serve and live with his master four years. His father paid a fee for his instruction the first year, and during the following years he earned wages a little over the charges for his board. During this period some time was found for school.

At the close of his apprenticeship, with his journeyman's papers, he went to Belfast, and entered the largest bakery in that city. There his experience broadened. Being ambitious, however, he sailed for America, landing in New York at the age of about nineteen, with little of this world's goods, but with strong courage to face the future. He worked a year in New York, saving his money, and bought the small bakery in Broome Street. He was moderately successful and helped other members of his family to America. His father and brother later joined him in a partnership which continued several years.

The excitement caused by discovery of gold in California was recent, and allured him. He sold his business and started West. Reaching Pittsburgh, he visited a friend, a former fellowworkman of Belfast. Finding him in failing health, he remained with him, bought a partnership, and later took over the entire business. He spent the rest of his days in Pittsburgh, accumulating two separate fortunes, as fortunes were then computed, but lost them both by his generous endorsement of friends in need, so that he died involved. The result was a new family partnership, consisting of my mother, two sisters and myself.

Before my father's death, however, I had been anxious to go to work, as most of my friends were doing. I had a distaste for the baking business, because it involved so much night and Sunday

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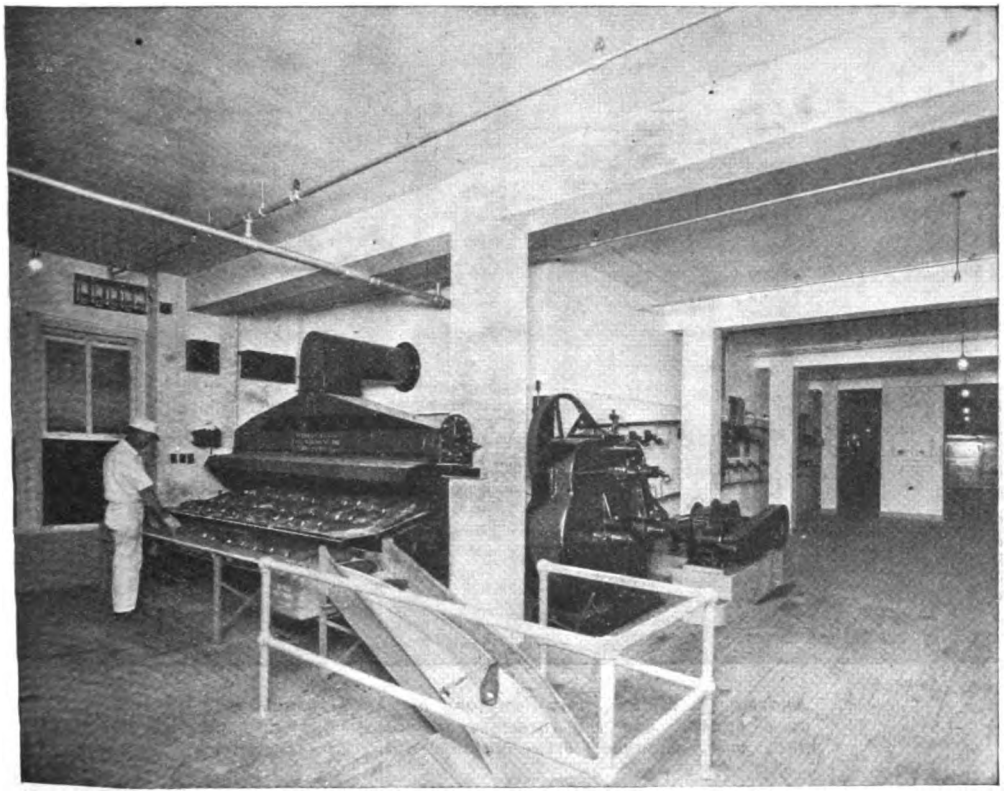
work. At the age of fourteen, therefore, I secured my parent's consent to leave school and seek outside employment. I engaged for the munificent sum of two dollars per week as stock boy in a large department store. During this period it was often necessary for mother and me to help father turn out the baking during night hours, so that customers might not be disappointed in their daily supply.

I continued thus employed for about nine months, meanwhile discovering that I had made a very serious mistake. It was terminated by an accident, which brought my father's suggestion that I had probably realized that I ought to be at school. I heartily agreed, but did not for the moment surrender my own plans for the future. I arranged with my father for a horse and wagon to use in distributing bakery products to customers two or more hours each morning before leaving for school. I was to have a commission on sales I made, and a fixed sum for helping in the bakery two or more hours each morning before starting on my route. This money was to be set aside for a college education, it being fully understood that my labors in the baking business at that time were only to serve as a stepping stone to the profession of law. These plans, however, were rudely upset by my father's death, which resulted in the family partnership already referred to.

Our enterprise was launched under an agreement with creditors for deferred payments on an indebtedness amounting to some eight thousand dollars. A public sale was held, and we divested ourselves of all surplus material. We made a new start after the bakery had been closed for three weeks, and my first morning's sales amounted to $5.40. By hard work and perseverance we prospered, so that when I reached my majority we were able to pay off the last one thousand dollars of our indebtedness. From "scratch," as it were, at that date, we made a steady advance to nearly fifty millions in 1923.

I recall that this payment was the last thousand dollars on a mortgage held by



Here the finished loaves, golden-brown and appetisingly fragrant, are taken from the oven.

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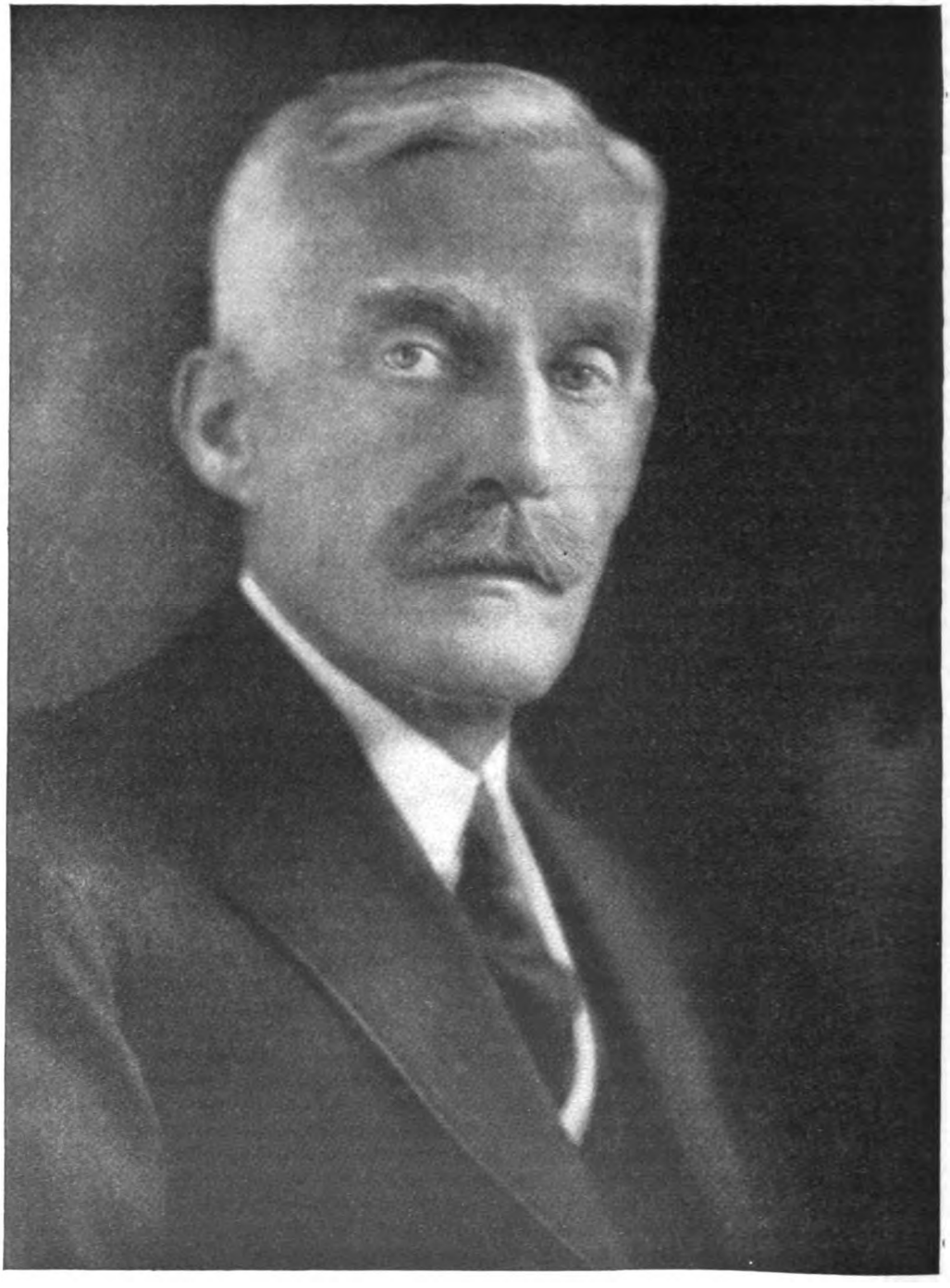

Andrew W. Mellon, now Secretary of the Treasury, who, as a banker, had the foresight to aid in financing the man who changed bread-making into an industry.

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a man who was interested in our struggles, and I was greatly encouraged to find him ready to renew the loan of a thousand dollars without the mortgage as a security. I thanked him, and said, "No, I believe it will be best to struggle along without it. I want to be out of debt."

The partnership with my mother continued another five years. Meanwhile my sisters had gone to homes of their own, and mother, knowing of my ambition to join an elder brother already engaged in the baking business in a distant part of the city, gave me an opportunity so to do. Having disposed of our property, which had grown in value, mother retired, and gave me the raw materials, the rolling stock and portable utensils. With this equipment and a thousand dollars in cash, borrowed from the bank on mother's endorsement, my brother and I created a new partnership and consolidated our baking enterprises which were being carried on separately in different sections of the same city—Pittsburgh.

We continued in partnership from 1891 to 1897, when we incorporated, and added the biscuit or cracker business to the baking of bread. We soon found, however, that the larger venture required more capital than we had to employ. Our business was growing, we were making money, but our capital was spread over the accounts of grocers to whom we had to sell crackers on thirty to sixty days credit. This was a new experience; our bread business had been largely cash. We, therefore, told our story to a banker with whom we thought we had established credit, at least from a moral side. We showed him our financial statement, and proved to his satisfaction that we were making money, but we were advised that we should sell capital rather than borrow. This did not meet our own judgment or desire. We knew that if we were given temporary assistance for a year or so we could stem the tide.

After two unsuccessful attempts, in making the third we had the good fortune to meet a man of vision. I like to tell of this particular experience because it affords an example of the insight and business sense of the man who is now Secretary of the United States Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon. We went to his bank, then known as T. Mellon & Sons, told him the same story, and submitted the same statement. Mr. Mellon said that he could understand why we had been refused and concurred heartily in the advice that had been given us; but he very kindly added that he could see another side of the question, and could appreciate our natural desire to keep this business as a reward of our industry.

"Ten thousand dollars, however, the amount you ask," he said "is not sufficient for your needs. Could you refund a larger loan if it were granted?"

We assured him of our ability to do so, and he then told us, much to our joy and satisfaction, "Well, you need at least $25,000, and this bank will make you that loan."

This solved our financial troubles, and after that we had no trouble in securing loans when needed. We grew and prospered, and later, when our operations extended to other cities, Mr. Mellon became a stockholder in our new company.

This brings me to my first real contact with science in baking. During the years 1905 and 1910 we developed a process for mixing bread by machinery, introducing washed air into the dough mass during a period of violent agitation, so that when it was turned from the machine into dough troughs it was permeated with tiny air cells. The gluten was thus more highly developed than could possibly have been accomplished by hand mixing, and the process seemed to have a maturing effect on the dough, at the same time distributing more quickly and easily the gas created by fermentation of the yeast throughout the dough mass, so that our dough now matured in shorter time and with greater uniformity. This led to an effort toward a standardized loaf, which for the first time was to have a distinctive name or brand, known as Mother's Bread.

We had already discovered the value of scientific control of raw material as being helpful in its selection, and of control of temperature and humidity during fermentation. In spite of this control, however, we were somewhat set back to discover that, using the same raw materials, derived from the same sources, and all tested by careful analysis, we were unable to make the same bread in different places. We were then

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operating in Chicago, St. Paul, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Providence and Boston. Since there were no differences in raw materials used, except in water content, which in our ignorance we had assumed to be the same in various places, we began to feel that differences in the water of these cities might be responsible for our difficulties.

About this time a man came out of the West, from the University of Kansas, a genius in fact, who possessed one of the keenest minds with which I have ever come in contact. It was Robert Kennedy Duncan, the first director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh. The Mellon brothers, men of large affairs and business interests, having scientific problems of their own, had conceived the idea of establishing an industrial laboratory. They first installed Professor Duncan in a temporary building in the University grounds, to show that the thing could be done. This was later succeeded by the present magnificent buildings of the Mellon Institute, now part of the University of Pittsburgh.

In the early stages of this enterprise I took my problems to Dr. Duncan. I told him that water was the only element uncontrolled in our industry, and that we suspected this to be the point of our difficulty. I also told him that on testing the waters of the different cities we found that they differed very greatly in mineral content.

He thought we had undoubtedly hit on the center of our trouble, and agreed to take up for us, under a fellowship arrangement, the task of investigation. He pointed out that it was well known that the superior quality of the Burton ales, made in England, was undoubtedly due to the high lime content of the waters of the river Trent on the banks of which the breweries were located. After several years of research under Dr. Duncan's direction certain salts were isolated, which, we discovered, when used in proper balance, not only had the effect of standardizing the waters of different cities for the purpose of bread making, but lent themselves besides to either quicker fermentation or the saving of yeast, as we might choose. This discovery was gradually tried out and finally was used in the production of Ward's bread throughout the different cities. It was later put on a commercial sale and sold to the baking trade generally. During the war it was used by the American as well as by the English, French and Belgian governments. Most of the bread made behind the lines in France and Belgium was made under this process, because it solved fermentation problems where bread was made under such difficulties and also saved the exportation of many shiploads of grain with which to make the great quantities of yeast which would otherwise be required. Because of this scientific contribution I am glad to say that at the close of the war the Ward Baking Company was given an award for meritorious service by the United States government. We had furnished millions of pounds of this material to the government at cost.

Before this time scientists and nutritional workers had been measuring the caloric value of different foods, advising how many calories were required for proper sustenance. We became well instructed concerning carbohydrates, proteins, fats and mineral salts. We then began to hear about vitamins, and how necessary they were as elements of daily food. We came to know that the very growth of children, in fact that the health of man, woman and child depended on pure and adequately balanced food. We were told that the vitamins and mineral salts contained in wheat were discarded from white flour in the modern milling processes, and people were advised to eat whole wheat bread.

My company already made a whole wheat bread, and now set about to improve it by material additions of milk, in order to add milk proteins as well as fats. The consumption of whole wheat bread, however, was small in comparison with the demand for white bread. Strenuous sales efforts and extensive advertising were never able to lift it to a very high public favor. Consumers wanted the more appetizing white loaf. They believed in whole wheat bread to some extent, but did not understand the reason for it. Those who promoted it and most urgently stressed its importance set it forth as a complete food without full knowledge of the facts. Vitamin investigators now tell us that while whole wheat bread contains a large amount

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of one of the vitamins and more of the needed mineral salts than white bread, it still needs other vitamins, and different kinds of proteins and lime salts to make it a balanced food. Students of nutrition also pointed out that the value of whole wheat bread was in vitamins and minerals rather than in the roughage. With this newer knowledge established, and backed by food tests of the National Government, a new opportunity and a new duty were presented to me as a baker of bread.

The scientists, Mendel and Osborn of Yale, McCollum and Davis of Wisconsin, Sherman, Hess and Rose of Columbia, Forbes, then of Ohio State, and Hale of Harvard, had published facts which I might have ignored from a standpoint of easier business, but which could not be ignored consistently with my duty to the consumers of bread.

The question was how could this newer knowledge of nutrition be put into a palatable loaf of white bread, the type of bread preferred and insisted upon by the majority of consumers?

The research staff of my company was then asked to work out a formula for a loaf of bread that would be a complete food in itself, that would retain all the elements of white bread, and, at the same time, add to it the additional elements of whole wheat plus the other *needed* vitamin, proteins and mineral salts *needed,* but not found in whole wheat.

The first step was to assemble all existing knowledge which might have a bearing on the problem. We found that scientists in England, Germany and France had described many processes for extracting food valuables from yeast and from the bran and germ of wheat and from other grains for the purpose of adding them to white bread, none of which had proved successful. Nevertheless, we were encouraged to make a new attempt because we saw that former workers did not have our later knowledge.

I had turned to science under Dr. Duncan, when the problem of different fermentation results because of the different water supplies had presented itself, and science had given the answer. I again turned to science in this case, and sought to have it aid industry in putting what we call "the newer knowledge of nutrition" into a palatable loaf of white bread. Again we demonstrated just what benefits result when the theories and abstract facts of science are wrought out in the everyday practices of industry.

Constant temptations are offered the food manufacturer, in his struggle for dollars, to cheapen the quality of his product, and many succumb thereto. The aim presented to me, as head of the largest bread baking organization in the world, was betterment of the loaf up to a point where sales claims made for it would not reflect discredit on all other products of my company upon which we were earning dividends—to say nothing of possible disastrous effects on the entire industry. If we should succeed in producing a super-loaf, we could not hope to revolutionize over night the bread-eating habits and preferences of the public; nor, while offering to the public a super-loaf, could we admit shortcomings in our previously advertised brands. Nutrition workers in college laboratories might attack existing qualities of white bread, and their attacks might be ignored; but it was plain that when a leading baking firm of its own accord, with thousands of feeding tests and undeniable proofs behind it, should come forward with a loaf of bread of super-character, it would have a far reaching effect.

We were reading of the millions of undernourished children throughout our land in schools and in the homes of rich and poor alike, of their suffering from rickets and in other ways from the deficiencies of nursing mothers, of young children's stunted growth and backwardness at school. In Dr. Emmett Holt's book *Food, Health and Growth,* we read that nutrition is "probably the most pressing world problem." We were told by this authority that there is a measurable evidence of malnutrition in about one-third of the total children studied in schools and in other surveys. This is shown in bad teeth, stunted growth, underweight, undersize, eye, ear, blood and skin troubles, in "feeble resistance to disease," and general lack of physical energy.

The selective draft during the World War found thirty per cent of our young men physically unfit for military service. This ratio of unfitness in young

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men followed about the same ratio as the malnutrition among the school children. It seemed that while there was plenty of food to satisfy the appetite, young and old alike were not getting properly balanced nourishment. What a wonderful thing, then, would it be if we could produce a loaf of bread which in itself might insure and provide all essentials of full nutrition. Could it be done? We hoped it could, but it required great courage to make the attempt, and there were no volunteers.

Our company, being leader in the industry, seemed to be providentially selected for the task. But how could it be done? We knew that, above all else, we must have the essential vitamins. But where could they be obtained? They were not on the market, they could not be had, and yet we were helpless to proceed without them. Our research had shown that while Nature had made a great vitamin storehouse in the germ of the wheat berry, that germ was being discarded by the miller and turned into the stream of by-products for animal feed. To recover the germ itself was not too difficult, but how should we extract its vitamin, just as essential to our super-loaf as the spark to the automobile, to convert the gas into power. No one had seen or handled vitamins and yet we had undeniable evidence of their existence and potency for good. My organization was earning substantial dividends for its highly satisfied stockholders. They were all sold upon the value of science applied to the baking industry, and some one had to make the venture. "There is a time and place for every man to act his part in life's drama according to his ideals."

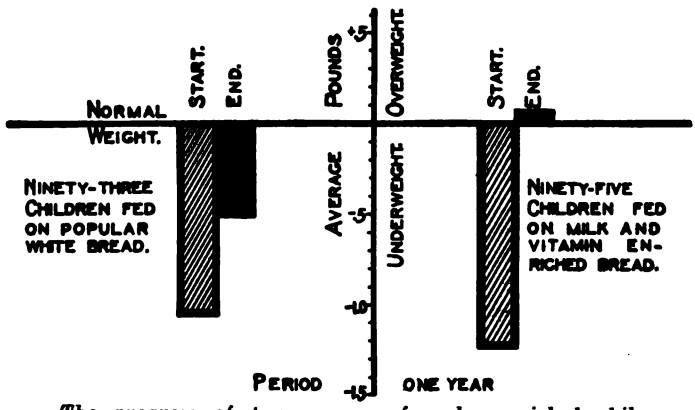
I believe that responsibilities, kindly worn, become part of our better selves that awaken our imagination and help us on to things worth while, both for ourselves and for all mankind. The time for decision had arrived; it needed but little to tilt the scale toward a favorable conclusion, and that little came in a rather unexpected manner. My Irish heart was in it, but my hard Scotch business sense and caution held back.

It was a clear, cold wintry Sunday afternoon in January. I was on edge, nerves were snapping, sleeping and waking, the problem was overpowering me. I wanted to talk with no one who could not discuss the subject intelligently, and had invited the Director of our Research Products Department, Robert M. Allen, for dinner and for discussion. During the afternoon we went out to see some whippet dogs which I had recently imported from England. These live, fast animals, highly nourished, trained to the fraction of a second, were let out to race across the lawn; and as they were running, the picture of undernourished children and their handicaps in the race of life, because of inadequate food, flashed across my vision. The decision was made, the children had won—regardless of the hazards of business.

The first work at my desk the following morning was the issuing of a binding letter of instructions. Orders were given to consolidate all experiments, and start the structure of the super-loaf. We were to build a loaf of bread which in color, texture and flavor should be in accord with the prevailing public taste and preference, which, as a foundation, should include the water-soluble B vitamin of the wheat germ, and as much as possible of the valuable food proteins and organic salts contained in the wheat embryo, bran and middlings. The moisture content was to be entirely of whole milk, with such additions of whole dry milk as might be necessary, with other available and adaptable proteins, vitamins, fats, mineral salts and carbohydrate food elements, to make the loaf of bread into a superfood for maintenance, growth and health equal to a complete normal diet. The stupendous importance of this self-posed task is difficult to realize. All progress was to be checked by feeding experiments in our own laboratories, and rechecked by the laboratories of Mellon Institute under Dr. Weidlein, and at Harvard University under Dr. Hale; and during the work Dr. E. B. Forbes, then of Ohio State, Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel of Yale and Dr. Henry G. Sherman of Columbia were to be consulted.

Work began; and while laboratory workers were extracting sufficient vitamin for the production of laboratory-made bread, we were busy in another direction, namely, building a large com-

mercial plant for the extraction of vitamins from the germ and bran of wheat. We turned to the milling, brewing, sugar-making and malt-extracting industries for parts of their processes and for mechanical installation to hook up in tandem to perform new tasks. Unforeseen difficulties arose to confound and embarrass us, and before we finally produced a highly satisfactory grain sugar, very rich in vitamin, we had invested at Warren, Ohio, in plant alone, over three-quarters of a million dollars; and by the time the first loaf was sold commercially we had invested one and one-quarter million dollars in the enterprise.



The progress of two groups of undernourished children—the only difference in diet beingthat in one case the bread was enriched with milk and vitamins.

Having now established the production of grain sugar, so potent in Vitamin B, we came back to the laboratory, picked up all their established facts and began experimental work in the bakery itself, beginning to pass a small batch a day through the routine processes of the bakery. This bread was first supplied to many experts and individuals for inspection and criticism, and was also supplied to our own laboratories and to the laboratories of Mellon Institute and Harvard University for feeding tests. We eventually made the commercial loaf equal in feeding value and flavor to the laboratory loaf, and at the same time more uniform in color, appearance, quality, and flavor.

This commercial loaf of bread was made of:

(a) Strong patent white wheat flour specially selected for gluten strength.

(b) A grain sugar, rich in Vitamin B, soluble proteins and mineral salts derived from wheat germ, a small mixture of bran and middlings.

(c) Whole milk as the only liquid ingredient of the dough, plus added whole milk solids, which introduced the Vitamin A milk proteins and milk

s.

the usual leavding yeast, ordinary table salt, yeast food and shortening rich in Vitamin A.

The nutritional facts established for the loaf at the conference of experts previously mentioned were as follows:

The loaf contains proteins of superior food value for growth and strength. It contains liberal amounts of Vitamins A and B. It provides a well-balanced variety of body-building mineral nutrients for bones and teeth. It is rich in the food elements needed by the expectant and nursing mother and the growing child. It supplies abundant energy, and builds resistance for young and old at low costs. Measured by the elements necessary in food for everybody, this loaf is one of the most perfect single foods ever produced.

Undoubtedly, the most powerful and convincing compilation of fact in favor of the loaf was the number of animals, in all of the three laboratories, that grew and lived and reproduced when fed only on these new loaves and water, in comparison with the number of animals that were stunted, declined in weight, sickened and died when fed on three of the most popular white breads from the market, on one misbranded "vitamin" bread and on water-made whole wheat breads.

All of the laboratories mentioned, namely our own and those of Harvard University and the Mellon Institute, gave special attention to reproduction. Experiments were conducted with three pairs of animals for each kind of bread in each laboratory. Special note should be given to the marked parallels of their results. Reproduction among the

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mice fed on the "super-bread" extended into the ninth generation, and reproduction among the rats into the seventh generation when the tests were discontinued by the succeeding administration, and all with no other diet than the super-bread and water. There was no doubt that the generation would have continued indefinitely had the tests been continued. There was no reproduction with any of the other breads, even including the whole wheat breads.

The ranks of mice and rats on breads other than my super-bread and a whole wheat bread, practically made with milk, were eventually so depleted by death and sickness that it seemed useless to carry the experiments further, and at a conference it was decided to change the diet of these animals to the new bread. The recovery was prompt and pronounced.

We had now created a loaf of bread which had reared animals to the ninth generation. What would it do to children? Our plan contemplated selecting a large number of families from various racial groups and supplying them the super-bread with no other change in diet; then, for comparison, taking a similar number of families with children and supplying them with their own choice of the well-advertised breads from the open market. The plan also included supplying our super-bread to one-half of the children in an institution. All of the children were weighed and measured month by month, closely watched by a competent dietitian, under the charge of a physician, and medical examinations were made month by month for a period of one year. The plan was both wide in scope and expensive.

Previous to this experiment in human feeding, we called a conference of the experts who had advised us in building the loaf and had passed upon our public claims in the advertising copy. They discouraged experiment.

"You have demonstrated the superiority of the bread," said one of them, "by extensive and conclusive animal-feeding tests, and there are so many variables in human feeding, that the result may jeopardize the loaf."

The other experts agreed. I felt, however, that if such bread meant anything in human nutrition, it should be possible to measure results with a thousand or more children within a period of a year.

Accordingly arrangements were made with the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, under the Association's dietitian, Miss Gillette. Fifty families, with approximately two hundred children, were selected from various racial groups. Twenty-five families were given the new bread, and the other twenty-five families their choice of the leading market breads. Arrangements were also made with one of the leading Catholic charity organizations to supply the new bread free to an institution for children in charge of the most competent management. This institution fed continuously one hundred and three girls with the super-bread, and one hundred and five girls with the bread baked by the institution. The super-bread was supplied to one hundred and seventy boys, and the institution's bread to one hundred and forty-four boys.

There was much undernourishment among the children of the families selected by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. At the end of the year, the average gains per child in height and weight were as follows:

	Number of children	Gain in height per child per year in.	Gain in weight per child per year lbs.
Negro			
Super-Bread	30	2.6	6.9
Standard Market Breads	17	2.6	3.9
Irish			
Super-Bread	22	2.8	5.8
Standard Market Breads	31	2.7	5.6
Italian			
Super-Bread	25	3.1	7.4
Standard Market Breads	31	2.8	6.4
Jewish			
Super-Bread	16	3.0	7.4
Standard Market Breads	16	2.6	6.2

The average of the children fed on new super-bread was, in weight and height, above the line separating the undernourished from the normally-nourished. The average of the children fed on the standard market breads, in weight and height, was at the end of the

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year still below the line of normal nourishment. Both groups were in the undernourished class at the start.

The families who were given the super-bread had been supplied with the cheapest and most complete food ever offered for human consumption. The milk in the loaf went to the families at a cost to them of not over nine cents per quart for whole milk. The wheat extract, the milk and the lime salts not only balanced the cheap proteins and carbohydrates of the flour but supplied the missing substances which rendered these cheap wheat foods fully available in human nutrition.

At the institution mentioned, the very competent dietitian had arranged a series of menus designed to supply a balanced diet, and the children on the whole were in very much better condition than existed among the fifty families. The research department knew that they were going up against a stiff test. At the end of the year, notwithstanding the otherwise good feeding of the children, the results were as follows:

	Number of girls	Average gain height	Average gain weight
Super-Bread	103	2.072	7.047
Institution Bread	105	1.997	6.671
Super-Bread	170	2.412	7.780
Institution Bread	144	2.220	6.559

The one requisite is to get into the child's daily diet the nourishment it needs. As the child grows to maturity it controls its appetite. It may drink less milk than is needed or eat less vegetables or fruits than are necessary to supply the full food balance; but if the bread has been standardized in milk and whole grain there is a regular supply of food substances that helps to make a complete diet, since the child always eats bread.

And so we had met the challenge which the newer knowledge of nutrition had made to the baking industry. We had made the popular every-day white bread into a real staff of life. It is my firm resolve that this life and health contribution to the betterment of human nutrition shall be carried on.

THE SILENCE OF UNLABOURED FIELDS

From the Mountainy Singer

The silence of unlabored fields
Lies like a judgment on the air;
A human voice is never heard:
The sighing grass is everywhere —
The sighing grass, the shadowed sky,
The cattle crying wearily!

Where are the lowland people gone?
Where are the sun-dark faces now?
The love that kept the quiet hearth,
The strength that held the speeding plough?
Grassland and lowing herds are good,
But better human flesh and blood!

—*Seosamh MacCathmhaoil*

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WHAT IS A FILIPINO?

By KATHERINE MAYO

WHAT follows here is a plea for a people—a people remote from us, unseen, unknown, unheard by us, yet standing to-day as suppliants for the breath of life before the bar of America.

For over a quarter of a century the American nation has held in its hands the destiny of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands—now somewhere between eleven and twelve million souls. Yet never, at any time, have we recognized an obligation to acquire an accurate working knowledge of the nature and needs of those millions.

On just this ground the people of the Philippine Islands believe that they have an extremely sound case against us.

The Filipino in America is graceful in offering his gratitude and admiration to a nation whose help, he repeats, has enabled his countrymen to achieve the world's record for speed in progress. But that same Filipino, returned to the Philippines, and except when talking for foreign consumption or to entertain short-stop American visitors, spares small energy to such phrase-making.

It would be an amazingly helpful thing if America could see her unflattered portrait, as drawn by these observers. It would be an amazingly useful thing if America, from her own standpoint, could see the whole people of the Philippine Islands. But that latter takes some doing—and a journey about equal to the circumnavigation of the globe.

Considering the number and extent of the insular possessions that we, during the last quarter-century, have accumulated, it is notable that we have no Colonial Department—no permanent service charged to study, build up, and sustain a consistent policy for the administration of these dependencies. Instead, we leave them to one small pigeonhole in the War Department—and to the attention of two ever-changing committees, Senate and House; bodies that labor always at great disadvantage for lack of personal experience, knowledge, and reliable information.

The Chairman of one of the Congressional Committees, on February last, asked for an appropriation to enable his committee to visit the Philippines, to study the subject committed to their hands. This is a step in a good direction. But similar steps have been taken before and with small profit. Parties of American investigators, debarking in Manila, have been met on the wharf by the same pleasant-mannered Filipino politicians who had previously and lavishly entertained them in Washington, and by them have been instantly swept on into a series of days and nights packed full to overflowing with novel amusement. Riding in comfortable American cars, they have visited the many schools of the city—those well-planned, well-built schools, crowded with clean, bright, eager-eyed native children. They have inspected Bilibid, the model city prison of the East and have watched the famous evening drill. They have admired the finely-housed Philippines General Hospital, the university, the Manila Hotel, the green Luneta with its glorious view across the wide, typhoon-protected harbor to the peaks beyond. They have driven through broad, clean, handsome streets to visit the old walled city and the Spanish fortress. Led by their devoted hosts they have made sorties into the open country beyond, over fine highways, through series of landscapes as strange to their eyes as they are piquant and alluring. And in those landscapes, sometimes, they have seen little figures —queer little silent figures creeping about the concerns of primitive life.

But these last were wholly inconsequent as compared to the hosts—themselves so obviously *the* people of the country—so wholly inconsequent that, somehow, the visitors asked few questions about queer little silent fauna, or

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were easily content with blanket replies.

Nor did it clearly reach the visitors' minds that in what they were seeing, sanitation, cleanliness, schools, hospital, university, markets, hotel, roads, parks, streets, harbor, docks—all that was wholesome, all that was useful, all that was modern, was entirely the work of American thought and command—pitted, as a rule, against the active opposition of the native political leaders.

Then, each day, came the lunches, the dinners, the meetings and speeches, the receptions, the parades, the picnics, the dances, where the guests became more and more deeply impressed with the frank sincerity, the fine aspiration, the genius for hospitality, the excellent mind of their entertainers. So that when those entertainers asked, "Do not our accomplishments, which you see before you, offer concrete proof of our ability to rule ourselves?" the answer gushed out from responsive hearts: "No other people have accomplished so much in a quarter of a century."

And thus in the end, busily feted till the moment of up-anchor, our kindly Congressmen went their way, having "thoroughly studied the Philippines."

But one man, once among them, handled his errand differently. Congressman Miller of Minnesota early in his visit developed a habit of unexpected absences from parade. Too quietly for any of the entertainment corps to observe and escort him, he would shoot off into by-paths, in unexpected directions, toward unprepared places, hither and yon over the islands.

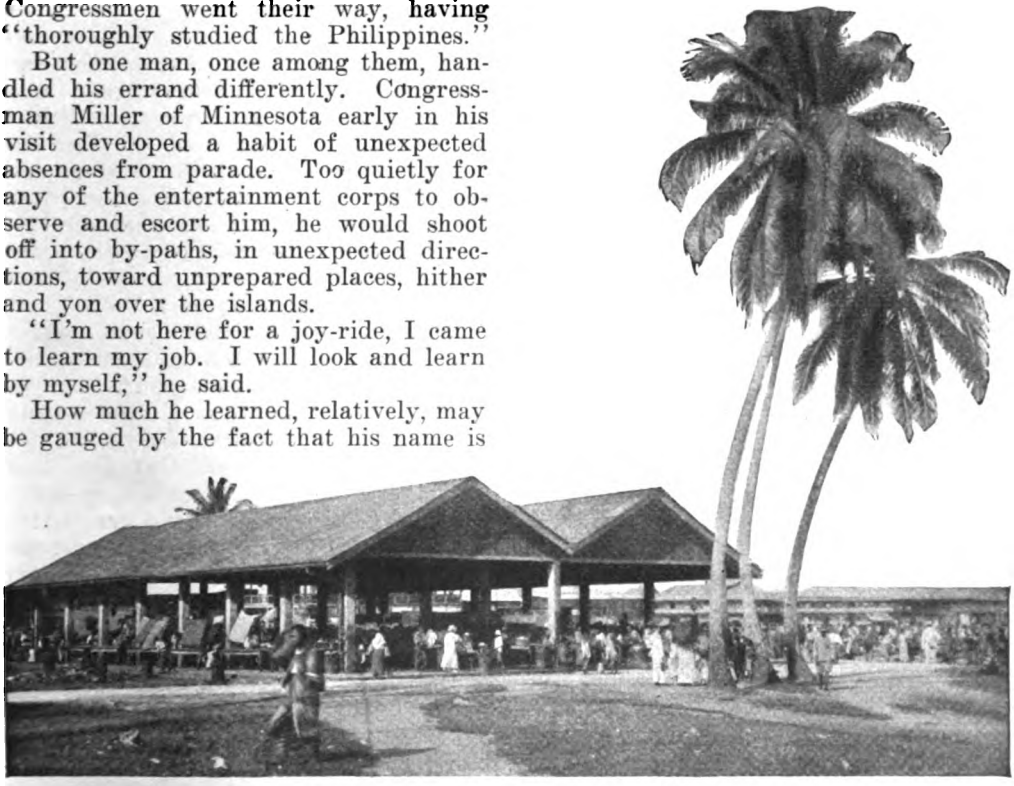
"I'm not here for a joy-ride, I came to learn my job. I will look and learn by myself," he said.

How much he learned, relatively, may be gauged by the fact that his name is yet darkly famous in the Philippines as that of the one recorded visitor difficult to handle.

Unhappily, after a second long trip across the Pacific—a second long journey of study and investigation—Congressman Miller died, to the loss of both countries, who sorely need such first-hand knowledge and judgment in the settlement of their mutual concerns.

Now, as to the polished, frank-mannered and winning Filipino leader and the little brown fauna in the landscape—we cannot get much farther without an excursion into history. Whence came these innocents?

The first known inhabitants of the Philippines were a race of woolly-headed pygmies—little black flitting creatures close to the bottom of the human scale, whose descendents, to the approximate number of 30,000 yet survive unchanged in the Islands. These "negritoes," over two thousand years ago, were frightened back from their foreshore haunts by the appearance, from time to time, of small bodies of strangers.



Jolo market, in the Sulu Province of the Philippines.

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Stairway to the plaza in the Culion Leper Colony, showing the theater at the right

The strangers, naked brown wild men all, came skimming in little boats from over the vast hot seas to the east and the south—from Borneo, Australia, Indo-China. And as they came, by single boat-crews, so did they drop down into the jungle, there to strike root and continue their rudimentary existence. No plan, no common purpose, had guided their migration. No tie now united crew to crew. As time passed, forty-three separate Malay stocks gathered to the Islands—forty-three separate stocks, speaking eighty-seven different tongues.

And these, however close their jungle habitats, remained entirely separate from each other, not only because of the lack of any common language in which to communicate thought, but also because no idea of social organization or intercourse belonged to their stage of development. Their religion, but slightly significant, had not passed beyond the point of simplest witchcraft. They had no sense of law, of government, nor of responsibility, even as between individuals. Their only control was the momentary will of the strongest on the spot. Blood relationship, even the closest, implied no duties and no bans. They existed, merely, and each for himself, like their four-footed brothers of the jungle. Their temperament was excitable and, under excitement, they would fight bravely. But fear and suspicion, each of each, prevented union for warfare, as fear and suspicion, each of each, prevented any sort of leadership in peace.

Upon these primitives, stagnant after some twenty centuries, suddenly descended the Spaniard Legazpi, in the name of God and the King—making haste both to baptize the multitudes Christian, and to plant Spain's flag above their heads. Of them, in July, 1569, Legazpi wrote to his sovereign:

"I believe these natives could be easily subdued by good treatment and the display of kindness; for they have no leaders, are so divided among themselves and have so little dealing with one another."

And again:

"Each man does whatever he pleases, and takes care only of himself and his slaves. . . . No law binds relative to relative, parents to children or brother

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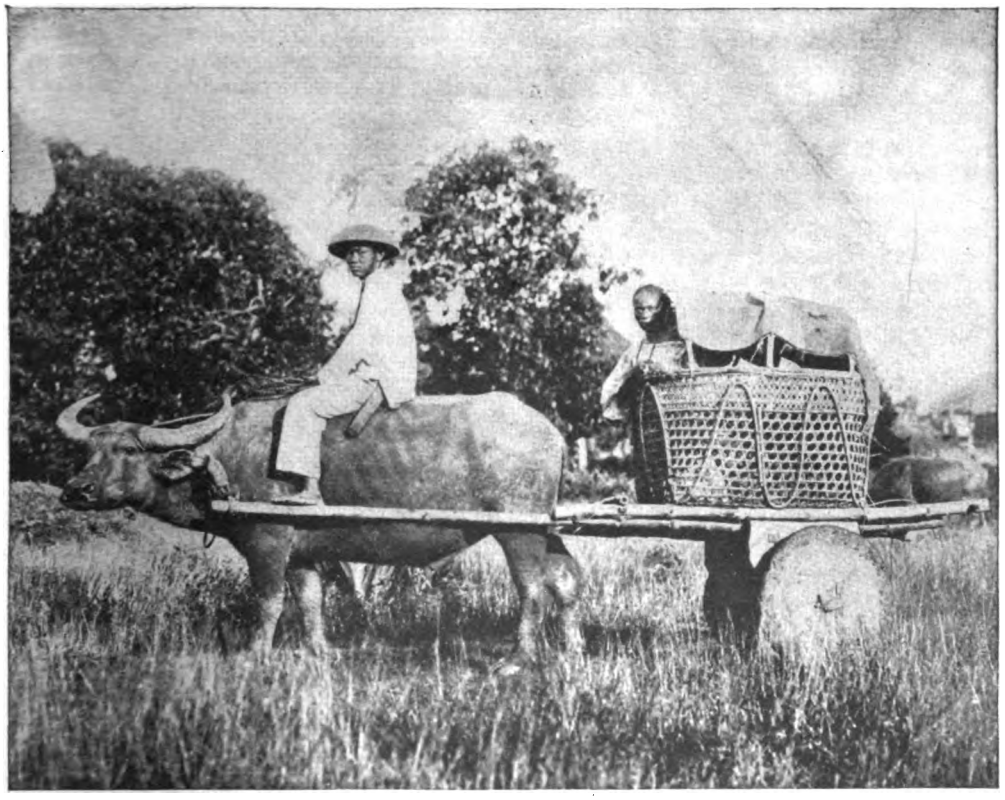
to brother. No person favors another unless it is for his own interest; on the other hand, if a man, in some time of need, shelters a relative or a brother in his house and provides him with food for a few days, he will consider that relative his slave from that time on. . . . When these people give or lend anything to one another, the favor must be repaid double, even if between parents and children or between brothers. At times they sell their own children. . . . Whenever the occasion presents they rob one another, even if they be neighbors or relatives; and when they see and meet one another in the open field at nightfall, they rob and seize one another; nor do they have any order or arrangement in anything. All their skill is employed in setting ambuscades, and laying snares to seize and capture one another."

And yet again in April, 1572:

"They have no personality or rank whatever. . . . With regard to their treatment of women they are so vicious and licentious that any race whatever might excel them."

Spain spared a small force to control the population so described, but made slight effort either then or later to colonize or to develop the country. Handling it through Mexico, her only communication for over two hundred years was by a galleon of six to eight hundred tons, sailing but once annually between Mexico and Manila. Few Spaniards, except civil, military, or religious officials, came out. And, as Spain's purpose was largely missionary, the priests, or more particularly the friars, swung great weight in the councils of the Governor-General at Manila, while in the provinces they practically controlled all aspects of the peoples' life.

To the Spaniards, the "Indians," as they called the native stock, were adult infants, about whom wise Providence had thrown the protection of dumbness —since, by reason of their many dialects and their as numerous mutual hatreds and fears, the follies or disaffections of



This shows the most popular means of transportation among the semi-civilized tribes in the Cagayan Valley.

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one little tribe could not easily spread to the next. To keep them easy to handle, then, the obvious thing to do was to preserve them dumb.

But those sturdy friars, nevertheless, beat trails into the remote wilderness. They made their Indians build churches, roads, and bridges. They gathered them into villages "under the bells." They lived, themselves, in those far villages. They learned the people's barbarous tongues and in them taught a catechism and a few prayers. They began the taming of savage instincts. They rarely or never imported the Spanish tongue. They gave no schooling or mental training worthy of the name. And they exacted, always, respectful and courteous manners and a humble prostration before the prestige of Spain.

Their Spanish Majesties, however, sitting at home in far Madrid, were solicitous of the missionary purpose. Sixty-three years after Legazpi's conquest, you find Philip IV uneasily adjuring all clerical authorities to look to the education of the Indians in the Christian religion and the Spanish language. And again and yet again, in the passing decades, similar misgivings beset the royal mind.

But Manila was far away. Two hundred years later popular instruction, still literally medieval in character, was conducted almost wholly in dialect. The statement that the Philippines have a university older than Harvard is sometimes offered as proof of ancient cultural advantages enjoyed by the Filipino people. Justice to the people demands, however, that this be qualified. The college of San José was founded in 1601, that of Santo Tomas in 1619, both in Manila. But each was opened for Spaniards only, neither making provision for the education of the native population.

Concrete evidence of the Spaniard's thoroughness in the application of the wet blanket of mental inertia lies in the fact that, to this day, no literature properly so called has been produced by natives in any of the eighty-seven dialects, whose poverty of vocabulary finally shows the limit of thought.

And so, through the three centuries and more of Spain's presence, the mass that she dominated—the Indians—were held at a standstill. The warlike tribes of the high mountains of Luzon, to-day called Igorots, she scarcely touched at all. In the south of the Archipelago, where the islands are inhabited by Mohammedans, called "Moros," she fought without victory. But the docile native of the middle territory was practically Spain's slave.

A wonderful capacity they had just for sitting still, these little brown Indian folk—these "taos." As ages passed they invented nothing, imagined nothing, developed nothing. They built themselves frail huts out of bamboo rods and woven leaves—the same little huts, from century to century, that their remotest emigrant ancestors had built. They evolved no germ of art. Their wants were next to nil. They gambled inveterately, passionately, constantly, as all Malays will. Their birth-rate was high, their death-rate enormous. Their physical strength was slight, due to ages of malnutrition and of preying parasitical and contagious diseases. Their ignorance of any and every part of civilized knowledge was continuous and inclusive. They were governed wholly by fear, and in the darkness of their mind superstition stood in reason's place. They were care-free, kindly, passionate, idle, curious, imitative. Their powers of will and purpose were weak, they rarely exercised continuous effort, and they never imagined either individual endeavor or concerted action for the common good.

All these traits the Spaniards shrewdly appraised and chronicled, cataloging them as assets to Spanish control, not to be disturbed by a wise government.

Meantime, a third element was appearing on the scene—the offspring of Spaniards from Indian women.

Too much has been written of the effects of the hybridizing of opposite human strains to leave need for discussion here. The product—they are known as Eurasians in other parts of the Orient—has been much described.

European students of the subject as seen in the Philippines may fairly be represented by Fray Jose M. Ruiz, who in his *Memoria* (Madrid, 1887), wrote of the Spanish half-breed, or *mestizo:*

> Unfortunately they have all the bad qualities of the Spaniard and the Indian and lack that docility of character observed in the

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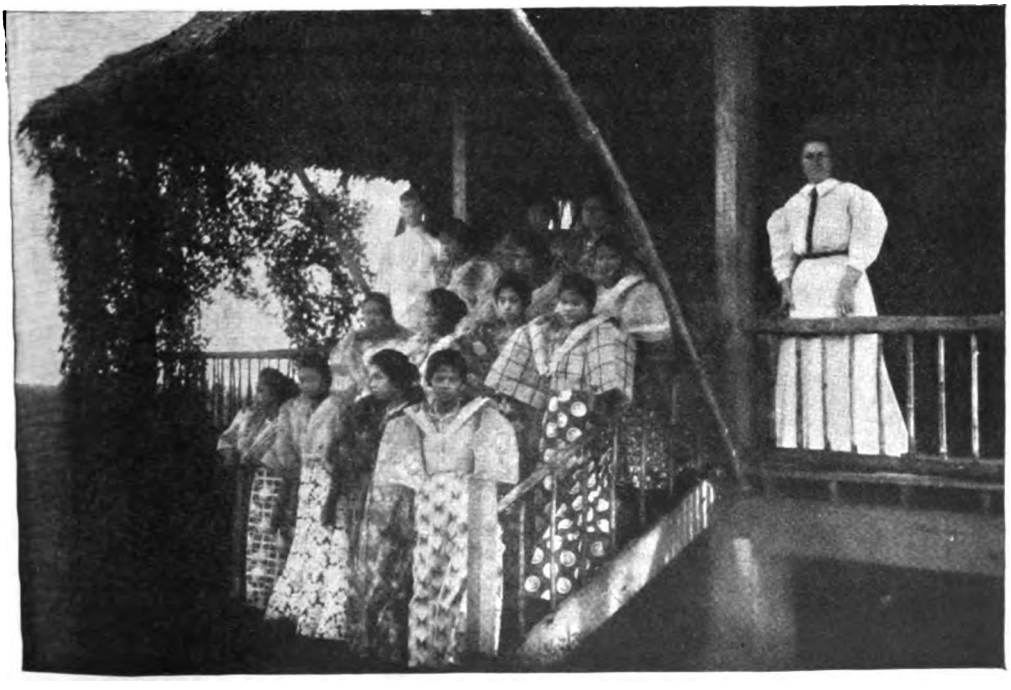
latter and the nobility and greatness of the former. They are of little heart, coward and mean, beside being arrogant and choleric, and are very rude with the Indios, whom they usually despise and maltreat in word and deed and frequently are stupid and troublesome.

But who that has studied the facts, who that has heard this half-breed himself strip bare the tragedy of his soul, can deny him sympathy? Victim of preposterous circumstance, his very existence was the epitome of unfairness. In the justice of nature, races are given thousands of years to accomplish what he was asked to do in the span of one short life. In him, plucked loose from two extremes of biological history, the weary, out-worn civilization of Spain and the raw stuff of the jungle confronted each other. Their violent primeval passions rushed together for double strength. Their virtues, lying too far apart ever to meet, stultified each other, producing such misbegotten fruit as wit without understanding, envy and greed without vision or character, lust and jealousy without self-control, cunning without moral courage or firmness, mimickry without invention, vanity without pride or shame, cruelty without mercy; while every aspiration aimed at gross material ends.

Nor did the Spaniard concern himself to uplift his irregular offspring. For long he made no provision for their education, beyond the atom meted out to the Indian. The great majority, therefore, remaining unnoticed, merged in the native mass.

By degrees, however, the more aggressive few asserted themselves. A propertied and somewhat educated class arose. And this class, man by man, under the soubriquet of "caciques," began, as best they might, to imitate the Spaniard, their only model. Constituting themselves a sort of minor and piratical oligarchy, they exercised over small groups of Indians the ancient tyranny of the Strong Man on the Spot. Rarely or never did they attain public office; to the end of her day Spain looked well to that. But those same old weapons of usury and enslavement that Legazpi found in the hands of the aborigines, their cacique descendents now used with native skill to fix a death-grip on the mass beneath.

And so generation followed generation down the dull pathway of the years.



A group of high school girls on the steps of one of the dormitories furnished for those who live outside of town.

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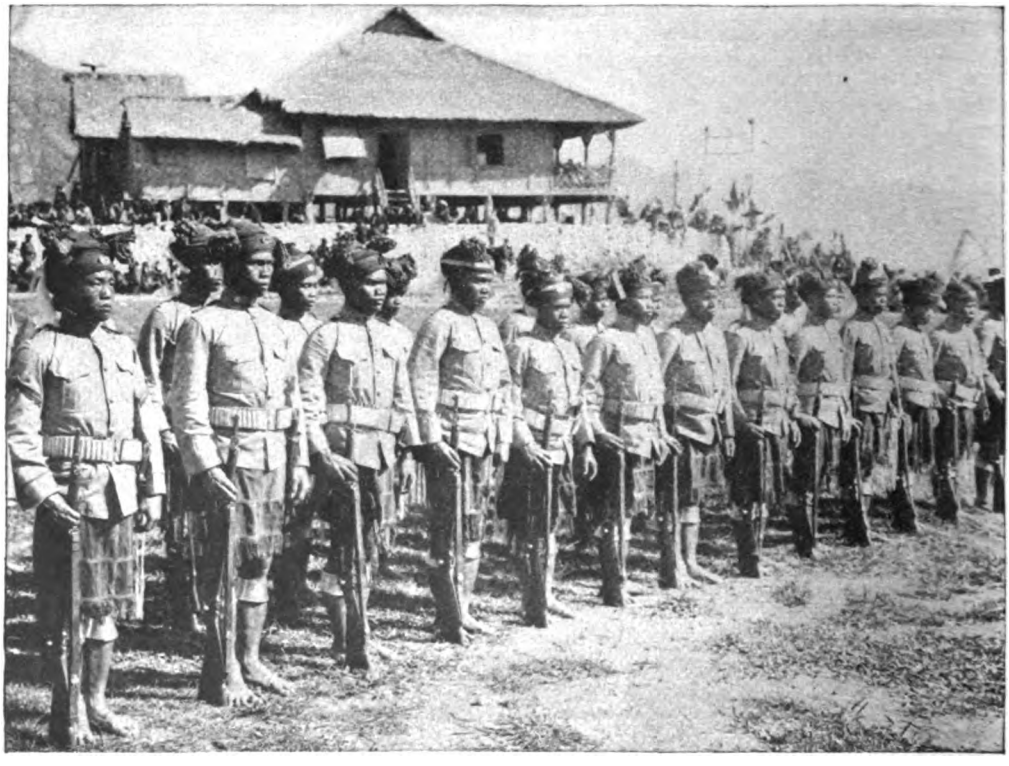
The earliest breath of change came with the opening of the Suez Canal, bringing occasional ships to the Islands. A few young caciques, voyaging by these ships to Spain and France returned with new and disturbing notions. In 1872 a little rebellion broke out, due largely to such young men's resentment of the domination of the friars in public affairs, in family relations and in ownership of the land. A second rebellion, in 1896, sprang from the same root and was severely handled by Spain. But the actual causes of its defeat were internal —inherent in the half-breed character. Personal ambition, individual greed, mutual jealousies, on the part of the leaders, forbade team-work. Meantime to the eternal victim—the prostrate Indian, the tao—no form of suffering was spared. In the end, a few of the insurgent leaders sold peace to the Spanish governor for cash.

Into this picture, medieval always, suddenly flashed America, victor in war. Before her the Spaniard vanished—or withdrew into corners, watching, whispering.

Ignorance, superstition, suspicion, filth, disease, injustice grinned at her from every side. Aided by her military power, she worked fast. Cleanliness and sanitation spread swiftly under her hands. Pestilences she stamped out. Roads and streets she built; hospitals, schools, more schools—a university. Robbers and bandits she put down; order she enforced. Justice she exalted. She established a modern government. And with it all, reversing Spanish practice, she rapidly implanted natives in whatever offices she dared hope they might assume.

The object of these vigorous proceedings was to do away with class tyranny, to proclaim the God-given freedom of man and the right of all to equal opportunity. Yet, as inevitably worked out, whenever America opened the door of opportunity, never a tao, never a man of the people, but always one of the little cacique class stood first on the threshhold, and entered in. For the pure-bred mass was inert and dumb.

In short order, practically every office that could be held by any native was



Ifugao constabulary soldiers, at Kiangan. These men are brave, efficient, and loyal.

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A typical Ifugao house at Kiangan, Nueva Vizcaya.

occupied by a half-breed, while the American-instituted Philippine Legislature, named by a cacique-bossed electorate, began as it remains to-day—a half-breed, cacique body.

The constant endeavor of our early administration was to teach to its neophytes in self-government the principle that public office is a trust—that the officer is the servant of the mass.

But to change race-thought in one lifetime is a great undertaking.

As late as the ninth year of American occupation, Chief Justice Taft, then Secretary of War, inspected the Islands and submitted thereon a report to the President of the United States. Of the caciques he wrote that "they still needed as much education in practical civil liberty as their more ignorant fellow-countrymen in reading, writing, and arithmetic." Commenting on their yet intact conviction that public office exists solely for private gain, he cited the incident of a committee of prominent caciques who had filed a written brief to prove the Islands ready for immediate independence from America. Their ground, said Mr. Taft, was that their own number equalled "double that of the offices—central, provincial and municipal—and therefore the country afforded two 'shifts' of persons competent to run the government . . . The ignorance of the remainder of the people, admitted to be dense, made no difference . . . There is reason for believing that were the government of the islands now turned over to the class which likes to call itself the natural ruling class, the movement . . . to educate the ignorant classes would ultimately lose its force. The candor with which some of the representatives of the independista movement have spoken of the advantage for governmental purposes of having eighty per cent of the people in a serving or obedient class indicates this."

The Spanish, as we have seen, had for centuries preserved with care the ignorance of the taos—"for governmental purposes." Now with the Spaniard swept suddenly away, his despised and untrained half-breed offspring could conceive no finer aspiration than to step into the Spaniard's stirrups—to assume the Spaniard's attitude, and with it his privileges.

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The half-breed could not be set aside. By the removal of the Spanish master, the cacique's position, now uncovered as overlying the helpless Indian mass, had been almost regularized. Each spoke his tribal dialect, each was born and bred in his tribe's superstitions, prejudices, and habits of life. Each controlled his neighborhood, each had possessed himself of most of the money, labor, and property therein. Therefore, in order to reach and help the mass, it seemed that America must first lift and teach the cacique.

Thus came about the condition existing in the Philippines alone of all the Orient—a condition in which the Eurasian, elsewhere a man without a country, presents himself at the head of the people, demanding to be accepted as the people's representative, so that the responsible government must, in large part, work through the Eurasian in order to serve the main native population.

But it was not the purpose of America to forget the ideals of democracy. Mr. Taft, reporting to President Roosevelt, defined our governmental position.

> The national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the islands . . . by general education of the densely ignorant masses and by actual practice, in partial self-government, of those whose political capacity is such that practice can benefit it without too great injury to the efficiency of government. What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the Filipinos for popular self-government. This is plain from Mr. McKinley's letter of instructions and all of his utterances. It was not at all within his purpose or that of the Congress which made his letter part of the law of the land that we were merely to await the organization of a Philippine oligarchy or aristocracy competent to administer government and then turn the Islands over to it. On the contrary, it is plain, from all of Mr. McKinley's utterances and your own, in interpretation of our national purpose, that we are the trustees and guardians of the whole Filipino people, and peculiarly of the ignorant masses.

Mr. Roosevelt, reviewing all the mass of evidence in his hands, presented the Taft report to Congress with this endorsement:

> I heartily concur . . . It is a subject for just national gratification that such a report as this can be made . . . If we had followed the advice of the misguided persons who wished us to turn the islands loose and let them suffer whatever fate might befall them, they would have already passed through a period of complete and bloody chaos . . . Save only our attitude toward Cuba, I question whether there is a brighter page in the annals of international dealing between the strong and the weak than the page which tells of our days in the Philippines.
>
> Theodore Roosevelt.
>
> The White House
> January 27, 1908

The Philippines were not administered by Washington as a party perquisite. Mr. Roosevelt himself appointed two Democrats to the Governor-Generalcy. And the magnificent series of public servants sent out without regard to party lines to handle the Islands proved in themselves the fineness of our national purpose.

By Governor-General W. Cameron Forbes' time, each department working under American experts had reached so high an *esprit de corps* that every little brown office boy believed the entire administration would crash if he came two minutes late in the morning.

The thing that happened next may be likened to a bad dream. Having toiled for fifteen years at one of the most beautiful labors of love the world has known, we suddenly turned around upon it and destroyed the thing we had created.

American party politics may, in large, measure, be absolved. A Democratic President was now in office—but he had already expressed a conviction at one with those of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. In 1908 Mr. Woodrow Wilson published these words in *Constitutional Government in the United States:*

> Self-government is not a mere form of institution . . . It is a form of character. It follows upon the long discipline which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace and common counsel . . . and the steadiness and self-control of political maturity. And these things cannot be had without long discipline.
>
> The distinction is of vital concern to us in respect of practical choices of policy which we must make, and make soon. We have dependencies to deal with and must deal with them in the true spirit of our institutions. We can give the Filipinos constitutional government . . . intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must for the present supply that government. . . . No people can be "given" self-control of maturity. Only a long apprenticeship can secure them the precious possession.

This grave pronouncement Mr. Wilson republished in 1911, 1913, 1914, 1917, and again in 1921.

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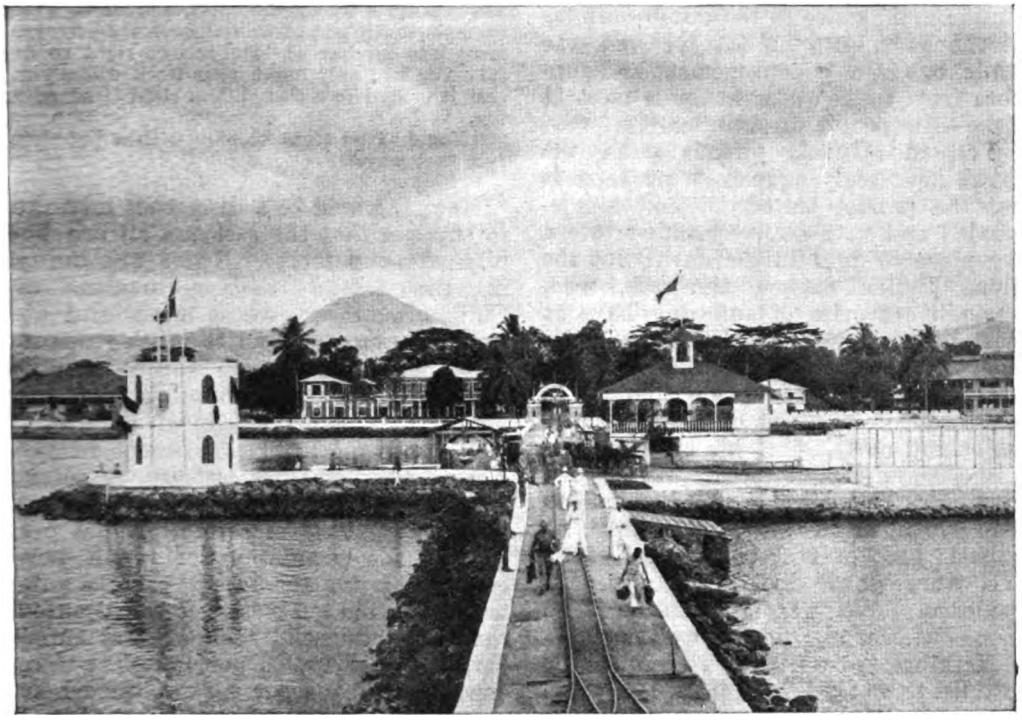

The pier at Jolo, Mindanao.

It is true that President Wilson, in the year 1913, appointed Mr. Francis Burton Harrison to be Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and that Mr. Harrison, on the very day of his arrival in Manila, began to strip the various governmental departments of their American chiefs. It is true that, in open collusion with one of the worst of the old cacique type, he flung the offices thus vacated to that cacique's mob of retainers, in complete disregard of fitness or of consequences. As Judge D. R. Williams has put it, in his book, *The United States and the Philippines:*

> Our model structures, by these acts, was now torn to pieces, its highly trained specialist operators scattered to the four winds, and the wreck manned with untried and unexperienced amateurs.

The result was immediate and cataclysmic.

But again, the responsibility cannot be charged to the Democratic party. For, just as that party had contributed to the nation's policy and achievement in the Islands, just as the great Democratic war-President had re-affirmed that policy, so now the party's official spokesman came forward in protest.

On the 18th of August, 1916, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker wrote to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison a letter of official counsel, transmitting the newly-enacted Jones Law. Had that counsel been obeyed by the Governor-General, instead of being promptly and entirely flouted by him, a great racial tragedy had been averted.

Mr. Harrison, however, did with precision whatever the letter of his chief, the Democratic Secretary of War, told him not to do. And Mr. Harrison's eight years of office fully sufficed to bankrupt the Insular Government, to recall plague, pestilence, and famine to the Islands, to break down the machine of Justice, to destroy the best of the native's faith in higher things.

Since September, 1921, when Mr. Harrison quitted the Islands, a new American executive has been working under a tremendous handicap, to regain lost ground. He has re-created credit, has restored currency values, has beaten back plague and smallpox and cholera, and has fought his way through frantic cacique opposition to the rescue of the leper hordes. He has waged a desperate fight to restore some sort of pro-

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tection and justice to the dumb millions of the poor. And he has received, the while, but faint encouragement and support from those whose honor is most at stake—the people of America.

Yet, in all this piteous mess, the figure most truly aggrieved, perhaps, is not the patriot statesman sent single-handed and with scanty backing into a far place to fight in the dark; not the dumb Indian masses, the taos, who, through centuries of suffering have at least been allowed to keep their primitive virtues, but the cacique—the unhappy cacique. We caught him up in our strong hands, out of the mire into which, by no fault of his own, he was misborn and fast fettered. We showed him light. We awakened his manhood—to which, in all the world of time, no appeal had ever been made before. We wore down his incredulity, his cynicism. We won his trust. And then—we cast him down into the pit.

Here are the words of a cacique who testified as follows, in Manila, last year:

"You had started us on a course of constructive training. . . . You were working our boys up, as you said, in order that with time and experience we might develop material and ability to govern ourselves. You told us that the only man fit for any office was the man best able to do its work. That was hard doctrine for us to credit; we who for centuries had been Spanish-trained. But for fourteen years you drilled it into us and practised what you preached. So that we were just beginning to take our tongues out of our cheeks and to believe you meant what you said.

"And than, all in a flash. you snatch your whole scheme up by the roots, elevate a base example to highest office, and dash the government into our hands! You had no right to do it! You had only began your work when you cast it aside like a thoughtless child tired of a toy.

"You had no right to play with a people's fate that way."

Now, it would be a disastrous mistake to suppose that the caciques all are benighted or perverse. There are many in the Island to-day—Spanish or Chinese mestozos—whose minds and attainments entitle them to much respect. These men, however, are rarely in politics, and are rarely found among the advocates of immediate independence.

The entire half-breed element in the Philippines—whether it be Spanish, Chinese or other blood on its foreign side—is reckoned at a total of 7.36 per cent of the population, of which percentage by far the larger part is submerged in the tao mass. It is estimated that the influential cacique class numbers not over 10,000 persons—less than one tenth of one per cent of the whole people. And it is from the ranks of this one tenth of one per cent that come all the political agents, all the Independence Commissioners and their employees, and practically all the Filipino students, who are seen and heard by America. Its concept, its purpose, diametrically opposes the concept and purpose of the democracy of America toward the democracy of the Philippines as inherent in the national conscience and as laid down by five successive American presidents.

THE MOROS

By KATHERINE MAYO

THE population of the Philippine Islands, numbering between eleven and twelve millions, comprises forty-three distinct ethnical groups, speaking eighty-seven different dialects. Of these dialects those most nearly alike resemble each other as Spanish resembles Italian, while those most dissimilar bear a mutual relationship comparable to that of English and German. Between each two of the forty-three groups a certain age-old jealousy and suspicion exists; and opinions differ as to the possibility of ultimately replacing that attitude with one of cooperation welding a national consciousness. As to certain sections of the population, however, such hope is little entertained by competent observers. Between, on the one hand, the mountain peoples of Luzon, commonly included under the term "Igorots," and, on the other, the "Christian Filipino" tribes, the gulf is

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exceedingly wide. Between the Mohammedans of the Southern section of the Archipelago and the Christian Filipino no amalgamation is conceivable—and for the following reasons:

The Mohammedan, or "Moro" as he is called, differs from the Filipino in the essentials of life, customs, character, and history. His religion is a tremendous reality to him—the civil and social law, as well as the master-passion of his life. His language, a form of Arabic, resembles no Filipino tongue. He writes in Arabic characters. His history, as to the Filipino, is a history of unbroken warfare up to the time of the American occupation. And in that warfare the Moro was ever the victor, while his name, to this day, is a terror in Filipino ears. While the Filipinos have always been subject to some foreign power and were practically the serfs of Spain, the Moros, until the coming of America, were always a free people.

Spain, though constantly at war with them, never reduced them to vassalage and her last treaty concluded with the Sultan of Sulu affirmed Sulu as a protectorate, not a dependency, of Spain. Not only do the main traits of Moro character, under normal conditions, differ radically from the traits of the Filipino, but the weak points of the Filipino are precisely those most condemnatory in Moro esteem. The result, in part, is that to address a Moro as a Filipino is to send his hand to the hilt of his knife, while the idea of Philippine independence, in so far as it implies a Filipino government imposed upon the Moro people, is the nightmare of the Moro mind. The Moro, with the exception of a few individuals regarded by their own people as purchased renegades, stand as a mass for continued American government.

As matters lie to-day, the Filipino Legislature, a half-caste cacique body, exerts practical control over all the Archipelago. A system like the carpet-bagging system of our own Reconstruction period has filled practically every office, in the Moro country, from school-teacher to provincial governor, with half-caste Filipino incumbents. These officials too commonly use their authority to exasperate and tyrannize over the Moro—in the hope, as many hold, to goad them to such violent outbreaks that American federal troops must be called in to wipe the Moros out and thereby clear the country for Filipino domination. Consequently, the condition of Moro morale, to-day, is exceedingly dangerous. Keenly alive to the possibility of America's withdrawal from the islands leaving their enemy implanted over them, and determined to die rather than to submit to such a fate, they await America's action as a powder-magazine might await the application of a match.

FROM A DECLARATION OF RIGHTS AND PURPOSES ADDRESSED TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

The following is taken from Miss Mayo's remarkable and poignant book on the Philippines, *The Isles of Fear,* published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. The romantic story of Alvarez, told in the same book, appears in another part of the magazine.—*Editor's note.*

THEREFORE, we, in representation of nearly half a million Mohammedan residents of Mindanao and Sulu, do solemnly affirm and declare:—

That we are loyal unto death to the United States.

That in proof of this loyalty we have pledged ourselves by the most solemn oath known to Mohammedans to die rather than submit to domination by Christian Filipinos from the north, and, if necessary, to die in order that the United States Congress which heretofore has lent a deaf ear to our petitions may now hear us.

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That in the event that the United States grants independence to the Philippine Islands without provision for our retention under the American flag, it is our firm intention and resolve to declare ourselves an independent constitutional sultanate to be known to the world as the Moro nation. It is the duty of the Congress of the United States to make provision at once for the security and protection promised to us when we surrendered our arms to the United States Army. This promise is just as sacred as any alleged promises you may have made to the Christian Filipinos. You have left us defenceless and it is your duty to protect us or return to us the weapons you took from us.

That while it is not our desire to do so, by disregarding our rights and wishes while at the same time conceding political and economic favors to the Christian Filipinos, favors which are in turn used against us, you are forcing us surely and steadily to recourse to desperate and bloody measures which are abhorrent to us, in view of our loyalty to the American flag, our Governor-General, and our gratitude to the United States for the liberty and security of life which we enjoyed until you delegated your power and authority to the Christian Filipinos.

We complain that we have not one representative in the Philippine Legislature elected by direct vote of the people. Our meagre representation is through representatives appointed by the Governor-General who must have the approval of a Senate controlled by Filipinos.

We complain that the Philippine Legislature appropriates one million pesos per annum for pro-independence propaganda, thereby forcing us to contribute through taxation without representation to the efforts of certain Christian Filipinos to sever the bonds between us and the United States, all of which is not in accordance with our wishes.

We complain that when our people, including women and children, have been shot down by the constabulary, or otherwise maltreated, investigations have been conducted in such a manner as to gloss over the truth.

We complain that, in spite of the large volume of evidence of misgovernment of our people presented to the Wood-Forbes Commission, and subsequently to the Governor-General, nothing whatever has been done to assure our people that reforms meeting with our approval would be undertaken, for the reason that the power to institute reforms lies in yourselves and not in the Governor-General, the hands of the latter being tied by the provisions of the Jones Law.

We complain that petitions are being circulated which our people, by means of pressure from official sources, are obliged to sign. These petitions are for the purpose of leading the people of the United States to believe that we are disloyal to the United States and to our Governor-General, when such is not the case. Even provincial governors and other high officials prostitute their offices for this purpose. Therefore we are forced to take concerted and violent action in order to avoid being misrepresented. Even Americans who sympathize with our aspirations and loyalty to the United States are forced to discuss the situation in whispers, if they dare discuss it at all, for fear of reprisals. Surely this is not in accordance with ideals of American justice and fair play.

We complain that the effort is being made to submerge our civilization and culture through the assimilation of our people by the Christian Filipinos. As a means to this end colonies of Christian Filipinos financed by the government are being injected into our midst, to later cause such complications as have caused untold misery in the Balkan states and European Turkey, and which constitute a problem to-day.

Had we the machinery of government and taxation in our hands, as have the Christian Filipinos, we could also send missions to Washington.

Therefore, we hereby solemnly and respectfully petition the Congress of the United States for redress and amelioration of our present economic and political situation, and ask you, in the name of your God, and our God, who is one and the same, that you promptly grant us our request, in order that this, the land of our forefathers, may not be again drenched in the blood of Mohammedans and Christians who should be dwelling together in peace and amity in the shelter of the American flag.

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JUNE CALENDAR

D.	Great Events and Odd Matters	*Prognostications*
1	SONG	
2	When thy beauty appears	Full moon or conjunction of sun and moon propitious for matrimony.
3	In its graces and airs	
4	All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky,	
5	At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:	
6	So strangely you dazzle my eye!	
7	But when without art	
8	Your kind thoughts you impart,	♎ ♃ ☿
9	When your love runs in blushes through every vein;	
10	When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,	Then, as touching THE WEATHER
11	Then I know you're a woman again.	
12	There's a passion and pride	
13	In our sex (she replied),	♈ ♂
14	And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:	
15	Still an angel appear to each lover beside,	what better index need we of
16	But still be a woman to you.	
17	—*Thomas Parnell*	
18		♂ ☉ ♉ ♋
19		
20		its ever-shifting
21		
22		♊ ♒ ♎
23		
24		variable variations
25		
26		☿ □ ♌ ♍
27		
28		than the countenance of Spouse?
29		
30		

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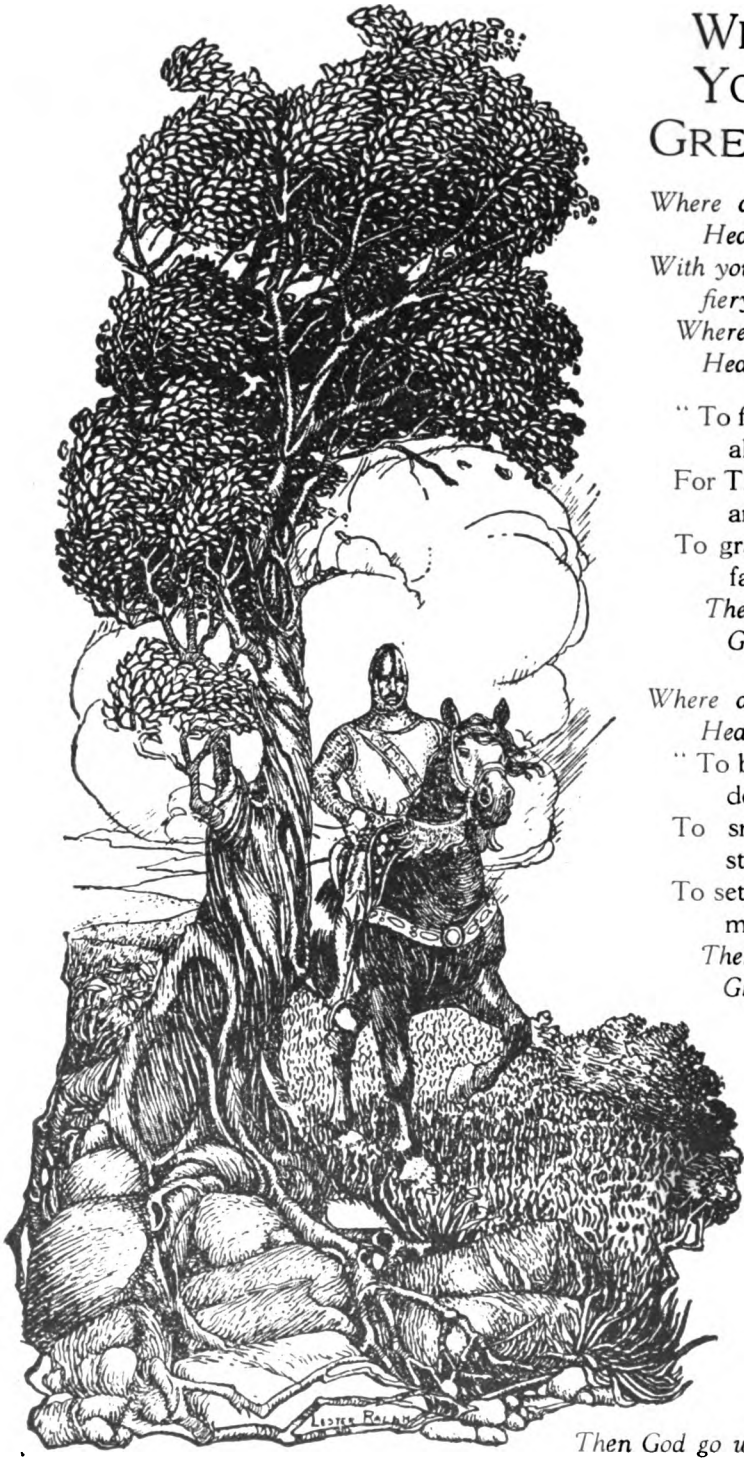

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREAT-HEART?

Where are you going, Great-Heart,
With your eager face and your fiery grace?—
Where are you going, Great-Heart?

"To fight a good fight with all my might,
For Truth and Justice, God and Right,
To grace all Life with His fair Light."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To beard the Devil in his den;
To smite him with the strength of ten;
To set at large the souls of men."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
"To end the rule of knavery;
To break the yoke of slavery;
To give the world delivery."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

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Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To hurl high-stationed evil down;
To set the Cross above the crown;
To spread abroad my King's renown."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To lift To-day above the Past;
To make To-morrow sure and fast;
To nail God's colors to the mast."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To cleanse the earth of noisome things;
To draw from life its poison-stings;
To give free play to Freedom's wings."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To break down old dividing-lines;
To carry out My Lord's designs;
To build again His broken shrines."
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

Where are you going, Great-Heart?
" To set all burdened peoples free;
To win for all God's liberty;
To 'stablish His Sweet Sovereignty."
God goeth with you, Great-Heart!

—*John Oxenham*

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

" Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care can not disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands for our souls to live in."

—*Ruskin*

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ALVAREZ

By KATHERINE MAYO

The following article is from Katherine Mayo's book, The Isles of Fear, which deals with the Philippine question. In another part of the magazine will be found a little article by Miss Mayo, discussing the Moro situation, of which the story of Alvarez is a dramatic incident.—*Editor's note.*

THE Moro country, over which our flag flies, yet of which we have scarcely heard, must, during the last three years, have disgraced our name among nations; must have forced itself on the notice of the world by a wholesale madness of carnage, but for one thing.

That one thing was the personal influence, not the official power, of Major-General Wood.

Less and less is it possible for our executive to bring any actual relief to a situation daily more scandalous. For no step that he might take—no appointment that any executive might make with a primary view to serving the interests of the population concerned—would be confirmed by the Filipino Legislature.

Manila, under existing primitive means of transportation, seems as remote from the Moro country as does Constantinople from New York. The little yacht *Apo* makes trips there, carrying the Governor-General, or one of his aides, from time to time to visit the people. But the Governor-General cannot even promise them help—for America's hands are snared from her duty by a tangle of lawless laws. He can only ease their over-burdened minds by listening to their woes. He can only renew their realization of his personal good-will and integrity and, in return, ask for further forebearance. Then he must sail away and leave them to their fears and their destiny.

Without General Wood's name, and the faith the Moros bear him personally, the peace could never have been kept. Yet without some strong lieutenant stationed by the powder-magazine itself, to see and quench at birth each sudden burst of flame, peace had scarcely been possible. Each needed the other. And so, where our American executive was powerless to place a helper, Fate gave him a helper of whose existence, perhaps, he scarcely knew—and with Fate's own scorn of likelihood.

Young Alvarez—Milton Alvarez—was an American. His mother came from Saint Paul, Minnesota, his father from Spain. Young Alvarez was lean and dark and aquiline, with clear and strikingly large gray eyes, a high-bridged, high-bred nose, a Spanish mouth, a leader's jaw, and a free lift of the head that, out of the blue, gave you the word "hidalgo."

Further, the character he happened to have was nationally important. He combined curiously a high, cold courage, physical and moral, with a white-hot blazing devotion; an impersonal tenderness of spirit with a chilled-steel power of purpose; an intense inner solitude with an utter absence of self-concern. He could have loved the comradeship of men—as he did that of books; but he did not need men's approval. He suffered cruelly under the misjudgment of his own kind; yet hugged it close as a fiercer spur to that self-immolation that caused it. He had the face and the mind of a passionate intellectual ascetic. He was proud that he never knew his pride, nor thought concerning it. In earlier days he would have made a great

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Milton Alvarez

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gentleman and soldier, a great saint and martyr of the Roman Catholic Church. As it was, his star made him an American born, trained him as an engineer, broke him in in Hawaii and in Mexico, and finally dropped him down on Zamboanga, western tip of the island of Mindanao, to run the branch concerns of a firm of American traders.

God knows how it could have happened—what was the meaning of it all. The Moros say God sent him. Meantime, he worked along on his job, opening trading stations, establishing sawmills, planting cocoanut groves, stimulating production among the people—and always, by instinct, living his way into their lives.

A scholar by nature and habit, he soon mastered their tongues and their peculiar written Arabic. They were wild men—poor men—men always in danger and surrounded by wrath. A simple folk and friendless.

And he, Alvarez, seeing all this, put into his dealings an extra measure of good will. He gave them fair prices for their few wares, helped them escape the human sharks that forever beset them, showed them how to save something of their own. Or, where they had already fallen into a trap, he would drive off the enemy, if that might be, and lift the victims out.

So, throughout the island of Mindanao and over the Sulu Sea, the Moros came to know and trust Alvarez and finally to make pilgrimages to him, bringing their mystifications, their troubles and their fears.

As for the man himself, definite orders from his firm required that he "steer clear of politics." For the firm's investments were heavy and they would not jeopardize their fortunes by mixing in the troubles of the day. All firms, all governments, indeed, gave like instruction to their representatives in Moro land.

And all but Alvarez obeyed.

But Alvarez could not compass it—if "steering clear of politics" meant standing quiet on the sidelines watching brave men baited, gagged, and done to death without even a sporting chance.

Not that he used his principal's time for such matters. Not he; he did his firm's work well. But he took no time for himself, cutting his hours of sleep till scarcely enough remained to keep his body and soul in fellowship.

And the Moros sought him always more and more, until it seemed that he had dealt with every phase that trouble could take in those troubled and fear-harried lives.

Yet, in the end of the third year, it chanced that a new plea reached him. The plea of an orphan girl of noble blood, shut away in school and promised in marriage by her old uncle to a man she abhorred.

"I cannot marry him," she said. "My father would never have asked it of me. But my father is dead. My father was the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, friend of America. And now in my distress, I hear of an American who is the friend of all Moros. Of him, being helpless, and for my father's sake, I beg help."

"Who is this girl?" Alvarez asked of the head men.

"Who, indeed!" they repeated. "We do not know. Speaking of the flesh, she is our great Datu's daughter—Rajah Muda Mandi's little daughter, whom he most dearly cherished. Rajah Muda Mandi was the strongest ruler we ever had, and the wisest. Had he lived we had not so lacked counsel. But since he left us, we have marveled concerning her. For she is so altogether good, so calm, so gentle, so purely loving and so sweet—so full of kindness without a cloud—that none of us has seen her like in a woman's shape. And we question if an angel, for Allah's ends, can have taken woman's form."

On these things all agreed, speaking with a hushed and special reverence.

Then Alvarez went to the guardian uncle, asking him to consider the hardship to his little niece involved in such a match; and, having talked long and patiently, he departed with a mind at rest, believing his point won.

But again, after some weeks, the mes-

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senger returned. "My uncle presses harder. He does not relent," ran the girl's entreaty. "I have heard of your intercession, but it has not availed. Again I implore your aid, for I cannot marry that terrible old man."

Once more Alvarez went to the uncle, this time with heat, for he felt himself tricked. And in the course of the argument thus provoked, he perceived with stupefaction an unimaginable thing: The uncle believed that Alvarez wanted the girl for himself. So, clearly, believed all the other Moros present—men of rank and office among their people.

"No!" cried the American. "God is my witness. *No!* I have never once laid eyes on your niece nor spoken to her. I know nothing of her except her distress under your harsh hand. And as for marriage, be sure that I shall take no woman till, after years passed and my work here done, I go to live in my own country."

Through the black, glittering veil of the Moro's eyes the hint of a smile gleamed and was gone. He answered at length—suavely. But under his words still appeared his unchanged mind. In the other's most desperate denials he still saw nothing but awkward manoeuvres to reduce the sum of gifts by Moro law payable to the guardian of the bride.

Baffled, furious, Alvarez flung hot denials back. At last the Moro laughed aloud. As the two men parted, their eyes met like the clashing of drawn knives.

That night Alvarez sat late at his desk. Midnight still found him there, the strong breeze from the ocean teasing his heaped-up papers, and pushing eternal mosquitoes back into the dripping heat. One o'clock—two o'clock. Careless as ever of time, he worked on—till, out of his own immersion, he grew suddenly aware of a small thick scurrying sound—growing—growing—of little hastening feet and sweeping garments—of a presence, a stifled cry, a rush, and a veiled girl's figure crouching at his feet.

In the doorway now stood an older woman—a Moro of rank, as her dress and bearing showed.

"I, too, am a daughter of Rajah Muda Mandi," said she, breaking the breathless hush. "My little sister, there, would come to you, to-night. It was not fitting she should come alone. Our uncle says that he will give her, in the morning, to that man. And our uncle keeps his word.

"If there be no way of escape, then she will go now, and kill herself. I will take her, quietly, where it may be done. But first, she would come to thank you. It was needful to wait long till she could steal out unobserved, while those who watched her slept."

Alvarez stared at the speaker—statuesque, somber, dispassionate. And then he stared down at the little gasping figure at his feet, all swathed and hidden in its veil.

In that one moment his whole life cleared before him. He saw a vision, the purpose and the end.

Brought from the width of the world to this far, hidden place, his soul and brain had heard a voice that no other creature seemed to hear—the call of a wild, strong people in the agony of death. Now alone he stood between them and their persecutors.

In one bleak glare of light, he surveyed the road ahead—barren rock, beset with hatred, lies and violence, crowded with hopeless labors for a friendless cause—as lonely as death and as bitter, with death at the end. As he looked, it was as if a hand pointed out his mortal bonds—his personal desires—his hopes of place or ease of love. In a sort of ecstasy of immolation he seized them all, tore them loose and flung them behind.

From that point on, he was always to know his way, without one shadow of doubt.

As to this child at his feet, because of his championship she had already been named too often in talk. Now, behold her under his roof, and at night.

And his life was pledged to the service of her people.

Therefore, for his part, what yester

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day was madness to-day was a command:

"If your sister consents I shall marry her before the sun is up. So she will be my wife, and safe," said Alvarez to the elder woman. "Then to-night you shall stay here. Myself I will sleep outside, so that no one enters. Now, do not lift her veil till I am gone."

Four years later, Alvarez told me the story, beginning in the small hours of the night, on shipboard in the Sulu Sea. The head of a carabao was dimly visible beyond his shoulder. That half-naked snarl of humanity, our fellow passenger, coiling in the blackness of the deck, occasionally thrust out a leg or an arm, or coughed or groaned in its sleep. Also, the secret service spy then watching us —a long, yellow mestizo with a half-Spanish face—squatted against the deck-house just ahead, listening backward like a cat.

And all this was commonplace enough.

But that Alvarez, the detached, the abstract, should speak of himself was startling. Somehow, it stood at once clear that the thing had never happened before and that it had, coming now, an importance—like the signing of a last testament.

He spoke quietly, directly, without self-consciousness and without reserve. He might have been talking of a stranger to us both. And he asked no secrecy—a fact that, at the time, made his confidence inviolable.

Since then, all is changed—so changed that to keep faith means, now, to tell the whole.

"You married, not the woman, but a cause," I said, when his tale was done.

"Yes," he agreed, "I never heard her voice or saw her face till she was my wife. I wanted that memory, for a sign to myself that I *had* 'married a cause.'

"But the people were right in what they said of her. She has indeed the nature of an angel. Not once in the four years of our marriage have I met a frown on her face, or heard a shade of sullenness or anger in her voice. She is sweetness, tenderness, innocent gaiety itself—and as obedient as a good child. When I go on hard journeys into dangerous places, she insists on coming too —to cook my food lest it be poisoned and to care for me if I am sick or hurt; for she knows, as I do, that I am no more likely than her father was to die a natural death. She is as fearless as the bravest man. Several times she has saved my life. My house under her influence is a sure haven of unruffled peace and loving-kindness. Her little brothers, who live with us, treat me with a deference and respect that never fail, and they obey at a hint as though obedience were a happiness. I shall have no children of my own. But no man could have a sweeter home.

"My house has become, meantime, the council-place of the people. And—this, you see, is an imaginative and mystic race—they have discovered in me, they say, some strong physical likeness to the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, whose name they venerate, and who died—'suddenly'—before I came into their lives. Therefore, because of my relation to them and to their Datu's favorite daughter, they believe that his spirit is somehow reborn in me for their help and guidance. They come from great distances bringing their troubles. I have had to build a place to shelter them. One never knows at what moment or in what numbers they may appear, and they must have such protection and privacy as we can get. The secret service men follow me night and day, as you have seen. . ."

In those strange councils many an outbreak was forestalled by Alvarez's deciding word—many a flame smothered down that was ready to blaze into hell.

As to the secret service men, it is an amazing sensation, at first, to be constantly tracked about by spies. I, too, became used to the close attention of the round black eye applied through a nearby crack—of the ear yearning thitherward from a carefully averted head, of the presence under the floor, on the stair, in the gallery, at the door, in the opposite window—or even, at some critical moment, and on some queer

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pretext, in the very room in which I sat. To a quiet American citizen going openly about legitimate work under the American flag, it has an irritating as well as comic effect to be so intimately watched. At times there came an almost uncontrollable impulse to fling forth the English of it, in words of one syllable. Yet, after all, these human barnacles might develop some power to impede the job on hand—which was not yet finished. So one pretended not to see.

Therefore, what happened all of itself, one day at sea, helped wickedly.

We were heading for Jolo, Sulu's city. I stood by the forward rail, watching the island's profile grow against the sky. Next me stood a young Moro chief. Next him lounged one of my guard of spies, his character, as such, supposedly unknown to each and all.

"What," asked the spy of the Moro, "is likely to happen to strangers who go inland over yonder?"

"Ah," said the Moro, his thin lips curving in a blade-like smile, "'a stranger going inland in Sulu,' you say? Well, much would depend on that stranger, of course. Now if he were a Filipino going to preach independence from America, we should simply cut off his head. But if"—and here the speaker smiled again, radiantly—"if that Filipino agent were also, by any chance, a secret service man—we should first—ah—cut out his tongue—like this," and he pointed his words with the hint of a gesture brittle with live technique.

Then first it was that I grasped this fact: The Moro has often a strong and whimsical sense of humor—the Filipino practically none at all.

Since my return to America word has reached me of the sudden death of Alvarez.

His last letter contained this passage: "What power General Wood has—and it is not one-tenth of what it should be—cannot be used to aid this unhappy country without a storm of protest being raised and much dust thrown in the eyes of America. No power but the United States Congress can now save a people standing on the threshold of extermination. I have done what I could and somehow I feel that my end is near. My hope now is that you—remembering what you have seen here—will tell America."

So the Moros, to-day, are leaderless—friendless—children beset by pitfalls—hunted and betrayed, with no man to save them from the cunning of their mortal enemy.

As for Alvarez—for his memory I bespeak whatever gratitude, whatever respect, a man may earn by choosing a doomed life and dying a myrtyr's death for the honor of his country—for America.

"Those who deliberate on difficult matters ought to free their minds from the influence of hatred, friendship, anger and compassion; for the mind is often blinded to the truth by clouds of passion that arise, and no man has ever followed his true interests and his heated feelings at the same time."

—*Julius Caesar*

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CHILD OF MY HEART

Child-heart!
Wild heart!
What can I bring you,
What can I sing you,
You who have come from a glory afar,
Called into Time from a secret star?

Fleet one!
Sweet one!
Whose was the wild hand
Shaped you in child-land,
Pouring the soul as a fearful fire,
Sending you forth at a dream's desire?

Strong child!
Song child!
Who can unravel
All your long travel
Out of the Mystery, birth after birth—
Out of the dim worlds deeper than Earth?

Mad thing!
Glad thing!
How will Life tame you?
How will God name you?
All that I know is that you are to me
Wind over water, star on the sea.

Dear heart!
Near heart!
Long is the journey,
Hard is the tourney:
Would I could be by your side if you fall—
Would that my own heart could suffer it all!

—*Edwin Markham*

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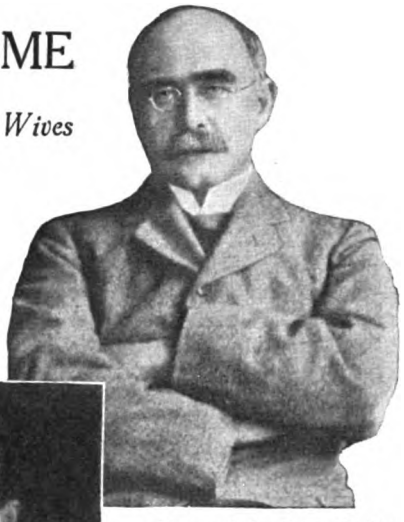
THE WONDERFUL HOME

The Story of Four Girls Who Became the Wives and Mothers of Great Men.

THE spirit of the good home is one of the best things in the world, were the words of Queen Mary in the schools on Empire Day; and on the same day many people were reading of one of the most remarkable homes that have ever made good history. It was a home we should all know of, for it shows how wonderfully a single household may send gracious influences forth throughout the wide world.

Sixty-five years ago there lived in Chelsea, then the London center of British art, a well-known Wesleyan minister, the Reverend George B. Macdonald, one of the most influential preachers of that day, and father of the even more eloquent and popular preacher who is happily still with us, the Reverend F. W. Macdonald, whose voice is well remembered in hundreds of churches and halls throughout the land. The girls of this household were five in number, of whom two still live.



Photograph by Brown Brothers
Rudyard Kipling

Photo by Underwood & Underwood
Stanley Baldwin

Photograph by Pacific and Atlantic

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Above, Sir Edward Poynter; at the left, Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

From that Macdonald home have radiated influences that will long be felt, not only through the sphere of religion, but in the kindred spheres of art and literature and politics and humane business. It is a marvelous story, for it emanates from four beautiful, sweet, and bright girls who acted as helpmates to four equally remarkable men, and four more families were formed, each of which has won a lasting place in British history.

Alice Macdonald fixed her place in life when her father was stationed in the dreary Staffordshire Pottery District, where, by the side of Rudyard Lake, she was asked to be the wife of Lockwood Kipling, a young man bound for India.

There she took the family charms of beauty and brightness, fit accompaniments of her distinguished husband, and there, at Bombay, was born their son, named Rudyard after the lake that had witnessed their

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engagement—Rudyard Kipling, the laureate of the British Empire, who, more than any other man who ever used a pen, has expressed its thrilling unity in verse that has seized the imagination of the people.

Agnes Macdonald became the wife of a young painter of fair women in fair settings, Edward Poynter, who lived to be the President of the Royal Academy of British painters.

Georgiana Macdonald also married an artist, a painter of ideal beauty and great poetic conceptions, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Their marriage started a union that was itself a living poem; and in the choicest circles of London society she was famed for wit and wisdom and for her great gift of noble friendship.

Louisa Macdonald, though she had her full share of the family cleverness and charm, made what may have been supposed to be a less brilliant match on the intellectual side. Her choice was a business man, an engineer.

While her husband was busy building up a great business and a reputation for fair and thoroughly human dealings with his workmen, and rising to well-won wealth, the chairmanship of a great railway company, and a seat in Parliament, she it was who kept up the family record for intellectual interest by writing books—an experimental novel, sketches of country life and joy, and dainty fairy tales.

And now their son, Stanley Baldwin, has been called to take the highest position the British Empire can offer to honorable ambition, the Premiership of the Motherland of the English-speaking race, after he had won the confidence and the heart of the British Parliament by that fine confession of faith:

"There are four words of salvation for this country and the whole world—faith, hope, love, and work."

A noble gospel, worthy of the ancestry and kinship of the man who uttered it! And how inspiring it is to think that this is only a part of the splendid outcome of that Chelsea household of a plain Wesleyan minister, with its bevy of bright girls, fitly mated, and radiating gracious influences through the world, far into the future.

From the Children's Newspaper.

A Single Speech Made Stanley Baldwin Famous

PREMIER Stanley Baldwin spoke to the House of Commons on March 6. John L. Balderston, staff correspondent of the New York *World,* sent this account of the address. He followed it with paragraphs quoted from the Prime Minister's speech.

In England a reputation can be made in a night. This happens, of course, most rarely. It happened last Friday. Stanley Baldwin, for the second time Prime Minister, rose to propose an amendment to the second reading of the Trade Union (Political Fund) Bill. He got up, in the general estimation, a man who attained office as a compromise because his more competent rivals were too well hated; a man to whom fortune was so kind that she put him back into the Premiership a year later through no effort of his own but because of the stupid blunders of the Labor Cabinet.

The Premier spoke a little less than one hour. He sat down a Prime Minister formally intrenched in his office, a statesman and no longer a politician, a man worthy to fill the shoes of Gladstone and Disraeli, Asquith and Lloyd George, by the consent of his opponents no less than of his own supporters. And the verdict of the House, as it always is when unmistakably and unanimously pronounced as on this occasion, was notified by the entire press of the nation.

In the lobbies of the House the general comment among Liberal and Labor

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M. P.'s alike was, "Why haven't we got a leader like this?"

Commander J. R. Kerworthy, a veteran Liberal M. P. and wholly opposed to Toryism, one of the politicians whom the Tories most dislike, said to me in the lobby: "It was not only the best speech that Baldwin ever made, it was the best speech I have ever heard in Parliament."

Labor members, extremists and moderates alike, were even more loud in Baldwin's praise than the Liberals.

Praised by the Press

No man in England would have thought it possible that Baldwin could make any speech on the subject which would be approved by the extreme die-hard Right Wing, represented by the *Morning Post*, and the official Labor organ, the *Daily Herald*. But the *Daily Herald* said: "A truly great speech, a wise and profound pronouncement, punctuated throughout by murmurs of approval from the Labor benches." And the *Morning Post* hails the Prime Minister's utterance as "magnanimous and wise."

The text follows, in part:

"I often wonder if all the people in this country realize the inevitable changes that are coming over the industrial system in England. (Labor cheers.) People are apt either to get their knowledge of the industrial system from text-books which must inevitably be half a generation behind, or some circumstances familiar to them at a fixed and static point in their own lives, whereas, ever since the industrial system began in this country, it has been not only in a state of evolution, but in a state of evolution which I think historians in centuries to come will acknowledge to have developed at a far more rapid rate than was visible to the people who lived in those times.

"It happens that I have seen, owing to the peculiar circumstances of my own life, a great deal of this evolution taking place before my own eyes. I worked for many years in an industrial business and had under me what was then considered a large number of men. It happened, owing to the circumstances of this being an old family business, with an old, and, I venture to say, a very good tradition (Labor cheers), that when I was first in business I was probably working under a system that was already passing, and I doubt if its like could have been found in any of the big modern industrial towns in this country, even at that time.

"It was a place where I had known from childhood every man on the ground; where I was able to talk to men, not only about troubles in the works but troubles at home; where strikes and lock-outs were unknown, and where the fathers and grandfathers of the men had worked, and their sons went automatically into the business. It was a place where nobody ever got the sack (laughter) and where we had a natural sympathy for those who were less concerned in efficiency than this generation is.

"There were a large number of old gentlemen who used to spend the day sitting on the handle of a wheelbarrow and smoking their pipes. Oddly enough, it was not an inefficient community. It was the last survivor of that type of works and ultimately was swallowed up in one of those great combinations to which the industries of the country are tending.

Disaster May Come

"We have to see what wise statesmanship can do to steer this country through this time of evolution till we get onto the next stage of our industrial civilization. (Labor cheers.) What I have said shows the importance of organization both of masters and men, or, to use the modern phrase invented by economists, who always invent beastly words, employers and employed.

"To a certain extent both these organizations must on one side be uneconomic. A trade union is uneconomic in one sense of the word when it restricts output and when it levels down the work to a lower level. It is an association for the protection of the

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weaker men which has often proved uneconomic, and exactly the same thing happens in an employers' organization. Primarily it is protective but, in effect, very often it is uneconomic because it keeps in existence works which, if left to the process of competition, would be squeezed out and whose prolonged existence is really only a weakness to the country.

"Also it has another very curious effect not at all dissimilar from that of the trade union reaction, which shows that both these organizations are instinct with English tradition. The workmen's organization is formed to see that under certain conditions a workman cannot get his living in a particular trade unless he belongs to that union. An employer's organization is formed in a particular trade for the protection of the trade, and it has the result of effectively preventing any new man starting in that trade. (Opposition cheers.)

"In this great problem which is facing the country in years to come it may be from one side or the other that disaster may come, but surely it shows that the only progress that can be obtained in this country is by those two bodies of men, so similar in their strength and so similar in their weaknesses, learning to understand each other and not to fight each other. (General cheers.)

"We stand for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. (Cheers.) We want to create an atmosphere, a new atmosphere, in a new Parliament for a new age in which the people can come together. We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles, but at this moment we believe we know what the country wants, and we believe it is for us in our strength to do what no other party can do at this moment, and to say that we, at any rate, stand for peace. (Cheers.)

"I am as confident as I can be of anything that that will be the feeling of all those who sit behind me, and that they will accept the amendment I have put down in the spirit in which I have moved it, and I have equal confidence in my fellow-countrymen throughout the whole of Great Britain. I know that there are those who work for different ends, but I believe that there are many in all ranks and in all parties who will re-echo my prayer, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord.'" (Many members of the Labor Party joined heartily in the cheers which were given to the Prime Minister on resuming his seat.)

THE FLY

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear:
A rosebud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear;
A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard seed
As fierce as coals of fire;
A loaf of bread a lofty hill,
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

—*Walter de la Mare*

From "Songs of Childhood," published by Longmans, Green and Company.

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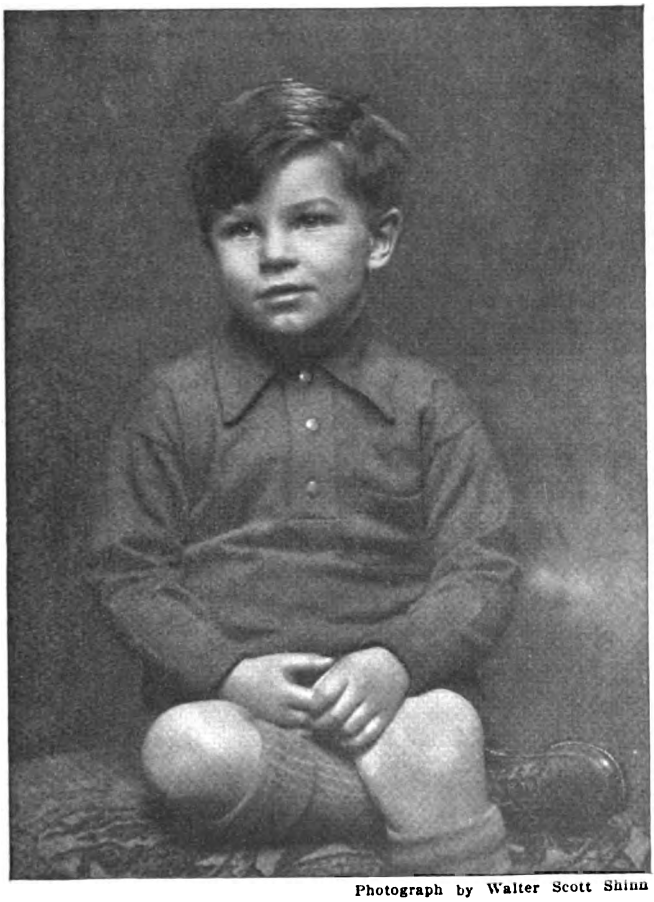
God be in my head,
And in my understanding;
God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;
God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

This quaintly lovely child's prayer has come down to us through hundreds of years. It is found in a little book printed in 1558.



Photograph by Walter Scott Shinn

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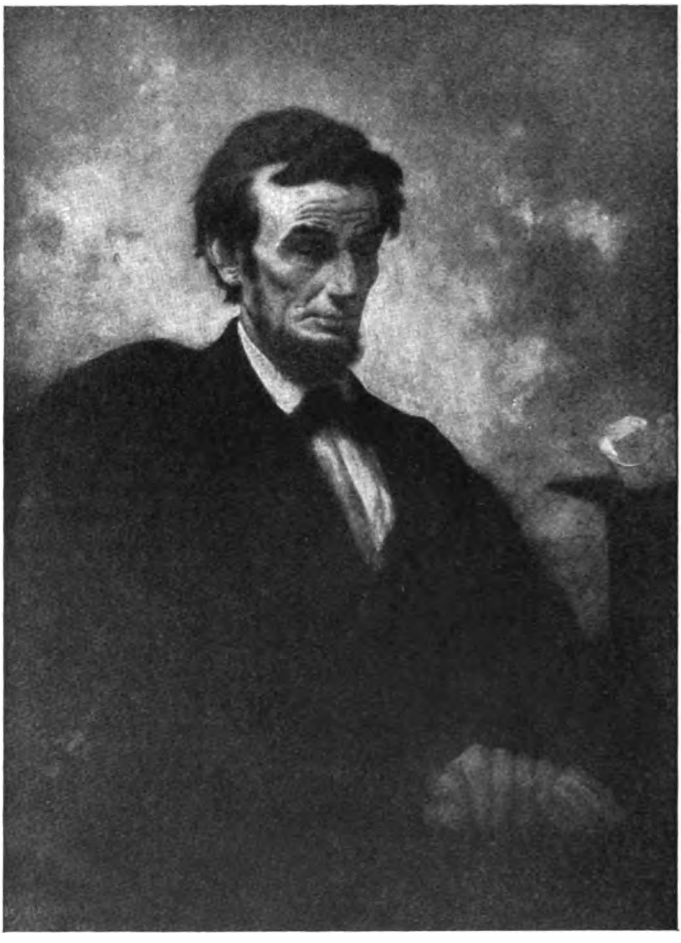

From a portrait by Douglas Volk, N. A. Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By ANNE CRISWELL SHERWOOD

JOHN DRINKWATER, English author of the drama, *Abraham Lincoln,* paid a visit to the home of America's greatest man. He was deeply impressed by the experience, and felt it a great privilege to talk with the few people remaining there who had known the Emancipator personally, in the days when he was merely a country lawyer.

Walking among these scenes, the fact was borne in upon the student of the life of Lincoln, that soon the generation that knew his bodily presence would have passed away. Mr. Drinkwater, in writing of his visit, urges that everything that could in any way contribute

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to the sum total of this man's life story, and insure it a local habitation and a name forever, should be most carefully preserved for future generations. He believes that the more thoroughly these records are kept, the less will be the danger of inaccuracies and arguments in days to come.

It would seem that this has already been done, yet there may be bits of experience, treasured by some of us of the older generation, that will add yet a little to the story as a whole.

As I sit on the porch of my Western ranch home and look upon the great mountain that towers above the surrounding range, as the life of Abraham Lincoln towers above the lives of most of his fellows, my mind goes back to my childhood recollections of this wonderman. Books have been written about him by people who never saw him, but on the white page of a child's mind images register with crystal clearness, and remain for a lifetime.

To-day, across the lapse of nearly sixty years, I can still close my eyes and see the tall, ungainly figure, his shawl thrown back, alighting from his old buggy to unrein his horse at the watering-trough in front of the country manse, twelve miles from Springfield, which was my childhood home.

I can see myself, a tanned, active, curious little girl, occupying my favorite post of observation, the broad-topped gate-post of the manse fence. There was much to be seen from that gate-post, as the country church, the manse and the Academy all fronted on the road, which was the main highway between Springfield and Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln, as every one knows, rode a circuit, attending to his country law practice, and I often saw him as he passed along this road. There was plenty of travel, even though automobiles had not even been thought of.

Later, along this highway, marched the blue-coated boys going to war. Many of them were from my father's church and the Academy. From my gate-post I watched them drill in the church grounds near the manse. I knew nearly all of them and my hands were often filled with the candy that they gave me. When the time came that brought solemn processions along the road to the church, where the last rites were said over some of these young men who had given their all for their country, I deserted my gate-post, and going into the house hid myself away till the procession had wended its way to the hillside cemetery some distance from the church. It was my father's sad duty to conduct these funerals.

We were in what would now be called a community center. It was three miles from the town of Athens, Illinois, in what was known as the Indian Point neighborhood. My father, Reverend Robert A. Criswell, was for sixteen years pastor of the North Sangamon Presbyterian Church situated there. He, together with other public-spirited men, helped to organize the North Sangamon Academy, and the young people came from many miles around to attend school there. The brick church, the manse, and a boarding-house completed the community buildings.

It was a beautiful spot, shaded by majestic oaks and elms. All the neighborhood gatherings were held there, evening events being announced to begin at "early candle lighting." I can still see the sputtering candles that lighted the church, as kerosene lamps were rarely seen. When the first one was introduced into that locality, a glass one owned by my mother, it was loaned to the church for some evening gathering. I remember the consternation occasioned when it was accidentally knocked off the balcony railing where it had been placed to show off well. It crashed down on the head of a woman below, and her elaborately trimmed straw bonnet was all that saved her. Many years later that lamp was still used in the family, and the story of its fall told.

This otherwise attractive country neighborhood was infested with malaria, and when I recall the quantities of quinine and "blue mass" with which we children were dosed, I wonder that

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any of us are alive to-day. I well remember one occasion when the spring Exhibition fell on my regular "chill day." I spoke my piece, burning with fever, and then ran home to bed.

Mr. Lincoln often had occasion to drive between Petersburg and Springfield, past the North Sangamon community center. The watering trough in front of the manse was a convenient stopping-place. He would come clattering across the stones of Indian Creek, fording the stream near the blacksmith shop at the foot of the hill, emerge on our side of the creek, and come rattling along in his rather travel-worn buggy, which had a sloping bed at the back. He would drive up and stop at the trough, and when he unbent his long legs to climb out he looked to my childish eyes to be ten feet tall. If the weather was cold, he wore the heavy gray shawl commonly in use, instead of an overcoat.

We children several times improved the opportunity to climb up and sit in Mr. Lincoln's buggy while his horse drank. This man's kindness to children was unfailing, and his slow smile gave us plenty of assurance that the liberties we took were never resented.

He would sometimes stand watching ball-games or other sports going on in the Academy yard among the students or younger children. Among these games was a very charming one known as "grace-hoops." It was played by the older girls. How I admired these lovely young ladies, in their full skirts, with their hair arranged in "waterfalls," as they gracefully tossed the colored rings back and forth and caught them on slender sticks. I think Mr. Lincoln admired them, also, for he would stand and watch a game while his horse rested. When he was ready to go on, he would reach up his long arms and "jump us out," shake hands with a kindly good-bye, and, climbing in, resume his journey. I shall never forget that wonderful smile. It seemed to enfold us all like warm sunshine.

I often went to Springfield with my father, and more than once we met Mr. Lincoln on the street, sometimes carrying a market basket, and often accompanied by his two little boys. He and my father would sometimes stop to exchange a few words and we children would have a visit, too.

In after years, my father treasured the memory of an incident that occurred about this time. The funeral of an ex-Governor of Illinois was being held in Springfield, at which the professional men of the locality were present. These men walked two together in the procession to the cemetery, and as my father was the nearest in height to Mr. Lincoln they walked together. To the end of his long life my father liked to recall this occurrence.

When I think of the social side of our community life, I recall the old-time Christmas. The wild turkey came from the woods and sometimes weighed as much as twenty-five pounds. The wash-boiler had to be scrubbed and scoured to cook it in, and then it was finished off and browned in the outside brick oven, as the oven of the little wood-burning cook-stove was far too small. There were extra back-logs for the fireplace, fresh moulded candles for the mantle-piece, and company to dinner. Sometimes there would be several families, including the new baby, the old baby, and the grandparents, if there were any. Toys were scarce, but we were satisfied with a general present, such as a dancing darkey to put up over the stove where the ascending heat would make it dance, or a Noah's Ark, with "animals that went in two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo."

I remember, too, another great event of those days, the donation party at the manse, when people came and brought pies and doughnuts and biscuits and then stayed to supper and ate nearly everything up. Maybe it was just as well that they did, or the "children of the manse" might have been made sick.

A few years sped by, and the time came when Abraham Lincoln was no longer an obscure country lawyer, but the President of the United States. I well remember the excitement of the voting,

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and the great surprise of many when the result became known.

Then came the terrible war of '61. In those days we went to the church to scrape lint for the wounded soldiers. How unsanitary that would be considered now. I remember taking my mother's silver butterknife to scrape the lint from a piece of old tablecloth. My mother was making a beautiful "tulip quilt" when the war broke out. She laid it aside for this other work, and the associations were so painful that she never cared to work on it again. It still remains unfinished, as she left it, a family heirloom.

An atmosphere of dread and gloom pervaded everything. A company was raised from the neighborhood boys and young men, and drilling went on in the church grounds. I was always on hand to watch. Excitement ran as high in that country community as it did in the cities. News came slowly, there being no telephones, automobiles or swift news carriers, such as we have now. The neighbors brought each other's mail, and every passer-by was welcomed if he could tell any late war news.

One day, going home from school, I found my mother crying, just after some people had left the house. She told me that they had come to warn my father not to pray for the success of the North, or for the freeing of the slaves. There was a strong division of opinion in the neighborhood, and the country pastor was placed in a difficult position. But he was a man of firm convictions, and went on his way fearlessly, even though his life was threatened.

But life at the manse was different. My father seldom joked with us children now, and sometimes in the night I heard him pacing the floor of his study. He and my mother held low-toned conversations from which we children were excluded. The war cloud hung heavy over the country manse, as it did over the whole nation. Several times my father journeyed south, carrying letters and comforts from home to the boys of the church and Academy, and brought back messages from them to their families. More than once he had to break bad news to fathers and mothers and sweethearts and wives.

No longer the old buggy, carrying Mr. Lincoln, clattered over the stones in Indian Creek, or stopped at the watering-trough in front of the manse. Those pleasant days were gone. Abraham Lincoln was far away in Washington, burdened with a terrible load of responsibility. Perhaps he sometimes thought of the summer days when he jogged along the country road.

On a mild April day, when the early southern Illinois spring had brought out the catkins on the willows and the violets were in bloom in our woods, I was sent to the home of a neighbor, Mr. Johnson, for milk. When I reached the house little attention was paid to me or to my errand, for some one had just brought word that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. My heart stood still, as I remembered the great kindly man who had so often stopped at our gate. I remember leaving my milk pail and running home across the church grounds. I burst into my father's study, crying out,

"Father! Mr. Johnson says to tell you that the President has been shot!"

My father jumped up from his desk, exclaiming, "What do you mean?"

I repeated my message as my mother came in, and my father hurried away at once to see if I could have been mistaken in the message I brought.

If things had been gloomy before, they were doubly so now. Even the sun seemed dimmed, and we children found little pleasure for a time in our usual amusements. Our wonderful woods, where we had always spent so many happy hours, seemed almost haunted, after we listened to the tragic story on every one's lips. We stayed around home, awed and oppressed by the serious faces of our elders. We felt that we had lost a valued friend, but we had only a vague conception of the great issues at stake.

But the most vivid picture of all was still to be photographed on my memory. I begged to be allowed to accompany

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my father to Springfield to the funeral of the President. As my mother could not go, I was given permission.

We started early to drive the twelve miles to the capital. It was a fine May morning, with the air filled with bird song and the early flowers in bloom. But, oh, those old Illinois roads! They were bottomless. The Sangamon River lands were a swamp. The farmers had hauled logs and straw and brush in an effort to make them passable for the people who wanted to go to Springfield.

I remember it all so clearly, even to just how I was dressed on that memorable day. I had on a pair of new, shiny black shoes, and they were laced up with red strings. I wore what was called a "water-fall" hat with long green ribbon streamers on it. My dress was my very best one, and was of green and blue plaid. Even with all the sadness and solemnity of the occasion, I had a proper pride in my appearance. As I look back now it seems an absurd outfit for a little girl, but I suppose I was quite in the style.

I stayed with some friends while the funeral procession was being formed, as my father was to go with the ministers of the city and community.

When the hearse passed slowly along the street, bearing the body of Mr. Lincoln, I did not mourn him as the President of the United States, but as the kind friend who had stopped at the water-trough in front of the manse, the man with the big, kind hands and the warm smile, who never reproved us for climbing into his buggy, but who helped us out when he was ready to go and said good-bye so pleasantly. I knew that he would never pass that way again and I was very sorry.

I remember that several pairs of black horses drew the hearse, and that they had plumes on their heads. A long line of carriages followed the hearse, and after them came buggies and farm wagons filled with people.

So all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln was carried slowly along, through scenes that had only a short time ago known his familiar presence. As I think of that day, I like to re-read Vachel Lindsay's fine poem, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," as his description of the martyred president tallies so well with my memories:

> "A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
> A famous high-top hat, and plain, worn shawl
> Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
> The prairie lawyer, master of them all!"

Almost fifty years later I visited at Oak Ridge, and stood beside the mausoleum surmounted by the statue of the President. Still I thought of him most as the man who was kind to us children long ago.

Then I went to the home which is kept as nearly as possible as it was in the days of his home life there. There was the old-fashioned red and green flowered carpet on the parlor floor, the candles on the mantle-piece, and near the fireplace a child's chair. And I thought of the sorrow in that father's heart when he lost his boy, this man who was so kind to children.

My favorite statue of Abraham Lincoln is the one in Lincoln Park, Chicago. How gentle he looks, and yet sadness dwells in the lines of his face, reminding us of all he suffered. His brooding manner seems to say, "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out right, what is said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing that I was right would make no difference."

This was his philosophy of life, and who shall say that it was not the right one? Surely his life, lived by such a rule, towers above others as my mountain towers above the range of which it is a part.

The people in this sunny valley come and go, move in and move out, but the mountain remains and does not change.

So the life of Abraham Lincoln stands apart, a thing of wonder and beauty, the symbol of true greatness.

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THE OLDEST STORY IN THE WORLD

THE trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, "Reign thou over us."

But the olive tree said unto them, "Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

And the trees said unto the fig tree, "Come thou, and reign over us."

But the fig tree said unto them, "Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Then said the trees unto the vine, "Come thou, and reign over us."

And the vine said unto them, "Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

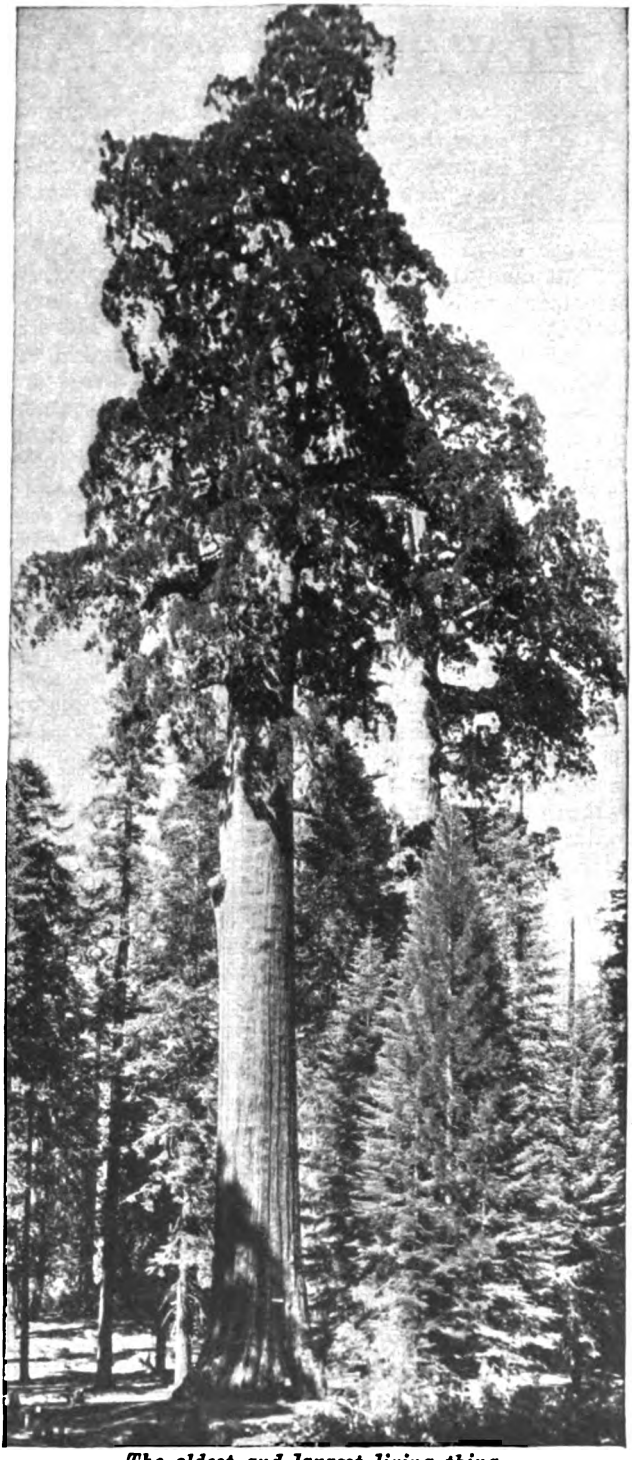
Then said all the trees unto the bramble, "Come thou, and reign over us."

And the bramble said unto the trees, "If in truth ye anoint me king, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Judges 9:8-15.

THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD

The oldest living thing in the world is a tree in the Sequoia National Park. Scientists think it may be over five thousand years old. If this is true, it was a sapling in the days of the Flood. It is 280 feet high and over 36 feet in diameter.



The oldest and largest living thing.

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EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

AS we look back, the human gaps the war has left behind impress us more and more. How many hundreds fell who would have lived to win the applause of their fellows, no man can say, but many there were. May we not remember one or two of those who laid aside the promise of a great career to offer all they had for you and me?

Edward Wyndham Tennant fell on the Somme, stone dead from a sniper's bullet, the "Boy Wonder" of the 4th Grenadier Guards, most beloved of all his regiment.

When the war broke out he was the youngest of recruits, a lad from Winchester School, just turned seventeen, tall, handsome, brimming with high spirits, and in love with all things fair and good. He had published a book of verse of high promise, and his personality impressed all who knew him.

When he was a small child, with all the toys and pleasures a child could have, he was taken to see poor children in mean streets who had no similar advantages, and he asked:

"But does God know about it?" Hearing people blamed for building ugly houses, he excused them by saying, "If they don't know it is so ugly, it isn't so bad of them, is it?"

This was the child who grew up full of "the sunshine of the mind," with "the manners of the heart" that never go wrong, of whom it was said "when he comes in, the room throbs with him." He had the gift of banishing from life everything that is commonplace, dreary, and heavy.

More than ten years ago in My Magazine I reproduced some charming lines about a mother's face, written as a Christmas card by a boy to his mother; and it was stated then that the poem was to be reproduced in a book about the sayings and doings of this boy. But none who saw this fine little poet grow up could have imagined the sadness of the world in which the book was actually to appear, for it appeared at last as the record of Edward Wyndham Tennant, one of the rarest and fairest of all that host who fell in France. It was written by his mother, Lady Glenconner, and in it are these lines:

I know a face, a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.
A face that is itself like joy,
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my mother.

From Heroes of the Flag, by Arthur Mee

FROM AN ODE TO DAVID

As the heart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?

The Lord will command his loving kindness
In the daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
And my prayer unto the God of my life.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

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WALTER GREENWAY

By ARTHUR MEE

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke,
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name;
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
Play up, play up, and play the game!

Henry Newbolt

HERE is the tale of a Yorkshire boy who began his life as a good-for-nothing, and ended it fit to stand in history with Captain Cook and Francis Drake. Through all the thousand years of our country's heroes has been nothing more stirring than the life of Walter Greenway.

We meet him in mystery, we leave him in mystery, and most of what we know of him is gleaned from prison cells or from scraps of torn-up paper. Walter Greenway of England was one of twenty thousand miserable cases that have passed through the hands of Mr. Robert Holmes, police-court missionary of Sheffield. But for Mr. Holmes we should never have heard of Walter Greenway, and English history would have lost a wondrous story, incredible if we did not know that every word of it is true.

Sometime in the year 1907 there was locked up in a police cell in Sheffield a little man with big dark eyes, who would not speak a word. They brought a deaf and dumb interpreter to him, but not a sign could the little man comprehend. They called in Mr. Holmes, but, beyond discovering that the prisoner seemed intelligent, wore decent clothes, and seemed to be about thirty, the police-court missionary left the cell no wiser than he had entered it.

They left him to the warders, and somehow the warders forgot to give him his dinner. They forgot to give him his tea, and again they forgot him at supper time; and great was the noise in that cell. As if suddenly remembering the poor man, the warders hurried to his cell with two gallons of water in a bucket, and a tin mug to drink it with. By every means he could devise, waving his arms about and opening his mouth, the prisoner sought to indicate to these dull folk that what he wanted was something to eat; but how dull these warders were! It occurred to one of them that the prisoner was pointing his arms to his bed, wanting it removed, and the warder picked up the rugs to take them from the cell. It was enough to make a dumb man speak, and the dumb did speak. He shouted out that he would be starved to death if somebody did not bring him something.

So they brought him back his rugs, they brought him some supper, and they found out that this was Walter Greenway, twenty-nine years old, a clerk, not married, living with his father, a retired chemist in a neighboring town. He had been well educated, and spoke several languages. He was a teetotaler and a nonsmoker, he had never gambled, and there was nothing at all against his character except that he had been convicted as a burglar nine times in four years. He could climb like a cat, the detectives said, and could run along housetops as if they were curbstones. He would climb up a pipe and get through a top window—always he would get in at the top.

He could do most things and do them well. He could bind a book or keep accounts; in prison he had been a printer and a painter and a steeple-

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jack; and he could play cricket like an Australian. But somehow, at twenty-five, he became the family ne'er-do-well, and started getting through attic windows.

"I can't resist an attic window," he said to Mr. Holmes. "Wherever I go my eyes turn upwards, and I see how careless people are with their top windows. I shall never do any good where there are houses with attics. Put me on a sailing ship where I can climb the rigging, or in an Indian wigwam village, or in a Bedouin camp." The chaplain pleaded for him—but that, said Walter Greenway, was only because he translated some theological stuff for him. The poor father, tired of his burglar son, gave him up at last; so it was left for Mr. Holmes to deal with him, and Mr. Holmes put him on a ship that was going to Colombo. A year passed away and he heard no more; one more ne'er-do-well, he thought, and he seemed to be right, for news came a year after that Greenway had gone ashore and not come back to the ship. More years passed, the Great War broke out, and in the second winter of the war there came to Mr. Holmes one day a letter from Mesopotamia, written in pencil on twenty-five scraps of faded paper.

It was from Walter Greenway, and it told of a poor deaf and dumb Bedouin about Greenway's own age, and so like him as to be a twin brother, wandering aimlessly about among his Mohammedan countrymen, in and out of Turkish camps. Afflicted by Allah as he was, they let him roam about, half amused, half pitying him, as he looked on in childlike wonder at the great guns, the maze of trenches, and all the hidden engines of destruction. They gave him food, throwing their scraps to him as they talked over their plans; Turkish commanders freely talked over the orders of their German masters as the Bedouin mute sat there—"for he is deaf, he cannot hear; he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. What was there to fear from him? He must be pitied, lest any tormenting him should be likewise smitten by Allah, or perish."

So the poor Bedouin, "like enough to Walter Greenway to be his brother," wandered from camp to camp, and at times he would hover about the British lines, eating ravenously when they brought him food, but speaking not a word; and at length "mooning off to headquarters." It took Mr. Holmes' breath away to realize that Walter Greenway was at his old game again, doing a good day's work for England as a spy. He felt so proud of his ne'er-do-well that he sought out his father and mother. But both were dead, and as Walter Greenway was an only child not a relative could be found. The only thing Mr. Holmes could do was to write to the curious address from which the letter came, and in three months a second letter arrived in Sheffield.

It told how the Turks had got to know that the Bedouin had been in the British camp, and how they were filled with suspicion when he came back. They fired rifles close to his ears to see if he would start at the sound; they marched him to a big gun and made him stand beside it till the vibration of twenty explosions made his ears and nostrils bleed; but he was deaf as a stone. Still, he might speak. They touched him with hot irons and scarred his flesh; but, though tears rained down his cheeks, he gave no sound. He was as deaf as an adder and as dumb as a stone, and his torturers prayed to Allah lest vengeance should fall upon them for adding to this poor man's sorrow.

Now, in their pity they treated him with kindness, and he wandered up and down the camp recovering from his wounds. Once more he appeared in the British camp, with gangrene setting in from his ill-treatment, and the British doctors took off his left arm. After that a strange thing happened; *the dumb began to speak.* He spoke about the plans of the Turk. He described the positions and batteries in the enemy's camp. Clearly, what he knew was precious to British headquarters, and worth many British lives. But his life was ebbing out. He had drunk foul water, and dysentery followed the

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trouble with his arm, and it was all the doctors could do to pull him through. He talked about a little place of his own that he had not far from Aden. Once he got there he would do nicely, he said, with his wife and his three bonnie children. If he took his wife to England they would turn up their noses because she was not white, but "she was pure as a lily, and her heart was like gold." She could not read or write, but how he longed to see her once again, "as pretty a mother of as pretty a couple of girls and as bonnie a lad as ever were born."

So one day this poor Bedouin slipped away from the British camp in Mesopotamia, a bit of a wreck physically, feeling that his work was done. "But somebody is waiting for me at home, thank God," this letter ended. "I wish everybody could be sure of such a welcome as I shall get. It will pay for all. Good luck to you, sir; good-bye."

The waves of war rolled over the site of Old Babylon, and one day there was posted in Mesopotamia a little packet of botanical specimens—coarse grasses and dry leaves, which the censor had readily passed, but which greatly bewildered our friend Mr. Holmes when the postman delivered them in Sheffield. Unrolling the leaves with great care, he found hidden away in them more scraps of faded paper, which he pasted together until they made up three letters worth many times their weight in gold.

Walter Greenway was still writing as if the Bedouin was his friend and not himself, and he told how the Bedouin, having slipped away from Mesopotamia a physical wreck with only one arm, arrived at Aden as the sun was setting on the palms. He was weak and ill, but, once in Aden, he set out for the place that was home to him. Resting by the way, he neared his home as the moon began to rise, and then he crawled through the trees to within a few paces of the old home, with the beautiful wife as pure as a lily, and the three bonnie children. The thought of them gave him new life, and he began to run, but the sight that met his gaze as he came through the trees brought a cry of terror from his heart. A heap of ashes was all that was left of what had been his home. Let Greenway himself tell what this sufferer suffered then.

"Down he went like the most ancient of human sufferers, upon his heap of ashes, in an agony of grief. Surely he had died of a broken heart, but merciful Nature, refusing to endure more, wrapped him in a swoon. He woke presently in a drowsy fashion. A tender arm supported his head. A gentle voice coaxed him. Sitting beside him, holding his head upon her breast, her face now gazing upward in devout thanksgiving, now cast down to sprinkle his own with tears falling from those wondrous eyes, her soft arms clasped about him as they might have clasped a little child, was she whose spirit had accompanied him in all his wanderings—his precious, womanly wife."

Walter Greenway was home at last with the wife who was all the world to him. But she kept him dumb, not letting him speak a word, while they carried him by easy stages to her father's place some miles away. There he rested while health and strength came back to him, and there he learned the story of the burning of his home. The Turks had come down from the north on horseback, and friendly warning had reached his wife to fly for safety to the wilderness. When night fell over the desert she wandered back alone, to find everything destroyed or carried off—the house, the little plantation, the coffee crop, and all they had. An Arab woman, out of pity, took her in, and she sent her three bonnie babies to her mother while she waited there, knowing that Walter Greenway would come home. Week after week she waited, never leaving the ashes of their home except for food at sunset. She watched and waited there whole weeks, and she must have found him almost at once when he swooned at the sight of his ruined home.

Now see him among his children, the two bonnie girls and the bonnie lad who, with their mother with the heart of gold, were all the world to him:

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"Praise be to Allah for His gift of little children! Surely their laughter and their song are His own charms for giving back to a fainting man the youth and buoyancy which else were clean gone from him! He wakes from a doze; the dark-eyed little Iza stands beside his couch with folded hands and grave face till she sees him smile. Then she stoops, presses a kiss upon his lips, and, mindful of a mother's counsel, waves a hand and steps lightly away.

"In a little while he is conscious of another kitten's presence. The stately Victoria has arrived with stealthy step, bent upon confirming with her fawn-like eyes the news her sister brought. 'Kiss me, my love,' he beseeches. She touches his own with lips of bewitching sweetness, strokes his cheeks lovingly, and then, with all the authority conferred by six years' experience of life, goes out to gravely announce that father is nearly better.

"He dozes off for a few minutes. A shy little brown dog trots in to gaze with infinite pity upon the thin worn face. He open his eyes and smiles. The little dog finds a British tongue. 'Is 'ou better, fader?'"

The presence of his wife and little ones brings him new life, and he dreams of perhaps another day's work for England before his failing strength gives out, and soon he is writing again—always as of his Bedouin deaf mute, to keep the censor quiet.

"My Bedouin mute is himself again, thanks be to Allah. He was at Aden yesterday. His wife and children were among the throng in a bazaar. I noticed his eyes fixed affectionately on a pipe attached to a particularly tall building. In a moment he had dragged his feet a yard off the ground. Then he cast a mournful glance at his left side where the missing arm once was. He looked like giving up the job. But the terrified mewing of a too venturesome kitten, whom ambition had landed on a height so dizzy as to temporarily turn her brain, encouraged him upward on an errand of rescue. Spite of missing left arm, he scaled that fall-pipe in forty seconds by the clock. Laying hold on pussy, he placed her in his bosom, bringing her safely to the ground."

Watching in the crowd round the bazaar were two white men, talking German. They sneered at the folly of risking life to save a cat, and then passed on. Walter Greenway followed them, and they came to a quiet lane, walking slowly in earnest conversation. He came up to them near a warehouse, and there he halted to spread his mat and say his prayer, for it was noon. Finding him in their path the two men kicked him; but the Mohammedan at his prayers paid no heed to their insult, and ignoring his presence, the Germans stood and talked of many things. They were to come back to that warehouse by night, for in the warehouse were clocks, brought there to distribute by Arabs among the coal on British ships.

Walter Greenway did not like these clocks, and in the dead of night, before the Germans came, our Bedouin was there. He climbed to an upper window, and entered the warehouse; he descended to the basement and stumbled upon the very pair who had kicked him on the mat. He hid himself in the shadow and listened while they talked of an arsenal near Bagdad, which the Turks had filled with munitions. One of them was to proceed to the arsenal after he had distributed his clocks; he showed a glistening uniform that he took from a tin box and put into a cabinet. Our Bedouin watched him from his hiding place, and saw also a heavy case of clocks, all neatly packed in boxes. The two men went away all unsuspecting, and, safe and alone in the warehouse, this intrepid Yorkshireman, opening the case of clocks, took out the little boxes one by one, deposited them carefully outside the warehouse, and then obtained four trusted Arab boatmen, who carried the boxes to a trading vessel lying in the harbor. The thought of the arsenal up the Tigris fill his mind; one more day for England he would see yet, and he would take the box of clocks with him. Not British ships should they blow up; our Bedouin

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had thought of other work for them to do.

He settled his family in some convenient place, and left for Basra in a motor-boat belonging to his father-in-law. From Basra he was to go to Bagdad, where the Turkish arsenal was. A map in the pocket of the gorgeous uniform he found in the cupboard at Aden showed the arsenal quite clearly, and all he had to do was to get there. It was 300 miles up the Tigris, and if the motor worked all right he could do the journey easily, even with one arm. Luckily the motor went well, and our solitary boatman neared Bagdad on the seventh morning from Basra.

It was a proud and powerful German officer who landed on the shore, and proudly he paraded his glistening uniform as he roused the sleepers in a hut close by. He showed them the wonderful craft with which he had navigated the Tigris. He ordered them to hurry with bearers for the new stores he had brought, for he was due at the arsenal quickly with his precious goods. He was led to the Turkish colonel and received with the deference due from the Turks to their German masters.

He had plenty of drink with him, and, knowing the way of drink to steal men's senses from them, he used it freely to make himself master there. When darkness fell that night the arsenal was his, and no man dared disobey the directions he had given for the safe keeping of these stores. His clocks were all wound up and going well, and as midnight approached he left the arsenal for a while on urgent business. When the clock struck twelve his boat was tearing down the Tigris back to Basra, and the last sight he saw of Bagdad was the arsenal blowing up with a roar which shook the earth and sent flames up into the sky. His clocks had worked well.

Walter Greenway reached home again, but his work was done. His strength was fast failing. He was filled with joy as he shared the life of his wife and their children. "Would that I had health and strength for them," he cried, "but her father is good and she is an angel." His thoughts turned to that other world in which those who are kind and loyal and true must surely meet in peace and bliss. Voices that had long been still seemed to come whispering to him:

"It is a solemn feeling I have. None are far away. Time is nothing and distance nothing. You are thousands of miles away, but I see and hear you clearly. I have not been what I might. Also I have been misunderstood somewhat. There is One I do not fear to meet now—once I did; but that is past, 'For His mercy endureth for ever.'"

And then, on August 8, 1917, he continued his last letter:

"Weaker but not a bit anxious. How many millions have felt as I feel, looking Death in the face! The deaf mute in the Turkish trenches, also the German officer in the arsenal at Bagdad, felt as I feel now. I suppose it is common for men to face Death calmly, only we do not realize that till he approaches. If wife and children could accompany me I should be perfectly happy. Yet it comes to me that I need not fear for them. I hope you will get what I am writing—in great weariness. I fainted last night as I wrote. It is pleasant to talk, as it were, to a friend who feels as I do about dear old England. Ah, she will rule the waves for ages yet, thanks be to God! It is good to feel that, and makes one proud and happy. I have a plan for getting this through. Botanical specimens are not examined very closely, I understand."

He is weaker and weaker; he had worn out his strength for his country, and life was ebbing from him. He wrote on August 9:

"Utterly prostrate. Father-in-law taking little ones to his own place when he has lifted me on a horse my wife leads, seeking medical aid for me. I write lying on the ground. Thank you for many a kindness, and your wife and her friends for remembrances which my wife and children will cherish for ever. Good-bye. My father-in-law may get what I have written through."

It was the last letter he wrote; it was

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the farewell to the world of one of the rarest men it ever knew. The next letter to reach Mr. Holmes came from a doctor at a hospital, and it brought the news that Walter Greenway had passed into another world:

"A fortnight yesterday an Arab woman brought her husband, an Englishman, to this hospital. He was suffering from acute dysentery, from which he died on August 26. . . . He had lost an arm recently, and his body was badly scarred by burnings. His wife, whose English is very imperfect, made us understand that he had served for some twelve months with the British forces in Mesopotamia. She had a letter which you had written to her husband, but she showed it to me so jealously that I was unable to make much of it. It was evident the poor creature prized it too highly to let it leave her hands.

"I am dreadfully sorry for the little woman—very pretty and refined for an Arab. She was devoted to her husband—she must have been, for she carried him somehow for more than seventy miles. She was the picture of despair when he died, and for eighteen hours she mourned at his grave. It quite affected and saddened us all to see her grief. A few hours ago her father, an Arab sheik, who seems to have conveyed the children to his own home, came and took her away. She thanked us with tears for what we had done for her husband—little enough—then ran to the graveyard, and her father had a hard task to coax her away."

What has happened to this beautiful woman, this faithful Arab wife whose love urged Walter Greenway on? We do not know. No letters have found her. She went away with her father, who took her with her children on a long voyage, and sold his property before he went. Who would not like to hear of her, and to know that all is well with this home in which the spirit of Walter Greenway lives?

We know that his tale is true, marvelous at it is, incredible as it seems, for we have not only the evidence in the doctor's letter about the broken arm, and the body scarred by burnings, and the Arab wife's devotion, but there has come to Mr. Holmes a letter from a captain who called at Cardiff, and wrote that he had seen our hero "messing about with a motor-boat." The captain did not think of Walter as a hero; he remerbered him simply as a runaway. Here is his letter:

"That reminds me. I saw Black Walt last April. You remember him. He deserted ship at Colombo after a year's good service. That was in the summer of 1908, and I saw him again for the first time when he ran alongside an Arab dhow clearing out of Aden, in April.

"He was on deck, messing about with a ramshackle old motor-boat, which he was trying to tinker up.

"I should never have known him, but he hailed me in his old style. I asked him what game he was up to in the Bedouin dress he was wearing. 'Oh,' he said, 'I've settled here; I'm one of a family.' 'And what's happened to your arm?' I said, seeing his left sleeve empty. 'Ask the Turks,' says he, laughing; 'it came off through trying to do a bit for England.' 'How?' I asked. 'Never mind how,' said he. 'And where are you off now?' I said. 'Basra,' says he, 'trading.' 'Trading what?' I said. 'Mechanical toys and officers' uniforms and liquors and what not,' says he. 'I dare say,' I said: 'them's likely good for Basra.' 'They're all right,' he says; 'my little cargo's wanted up that way very bad.'

"And he gave me a wink with those merry eyes of his, all full of devilment, and went off on the dhow.

"I wonder what he's been after all this time, and how he lost that arm, and what he'd got up his sleeve when I met him. Do you ever hear from him?"

This story is based upon the biography of Walter Greenway, by Robert Holmes, police-court missionary for Sheffield, England. Editor's Note.

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With sudden nervousness, the old man stood up to see what it was all about.

A LITTLE SPEED

By VIOLA PARADISE

Illustrated by W. C. Nims

JIMMY ORDACRE'S gloom was abysmal, yet it was not pure, unadulterated, thick, black gloom. Every now and then his mind veered away from his lost job to the girl on whose account he had lost it; and there was a gleam of light in the search he was making, writerwise, for the fitting adjective. "Radiant" he rejected as not particular enough; "luscious," because it was such a soft, indulgent adjective, and one which, though persistent, was at odds with that clear, piquant profile. Well, no matter. Better put her out of his mind. He had seen her just once. Not a chance in ten thousand that he would ever see her again. Better for him if he never had seen her—"Only," he interrupted himself here, "I'm glad I did!"

Why, if she hadn't been there he could easily have persuaded her father to let him print that story. Then he wouldn't have been fired. Yet she had wheedled him—no, that was insulting her, she was nothing if not direct. She had simply asked him please not to print it, it wasn't really important. Now if her father had precipitated a panic in Wall Street, instead of merely preventing one—well, that, said Miss Nickerson, *that* would have been news. "And he does so like privacy!" she had added. And he, without a struggle, had let a scoop go by. And such a scoop! As for her, what chance had he ever to see her again? The gleam of light faded, and his gloom darkened thickly as he walked to the subway. And his mind switched back to his lost job.

Of course just losing a job wouldn't have been so bad. It was the way he had been fired. Not the well-known fury of Marle's wrath. He had braced

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himself for that, and it had not come. If the Old Man had only bellowed, he would have left and have started at once in search of another job—somewhat regretfully, to be sure, yet with self respect—instead of mooning aimlessly about in the subway train.

But the Old Man had not been stormy. Instead he had sat tipped back in his pivot chair, in an awful, uncanny calm. Even his stenographer, Miss Smith, who took his rages as part of the routine, was awed—at the beginning.

"You're fired, Ordacre," he said. "Don't know why I bother to say more than that. Maybe because I once saw you play football. Though why I entertained a theory that football and newspaper reporting——It's not that you've fallen down on a big assignment. But when a fellow gets his man and gets his story, and then refuses to scoop it, just because the man's daughter tells him her father likes privacy—heavens, you sound as if I'd asked you to photograph him in his bath! Go and write poetry, or get a job in a perfume factory. Printer's ink's too strong for you. Don't waste time around newspapers. Why"—the Old Man was warming up—"Why, Ordacre, you've no speed, you've no initiative, no aggressiveness. You're soft. You're bashful. A newspaper man can't be superfine. There must be an element of —well something like slyness—oh, nothing incompatible with honor or gentlemanliness. But *speed*, a little speed! Oh, get out of here; you make me sick. Wait a minute, I'll lend you fifty, if you like, till you find something. Oh, well, no offense. Good luck to you, you —you prune! Oh, Lord!"

And now Jimmy thought the editor must be right. He had a way of being right. Why, removed from the girl's presence, he could think of dozens of arguments which might have persuaded her to withdraw her objection or her father's. He hadn't even tried. As for that, if he had had any speed, he'd have contrived an appointment to see her again. But he had been bowled over. And just by a girl he had seen a few minutes, a girl with a clear profile and frank, unflapperish eyes and a soft understanding voice, and—oh, heaven preserve him from being a fool!

Yes, it was a gloomy world. Look at all these nervous, pasty-faced subway passengers. Speed? Well the subway rushed and roared ahead, but these people, what of them? How many of them had ambitions? How many of them were getting what they wanted out of life? He scanned them, one after another: the gum-chewing errand boy who ought to be in school; the fat man with worried arched eyebrows; the anemic woman arranging and rearranging her awkward bundles; three pairs of horn-rimmed glasses in a row, with pale faces behind them. How many of these people were alive enough really to want anything, that is to want it with a fierce, burning want, with—he laughed ironically here—with "a little speed?" Dull and sodden, or alert and nervous, worried or weary, or both—a sorry row. And all foredoomed to disappointment —"like me," Jimmy sighed.

And then Jimmy's eyes fell upon a grizzled old man, and followed the old man's eyes to those of a grizzled old woman. And Jimmy sat up. Here was something different. No matter that they wore awkward clothes, no matter that their hands were gnarled and work-aged.

"Why," thought Jimmy, "they're alive! They're happy. As if they've wanted something hard, fiercely, and have got it! Wonder what it's all about. Wonder what their nationality is. They're from some Slavic country, that's certain. Why, they actually *like* each other. Ought to be a front-page story: HAPPY COUPLE FOUND IN NEW YORK!"

The train had reached Times Square. Jimmy had rather meant to get out here. Yet there was no need. He'd ride on and see what this rare old couple were up to. They fascinated him.

"It's because," he said to himself, "because they're so simple. You can read their thoughts. Almost like clairvoyance. They're strangers here. New York hasn't covered up their nice country faces. As for speed, that's what they're tasting this minute. Eating it up!"

It was true. The old couple sat on the edge of their seats, their whole attention focused on the new experience of riding in the subway. All the wrinkles with which life and age had lined their faces under their level brows

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were belied by a sudden youth put into their eyes by wonder—wonder and a little breathless fear, a rather delicious fear of this terrible, thrilling speed and incredible noise, all down in deep bewitched caverns under the earth's familiar crust. "Like kids on their first merry-go-round," thought Jimmy. As the train slowed down at a station the old people looked at one another; they looked again—a swift, half-smiling look, implicit with such simple comradeship of thought that it lifted Jimmy quite out of himself and made him choke a little.

The train gathered speed again, a speed that seemed incredible, that grew and grew as if by black magic, with the shrieking, yelling, roaring, thundering din that was part of the speed. It seemed all but intolerable, until another express train, rushing past in the opposite direction, proved that even more could be borne. In their faces was almost a child's anguished pleasure in the endurance of frightening speed. Jimmy, watching them, felt as if he too were riding his first subway train; with them he was taking in things he had scarcely given a conscious thought to before—the shiny white-tiled walls of the stations, with their pleasant patterned borders; the white porcelain loops for standers to hang onto; the magic of automatically opening and closing doors, spoiled only by their jarring slam; the garish demands of heels and foods and washing powders and cathartics and cosmetics and hair smoothers and auto tires.

And now the old couple were commenting on the smell of the subway, sniffing the air, searching their memories for something to compare it with. Jimmy tried with them. In vain. He wondered what they had decided about it. Such a separate sort of smell, not like anything else. Inorganic. He resisted an impulse to go over and talk to them. Absurd—they probably couldn't talk English.

After a while the old couple's excitement and preoccupation with subway phenomena abated somewhat. The wife asked her husband a question. He answered with a gesture of reassurance, and took from his pocket a big silver watch, to show her the time. Then they lapsed again into simple enjoyment of their ride. A few minutes later the old woman spoke again to her husband. Again a tolerant reassurance, and then, as if her uneasiness had awakened a like feeling in himself, he drew from his pocket a large envelope, opened it with his rough fingers, and spread out what looked like a steamship ticket. And then—as if to say, "You might as well be satisfied about everything"—from another pocket he took a package which he opened, spreading out five little painted metal American flags, fashioned into pins, and a sixth breastpin representing the Statue of Liberty; and a baby's rattle; and a souvenir spoon. And last, from his vest pocket, a five dollar gold piece. They gloated over them for a moment, if that pleased, proud look could be called gloating; and then the old man rewrapped them and put them away, saying something to his wife; whereupon she patted the bundle she carried, a small sack with longish and roundish things inside.

"Story's End," said Jimmy to himself. "They've dug long and deep and have found a pot of gold at the end of some Iowa rainbow, and are taking it back to Slovakia or wherever they came from. Presents for the kids, too. And now they are seeing New York till their ship sails at one o'clock. Mind-reading's easy."

They rode out to Van Courtlandt Park and back, carefully noting the name of each station. The train, which had been comfortably empty, began to fill on the return journey. At 96th Street Jimmy stood up, to keep the old people in view. He did not know why they fascinated him, but surely such patent happiness was worth watching. "Might as well see them off," said Jimmy to himself. "Nothing better to do."

At Times Square there was a general exodus. The old man stood up to see what it was all about, to look at the name of the station, touched with that sudden nervousness peculiar to the preliminary stages of a long journey—lest he should be missing his.

But—terrible! In the outward rush he was caught up and before he knew what was happening he was swept with the crowd out of the train onto the platform—dazed, hardly struggling against it. Then—black magic indee

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—the door slid shut, and Jimmy, trying to push through the crowd, was too late to prevent the calamity. He saw through the window the incredulity on the face of the old man change to horror, his mouth open and his eyes almost starting from his head. In the corner seat the old woman, having seen, only too late, what had happened, sat terrified, her face ashen, aghast. She half rose, and sank back. Jimmy was pushing through the crowd to her. She was on her feet now, screaming shrill, fierce screams that tore through the thunder and roar of the subway. She had made her way to the door, and was beating upon it with one hand, still tightly gripping her sack with the other.

The crowd backed away from her. Some one shouted above her screams, "What's the matter?"

A raucous voice yelled back, "The old Jane's gone cuckoo."

Now Jimmy had hold of her arm. "Never mind, we'll find him," he shouted.

She stopped screaming at his touch, to look at him. Her face was blank, she had not understood. She began screaming again.

Jimmy made a lightning review of the possibilities. Would the old man, in his panic, rush up into the street and appeal to a policeman? Or would he take the next train, counting on his wife's getting off at the first stop to wait for him? Or would he go directly to the ship, on the chance that she would know she could find him there? Or would he stay at Times Square, thinking she would come back?

The train drew into 34th Street. The old woman rushed out wildly, Jimmy after her. The crowd parted to let her pass, and when it had all melted away, into the train or up the stairs, she gave a long moan and sank to the platform, her panic beaten down to the dumb despair of heart-quake.

He urged her to her feet and asked her the name of her ship.

Ship! That one word caught her attention. She seized his arm gasping, "Ship! My man! One clock!" But either she did not understand that he wanted the name of the ship or did not know its name. Or perhaps she did not understand him at all. But she clung to him repeating, "Ship! ship!

His eye caught the station clock. Half past eleven! "Oh God," he heard himself muttering, "a little speed!" Not blasphemy. More like prayer. His eye sought about in vain for a policeman. The three minutes, till the next express thundered down, seemed an hour. The old man did not get off. He waited for the next train. Still no old man.

It was with difficulty that he drew his charge upstairs and down again to the uptown platform. All the wonder and adventure of the subway had changed into malignant dumb terror which paralyzed her. Yet presently they were on their way to Times Square again.

And here Jimmy met a blank wall. Not a trace. He cursed the automatic turnstiles. If there had been guards—ah, here was one now! But the hope died quickly, stabbed by sheer bad luck. The guard had just come on duty five minutes before. Come to think of it, though, the departing guard had said something. Said he missed a treat—old Hunkie or Pollack acting like the Fourt' o' July. No, wasn't time for particulars. No, not an idea where the other guard went. Off for the rest of the day.

And from no one else could Jimmy get the least clue.

Next came the nightmare effort of getting the old lady out of the subway. She seemed hypnotized, possessed by the idea that when she left this fearsome underground she left all hope behind. "How we cling to our hells," thought Jimmy parenthetically, as he urged her up the stairs. He chose the exit he thought the old man might have taken, and asked at the news-stand at its mouth. No information. He succeeded in getting the old woman into a taxi. All the while a plan was forming in his mind. He would not go to the nearest police station; he'd go ten minutes further to one where he had a friend, Officer Kelly.

But ten minutes was a fearfully long time. Already it was five minutes to twelve. The ship—she had made that plain—sailed at one. Could it be done? Impossible. Yet it must be done. The impossible could be done, he knew that from football days. He would do it if he had to stop every—he brightened at the thought. All the while he was saying to the old woman, "All right, all

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right," aware that whatever English she chanced to know must contain this reassuring phrase.

Luck favored him to this extent—Officer Kelly was there, and was alone, and not busy. But Officer Kelly happened to know the sad fact that a passenger's destination gave no clue to the ship he would sail on. The steamship agent who happened to be on the job sold the ticket, it might be by way of England or Germany or Marseilles.

He read off the list of departing ships from the newspaper. The old woman did not recognize her boat among them.

"Guess she misses it, Ordacre. Rotten luck. Can't turn the city inside out in fifty minutes. Of course the old fella'll turn up in time ——"

"Not much; she doesn't miss it!" Jimmy grabbed the phone. In a moment he had his paper—or rather it had been his till that morning. And presently he was speaking to the boss's secretary.

"Don't care who's there. Life and death matter, Miss Smith. Put me on *now!*"—wonderful what self-confidence being fired gave you—"That you, Mr. Marle? This is Ordacre. Matter of"—Jimmy caught himself here. "Life and death" might leave Marle cold—"big scoop!" he shouted. "Manage to stop every ship sailing at one o'clock—George Washington, President Polk, Majestic, Saxonia—No, hold on. Yes, this is Ordacre—man you fired this morning — Please — no time for language!"

"But how—why—how the dickens—say, stop four ships—" sputtered back from the other end.

"Don't care how," interrupted Jimmy. "Influence—Master of the Port—Oh, use some initiative. Tell them important international complications. Yes, I said *international*—A little speed! Can I count on you or must I 'phone the *Times?* What's that? Till two o'clock, anyhow. It's quarter past twelve now. What?—he cut off!"

"He can't do it," said Kelly.

"Can't he just! The question is, will he? He gave a queer laugh. But he wouldn't have asked me how much time I wanted, unless—" Jimmy stopped. No time for speculation. "Go to it, Kelly, on that 'phone, while I take this——"

"It's the lovely nerve you've got, Ordacre, and I'd do a lot for you, but to hold up ships—I want my job, buddy!"

"Safe. Won't be mentioned. That'll by Marle's little side show. Go on, Kelly, a little speed. Name in the papers. Rescuing old lady in distress. Promotions. Get to it!"

And Kelly got to it, while Jimmy, in the broken English one assumes is easier for a foreigner to understand than the unbroken, exclaimed, "All right. Me fix. Ship no go one clock." And then he hunted rapidly in the telephone book and called a number.

"Oh, yes, she'll speak to me. Tell her the man who interviewed her father last night. Terribly important. Ah, Miss Nickerson?" Both Kelly and the old woman turned sharply at the change in his voice. He had almost caught his breath, but in half a second he was going ahead again.

"You said last night if ever you could do anything—well, could you come at once with a car? Old lady's lost her old man, and they're supposed to sail at"— he caught himself here. No use talking about the held-up ships—"two o'clock, I think. He may be waiting for her on the dock. She forgets which ship—Great! What's that? Oh, of course, the address."

He gave it and then shared the phoning of the stations with Kelly. The old woman kept her eyes fastened on him, kept one hand on her throat, the other tightly clutching her sack.

"She looks like a fella in a bad dream," said Kelly, between numbers, "Rotten to see 'em scared when they ain't done nothin' to deserve it. Wonder what's in her bundle? Might be some clue."

At their question the old lady burst into tears. They opened the sack. Sweet potatoes and corn.

"No got, old country," she sobbed.

No results from the stations. Once a faint clue, but it turned out to be a drunk.

"It's queer and ridiculous!" exclaimed Kelly. "He *must* have got to the police by now, specially like the fella said, if he acted like the Fourth of July. Unless he got wild, and ran out into the street, and got killed. Think I'll start on the morgue."

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Jimmy was champing with impatience. Why hadn't Miss Nickerson arrived? Had Marle been able to stop the ships? Had he even tried to? The time was ticking itself ruthlessly away. Ah, here was Miss Nickerson now, breathless, sorry to be late, arrested for speeding on the way down! She seemed to understand without explanations.

"I'll 'phone every fifteen minutes to exchange news," she said. "Sooner, if I have any. We'll meet at the dock." Her voice, competent for all its sweetness, was so deep and warm that the old woman went with her, unresisting, with only a backward glance at Jimmy.

"There's something phoney about all this," said Kelly. "You go back to Times Square. There's gotta be somebody there that noticed something. There's a flock of exits, through barber shops and everything. Try 'em all. He ain't at the morgue; he's got to be somewhere. A man don't just vanish, at least not that kind of a guy."

Times Square again. More and more nightmare-like — complicated by the Saturday noon rush. A maze, but with all too many exits. People so slow with their answers, always wanting to stop you and find out what it was about, except those who were too busy, who didn't want to be bothered. Jimmy began to lose heart. One o'clock. Still an hour, if Marle—had Marle done anything? He must know. But he didn't dare take the time to phone. Yet he felt it was hopeless, this exit-chasing.

At his seventh exit luck grinned at him. The news-stand man, competent, swift, with his quick patter—"What's yours? Sun? Post? World? What's yours?" Jimmy edged his question in.

"Ask him," replied the news-stand keeper, pointing a bandaged thumb over a vague shoulder.

Jimmy looked about and saw a fat man with a cigar. "Plain clothes man," murmured Jimmy, and made his way to him.

"Yep," said the plain clothes man, after an all-too-slow unbending. "Nice little row here a while back. Immigrant rube got off the subway stark mad. Hollered. Couldn't talk a word of English. Crazy as a bedbug. They took him to Bellevue. Your man?"

Jimmy swallowed hard with joy. He couldn't get a word out, in his excitement. He found himself shaking hands with the plain clothes man. And the next he knew he was in a telephone booth.

"We'll make it, Kelly," he was shouting. "I'm on his trail. Tell Miss Nickerson to wait wherever she is when she calls you, till I get the name of his ship to you. Then you relay it to her. I just phoned the Cunard docks. They said there was still forty minutes till sailing time. Marle did it all right! Goodbye."

Now there really was a chance!

But at Bellevue he had a setback. A new nightmare of waiting, of searching. Three old men had been brought in. It was Saturday noon; several important persons on the staff had just gone off duty. Let's see, there was one with a foreign name, who couldn't speak any English. Very violent, come to think of it; the desk attendant had remarked it. Let's see, that would be Ward X.

Much language. Hurried interviewing of two internes and three doctors, then the acting head of the institution—and the old man was located.

"He was so violent," exclaimed the doctor, as they went up in the elevator, "that we put him at once into a continuous bath to soothe him. It's hardly possible that he is sane. But at the moment there is no interpreter here, and your story explains much. Ah, here we are."

It was as strange a room as Jimmy had ever seen. In each of four large bathtubs lay a patient, suspended comfortably in the water in a sort of bag made of sheeting, and held afloat by straps attached to the sides of the tub. Their heads were supported out of water. At a marble-topped table in the center sat an attendant, watching a dial to regulate the flow and mixture of the water, to keep it at the correct soothing temperature. Two of the floating men were silent, the baths having accomplished their work. The third was just beginning to quiet down. The fourth was talking wildly, getting more and more enraged at the attendant's gentle, "Easy now." He suddenly caught sight of Jimmy, and stopped dead still. Then he burst into tears.

"It's all right, old man," exclaimed Jimmy. "Your wife's waiting, and the ship, too—" Then to the attendant,

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"Hurry up. Let's get him out of there."

The doctor gave the order to the astonished attendant; and the old man, who in his terror had forgotten every word he knew of English, suddenly recovered it at the words "wife" and "ship" and at the sight of Jimmy, whom he had taken in as one of the subway sights.

"My golly!" he shouted. "You sure? All right? My old woman, where she is? Give me shirt! Give me pants! Everybody crazy here." He was led gently back to his clothes, reluctant to let Jimmy out of his sight for a minute —Jimmy, the one sane creature in an insane world. "If I got time," the old man shook his fist at the attendant, "I make you trouble. A bath, in the day time! Maybe I lose ship, by golly! My old woman, where she is?"

While he was dressing, Jimmy went downstairs, and telephoned Kelly to have Miss Nickerson and her charge meet him and his at the Saxonia dock; while the doctor began cutting the red tape in which the old man was tangled. It was only a matter of minutes, yet it seemed hours to Jimmy. The discharging physician was raising questions. But there was Officer Kelly at the other end of the line; and an interne with the bright idea that even if the old man were insane, what you did with insane immigrants was to deport them.

And presently Jimmy and the old man—the latter tremblingly taking the census of his money and tickets and treasures—were rushing in a taxi to the pier. Would they make it? Jimmy had an image of Miss Nickerson with one dainty foot on the gang plank, the other on the dock, successfully defying all authority.

It lacked four minutes to two o'clock when they reached the dock. The ship was there. The old couple flew into each other's arms, needle to magnet. The gang plank official grumbled.

"Hurry, hurry!" exclaimed Miss Nickerson, pushing the old woman gently.

"A little speed!" said Jimmy, pushing the old man not quite so gently.

"My golly, thank you, my golly!" shouted the old man from the top end of the gang plank.

Two o'clock. Gang plank pulled up. But Jimmy was no longer interested in the boat's preparations for departure. He turned to Miss Nickerson.

She was looking at him. Lord, what a fool he had been to imagine there was an adjective good enough for her. He couldn't find a word to say. He just grinned.

"You're wonderful, Mr. Ordacre!" Her hand went out impulsively.

He took it and kept hold of it, his eyes shining.

She smiled back, warmly. Then she recalled him to himself.

"What do we do now?" she asked.

"Oh—telephone!" said Jimmy, as if remembering an unpleasant duty.

In the booth he said, "It's all right, Mr. Marle. You can untie those ships now. And thanks—what's that? Oh, yes. I'll be right down."

"Can I drive you anywhere?" asked Miss Nickerson.

"Well," said Jimmy, no longer grinning, "You can drop me in Park Row. And if you're not too hungry, you can wait till the boss gets through with me, and then let the remains take you to lunch, or something."

"Why, won't your boss like it, your helping the old couple? I should think he'd be proud that a representative of his paper——"

And then Jimmy, grinning again, told her about the ships. And somehow it did not seem a serious thing at all. They laughed about it, shameless ones that they were!

"Well, he can't do more than fire you!"

"Oh, that reminds me. I'm fired already."

"How lucky! I mean—— Anyhow, here we are. I'll wait for you."

Jimmy made his way to the boss's office.

"Thanks awfully, Mr. Marle, for holding up the ships. You see what happened ——"

"Don't talk, man," snapped the editor. "Get to a machine and pound out that scoop. Speed! I'm holding up an edition. Smash it out. Bust your fingernails! Speed, a little speed!"

Jimmy had a good time pounding it out. Not exactly a scoop, but he knew it was a good story. He got it all in—the whole American adventure of the old couple, their first subway ride, "

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presents to take home, the sweet potatoes and corn, the terrible parting, the search, Kelly's assistance, Bellevue, the bath, the rush for the ship, the reunion. Everything but the holding up of the ships.

He rather licked his chops after it. And when Marle came out, impatient, he shouted, "done," and handed it proudly into the eager hand.

Mr. Marle began to read, his face enlarging with astonishment, then purpling with rage.

"What's this?" he shouted. "International complications! I—*I* am to hold up the entire shipping of the United States for a couple of blankety-blank immigrants! I ——" It was probably the only time in the Old Man's career that he was struck speechless. When presently he found his voice, his words were an education in vigor and variety, but scarcely printable. Somehow Jimmy, his mind half on a waiting limousine down-stairs, failed to quake. He listened attentively, respectfully. And when the Old Man paused a moment, breathless after his question, "How *dared* you ask me to hold up every ship in the harbor?" Jimmy, now anything but bashful, put in, "Well, you see, sir, you advised me. Initiative, nerve, aggressiveness. A little slyness not incompatible with gentlemanliness. I really had to do it. Besides I was fired, anyhow."

"Fired the dickens! Get out and get your lunch, and then report back here, you idiot!"

"What happened? asked Miss Nickerson breathlessly, as Jimmy got into the car.

Jimmy was interpretative rather than descriptive. "Sweet as pie," was his summary. "He unfired me."

"Great. But I remembered something while you were up there. It was really all right about those ships. You know, they sail by standard time, and this is daylight saving —— "

Jimmy's eyes widened. He hadn't thought of that once. He began a mental review of his conversations about the time of sailing, but before he could finish came laughter, gusts of rollicking laughter. At last he exclaimed,

"By Jove, that's a joke on Marle! Or, wait a minute. I wonder if he did a darn thing about those ships. I wonder——" He recalled Marle's inexplicable laugh, when he had phoned from the police station. "No," he exclaimed. "That joke's my own little dividend. And Kelly's! And to think," he added with doubtful relevance, "to think that only this morning I was afraid I was never going to see you again!"

A LITTLE PRAYER FOR THE MAN IN THE AIR

From the Fiery Cross

I never hear
The growling diapason of a plane
Up there,
The deep reverb'rant humming of a plane
Up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer,
Begging His care
For him who braves the dangers of the air.

" God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
Up there!
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight,
And bring you safe to earth again!"

I, too, have hostages with fortune up above,
And what may come to you may come to mine.
So, once again — " God speed you as you rove!
Both you and mine to His care I consign."

John Oxenham

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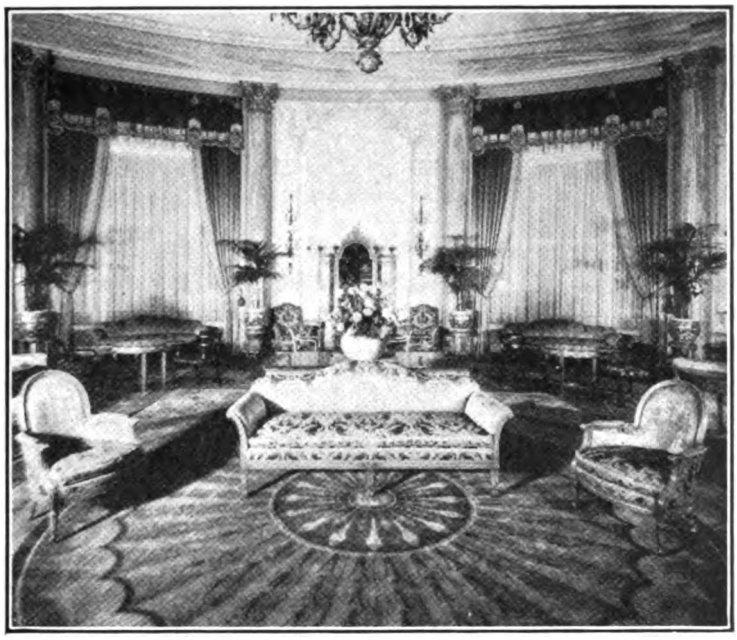

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THE PEOPLIZATION OF INDUSTRY

"CERTAIN trends of thought and action in the financial world frequently serve as forecasts of our future development. The peculiar feature of these movements, it seems to me, is the way laymen and many narrow-visioned bankers neglect this evidence which is placed before them. I am thinking particularly of a phrase I recently heard coined. It was 'The peoplization of industry.'"

The speaker was Mr. Francis H. Sisson of the Guaranty Trust Company at 140 Broadway. He is Chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the American Bankers' Association. He was one of the financial authorities who favored the formation of banks by labor organizations, when the proposal was first heard on Wall Street. His own breadth of vision has never been questioned.

In brief, the peoplization of industry means the buying of stocks and bonds of public service corporations by a large number of small stockholders, the "customer owners" of the advertisements. In a broader sense, the phrase applies to widely distributed small holdings of the stocks and bonds of any industrial concern. At present, American Telephone & Telegraph and the Pennsylvania Railroad are perhaps the startling examples of a movement which the financial barons expect to see materially extended.

"One of the immediate effects of this movement," explained Mr. Sisson, "was, perhaps, the defeat of the Dever plan for municipal ownership of street railways at a special election in Chicago on April 7th. The plan, as you may remember, was to purchase surface and elevated lines, unify them and provide for subway construction. The bill was known as the $400,000,000 ordinance. It was defeated by 85,000 votes.

"Friends of the idea claimed it was defeated because the tax payers thought the price too high for the property. It would be interesting to know how much this entered into the voters' reasoning and how many of the ballots cast against the proposition were due to a dislike of the idea and practice of government ownership and management."

Mr. Sisson believes the Peoplization of Industry and particularly of the public service corporations, "increases the respect for the private ownership of property and decreases the agitation against capitalism."

"It means we are working out our salvation by becoming a nation of capitalists. Many of our 110,000,000 citizens are gaining a sense of responsibility and common-trusteeship. Any movement in that direction is a distinct gain for the nation."

In this connection, Mr. Sisson spoke of

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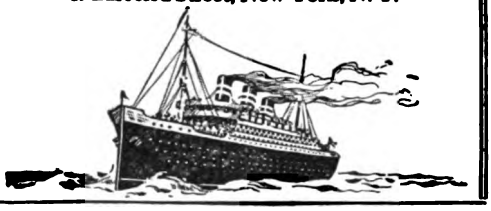

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his support of the labor organization banks. He paid a tribute to the foresight and business acumen of the Railroad Brotherhoods, who have handled their financial problems successfully.

"There were many men I know who were aghast when they heard of the Brotherhood bank," continued Mr. Sisson. "But I assured them it could have only one of two results. It might be successful and in that case would teach the labor men many things about the use and purpose of money and credits. It would bring them an idea of industrial finance which they could not secure in any other way. Most important of all, they would realize the problems of capital. In fact, to successfully conduct a banking business, one must learn a good deal and one can learn more by experimenting than by advice.

"On the other hand, if the bank were not successful, the organization and the men who composed it would have secured a valuable experience, although it might have been an expensive one for them.

"I was genuinely pleased when I found that they had learned rapidly to handle their financial problems."

As this peoplization of the industries continues, Mr. Sisson believes it will perpetuate the best of private ownership along with the better features of government ownership. Although he did not employ the phrase, his idea seemed to be that of a "practical communism," consisting of a common interest and responsibility for the general welfare.

"We should own our government and not permit it to own us," was his concise summary of the perils of government ownership.

In connection with this growth of the labor banks, the buying of industrial stocks or bonds by individual small investors, he touched upon the international loans made by this country and upon the foreign bonds floated here.

"One of Josh Billings' wisest remarks was his classic dictum, 'The American people know so many things that ain't so.'" Mr. Sisson smiled at the idea. "We haven't changed much since Josh Billings' time. I believe there is more guff written about the actions of international bankers than upon any other subject. Two great newspaper syndicates are continually harping upon the

(*Continued on page 156*)

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international banking business. Those engaged in it are universally cursed.

"Actually some ninety per cent of the business done by the international houses is for service to the producers of raw material in the United States. Without them, the wheat farmers, the iron and copper men, the cotton growers and the workers in countless industries would lose their markets. The loans they make actually produce markets for our products inside the country.

"Bankers who ought to know better and who should inform themselves upon this subject are frequently stupid as novices."

The theory and practice of international banking relations is a slow and difficult subject to learn, authorities agree. Mr. Sisson briefly reviewed the entry of the United States into the field and told of this country's rise to chief creditor nation of the world.

"When we began, we were forced to learn the business almost overnight," he said. "England, in round numbers, had loaned $20,000,000,000 abroad when she entered the World War in 1914. She was the great creditor nation.

"As for the United States, in that same year, we owed $5,000,000,000 to foreign investors. At the end of the World War, the United States was a creditor for some $20,000,000,000, a change involving $25,000,000,000 in round numbers, while England had dropped about $5,000,000,000 of her credits abroad leaving her a $15,000,000,000 creditor."

Into this ever-changing situation, during the stress of the World War, the American international bankers were plunged. They were learning a game as novices, which the English merchants had played since Elizabeth's time.

Prior to the War with Germany, or, more exactly, prior to 1914, little United States money had ever been loaned outside the boundaries of this country. True there had been some considerable investments in Mexico, Central and South America. Some financial backing had been given to Cuba and the Philippines, but these countries were, in a sense, the wards of our own government. On only one occasion had any large quantity of foreign bonds been floated here. During the Russo-Japanese War, a Japanese loan was subscribed.

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At other times, internal stocks and bond issues had absorbed all the money that could be loaned. Bond holding was an alien idea to many small investors.

With the Liberty Loan drives of the war came a change in attitude. About $22,000,000,000 was absorbed by nearly 18,000,000 persons. Even if many did not retain their bonds, they caught the idea behind this type of investment.

Before the World War, according to the best estimates, the full amount of American investments abroad was not in excess of $2,000,000,000. To-day these investments are nearing the $10,000,000,000 mark.

These figures do not include any loans or credits of the United States government abroad, which are now reckoned, with interest, at about $12,000,000,000.

Of the $10,000,000,000 in private investments outside the country, experts divide it into two main classes. The first, consisting of some $6,000,000,000 is sunk into projects owned and controlled by American interests. These include copper and oil properties, branches of American manufacturing houses located abroad and American owned warehouses and terminal facilities.

The other class consists of private loans made here to foreign governments and a comparatively small amount of American money invested in industries which are under foreign control. The total of these holdings is listed by the United States Department of Commerce at $3,500,000,000. This includes the famous Morgan loans made to the French and Belgian governments.

During the first quarter of 1925, European governments and corporations borrowed $139,000,000 in the United States. In the first quarter of 1924, only $10,000,000 was loaned for these purposes.

Now, when so much money is being loaned abroad, the bond holders are taking an active interest in world affairs. As in the industries and in the public utilities, the purchase of foreign bonds by small investors has an undoubted effect upon public opinion.

"All this has been said again and again," said Mr. Sisson. "But it is still news. It is such startling news in its bearing upon ourselves and upon our government, that little minds are unable to grasp its application."

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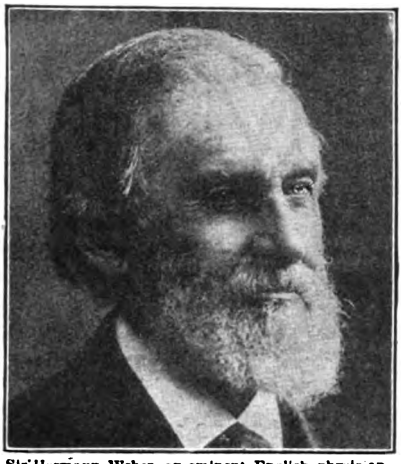

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How I Improved My Memory in One Evening

An Amazing Experience

"OF *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago last May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the famous memory expert," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did. As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, license numbers, facts and figures the guests had given earlier in the evening.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly and easily to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. After meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you"

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publisher. When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned, in about one hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake. That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Terence J. McManus, the famous trial lawyer of New York, said: "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I have already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office. Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to the Thor Press for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

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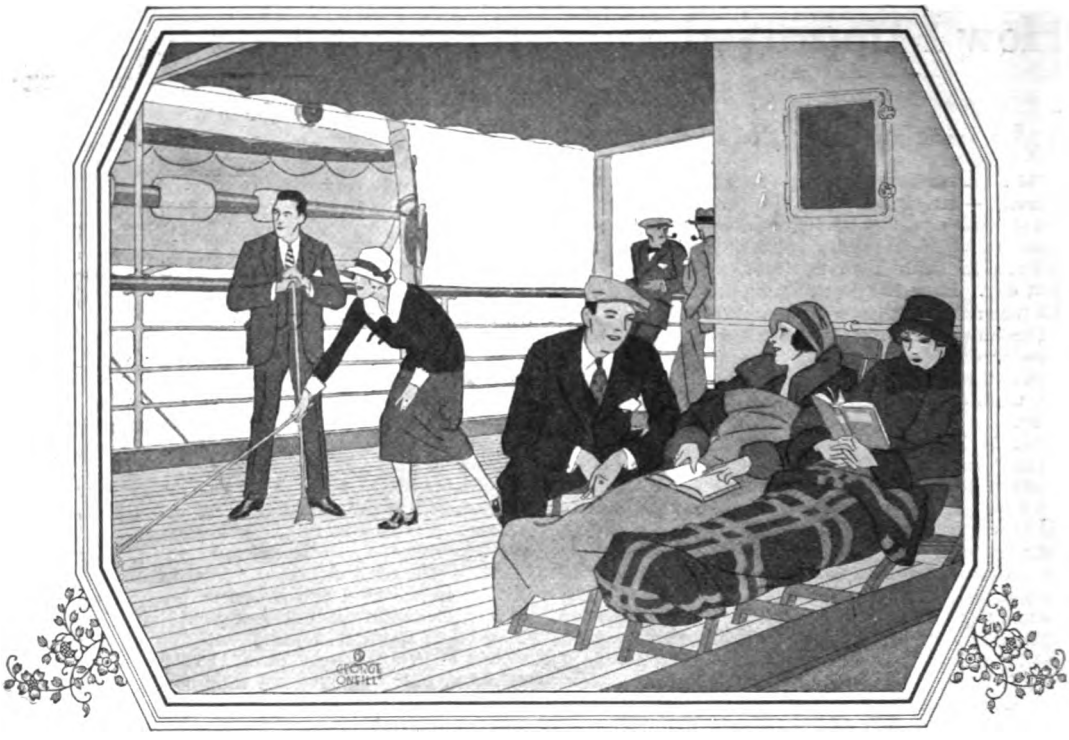

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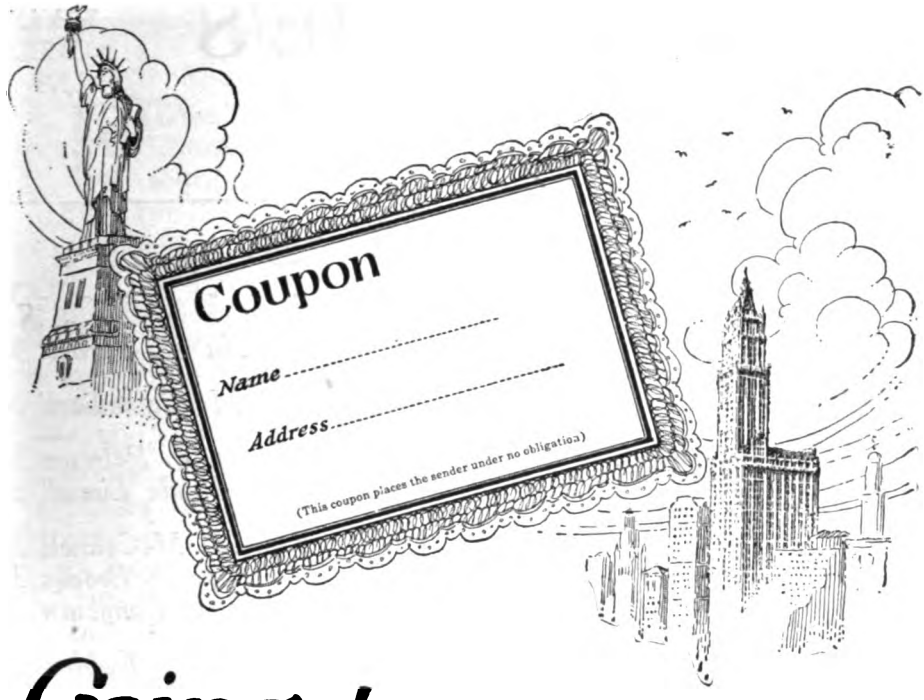

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NEW SERIES VOL. I, NO. 3

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER 373

Founded 1893

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THE LARGER VIEW

ENGLAND has its Eton, its Rugby, its Harrow, its Charterhouse, its Oundle and others. America has scores and scores of schools good for girls, schools good for boys.

"The private boarding school has in itself," says Mr. J. R. Campbell, "the attributes of personality, character and tone, in such measure and such force as is true of no other type of school." That is why the private school can speed up the unusual and also maintain a high average; do the best for the exceptional, and not neglect the ordinary.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is for all good schooling. It is decidedly for the private school. With representatives throughout the land going into homes where there are children to send off to school, it has an unusual opportunity to help schools, while it helps its readers to choose schools.

But McCLURE'S also takes the larger view. By a strange coincidence the man The New York *Times* says has done most for university extension finds himself in this issue the spokesman of this larger view. Of course McCLURE'S will help the private schools, both big and small. But McCLURE'S approves of such expansions of the great idea as the pilgrimage, so successful just a year ago in the Shenandoah Valley, and of the college pilgrimage soon to start around the world under the auspices of the University Travel Association and the Presidency of Dr. Charles F. Thwing.

We are watching with delight the private school idea reaching out to those who cannot come within school walls. The President of La Salle Extension University is right: "Experience can be plused with practical training and a man may earn while he learns." The Alexander Hamilton Institute asserts that "Organized business training is now available to every man capable of benefiting from it whether he can go away to college or not." With all this the International Correspondence School agrees.

The private school, then, with its smaller percentage of students to teachers and its more intensive democracy is first and last the interest of McCLURE'S. But also the private school, dynamic, expansive, pilgriming on land and sea, going out to those who cannot come to it.

The larger view—that is the McCLURE vision.

LYMAN P. POWELL.

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The McClure Vision

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PRESIDENT CHARLES F. THWING—*Educational Administrator*

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Judge Gary, from a photograph taken in Chicago at the time that he abandoned the law for steel.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, VOL. I, No. 3 | JULY, 1925 *Founded 1893* | Whole Number 373

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

Judge Gary's Entrance Into Steel

By IDA M. TARBELL

To understand the *Story of Steel* which is an essential chapter of the greater story of civilization, one must meet Judge Elbert Gary, executive head of the United States Steel Corporation. His boyhood and early career, discussed by Miss Tarbell in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for May and June, is particularly interesting because it is typical of American life and American success.

Judge Gary's ancestors were pioneers; pioneers upon this continent when they came to New England from Hertfordshire in 1638, then pioneers in the new settlement at Pomfret, Connecticut. Two hundred years later, the Gary men were moved by the same instinct when Judge Gary's father settled in DuPage County, Illinois.

The father, Erastus Gary, reached Fort Dearborn, now Chicago, in 1831. He refused to invest his $1,000 capital in land that is now the central part of the city, because it was "swampy and unfit for cultivation." He had come from Connecticut, "the land of steady habits," and was primarily interested in building a home. Speculation in land or in any commodity did not appeal to him.

Upon a reputation for honorable, fair dealing, the young settler made a name for himself in the community. He married Susan Abiah Vallette, a school-teacher, the daughter of a neighbor.

In a log cabin near Warrenville, Elbert Gary was born.

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In 1849, when he was only two and one-half years old, the uses of iron began to enter his consciousness; his father moved the family to Wheaton, where the first Illinois railroad had claimed a right of way through the elder Gary's farm. It was with an almost proprietary interest that the child saw that funny locomotive puff and grumble past the house and disappear into a cut made in "his father's hill."

However the youngster was not permitted to idle away his time, dreaming of things made of iron and watching the infrequent trains. He was sent to the district school, made to consider the household "chores" as his personal responsibility, and, in short, lived the happy, healthy, busy life of a farm boy.

He was a student in the Illinois Institute when the Civil War broke out and, like any normal boy of 14, was crazy to enlist. Again and again recruiting officers rejected him, because of his youth. Then, in 1864, he succeeded in running away with a regiment, only to be discharged two months later.

Next, he was invited to enter a law office, as a student clerk. There he read Blackstone and laid the foundation for the consummate legal knowledge which was to be his in later years. His formal education was concluded with a short course in the Union College of Law, now a part of Northwestern University.

The Chicago fire destroyed the firm with which Gary had been associated and, before the ashes were cold, he had determined to hang out his own shingle. He was more than successful. He appeared in the Cook County courts as the almost "unbeatable lawyer" of the circuit.

Even in those early years his thoroughness, which was to reach its greatest development when he came to make a corporation of corporations and gather the whole steel and allied industries into a single office, was a part of his daily practice.

"In one case, a man claimed large damages for permanent injury to his arms from the blow of a lever on what he claimed was a defective machine. Gary visited the factory, and after making sure that the machine was in the same condition as at the time of the injury, he set it in motion. . . First he let the lever strike a piece of timber loosely held; then let it strike bits of scantling, rigidly placed. Finally, he let his own arm take the blow. Since he was not hurt, he concluded there must have been fraud involved."

His reputation for fairness to his clients, for shrewdness and for honesty won him honors usually reserved for older men.

"By 1892, Judge Gary had been in general practice for twenty years. . . His position was secure. He became interested in STEEL. . . . "

From Nova Scotia came this comment upon the *Life of Judge Gary:*

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"Elbert Gary is the greatest industrial figure of the century, a great man to whom his country owes much. The United States Steel Corporation while under his control and leadership has proved to be the greatest stabilizing influence in the business of the United States. His judgment of men and affairs, and the needs of the country's commerce, as well as the requirements of what justice to labor as partners in industry demands, has won the respect and confidence of the country and of the government. And as to the number of his friends, no man knows them for they are not confined to the citizens of the United States, Canada or the American Continent."

In this narrative, Miss Tarbell has begun the story of the manner in which Judge Gary endeavored to satisfy a hostile public opinion. She will show how he attempted to work with, instead of working against the government; how he fought unfair competition and profiting through advance information.

She has traced the development of his moral code, during his years of training in the courts. There he saw that the only method to secure stability was through the practice of frankness and fair dealing. The manner in which his personal code of ethics has been adopted by business in general is the most significant business development of the past quarter century.—*Editor's Note.*

Chapter IV

Gary Goes Into Iron and Steel

A FIRST undertaking in an Illinois settlement of the 30's and 40's as early as the first general store, was a blacksmith shop. Here were made shoes for horses, simple and rough iron work for wagons and plows, and frequently the tongs, pokers and andirons for the household as well. It was with difficulty that these blacksmith shops and the foundries which soon sprang up beside them kept pace with the demands of the Western settlers.

These settlers were progressive buyers. That is, they were open to new tools, asking nothing better than to spend money for that which enabled them to do their work more quickly. It was this attitude of mind that, in 1847, brought Cyrus McCormick from Virginia where he had developed his reaper and where the Virginian wheat farmers had proved too conservative to give him the market he sought. It was different in the West. There the farmers bought his machines faster than he could ship them, and he saw that the natural thing was for him to go to the center of this great trade.

It was so with other things. One of the earliest recollections of young Elbert Gary, whose story we are following, was of lightning rods. In his home town of Wheaton there were two factories making them. Then there were plows, the merits of which he saw tested again and again in the exciting contests at the fall fairs which were one of the great events of his boyhood. A show place in Naperville, the county seat seven miles from his home, was a steel plow factory that by the time he was ten years old was boasting in its advertising literature that it had "never been beaten at any state or county fair." As a matter of fact it was one of the oldest plow factories in

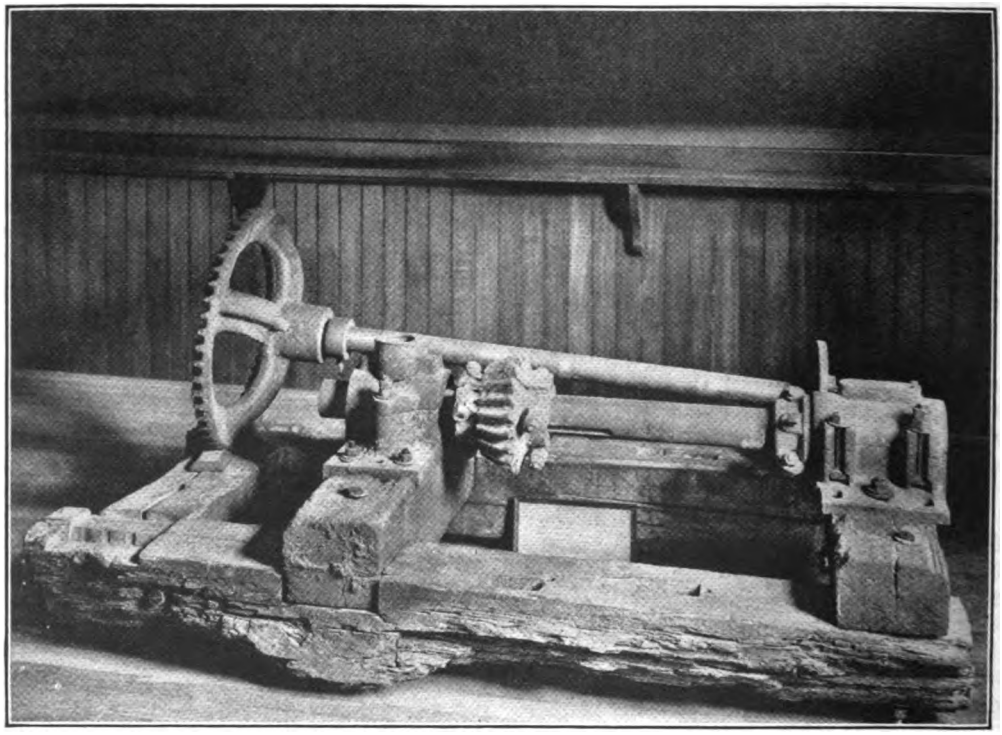
the West, if not the oldest. It made the enormous number of fifteen plows a day, at an average price of fifteen dollars each!

While energetic and resourceful farmers like Erastus Gary were taking advantage of all sorts of new inventions, they were frequently forecasting, by their ingenious devices, inventions which were to be of incalculable importance in future agricultural and industrial developments. There was the important matter of fencing the prairies. Rails and board fences were not satisfactory, wind and fire sweeping them down regularly. Another of Judge Gary's earliest recollections is of his father enclosing their Wheaton fields first with rails and afterwards in wire fencing; and a little later, when he was about twelve years old, of being set with his brother Noah at making roughly finished barbs and staples for the wires.

Erastus Gary's device was simple enough. He drilled a hole in an old anvil and, cutting strips of wire diagonally with a cold chisel, directed the boys to stick one end in the hole and with a hammer bend the strip. This was then fitted around the fence wire with a pair of pincers—the result was a partly successful barbed wire fence.

But Erastus Gary was not the only Illinois farmer whose wits and fingers were busy on the problem of protective fencing. Thirty or forty miles away in the town of DeKalb, lived one Joseph Glidden, who, with the help of his wife, had made something so practical that he had it patented. This was in 1873, a few years after Erastus Gary and his boys had begun to enclose their fields in their home-made product.

Glidden bought his wire from a local hardware dealer, one I. L. Ellwood. Ellwood proposed that they set up a factory. They were soon turning out such quantities of fencing that the manufacturers from whom they bought their wire, the foremost and oldest in the country, Washburn & Moen of Worchester, Massachusetts, became curious and sent a man to investigate. As soon as he put his eyes on the Glidden and Ellwood barbed wire, he saw that here was a product with a future. The up-



A portion of a wire drawing frame installed in Ichabod Washburn's Grove Street factory, Worcester, Mass., about 1845. *It was used until* 1910.

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Double-Strand Barbed Wire Fencing
First piece ever made with intention of holding the barbs in place by twisting two strands together. Made in 1874 by Joseph F. Glidden at the old Glidden homestead, De Kalb, Illinois. Twisted on the small crank of a grindstone which Mrs. Glidden turned for the purpose. The wire tightened on the crank and could be removed only by cutting with a cold-chisel. The specimen shows where it was cut away from the crank.

Loaned by the Industrial Museum, American Steel and Wire Company.

shot was that he bought out Glidden, and arranged with Ellwood to manufacture at Worcester, Ellwood taking the Western market and he the Eastern and Southern.

But trouble awaited them. One of Glidden's neighbors, a carpenter, a German by the name of Jacob Haish, had also experimented with barbed wire and, only a little later than Glidden, had secured a patent, and in the second story of his carpenter shop had begun to manufacture. The Washburns had always been aggressive defenders of their patents, and they immediately began circularizing the trade with a threat to sue any dealer who bought a barbed wire which did not bear their license tag. Jacob Haish was not one to be easily frightened, and he followed up the Washburn threat with an elaborate, illustrated circular, declaring that his fence wire was "sold on its merits and not through the influence of threatened lawsuits." It was the beginning of a war which was to prove long and cruel.

But it was not only disputes over patents that worried Ellwood and Washburn. They were pestered with pirates of particular audacity and ingenuity, men who, seeing the fortunes that lay in barbed wire and emboldened by the disputes over the patents, set up factories of their own. One of the very earliest and altogether the ablest of these poachers was a young man of twenty-three or four by the name of John W. Gates.

Ellwood had employed Gates as a salesman, and he had proved himself a genius at the business. He had a natural passion for selling things—anything—accompanied by equal energy and audacity. Recognizing that Texas was a fertile field for barbed wire, if the ranchmen and cowboys could be persuaded that it would be effective in fencing in their wild horses and cattle, he dropped into the state and, when the merit of his "line" was questioned, built a barbed wire corral and sent invitations far and wide that the wildest animals be brought in to test the new invention. It was a wonderful exhibition that followed. I have heard it declared that no rodeo ever equalled it. The ranchmen were convinced, and Gates was loaded with orders.

As the story goes Gates felt that this was too much business to pass on, so, going to St. Louis, he persuaded a couple of gentlemen who had capital to go quietly into the manufacture of barbed wire. Before Ellwood knew it,

and indeed while he was telegraphing over the country for his lost salesman, the Gates plant began operations.

An injunction was served on him in Missouri, but he and his partners picked up their machinery and slipped across the Mississippi River into Southern Illinois, and went on turning out the pirated product. Every move that Ellwood made Gates checkmated, until finally, in despair, his pursuer concluded that it was better to license than to fight him. And thus it was that about 1885 John W. Gates became a legitimate wire manufacturer. But he was not satisfied with his St. Louis plant, and rapidly secured an interest in four others—three of them in Pennsylvania, and one in the West.

Now, these scattered concerns had to live under more or less cruel trade conditions. Pirates sprang up who scoffed at patents as Gates had done. The price of the rods from which the wire was drawn fluctuated extravagantly. The railroad frequently favored their competitors who, in spite of trade agreements on prices, freely undercut when they thought it to their advantage. John W. Gates was well fitted by temperament and experience to hold his own under such conditions, but he realized that survival in barbed wire was only to the strong, and he began talking to his partners in the five scattered factories about combining. By 1892 he was ready for the amalgamation. A lawyer was needed, and Gates went at once to Judge Gary who at the time, because of the extent of his practice, had refused to take a third term on the bench.

Gates went to Gary not only because he had always known him—he was born only twenty miles from Wheaton —but because of a profound confidence in the man's legal ability and fairness. It was a confidence born of experience, for Gary had been the opposing lawyer in a case against Gates and had been successful—a fact that had so won his respect that he afterwards consulted the Judge in legal difficulties. Besides, by this time Gary had become not only a successful practitioner, he was widely known as thoroughly versed in corporate law. As a matter of fact he was often employed by several railroad companies, as well as by a number of industrial organizations, and soon became the regular counsel for some of them.

It was a simple matter to put together the five concerns as an Illinois corporation. It was done in exactly the same way, Judge Gary tells me, in which six years later he was to frame the Federal Steel Corporation. That is, the owners of the plants, having agreed on the amount of stock to be issued—$4,000,000—settled by negotiation what each should have and exchanged their old shares for the new. The complete block of stock in the concern, which they called the Consolidated Steel & Wire Company, was held by the owners of the old concerns.

The framing of this first important combine caused great uneasiness in the country's wide-flung wire circles where Gates was liked by some and suspected by others The Illinois public questioned it — it was another Trust. The new combination arrived at an unhappy moment, too. The panic of 1893 was close on its heels. There were threats of reduced tariffs from the new Democratic administration. There were serious labor troubles. Men like Gates and certain of his associates in the combination found business depression hard on their nerves. The new board was more or less discordant, and its counsel, Judge Gary, soon found peace-making one of his duties. They appreciated it, frank men that they were. They began to discover, too, that he gave them something more than counsel on legal matters, that he gave them sound business advice, and it was advice which resulted from reflection on the actual condition of business, the details of which, they discovered, he knew in many cases as well as, or better than, they themselves did. It was not long before he was invited to the Board of Directors and began to buy stock; for, from the first, Gary had believed that the Consolidated was an entirely sound business proposition; that is, that it was worth the $4,000,000 at which it was capitalized, or more.

John W. Gates now had a strong enough wire and nail unit to enable him to compete with the best of those in the business, but he was not satisfied. As he traveled back and forth from East

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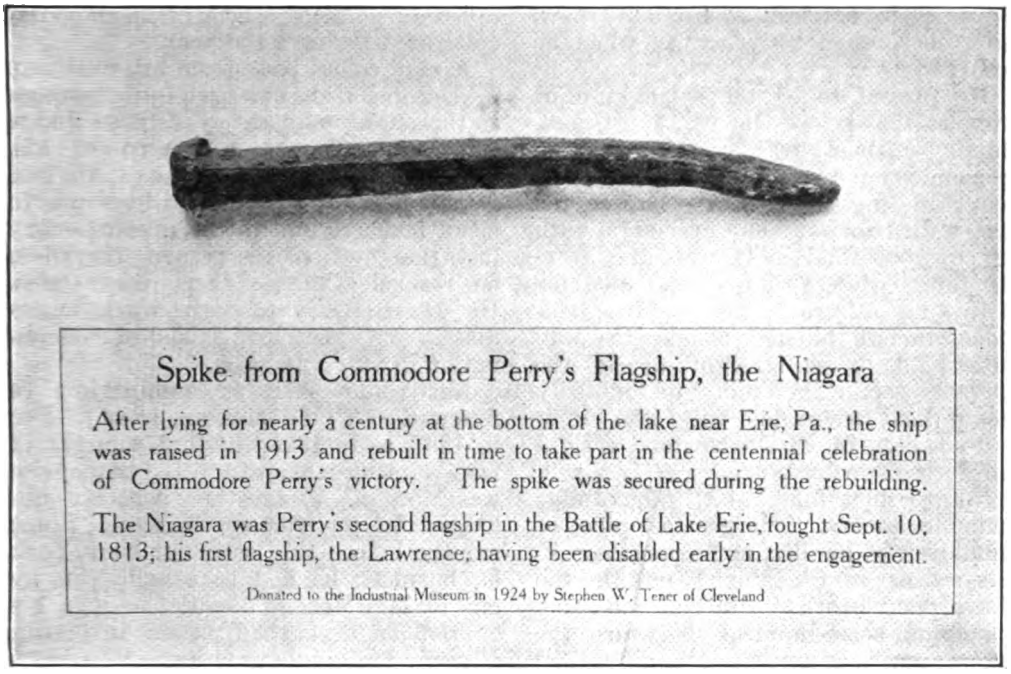

Spike from Commodore Perry's Flagship, the Niagara

After lying for nearly a century at the bottom of the lake near Erie, Pa., the ship was raised in 1913 and rebuilt in time to take part in the centennial celebration of Commodore Perry's victory. The spike was secured during the rebuilding.

The Niagara was Perry's second flagship in the Battle of Lake Erie, fought Sept. 10, 1813; his first flagship, the Lawrence, having been disabled early in the engagement.

Donated to the Industrial Museum in 1924 by Stephen W. Tener of Cleveland

to West and dropped in to rival plants to talk over matters with the owners, he frequently broached the subject of a larger combination; and when he came back he discussed the matter with Gary who was himself gradually coming to the conclusion not only that there would be economies and better service in such an undertaking, but that it was possibly the only means by which the manufacturers could be brought to observe their own marketing arrangements. The pools which they were constantly attempting almost invariably ended in bitter rows and accusations born of their suspicion of one another. The suspicion was generally well placed. One of the frankest of the group of wire manufacturers of that period, John Stevenson of the New Castle Wire Works, said once, in testifying as to the difficulties in trade that they had at that time, "Every man's hand was against his neighbor; we were all Ishmaelites, every one of us." And he went on to tell of a meeting of manufacturers in which a price of $1.50 had been fixed for nails in the keg, and one of the leaders in the group, hurrying out to the telegraph office, entered an order for 10,000 kegs at $1.40! By accident this message fell into Mr. Stevenson's hands at the telegraph office just after the meeting had adjourned for lunch, and he had the pleasure of laying it before his colleagues when they reconvened. It was that kind of thing, so Mr. Stevenson claimed, that caused 80% of the mortality in the wire and nail business, and not consolidation, as was publicly charged.

One of the chief things that the best men in the business at this time felt the need of was protection from one another.

It was not until late in the summer of 1897 that matters came to a focus. Gary had been in Europe—his first trip. Indeed, the first long vacation he had ever taken. He had kept himself fit as few men do through many years of continuous hard work by his joyous and temperate social life and by his unbroken interest in outdoor pursuits—horseback riding, fishing trips, and every now and then a few days' hunting in Iowa and Minnesota. But early in this year, an Eastern lawyer who had been associated with him in a case in Chicago had, as the Judge says, talked him into the notion of going abroad. And that notion once in his mind, nothing could change him.

With Mrs. Gary and one of his daughters, he had started in June for a three months' trip, every detail of which

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seems to be as clear in his mind now, after more than 25 years, as when he returned.

He proved to be the same kind of traveler that he was lawyer, sportsman, Sunday School teacher. He had a tremendous interest in everything—the beautiful English country—Chester, the first walled town he had ever seen, with its story of Charles II watching from the tower while Cromwell defeated his army—his failure to get to Mr. Gladstone, though he had bought his way with gold pieces straight up to the private secretary, and undoubtedly would have succeeded with him, if it had not been for Mrs. Gladstone, a rigid enforcer of doctor's orders. "It would not have hurt him a bit," the Judge grumbles to-day. The greatest piece of vandalism of his life, as he considers it, was sitting in Gladstone's pew in the Hawarden church and tearing out from his hymn book the leaf on which the great man had written, "Shall we go out before the last hymn?"

He recalls still the solemnity of London, if you first see it, as he did, about twelve o'clock on a Saturday night! In spite of guides and counselors, he knew what he wanted to see in the great city. First, Bunyan's grave, then Charles Wesley's church and grave, then Dicken's "Old Curiosity Shop"—memories of things that had impressed him in his youth. Later the British Museum, the courts, the National Gallery, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Bank of England, Oxford, Cambridge, etc., etc.

He was as tireless in his sight-seeing as in the law. He loved "watching the folks" and would rise every morning at five o'clock to visit the markets and see the people going to work. At night, after a hard day in churches and galleries, he was out to watch the night life of the towns and cities. But the real excitement of his journey was his pilgrimage in search of the twelve greatest pictures of the world. Mrs. Gary knew what they were, and he wanted to see them, every one of them; and they did it, from "Mona Lisa" and the "Immaculate Conception" in Paris, through Italy, Austria and Germany, to the "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp. It was his first experience with great pictures and aroused in him a love of painting which he has steadily cultivated through the years.

A man comes back from his first trip to Europe, if it has been put through as thoroughly and as joyously as Judge Gary put through this trip of his, heartened, enlarged, refreshed. He had got his hand on something which was to mean much to him in the revolutionary task that awaited his return, for when he reached Chicago there was Gates. He wanted Gary to begin work immediately on the long-talked-of combination in wire and nails.

But could such a combination be financed? Would Morgan assist? For in 1897, as in 1925, the first thought of men wanting money for a big enterprise was Morgan. Judge Gary was not unknown to the famous banker. Some months before this, when in New York on business, he had been called in by one of Mr. Morgan's cousel to give his opinion on a railroad matter involving Illinois law and practice. "I don't think you can do that legally, Mr. Morgan," Judge Gary had said when the case had been stated.

"Well," said Mr. Morgan—and his "well" was always a challenging, often a terrifying expletive—"I don't know as I want a lawyer to tell me what I cannot do. I hire him to tell me how to do what I want to do."

"Tell me your purpose," the Judge replied, "and I will see what can be done."

Mr. Morgan, who always knew exactly what he was after, though he sometimes found difficulty in telling others, explained his purpose.

"There is a legal way to reach that result," Judge Gary said, and he explained what it was. The banker was immensely pleased. It undoubtedly made an impression on him which he never forgot, for he was a man of remarkable memory, particularly in matters which concerned men.

But it was not before Mr. Morgan, it was before the first ranking partner in the concern, Mr. Charles H. Coster, that Gates and Gary laid their plan for a steel and wire combination. They found him hospitable, and finally Mr. Morgan agreed that, if the wire manufacturers could be brought together, he would back a consolidation, to be known as the American Steel and Wire Com-

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VICTORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!
HAISH'S
IMPROVED "S" BARB
AND STEVENS' LOCK STITCH.
STEEL FENCE WIRE.
Enameled and Galvanized. Sold on its Merits, and not through the influence of threatened Lawsuits.
HAISH'S S BARB
MFG BY JACOB HAISH
LOOK A LITTLE OUT
HAISH'S S BARB FENCE LINE
Haish's Patents.
Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad.
Haish's Valid Claims.
"Haish bin a gued Yankey,
Stretch dat fence tight
Dat den mit bottle Schnapp,
Bit heard no duke a bite.
Der bologna are quite handy,
Der kraut ish too by two;
Nixei Drive your Haish's Lager,
While I drive der stanie through."
"Blue Pumkin, me dee trouble
Die pay he makes always.
Shust leave him hatin gehind head
Mit brudder Hamets bykes.
Now watch him ah, der chargeous!
When both my handle are full
He cannot up mit nother,
And dakes himself a dpull."
FOR SALE HERE.
I. JACKMAN. Agt. GENOA

A broadside used in the war of the early manufacturers of barbed wire.

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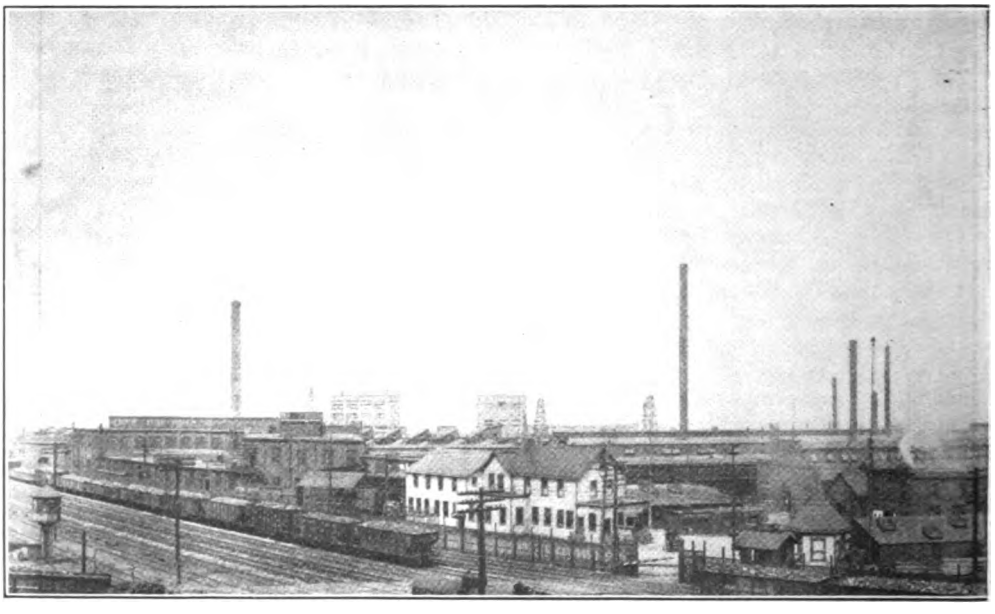
pany, its capital to be $80,000,000—one-half preferred and one-half common. A syndicate of $20,000,000 was to be floated, though Mr. Morgan told Judge Gary, when this was first under discussion, that such a flotation would cause a panic in Wall Street! $15,000,000 of the common stock was to be divided between the promoters of the undertaking, these promoters being Gates, Gary, and six other gentlemen who had presented themselves at the Waldorf-Astoria at the beginning of the negotiations and had shown that they, too, had been considering a wire combine. They made so good a showing that Gates finally consented to join forces with them, the understanding being that the $15,000,000 in common stock was to be divided fifty-fifty between the two factions.

Now began weeks of the hardest and closest kind of work for Judge Gary, for it was to him that the bargaining largely fell. As group after group of wire manufacturers was rounded up he went over with them the reports of the expert accountants and engineers that had been examining their plants, in order to reach a fair basis on which an exchange of stock could be made. There were few of these manufacturers who did not believe—honestly enough for the most part—that their plants were worth more than the expert appraisals, and it was a part of Judge Gary's business to convince these doubters. He did it with remarkable success, and gradually the men with whom he was dealing, both manufacturers and financiers, began to see that here was a man not only of an amazing capacity for work, but of an amazing patience in negotiotions. In speaking in a former article of Gary as a young lawyer, I quoted the remark of one of his DeKalb County observers, that, while the lawyers of the defense spent their evenings playing poker, Gary worked over the testimony. That was what happened now. John W. Gates was not the only poker player among the wire makers. As a rule they went out from their meetings to their games. The Judge, it was noted, stayed by his figures.

Another thing developed that made an impression. He had a passion for square dealing. You had to show him that the thing you were trying to put over was fair before you could get his approval. It was not too much to say that, every day that these wire negotiations went on, the respect for Judge Gary's ability and fairness increased.

The general public paid little attention to what was on foot at the headquarters of Gates and Gary at the



Waukegan works of the American Steel and Wire Company.

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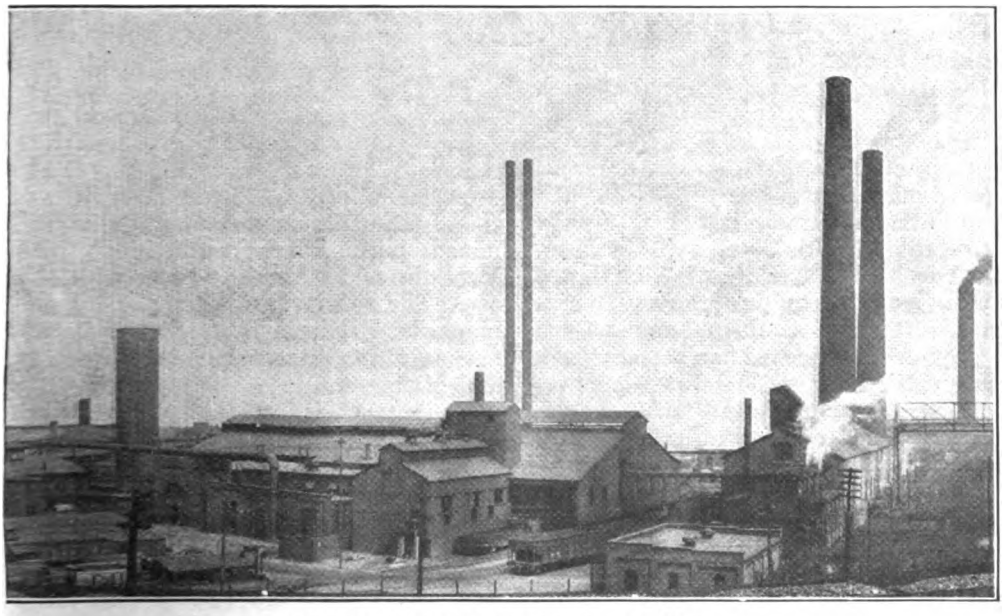
Waldorf-Astoria, but the iron and steel trade watched the negotiations with anxiety and doubt. Even the leader of the trade journals, *The Iron Age,* seems to have had little precise information of what was being done, though it knew the general purport of these gatherings of wire and steel interests. "The undertaking is by far the greatest and most far reaching recorded, in the history of the iron trade," said this journal in November. "Its ramifications extend far beyond the wire trade people. . . . As a buyer of steel, such an enormous aggregation of mills and works would have an over-shadowing influence. If the negotiations now in progress, with what is pronounced to be fair propect of success, should end in consolidation, then the whole iron trade of the country would have to face greatly changed conditions."

By the first of February, 1898, this "fair prospect of success" of which *The Iron Age* spoke seemed to have become a sure thing, and then suddenly, on the morning of the 15th, came news that staggered the country—the "Maine" had been blown up in the harbor of Havana.

The negotiators at the Waldorf shook their heads. What did it mean to them? The tense days that followed made their anxiety greater. By the end of ten days the wise Mr. Morgan had concluded that this was no time to launch a new venture in Wall Street, and so in a note sent to the gathered wire men he told them that he did not feel justified in going further at that time.

Judge Gary caught at the straw. Possibly the matter could be suspended for a few months and, after the trouble was over, taken up again; but the negotiators were done with it for the time—"tired" of it, they said. If Mr. Morgan would not go ahead, they would not. When John W. Gates came out from the meeting he said to the interested parties, anxiously waiting at the door, "The jig's up. There nothing to do but go home."

It was the next day, as several of the Western contingent were traveling toward Chicago, that Ellwood of the DeKalb plant, who was keen for the combination, said to Judge Gary, "Why should not the Consolidated take in my plant?" The head of the Salem, Ohio, wire manufacturers was there. "I would like to put mine in," he said. Gates was consulted. By the time the group reached Chicago, they had practically agreed to attempt to unite the Western manufacturers on the same basis that had been worked out for the national consolidation. The undertak-



This plant is located at Waukegan, Illinois

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ing was turned over to Gary for consummation and in less than four weeks from the time he had left the disappointing final meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria he had the new company incorporated—The American Wire & Steel Company of Illinois, it was called. It was a $24,000,000 concern—$12,000,000 of which was in preferred stock and $12,000,000 in common. It could not be said to be an over-capitalized company for, according to *The Iron Age*, the combined plants had earned on an average, in each of the three preceding years, $1,666,000.

Judge Gary came out of these long negotiations without a cent of the profit he had expected. His reward in the first combine was to have been in stock; in the smaller one which was then launched, it was honorary; he was made general counsel and director. But what he had lost in money he had more than doubled in reputation—reputation of the solidest kind among men difficult to convince. He was a patient, intelligent bargainer, they told one another and still rarer, he was "fair," fair on principle.

Mr. E. J. Buffington, the present president of the Illinois Steel Company, tells a story which illustrates what was happening in many quarters of the trade at the moment. Mr. Buffington was part owner and the director of a plant at Anderson, Indiana, which the Western men wanted to include in their combine but he and Gates could not settle upon a price. Finally Gary was called in.

"I found at once," Mr. Buffington says, "that I had an entirely different type of man to negotiate with. He had great bargaining ability, but also a desire to see both sides. He was inclined to believe at the start that I was putting too high a price on my plant, but his fairness in the matter led me to greater frankness than I had been accustomed to exercise in my business dealings. I soon found that I was putting all my cards on the table with him. I had engaged a lawyer to protect me in the negotiations, but after I had been over the matter thoroughly with Gary he agreed with me that it would be a wise move for him to go. Between us, Gary and I worked out terms of a settlement which both believed to be right. It was the beginning of my faith in the justice of this man." It was simply the passing on into business circles of a saying which persists to-day, and which had long been current in the legal circles of Chicago—"Gary is fair."

The American Steel & Wire Company of Illinois had hardly been organized before Judge Gary was unexpectedly launched into a new steel undertaking, one more basic and formidable than wire and nails. The new call came logically enough. Among his clients in Chicago for three or four years now had been the biggest steel concern of the West, the Illinois Steel Company. Its origin is worth considering, since it was to be the nucleus of what has become the greatest business in the world.

The Illinois Steel Company was rooted, like barbed wire, in the imperative demands of the new-born Illinois. With the first start of the railroad westward from Chicago, past Erastus Gary's Wheaton farm in 1847, there had come a call for rails, which, as the roads multiplied, the eastern manufacturers had found it difficult to satisfy. It was this demand that, in 1857, led one Captain Eber B. Ward of Michigan to put up a rolling mill in Chicago. It had a capacity of one hundred rails a day, and the demand grew so rapidly that seven years later he doubled it.

Now, up to this time Ward had been obliged to bring ore and coal for his plant from Pennsylvania and Ohio, but in 1864 a tremendous thing for the Middle West iron manufacturers happened—transportation opened enabling them to bring ore from the Lake Superior mines. A little later it was found that Illinois yielded a coal which, mixed with Pennsylvania and West Virginia coals, could be used with this ore. The result was an immediate and immense expansion of the industry, not only in Illinois but in Wisconsin and Michigan.

But it was not iron rails alone. Ward had seen the meaning of the Bessemer process and was the first man in the United States to undertake to apply it commercially. It was early in 1864 that he set up a converter in Detroit, Michigan, and here made steel ingots which a few weeks later he turned into steel rails at his Chicago rolling mill—the

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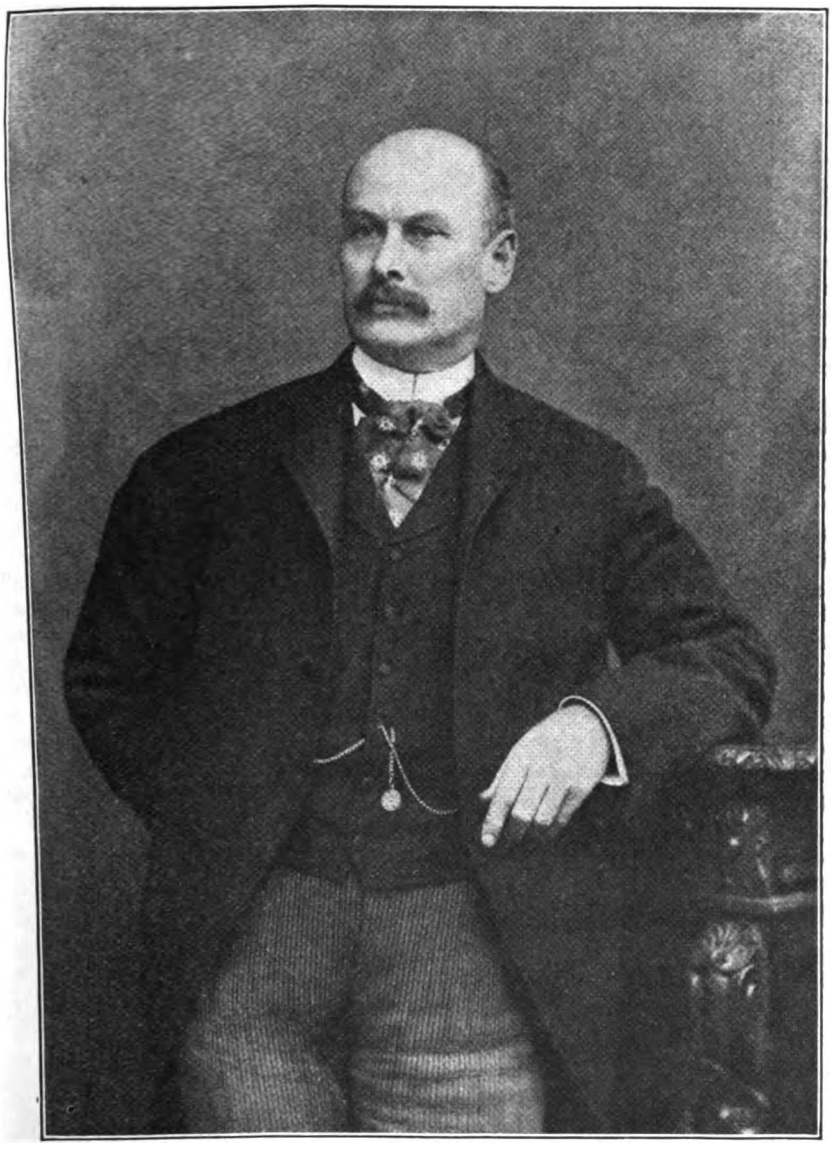

Judge Gary at the time he became president of the Federal Steel Company.

first steel rails to be made in the United States.

It was not many months before far-seeing men in the iron business realized that steel rails were bound to replace what they had been making for the railroads. Then began, all over the country, the movement to convert existing iron mills into Bessemer plants. It was expensive business. Few of the manufacturers could get the money it required. Captain Ward's Chicago rolling mill was one that could command capital, and it accordingly began to gather in its less fortunate competitors in the Middle West; by 1889 it was able to capitalize itself for $50,000,000 and to call itself by a new name, the Illinois Steel Company. By this time there was only one city in the United States making more iron and steel than Chicago, and that city was Pittsburgh.

Now, for several years before, as well as after, this combination, John W. Gates had bought iron and steel rods for his wire from this concern. He had earned the reputation with them of always getting the best of the bargain. I

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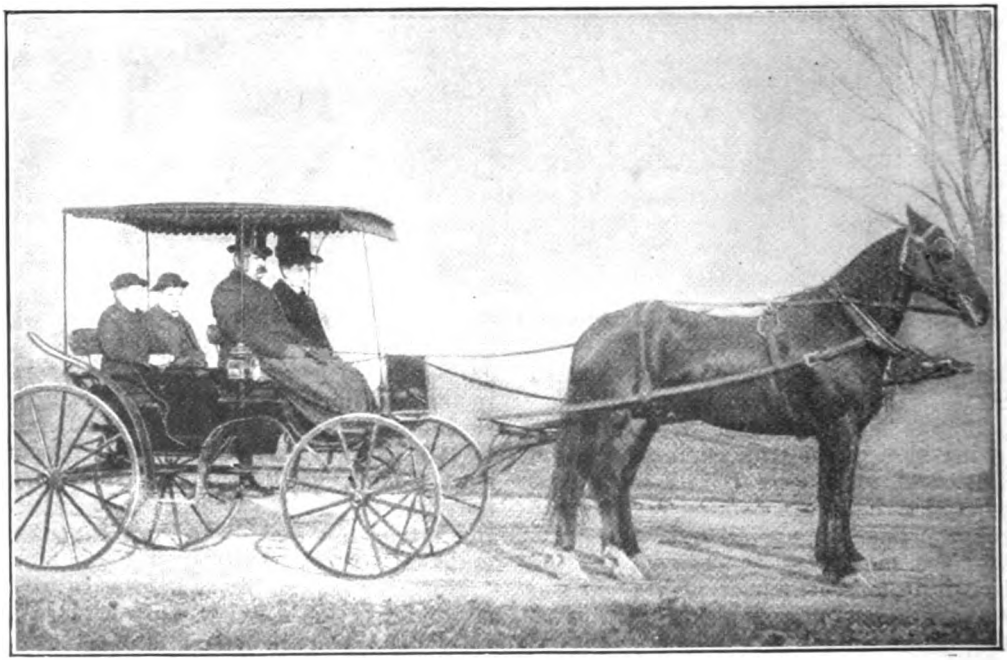
have heard old timers say that the Illinois Steel Company finally felt that it was safer to have him in the concern than out, and early in the 90's made him a director and, in 1894, president. At that moment the company was having a hard time. Its last dividend had been paid in 1892. In 1893, the panic year, it had suffered—indeed there had been serious talk of putting it in the hands of a receiver. Everybody knew its plight, because it was one of the few concerns in the country which published annually a partial report of its year's dealings.

In the difficulties of the company it was to be expected that sooner or later Gary would be called in for consultation, and when this had happened his advice was such that he thoroughly impressed the board of directors — and they were men worth impressing — Marshall Field and H H. Porter of Chicago, Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, A. J. Forbes Leith of London and New York (afterward Lord Leith of Fyfe) — all men who had responded to the call for money and still more money, to meet the necessity of making steel instead of iron rails. At the suggestion of H. H. Porter, Gary was made General Counsel. It was the beginning of a close association with the directing board. Indeed it soon came about that they would refuse to hold a meeting if Gary were not present!

This was the Judge's relation to the Illinois Steel Company when, soon after he had finished the organization of the American Steel & Wire Company of Illinois of which we have been talking, he received a letter from Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, asking his opinion as to the purchase of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railroad, running from Chicago to the company's Joliet works.

Now by this time, 1898, Judge Gary had come to the conclusion that what the Illinois Steel Company needed was not more railroads but more ore lands, better manufacturing facilities. These acquisitions would bring about what he called "a rounded proposition," by which he meant a self-contained business owning its raw materials, controlling its transportation, with furnaces and mills to make finished as well as semi-finished products, at prices which for one thing would put it in better shape to meet the formidable and



Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gates, soon after he became interested in the wire industry. The boys on the rear seat are Charlie Gates, as he became known in Wall Street, and George C. Scott who afterwards became John W. Gates' confidential secretary.

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John W. Gates in 1885, *about the time he became a manufacturer of barbed wire.*

threatening competition of the greatest iron master in the country, Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Carnegie's first entrance into the iron and steel world was in 1864—the year that Captain Ward made the first steel rails in the United States. But it was with iron that Carnegie began. It took him eleven years to grasp the commercial possibilities of steel. Then (1875) so goes the story, he saw a Bessemer converter in blast and hastened forth to organize the company which built the Edgar Thompson Steel Works at Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Carnegie had the incredible good fortune to secure, as manager of this plant, Captain Billy Jones whose success in doubling, redoubling and doubling again the output of steel amazed the steel manufacturers of the world and founded the Carnegie fortune.

After that, things went fast with Andrew Carnegie. One after another he bought in plants, built in the Pittsburgh district to compete with his monopoly in steel rails—Homestead and Duquesne. He bought and leased ore lands in the Lake Superior region, built and bought railroads, and, in 1889, took Henry Frick into partnership, tying up with his enterprise the greatest coke-producing region in the country.

Carnegie wanted to control each essential factor in his producing problem, and by the time the Illinois Steel Company was organized in 1889 he had practically achieved his ambition. A few years later he was able to consolidate in one huge concern the various

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iron and steel undertakings which he had been fostering—the Carnegie Steel Company, superfluous partners and associations weeded out—his pet notion of a "close corporation" realized.

Andrew Carnegie was always a cruel competitor, feared as much for his ingenious devices in getting advantages on railways and in markets as for his conscienceless price-cutting and his irresponsibility in pooling arrangements, which were then almost universal in the iron and steel trade. "Artificial arrangements," he called the pools, "strengthening the other fellow," he once told his board, "as much as they strengthened you." This was "bad business."

The Illinois Steel Company had suffered from the Carnegie rivalry. The bigger the two grew, the more severe the competition had been. Judge Gary, as counsel of the company, believed that the concern's future depended first and chiefly upon its control of abundant supplies of iron ore which could be transported as cheaply as Carnegie was transporting from his vast Lake Superior ore interests. At that time the Illinois Company was buying from the Minnesota Iron Company—the second largest development in the northern ore country. Instead of simply buying another railroad, why not buy the Minnesota Iron Company, a coke supply, plants to round out their proposition and make themselves impregnable; and, this done, go systematically after foreign trade, establishing depots in various European countries. This was something that no American iron and steel maker had as yet accomplished satisfactorily, but which Judge Gary's recent European experience had convinced him to be practical. It was with this suggestion that he answered Mr. Thayer's letter asking his judgment as to the wisdom of buying the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern. Mr. Thayer's reply was a request that he come at once to New York to a meeting of the Board.

But would the Minnesota Iron Company sell? And could they finance any such combination as this would mean? The advantage of interlocking directorates came to the front at once. One of the directors of the Minnesota Iron Company, H. H. Porter, was a director of the Illinois Steel Company. Another, Robert Bacon, was a Morgan partner. Still another was H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company. Another, Governor Flower of New York, was the head of the biggest brokerage firm in the country. These men, with others on the various directorates, were brought together by the Illinois Steel Company's board, and in very short order a decision was made to amalgamate the interests in one concern, if Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan could be persuaded to undertake the financing. Mr. Morgan seems to have been favorable to the idea from the start, and a committee was promptly appointed, consisting of Governor Flower of New York, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, Robert Bacon of the Morgan firm and Judge Gary, with full power to amalgamate the companies and purchase other companies if it was deemed advisable.

And so the Judge found himself again—and this time in mid-summer—with the prodigious task of appraising the interests involved, coming to an understanding with the parties most interested in each concern, adjusting one thing to another, and making a showing which would justify Mr. Morgan in financing the amalgamation. It is not too much to say that the work, legal and business, was done almost, if not quite, by Gary, for Senator Spooner was on a vacation, and Governor Flower turned up only once. Bacon was too busy at the Morgan Bank to take much part. For three months the man put in the closest kind of work, and out of it came a concern which it was decided to call the Federal Steel Company, into which went the plants that have been mentioned, as well as some others of lesser importance.

The new company was capitalized at $200,000,000, about one-half of which was issued in preferred and common stock. The book value of the companies that had been combined was about $56,000,000, but this was much below their actual value—$31,000,000 below, it was finally decided, an amount which Judge Gary contended at the time was too low.

The experience of the next few months proved him right, for in October of 1899, when questioned by a Congressional Industrial Commission, he was able to tell them of how enormously the various properties of the Federal

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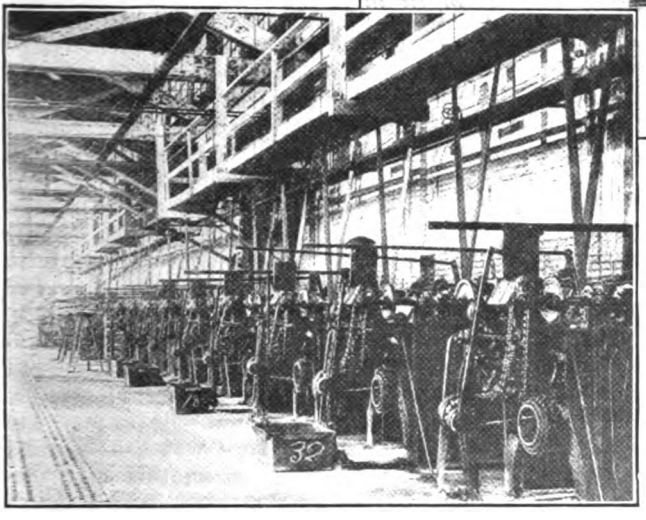
had increased over their book values in twelve months. For instance, there were 1132 acres of Collensville coal, put down in the book at $500 an acre, and now selling for $1000 an acre. There was an iron mine in the Illinois Steel Company that had cost about $75,000 for which the concern had just been offered $600,000 in cash. There were 850 acres of land within the city limits of Chicago that had cost but a nominal sum and whose value now ran into the hundreds if thousands. There was one mine in the Minnesota Iron Company which had been put down on the books as containing about 25,000,000 tons of ore and which now showed at least 75,000,000 tons of ore in sight. And these were only a few of a number of similar enormous increases in the value of the property that the Federal had combined.

The new concern had to have more money to perfect its plan, for in the combination there was only about $10,000,000 in liquid assets. It required several interviews with Mr. Morgan to convince him that this was necessary. Why had they not the money, was his pertinent question. Finally, after much argument, he consented to raise $14,000,000 new capital. There was much curiosity at the time as to how much J. P. Morgan & Co. had received for their services. The question was asked in 1899 by the examiners of the Industrial Commission. "About $200,000," Judge Gary told them, and out of this sum they had to pay all the expenses, including a corporation fee to the State of New York of some $40,000—"comparatively a small sum," the Judge commented.

By September the work of organizing the Federal Steel Company had been completed, after three months of as hard toil as Judge Gary, hard worker as he always was, had ever put in. It was



(At the left) This is how barbed wire fence machines looked in the old days before any safeguarding was done. (Above) The same machines after safety devices were installed.

the first time in his professional life, so far as I have been able to find, that his friends became anxious about him. Mr. H. H. Porter, kind man that he was, insisted on picking him up and taking him away from the desk for a rest from the work over which he hung night and day, trying to bring order out of the complicated problems that had been put up to him.

But the last thing was done and Judge Gary was preparing to go back to Chicago when he was asked to come to Mr. Morgan's office. Several men in-

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terested in the new organization were present. J. Pierpont Morgan was not a man to beat about the bush, and without preliminaries he said:

"Judge Gary, you have put this thing together in very good shape. We are all very well pleased. Now you must be president."

It was the first intimation that the Judge had had that such a thing was in the minds of his clients. He told Mr. Morgan he could not think of it.

"Why not?" the great banker boomed.

"Why, Mr. Morgan," Gary replied, "I have a law practice paying $75,000 a year and I cannot leave it."

"We'll take care of that," insisted Mr. Morgan. "We must make it worth your while."

"But I must think it over."

"No," insisted the great banker, "we want to know right now."

"But who are the directors to be?"

"You can select the directors, name the executive committee, select your officers and fix your salary," Morgan replied.

"Quite characteristic of him," Judge Gary will tell you.

Judge Gary begged for a week. They gave him twenty-four hours. And twenty-four hours later, largely through the persuasion of Marshall Field of Chicago who had known him intimately for many years, he made a contract for three years' service, refusing the longer period which was urged. Through others he could hold his law practice for three years, he felt.

And so, in September, 1898, Judge Gary went back to Chicago to close up his business as a lawyer. There was regret and grumbling from clients who, like William Deering of the Deering Harvester Company, had long depended upon him. "I am very sorry to lose your services as attorney," Mr. Deering wrote Judge Gary. "I believe you have had the major part of our common law business from the time you first opened an office. I wish to express to you the sense of obligation and satisfaction with which I review our long connection."

If leaving his law practice was a hard wrench, leaving his home in Wheaton was still harder. The town with its activities was dear to him. There would be no more church suppers or Sunday School picnics. There would be no more fishing and hunting excursions. There would be times when he would regret it. One of his former hunting mates tells of finding him on one of his visits to Wheaton, years after the change was made, with his old hunting coat, game bag and gun on his knee. "I will never use them again," he said sadly.

But he kept a connection, an early dream! In his boyhood, an aunt who lived in Haverstraw, New York, had been an occasional visitor to the family, and she told the children wonderful things of the beauty of the Hudson river. Her nephew Elbert decided that, when he grew up, he was going to have a home on this wonderful river. Since he now must leave Wheaton he would have that home. He had "Gray Gables," Samuel Tilden's country home, in mind; and, as he also wanted a town house, he considered the Tilden house on Grammercy Park. His sophisticated associates and other friends were quick to dispel that dream. The people of the world into which he had come had town houses on Fifth Avenue and summer estates at Newport and on Long Island!

It was in October of 1898 that Judge Gary returned to New York to take up his duties as president of what was then the biggest steel concern, but one, in the United States. Over night he had become a public character. It was "President Gary" that the Chicago newspapers interviewed and whose movements they immediately began to follow by long telegraph stories. *The Iron Age* carried a biographical sketch, the appraisement of various legal fellows and more or less restrained editorials on the new figure in steel.

In New York it was the same. He was a figure the more watched because he was new and from another city, another profession; marked too, because Morgan had chosen him and had put him at the head of the most impressive directorate that had ever been formed in an iron and steel venture—a directorate including some of the best known and ablest business men in the United States: Marshall Field, D. O. Mills, H. H. Porter, Robert Bacon, Nathaniel Thayer, H. H. Rogers, Governor Flower. One name that might naturally be looked for on this board, that of the

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president of the Illinois Steel Company, John W. Gates, was missing. H. H. Porter had refused to go into any consolidation in which Gates had an official position, and Mr. Morgan bluntly announced that he would not approve of him in the directorate, because he did not think property was safe in his hands. But, if they thought they were eliminating John W. Gates from the steel business, they were wrong. They were to hear from him again and again. Mr. Morgan, in fact, was to pay dearly more than once for his refusal to deal with this frank and daring plunger.

Had Morgan made a mistake in putting a lawyer at the head of a combination which the whole industry regarded with more or less alarm because of its size, its compactness, and its avowed purpose of developing the foreign field? There were many who thought so. "What did a lawyer know about business?" business men asked. "What could Chicago teach New York?" New York lawyers asked.

When Judge Gary put Wheaton and Chicago behind him he was doing what his father had done at twenty-eight; his great-great-great-great-grandfather at thirty-six; he was pioneering, taking on a new and uncertain adventure, for there was a possibility of failure, as well as success, in the field he was entering. The possibility was the greater because in this new field a code of ethics was in force which violated in many particulars the code which he had been taught in his youth, and which the experiences of life as a lawyer had convinced him to be the only sound and practical one in human affairs, whatever their nature. The real question at stake in 1898, when Elbert Gary left Chicago and the law for New York and Steel, was what was to become of his code.

In the August issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE Miss Tarbell will tell how and why J. Pierrepont Morgan, after two years' experience with the Federal Steel Company, bought out Andrew Carnegie and set Judge Gary to organizing a billion dollar corporation—the U. S. Steel Corporation.

A CRADLE SONG

From the Mountainy Singer

Sleep, white love, sleep,
A cedarn cradle holds thee,
And twilight, like a silver-woven cover-lid,
Enfolds thee.
Moon and star keep charmed watch
Upon thy lying;
Water plovers through the dusk
Are tremulously crying.
Sleep, white love mine,
Till day doth shine.

Sleep, white love, sleep,
The holy mothers, Anne and Mary,
Sit high in heaven, dreaming
On the seven ends of Eire.
Brigid sits beside them,
Spinning lamb-white wool on whorls,
Singing fragrant songs of love
To little naked boys and girls.
Sleep, white love mine,
Till day doth shine.

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

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PROHIBITION IN KANSAS IN 1925

By ELMER T. PETERSON

KANSAS has had prohibition about forty-five years. If any state is dry, Kansas ought to be—that is the process of ratiocination. And if Kansas is wet—why of course federal prohibition is a total loss.

"Tell you what I can do." That is the way the Kansas man who thinks prohibition is a failure always starts out. You may know it by heart. But for fear you may not have heard it, here is the whole formula:

"Tell you what I can do. I can light in Topeka or Wichita or Hutchinson or Salina or any town you want to name, and in five minutes I'll buy a bottle of white mule. Sure—right over the counter. Don't have to sneak down a back alley nor nothin'. They're selling it wide open. And, any party you go to, there's plenty of booze. Go to any country club in the state and you'll see men and women drinking. You'll see young fellows carrying hip-flasks. This prohibition is a farce, I tell you."

Such a speech is bound to draw great applause from those who would like to see the Eighteenth Amendment canceled. And what are the facts?

Is Kansas wetter than it was fifteen years ago or twenty years? Is it easier to get liquor than ever?

Inasmuch as the experience of Kansas in enforcing prohibition is likely to be duplicated by the nation at large, and inasmuch as the prohibition question is interesting to a vast number of people, the progress of comparative dryness in Kansas is worth examining.

Of course it would be unreasonable to expect any one to gather statistics on the amount of liquor consumed in Kansas under prohibition. A clandestine traffic is not a field for the statistician.

But those who expect unsupported assertion to carry conviction have overlooked one little bet. They have forgotten the inexorable law of supply and demand, which operates somewhat like this:

Big wheat crop, low price. Small wheat crop, high price. Stripped of minor and immaterial superfluities, this law is as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians. Even bootleggers obey it.

If there were plenty of liquor easily available, the price would be low.

Here are the latest quotations in Kansas, gleaned from the records of the police courts and those who fraternize with the booze-vending brotherhood:

	Saloon days 20 years ago. Quart	Present price. Quart
White mule	Unsalable	$16.00
Corn whisky, bottled in barn	10 to 50¢	5.00
Rye whisky, similarly bottled	50¢	5.00
Grape wine, home-made	Given away	3.00
Port wine	25¢	No Quo.
Rhenish wine	$1.25	No Quo.
Bourbon whisky	$1.25	No Quo.
Bourbon whisky, "real stuff, imported," fancy label, burnt sugar color, imitation taste		$15.00
Scotch whisky	$1.25	No Quo.
Scotch whisky, "real stuff, imported"		$18.00
Mexican and Canadian importations, doubtful		15.00
Radiator fluid, electric processed		2.00
Synthetic gin, with alcohol and glycerine		8.00
Wood alcohol, straight		1.00
Canned heat, strained from solid		2.00
Perfume, hair tonic, varnish, alcoholic patent medicines, subject to commercial market, minimum		1.00

White mule is pure grain alcohol diluted with water. In the old days nobody cared to bother with it. Now it is sought by those with an insatiable thirst. Corn whisky had much the same status, as one could get trade-marked whisky for a low price. Occasionally some moonshine corn whisky from South Carolina would come into Kansas to sell at 50 cents a quart. "Bottled in barn" is the present-day substitute for the old familiar "bottled in bond." The indicated environments of the distiller are literally true. Filth is immaterial. Various kinds of good wine could be bought then. Now no wine can be secured at all except home-made varieties. The same apparently is true of Bourbon and Scotch, although liquors

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purporting to be of such varieties are on the market at a high price, as indicated above.

Twenty years ago the problem of importing from Mexico or Canada was, of course, not even considered. Now the scarcity of liquor is so great that airplanes occasionally bring it across the border.

Radiator fluid is denatured alcohol in various forms. By an electric process enough of the poison is removed to make it potable. At least that is the theory, and the product sells for two dollars a quart; the original price, undiluted, being about a dollar a gallon.

Canned heat is a solid, greasy substance containing alcohol, used by tourists for cooking. By straining this rather common article of commerce through a cloth, the alcohol is separated from the solid, and is drunk by the most violent addicts, sometimes with disastrous results.

Synthetic gin is made by mixing grain alcohol at from one to two dollars a quart with glycerine at $1.50 a quart, and a compound called "gin mixture" which gives the characteristic taste. The "gin mixture" is hard to get because it is under the eye of those who are curious about such affairs. The synthetic gin is not manufactured in commercial quantities, but it is simply "scarce," hence its high price when ready for consumption.

White mule, corn whisky, Canadian and Mexican whiskies, radiator fluid, wood alcohol, canned heat and similar "bottled lightning" were not quoted as beverages until 1917, being considered too dangerous or remote to experiment with.

As late as 1917 any Kansas man could read advertisements offering shipments of pure rye whisky for as low as 80 cents a quart, or "four full quarts for $3.20," and he could import as much as he craved by express or freight without serious danger, because of a defect in the prohibitory law permitting possession. This state of affairs continued until the enactment of the "Bone Dry Law," in 1917, when importation became practically impossible, and possession was made an offense.

Until 1917 it was possible to secure almost unlimited quantities of beer at usual commercial prices. The demand was satisfied, hence the price was not appreciably above that of the wet states adjacent.

Anybody, therefore, who says that it is just as easy to get booze in Kansas now as it was ten years ago is simply talking the cuckoo language. The rougher the path of the bootlegger, the higher the price of his commodity. The bootlegger who has to take a lot of stiff chances is bound to raise his price. The high price is prima facie evidence and exact proof of scarcity.

Of course the same thing goes for the rest of the country. If there were plenty of liquor there would be competition among dealers and price-cutting. It takes a lot of money to operate rum-running boats and launches. The operators take a long chance. Somewhat different from the time one could get a drink of guaranteed stuff by walking a few steps and entering a saloon!

And what does the hootch-hound get when he buys the stuff in Kansas?

He is at the mercy of the poisoned and adulterated slop, for it is the old story of *caveat emptor* with a vengeance! The buyer has to do all the bewaring after the sale is made, because he dare not "squeal" on the seller. The law will not protect him against adulterated liquor. Possession is an offense just as sale is. The vendor of poison booze, therefore, goes about his diabolical business complacently, as far as the welfare of the consumer is concerned. No guarantee and no goods returned—that is the motto of the present-day blind tiger.

In Kansas there was an increased wave of drinking in some quarters after the enactment of the Volstead Law. In some cases men and women who never drank before made home-brew or carried flasks of moonshine. But this was a passing phenomenon. It did not represent any fundamental application of the law. It did not mean that the total amount of liquor consumed was greater than in the pre-Volstead days.

It meant simply this: Newspapers, motion pictures, vaudeville sketches and other means of propaganda carried a furious wave of prohibition jokes when the nation went officially dry. A few Kansans who had never thought of liquor except as a disreputable thing

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fell in line with the general theme and thought it was a smart thing to poke fun at prohibition and perchance take a sly drink out of a hip-flask.

A flashy wave in the "smart Aleck" sets has deceived some observers and leads them into the curious and obvious error of supposing that the total consumption of liquor is greater than ever before.

The important thing is this: the supply of liquor in Kansas is potentially unlimited, but actually small. Kansas is a great corn state, and could produce a super-abundance of intoxicating liquor made of cereals or fruits of various kinds, if it were not for the fact that the officers of the law have clamped down the lid on those who yearn for alcoholic content, and the further and more important fact that the great majority of the people have been educated away from the taste for intoxicants.

With its great open spaces—to borrow from the fiction department—and its consequent opportunities for hiding stills, Kansas might become a hotbed of illicit liquor manufacture, but it isn't. See quotations for reminder.

The evolution of the enforcement of the prohibitory law is a matter that is plain to former Governor Henry J. Allen, who applies the Kansas fight as a parallel to the struggle now going on in a nation-wide form. He, perhaps, has as comprehensive a picture of the ins and outs of prohibition as any American citizen. He was asked the question, "Is prohibition a failure?" after the shocking disclosures of official corruption at Weehawken, New Jersey, and elsewhere on the liquor frontiers.

"Bless your heart, no!" was the instant response. "This great ado about the enforcement of the liquor laws is one of the signs that presage the clamping down of the lid. Nothing that has taken place recently, as far as I have noticed, is as bad as things that happened in Kansas twenty years after the passage of the state prohibitory law. It's great news. It shows the American conscience is being stirred up!"

He then told the story of the fight in Kansas.

Henry J. Allen has seen prohibition from every conceivable angle. He was in politics in the old days when campaign booze was a common commodity. He ran a country daily at Ottawa, on the trunk line of the contraband dealers from Kansas City to "dry" Kansas. He moved to Wichita in 1907 and found one hundred open saloons running in open defiance of state law, more than twenty-five years after that law was passed. He bought the Wichita *Beacon* and made it a crusader against the illicit saloon, putting up such an effective fight that they were driven out and the town went dry. During the World War he went to Europe for the Red Cross and Y M C A, and obtained the European point of view. He came home late in 1918 to find the country talking about the Eighteenth Amendment. Going to Europe and the Near East in 1923, he obtained another perspective out of the liberal but changing Old World. As he is a great traveler, who has made visits to Canada, Cuba, and other localities that figure in the contraband rum traffic, he can not be accused of a restricted outlook. His close associations in New York and other eastern cities have made him tolerably familiar with the metropolitan opinion. Nobody who knows this fighting ex-governor who blazed a new trail by his establishment of a state industrial court can believe that he is bound down by outgrown tradition.

"Prohibition is a long battle," he said, in recalling the old days with an air of pleasurable reminiscence. "We had a beautiful fight in Kansas—especially in Wichita. It was worth going miles to see. Enforcing the prohibitory law is a matter of stirring up the public conscience. It is a matter of education. It takes time for the idea to sink in. The fight in the nation to-day is just like it was in Kansas twenty years ago, except that it is on a larger scale. But it will end the same way, for human nature and the force of public opinion work out the same everywhere in the country.

"When I came to Wichita and looked around, I saw at least one hundred saloons going wide open. One man had twenty-four of his own. The *Beacon* started a campaign to try to drive them out. They were hurting the town in every way. They were corrupting both business and government.

"Some of the best people in town

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came and told me with shrugs and smiles that it couldn't be done. 'Your ideas may be all right in the country and in the small towns,' they said, 'but Wichita is different. Wichita is a big town, and it has to follow big town ideas. And besides you're hurting business. Why, if you keep this up, grass will be growing in the middle of the main business streets inside of five years.'

"One of the men who remonstrated with me mildly was a former governor. He was a close friend of mine, and was superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Methodist Church.

"'Henry,' he said to me, 'I admire your nerve, but it's been tried before, and it has failed. You are butting your head against a stone wall. This is Wichita.'

"This fine noble man—one of the best friends I ever had—was a strict prohibitionist himself, but he had come to the conclusion that the law couldn't be enforced.

"Other citizens came to see me. Some of them were good advertisers, who honestly thought my fight was going to hurt their business. Some of them were pillars of the church. But they said, 'Look here, young man, do you want to ruin our business? If you do, we'll have to withdraw our patronage.' I said, 'Well, that's too bad, but before you leave forever I'd like to have your names for a story I'm going to write.' I reached for a pencil and pad, and this put a different light on it. They decided to let me go on insisting upon law enforcement.

"And then there was the other kind—those who were profiting by the breaking of the law.

"The magnate—the owner of the twenty-four saloons—came to see me himself. At first he talked in sorrow rather than anger. He pointed out that he was a substantial business man with a large capital investment, employing a large number of men. 'I was in favor of your coming here,' he said. 'I thought it would be a good thing to put new life into the *Beacon*. . . . But I never thought you'd do anything like this,' he added sadly.

"I reminded him that he was breaking the law, and he seemed quite indignant at the idea. After a while he raised his voice. He got up and stamped around. He blustered at me and I blustered at him. He finally walked out, vowing all kinds of strange vows.

"It was a great old fight. Finally John Graham was elected mayor on a dry platform. In spite of the predictions of a lot of good people who thought it was impossible, Graham won by a majority of 2,500 votes. From then on there has never been any question that the sentiment of Wichita stands back of prohibition.

"Instead of stimulating the growth of hay on Main Street, the dry regime gave the community new life. Ten and eleven-story office buildings were built, for the first time in the history of the town, and in spite of the wagging of the heads of the skeptics they were filled with tenants. The population jumped ahead faster than ever. Wichita is now twice as large and prosperous as it was in the palmy days of open saloons.

"What would some of the old-timers of the wet regime say now if they could see the banks of Wichita with their fifty million dollar deposits?"

And then the fighting editor and former governor applied recent events as a comparison with those of the wet days in Kansas.

"It is a matter of stirring the conscience of the people. Why, even the family of the saloon magnate developed a conscience on the subject of liquor-selling.

"After the closing of the saloons, while there was still some surreptitious booze selling from joints, there would be occasional stories in the *Beacon* about the seizure of paraphernalia.

"One day a son of the magnate came in to see me. It was a striking parallel with the old man's visit.

"'See here,' said the young man. 'Don't you know that our family has gone out of the liquor business? We sold all our stuff. Why do you still refer to wagons and bar fixtures as though they were ours? We are respectable, and don't like to have our name connected with the business. We want the public to know that we are clear out of it!'

"It seems to me that this is a pretty strong piece of evidence as showing the development of a civic conscience which

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is at the bottom of all law enforcement. The same process is taking place in the nation.

"When we began our fight in Wichita, policemen were bought and sold. One chief of police himself was caught taking a bribe. Another was arrested on the charge of selling captured liquor. There was rottenness and corruption all about. The recent disclosures have nothing on Kansas. And yet Kansas had been under a supposed prohibition regime for more than twenty years! It seems to me that the public conscience is getting action more quickly now than it did in Kansas in those days.

"The very fact that the metropolitan newspapers are devoting a lot of space to the rum scandals shows that they are actually concerned over them. If they were taking them as a matter of course, as they did in Kansas for many years, there would be occasion for alarm. It takes publicity and a jarring of public conscience to bring about the enforcement of a law like prohibition, which affects personal and more or less private habits.

"At first people begin to talk about the infringement on their personal liberties. Then they let up on this, when they see how corrupt the booze traffic can be when it gets into official channels. They begin to see liquor as a corrupt force.

"After a while the decreased use of liquor will emphasize the economic benefits of prohibition, which, after all, is a problem even more economic than ethical."

There was a flare of liquor violation in 1920, after the Volstead Law began to be one of the main topics of conversation. It seemed more flagrant than the situation just prior to 1917 when the Bone Dry Law was enacted. But when the flare dies down, as it certainly will, Kansas will be dryer than ever before. It will be dryer than it was in 1917 and 1918 and 1919, in the opinion of men like Governor Allen, William Allen White, Victor Murdock, and others who recently signed a manifesto expressing such a view.

In order to understand the steady progress of prohibition in Kansas, and perhaps obtain an idea of the parallel that may be shown in federal prohibition, four stages should be considered.

The first stage was that following the enactment of the prohibitory law in 1880. The law was enforced indifferently, by fits and starts, depending upon the inclination of the governing powers of the state and municipalities.

This period was characterized a large part of the time by open saloons in many of the towns, principally the larger ones. Some of the towns had tight closure.

Judge W. E. Hutchinson of Garden City, who was on the district bench for many years during the early days of prohibition in Kansas, tells a vivid story of the difficulties that surrounded the enforcement of the law. These were far more imposing than in most of the other states under the Volstead Act.

"I remember that I held court in Liberal, in southwestern Kansas, one day in the early period," Judge Hutchinson told the writer. "A man named Codding came out from Topeka and said he was going to clean up the town. I told him he would have a hard time, but that I would do all I could to cooperate in enforcement. He had a clear case against a saloon-keeper. There was no doubt whatever as to the sale of liquor. He had plenty of witnesses who went on the stand and testified that they had bought liquor in the saloon.

"All at once, in the middle of the trial, he asked me to declare a recess. He was much disturbed. He said he had seen the star witness go out and take a drink with one of the jurors in the saloon of the defendant. I told him that a conviction was out of the question, but he went on with the case. I instructed the jury to find the defendant guilty on all counts, according to the clear evidence. But the jury came back in two minutes with a verdict of 'not guilty.'

"That was one of the chief obstacles in those days. You couldn't get a jury that would follow the law. They didn't believe in it.

"Now it is entirely different. No judge has any trouble in obtaining a jury that will act according to the findings of fact and law. The sentiment has changed. I think the same thing will happen all over the country, particularly if the states enact laws

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with teeth in them to back up the Volstead Act.

"When I was judge I used to get lists of federal licensees, and after the enactment of one of our strengthening laws, I could take these names and go to the owners of buildings occupied by the licensees and tell those owners that if they permitted liquor to be sold there they would be held responsible. This put a stop to much of the liquor selling. The law providing for the confiscation of automobiles carrying liquor also helped wonderfully. The threat of loss of property put the fear into the violators."

There are thousands of young men of thirty in Kansas who never saw a saloon. The presence of this generation has had a tremendous teaching force. It has given a definite direction to the idealism of the state.

In 1900 Carrie Nation staged a sensational crusade by smashing saloon mirrors, fixtures and bottles in Wichita, the place where there was the greatest degree of violation. This served a certain purpose of dramatizing the shame of lax enforcement. Although her crusade was productive of no immediate action, it set people to thinking. She was the John Brown of the prohibition movement in Kansas, achieving no result of consequence in her own way, but stimulating others to think and to dare. This was the end of the first stage.

Saloons were running openly and notoriously in Wichita until 1907, when the crusade took place which was mentioned above. The whole state was then dry as far as saloons were concerned. This was the end of the second stage.

Following this period of awakening conscience, the moral leaders of the state took an uncompromising stand against liquor, both for sale and use. Liquor could be shipped in without any serious trouble, and those who cared to sneak around the alleys and corners and get drinks could do so. But every vestige of respectability was removed. The trade of bootlegger became a disreputable one. The man who "shipped in" was looked upon as a sly lawbreaker. It got so that a candidate for office would as soon think of announcing himself as being in favor of arson as a regular vocation as of advocating the repeal of the prohibitory law.

The end of the third stage came in 1917, with the enactment of the Bone Dry Law, which prohibited shipments and possession of liquor. This was the most effective stroke of all. Kansas became very dry. The only liquor that could be secured was a little sprinkle of home-brew or white mule and what could be brought in from Kansas City or other wet towns in suit cases.

When the Volstead Law was enacted, the third stage ended and the fourth stage began. The state and local officers began to place too much dependence upon federal enforcement. They passed the buck to Uncle Sam. Business of shrugging of shoulders.

The Volstead regime was accompanied by a brief wave of the "smart Aleck" symptoms, featured by the hitherto disreputable hip-flasks and home brew episodes. Before this regime the pocket flask was regarded with horror by all respectable people, as being a hopelessly low-brow manifestation. It has had some popularity of a forced artificial nature.

This brings Kansas up to the present. Already there is a dying down of the sporadic hootch vogue, and if signs of previous years do not fail, the dryness approximating 1917, 1918, and 1919 will soon be restored. The state, county and city officials are getting back their sense of responsibility. The pre-war stocks are exhausted. Drinkers are going blind from consuming wood alcohol. Others are becoming incapacitated for life. The joke is wearing off. It is impossible to be assured of getting the "real stuff," even by going to the coast for foreign importations, for it is known now that the importers are using adulterants and poison hootch just as American bootleggers do, for the substitutes are cheaper and there is no recourse for the buyer of the cheap poison.

But the most eloquent evidence of all is the price. Nobody can argue that booze is plentiful when the quotations are $15 to $18 a quart for an article that may have been manufactured in a near-by barn, colored with burnt sugar, given a peculiar taste by chemical means, and adorned with a label manufactured in New York by a man who knows the names of all the principal distillers in London and Paris.

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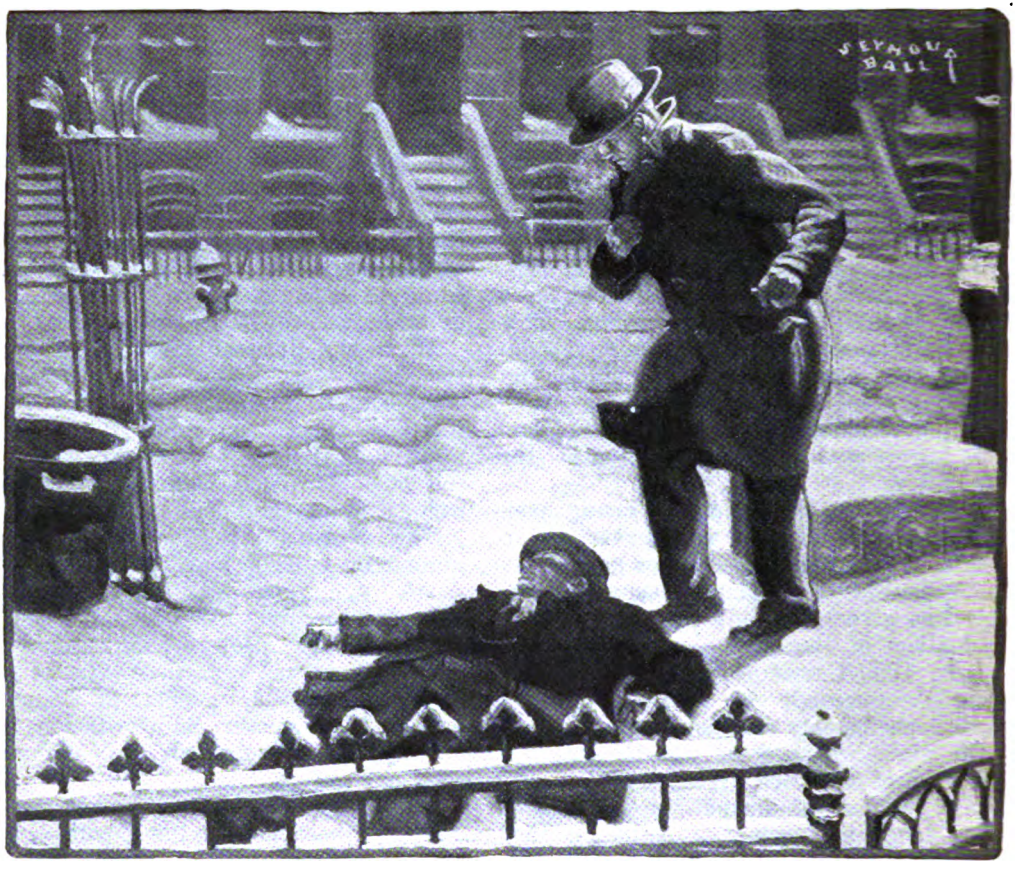

The snow was very white under the street lights, and on its banked solidness a man lay sprawled.

TRANSPLANTED

By GERTRUDE LINNELL

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

WAYLAND LIPSCOMB turned up the collar of his new warm overcoat, and shivered. The temperature of South Carolina had not prepared him for a New York winter. A great pity for the poor of the North came over him. He had never thought of it before, but he had never felt such cold before, either. At home, in Denby, poverty was a matter of a corn pone diet and long hours of desultory work. There was seldom a case of actual starvation, and ennui was a pleasant thing under tall whispering pines. He sighed for their soft music. A barren country, but full of charm; breeding rugged, long-legged people, who knew kindness and brotherly interest. Every one you met on the road greeted you in a comradely way. Sometimes the interest became a thing of hatreds, sometimes of fierce loyalties, but it was always interest, whereas this New York—a great, cold city, with no music in the trees, and no one caring enough for any one else to bother even with hatreds.

Yet here he had decided to stay. He had a good job, with what seemed a fabulous salary, though it did not seem to go very far, and he was expected to work as he had not dreamed it was possible to work. No one did, at home.

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And late hours! It was three o'clock, he was very sleepy, and they had only just stopped that absurd bridge game. He decided that he did not care for bridge. Cold game, no conversation, too many post mortem discussions of how a hand might have been played. Too much to drink. He knew how to drink, but these New York men seemed not to. And such poor stuff. Not even so good as white mule. He was glad to note that he was perfectly sober. It had got him a little in the stuffy room, blue with smoke. The other men had played, and played, and never seemed to get sleepy, yet they had to get up as early in the morning as he did. He sighed; funny life. But probably he would get used to it in time, and if not, he still had most of the purchase price of his old home intact. He felt of the comforting bulk of the roll of bills in his trousers pocket. He could go back when he liked, and buy himself a new home, or a little business, and all would be the same again; lazy, pleasant, full of a sense of intimacy.

The snow was very white under the street lights, and on its banked solidness a man lay sprawled. Wayland leaned over him; drunk. He would freeze to death in this temperature. He was breathing heavily. At home Wayland would have taken the man to his house, if he had known him, and he probably would, but he reflected on the general coldness of New York, and decided that the right way in the North would be to find a policeman, and let him find the man's home. The street was deserted. He walked to the corner, and peered down. A large figure was beating his arms repeatedly in an effort to keep warm, a block away. Wayland walked to him.

"Constable," he began. At the word the officer turned an irate eye on him, Wayland realized that he had made a mistake, but not knowing how to rectify it, he went on, "Theah's a drunken man lyin' in the snow aroun' the cohnah. Thought I'd better tell you, so you could find his home foh him."

"Where was you afther comin' from, me young hearty, I'd like to be knowin'? It's no constable Oi am, and if you want to be spendin' your off toime appearin' against a bunch av dhrunks in court, you can be doin' it. A foine chanst ye'll have of foindin' his home, so ye will, but ye're at liberty to try for as long as ye plase. I've not sane him, and I don't intend to. It's long enough hours out in the cold Oi'm havin' widout huntin' up trouble for meself wid a lot of fools that knows better than to git themsilves drunk, annyway. Get along wid ye, now, and find me a nice warm job next time."

Wayland went slowly back. He found it in his heart to feel sorry for the constable. It was cold to be walking up and down a night like this, and probably he did have too much to do without having to go into court the next day. Still, something would have to be done. The North might leave men to freeze to death in the snow, but the South couldn't. He reached the inert form again. A man disappeared around the corner ahead of him. Wayland looked down, and swore in self-condemnation. While he had been looking for a policeman, some miscreant had stolen the poor man's overcoat! Wayland sighed, as he bent over him. A wicked, wicked city! He would not leave him alone again. Poor man!

A new figure came toward them, and stopped, staring down at the drunken man. "Friend of yours?" asked the stranger.

"No," said Wayland, "but I feel responsible foh him, now. He'll freeze to death, out heah, and while I went to look foh a policeman foh him, some robbeh came and stole his ovehcoat. Ah wondeh if you would be kind enough to help me look through his pockets, and see ef we could fin' his address?"

The stranger gave Wayland an appraising glance. "Sure," he said enthusiastically, "just goin' to suggest it, myself."

Together they rolled the prostrate figure over, and one took the left side, the other took the right. Wayland brought to light a large roll of bills, held tight and fat by an elastic band. He reflected that the roll was almost as large as the one he carried, himself.

"That's good," he said. "If we cain't find his address, we can put him in a hotel, I reckon."

"Here's a telephone number," said the stranger, and held it up to the distant street light. "Lenox, 2882. Why don't you run down to that drug store

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and call it? May be his. I'll watch him till you come back."

"Suah," Wayland obligingly agreed, glad of the chance to get indoors a few minutes out of the biting cold. "Dirty trick, takin' his ovehcoat. Wouldn't even a drunken niggah do that in mah home, a night like this, but I reckon this New Yohk's altogether different from Ca'lina."

"It's gettin' late," reminded the stranger.

"Oh, yes, Ah keep fohgettin' that the mos' impohtant thing up North heah is a few minutes. Down home that's all we're rich in—minutes." He laughed, and started down the street. "Real good o' you to mahnd him while I'm gone. I'll be's quick's I can."

The drug store was a block and a half away. He ran to keep warm. The number was a long time answering; finally a young girl's voice came to him, sleepily, "What is it?"

"It's a man, ma'am," began Wayland.

"I can tell that without being told," the voice cut in, crossly, "what do you want?"

"Yes, ma'am. I donno as I should tell you about it, bein' a lady, but he's drunk——"

"Who's drunk?"

"This man, ma'am. I'm tellin' you. Some misable thief has stole his ovahcoat, and theah's a big roll o' bills in his pocket, and the only address he's got on him is this telephone numbah. I'm sorry to botheh you, but would you like me to bring him around in a taxicab, so you could see does he b'long to you-all?"

"Oh, dear, a big roll of bills?" The voice grew more interested. "It might be father. He had a whole lot of money when he went out this evening. He *never* gets drunk, but I suppose you can't be sure with the stuff they're selling now. You hear such awful tales. Yes, please, will you? You have the address? Twenty-two East Seventy-third? It's awfully good of you. You'll hurry, won't you, because I'm terribly worried? I'll get dressed right away. Thank you so much. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"Wayland Lipscomb, ma'am. I'm f'm Denby, South Ca'lina, and I'm wohkin' foh the McKinley Expoht Company. Now, don't you worry, ma'am. I'll be around to yoh place jus' as quick as I can get a taxicab, and bring him."

As he left the booth, and came out again into the cold, a taxi rolled by. He yelled wildly into the still air. The car stopped, a half block away, and came slowly back to him. Wayland got in, and was grateful for its warmth. The night seemed to have a thousand icy needles that drove cruelly through his heavy clothes.

They stopped at the corner where the unconscious one was lying. He was still in the snow, but the stranger was gone. Wayland, with a sudden fear, felt in the pocket where the man's money had been. It was equally gone. He cursed himself for a fool. Up and down the street he looked. Not a soul in sight. He reflected it must be four o'clock, at least; time to get home, and put in a little sleep before he had to start for the office. The driver got out, stiffly, and helped lift the dead weight into the car. Wayland climbed in after him, and edged himself into a corner. The patient snored on, peacefully.

The number the girl had given him proved to belong to large white-fronted house with glass and iron-work doors. Wayland felt a little embarrassed at ringing the bell, but he did so. The taxi man again helped him to lift the still-unconscious man. He paid him, and decided that a dollar tip would not be too much. Two dollars, altogether. He took the money from the few bills he kept, for safety, away from his big roll. Not safe to show much money in New York. He prided himself on knowing that, and reflected that it never cost anything, back in Denby, to help out a fellow-creature in misfortune. Anybody'd tote him around just for kindness.

The door opened almost immediately, and an extremely pretty girl appeared. Nice that she should happen to be pretty. The two men carried their burden in and deposited him on a red-cushioned marble bench. The shaded light fell full on his face, and on a silk shirt striped broadly in bright pink. The taxi man slid out again, silently.

Slowly the girl shook her head. "I don't know him," she said, after a long look. "Absolutely never saw him

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before, but I suppose, since he had this number, he must be a friend of my father's or brother's though I must say he doesn't look it. He can't very well stay here now, can he? And what are we going to do with him?"

"Why don' you call yoah brother down and see if he knows him?" suggested Wayland, solemnly.

"Because he's out of town. Won't be back till next week."

"An' yoah father hasn't come in yet, either?"

"No."

"An' yo' ah all alone in this big house, ma'am?"

"The servants——"

"Pahdon me, but is that considered safe?"

"Oh, quite. Only in about an hour, myself, when you phoned."

"What you think we'd betteh do? Shall ah take the gentleman to a hotel? We-all cain't stay heah, of couhse. Youah fatheh'd shoot me if he was to come home now."

"Oh, nonsense, of course he wouldn't. I'll call one of the servants, and let *him* take him to a hotel. No reason why you should take any more throuble. Awfully unusually decent of you to do this much, and I suppose he's really our charge, since he had our phone number." She walked to a bell, and pushed it sharply half a dozen times. "There," she said, "I hope some one heard that. It's hard as the dickens to wake them at this time of the night."

Wayland was seized with sudden pangs of doubt. "I guess ah better wait for them to come down, outside in the vestibule. Don't seem right for me stayin' here; you don't know me, nor who I am. He—" he pointed to the inert creature on the bench, "he won't know till noon, prob'ly. You ah puffeckly safe with him."

The girl laughed, and eyed the young man with new interest. The chivalry that would stand in a cold vestibule while a servant dressed himself, to protect her from possible fear, was new to her.

"You stay right here," she said, "I'm not at all afraid of you, if that's what you mean. You don't happen to have a cigaret about you, do you? That idiot won't get downstairs for several minutes, I suppose."

Wayland found a pack of cigarets, cheap Virginia ones, on which he had been brought up.

The girl shook her head. "Sorry," she said. "A bit strong for me, that brand. If you'll excuse me a moment, I'll trot upstairs and find some others."

"Certainly, ma'am. I'm right sorry I haven't any others, mahself."

The girl laughed. "Be right down," she said, and disappeared up the iron-railed stairs at the back of the room. Wayland reflected that there was a right smart lot of iron and stone used in the room, just like a garden, down home.

A key turned silently in the lock. Wayland heard nothing until the outer door had opened and closed again, then he turned, and looked into the face of a very large man in evening dress, who seemed somewhat surprised. He eyed him, Wayland thought, disparagingly.

Then he spoke. "Good evening," he said. "May I ask—er—just what you——"

Another door opened beside Wayland, an elevator door, and a man in a bath robe stepped out, a large man, with a haughty, though sleepy, stare. The two men exchanged glances. Wayland began to feel very uncomfortable. He wondered where the young lady had gone, and whether she would return soon.

"Well, you see, sir," he began, lamely, "I foun' this—er—gentleman lyin' in the snow, and since it was such a col' night, I thought I'd better call a policeman, but the constable, he wouldn't have anything to do with him, it being such a col' night. He didn't want to botheh himself, an' when I got back to him, his ovehcoat had been stolen by some blackguard. Then I felt real responsible foh him, and when a fine lookin' young man come down the street, we thought we better try to fin' his address. We foun' a big roll o' bills, and this telephone numbeh, so I wen' down to the drug stoah, to phone up heah. A young lady answered, and she was afraid it might be her father——"

"She told a perfect stranger, over the telephone, that some old drunk lying in the street might be me? How did you get in here?"

"She let me in, sir."

"Then where is she now?"

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"If you don' min', sir, she's gone upstairs again to fin' some cigarets."

"What the blue—I——"

"Begging your pardon, sir," the bathrobed servant broke in, "a couple of seconds before I come downstairs, sir, the bell rang very insistent, so I took the liberty of coming down without stopping to dress, sir."

"Call the police, Jergens," the big man said, quickly, with his eyes glued hard on Wayland's, "I'll take care of this fellow."

"Why, sir," Wayland began, "I don't——"

The butler had disappeared. The man in front of him registered disapproval in every glance.

"You can tell all that to the police sergeant. Now you keep quiet. I've heard enough from you, you dastardly house-breaker."

The man on the bench stirred uneasily, groaning drunkenly, and sat up. "Beashly col'," he growled, "beashly col'." He felt uncertainly about his person, "Where's m' overcoat—overcoat gone. Double-done, tha's what I am, double-done." Stumbling hands found his trouser pocket. Where should have been a roll of bills, there was only flatness. "Money gone, too. Double-done, tha's what I am, double-done." He sighed, dismally, rolled off the bench, and went to sleep again on the floor.

The big man stared, still more accusingly, at Wayland. His attitude said, without need for words, "I don't understand what it's all about, but it's quite obvious there's something tremendously wrong, and I'll see that it goes no further."

The servant returned, and took his stand behind Wayland. He nodded to his employer significantly. Wayland did not need to see the nod, he understood that the police were on their way to get him. The future began to look very black. Even if he managed to explain successfully to the police, he could not hope to get to the office that morning, and since he had had his job only five days, they would be sure to believe the worst, and he'd be fired. He was afraid to speak again, for fear the man before him was toting a gun. Carolinian guns had a bad habit of acting thoughtlessly at times. Wayland kept silent.

The minutes wore on, while the eyes of the bathrobed servant made his spine tingle. Horrible to be stared at from behind.

A loud clang sounded in the street; the servant left his post, at last, and opened the door. Four bluecoats entered, very businesslike. At a motion from the master of the house two of them seized Wayland, while the other two stood up the snoring man on the floor. At that moment the girl reappeared on the iron-railed stairs.

"Why, dad," she cried, "what is all this?"

"I don't know," the large man answered, "I'd be very grateful if you could explain it. This man started to tell me a wild tale that was promising to take all the rest of the night to finish, so I thought the quickest way to clear the place out and get to bed was to let him tell it to the sergeant at the police station. If you know anything about him——Who is he?"

"His name is—Lightson—"

"Lipscomb, ma'am."

"—or something, and he befriended this poor man, and brought him here, in a taxi—to see if we knew him——"

"It's a new wan on me," began chief bluecoat, "but it sounds a good wan, annyway; he'd a got away wid it, if ye hadn't got home when ye did."

"But you can't arrest him," the girl went on, "he hasn't done a thing, except——"

Her father snorted. "Except—gained entrance to a private house at four A. M. by imposing on an unprotected girl," he said. "The wonder is that he didn't knock you on the head, while he rifled the place at his leisure. Probably would if I hadn't spoiled his chance by coming in a moment too soon. Gone upstairs for cigarets, indeed! You're not fit to be out of the nursery, Genevieve. As for a telephone number, he found it in the book. That other one's probably not drunk. He'd come to life quick enough, if you gave him a good kick."

The largest policeman obliged with the kick. It worked like magic. The man's head jerked up, and the bluecoats laughed.

"The other bird's a new wan on me," admitted their leader, "but this wan's known from San Francisco to Palm

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Beach. Jim Saunders is his name. Used to be a dip—pickpocket—before he got hittin' the bottle too hard to keep it up."

Wayland stared, then felt suddenly for the roll of bills that represented his worldly wealth, realized by the sale of his home. His trouser pocket was as flat as his charge's. He uttered a shout.

"You low, drunken, black niggah!" he cried. "While I was tryin' to keep you-all from freezin' to death, you was pickin' mah pocket, was you? These yere northerners are too much foh me. I'm goin' back home, where they's a few white folks. That was mah money that other feller stole fum you."

Jim Saunders laughed, shakily. Though he was awake, he was not sober. "Well, you ol' buttinski, you!

"What you think we'd better do?" he asked. "We-all cain't stay heah, of couhse,"

Whatjexpec', anyhow, carryin' a wad like that aroun' wid you? Squirrel-food, 'swat y'are, squirrel-food."

"How did you have this phone number?"

"Never did."

"Locka here—" Wayland's face was purple. "Don' you-all try no monkey tricks aroun' me. I'm f'm the South, and we work quick down there. Answer real spry, or ah'll fix you, good. Why you have this phone numbeh on you? Huh?"

"Callin' a pal in the house," answered the largest blue-coat, patronizingly, and suddenly disappeared, with amazing speed for his size, up the iron-railed stairs. He dodged the girl by a quarter of an inch. The sound of a scuffle came down from the hall above, and a second later he reappeared, pushing before him a slight, but still struggling, form.

"Here's the other wan," he proclaimed, proudly, giving his new captive an extra shove.

The girl uttered a little squeal. "It's the new footman I engaged all by my-

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self," she said, "you must have made a mistake——"

"Saw him lookin' through the iron railin'—" insisted the policeman.

Wayland's shout drowned them both out. "That's the stranger I lef' to min' the drunken one," he cried. "He's got mah money." The officer plunged a hand at random into the nearest pocket, and brought to light a thick roll of bills, held together by an elastic band. After turning it over, and admiring its size and weight, he put it into his own pocket.

"Ye'll have to be tellin' it to the sergeant," he announced, "an' provin' yer ownership. It's Exhibit A, so it is, an' Oi'll kape it fer ye, for a while. It'll be safe enough for its right owner, though who he'll turn out to be, I wouldn't be darin' to guess, meself. This is the slickest job, and the funniest, I've ever seen." He shook the slumping, half-sobered figure of the drunken man. "Why didn't ye be goin' wit' yer friend when he copped the dough, eh?"

"'Cause I wanted to sleep, tha's all. Ain't you never been sleepy? I'm not drunk, but I was sleepy. I couldn't bear to get up. Oney woke up long enough to get it, and then I snoozed again. This bird, he double-done me, when he copped that money, tha's what he did. Keepin' it fer himself, he was. I'll fix him fer it, too, I will, I don' care. We had it doped out to run this house to-night. Was goin' a meet 'n tha' corner, up there. He's late, so I took a coupla drinks, keep warm. 'S all. Stuff 's doped. Somethin', anyway. Next I knows, a guy is stoopin' over me, and out falls a big wad o' bills. Never been so sleepy couldn't know the feel o' them. Right into me mit. Jus' luck. Stuffs 'em into me pocket when he ain't lookin'. Then along comes me pardner, lookin' fer me, and he cops the roll off me. Tha's how it was. I ain't but half awake, so he thinks I donno it. He's wrong—too sleepy to do anything, tha's all. Then this guy comes back again, and sticks me into a taxi. Gives this number. I don' care much, but I thinks it may turn out, so I keeps me trap shut. Sure enough, in we gets, right inside the house I'm headin' fer. This bloke come home too soon, tha's all the trouble. I'd ha' made a big haul, and that gink's to blame fer me not doin' it. If I'm goin' up the river, so is he, you bet yer."

"I congratulate you, sir." The master of the house became suddenly friendly with Wayland. "You have had a very narrow escape from rather serious consequences of your—if you will pardon me—Quixotic actions. It's really best to let sleeping dogs—and drunks—lie. In New York, at least. By a miracle you have saved us from a burglary, and we owe you a very deep vote of thanks."

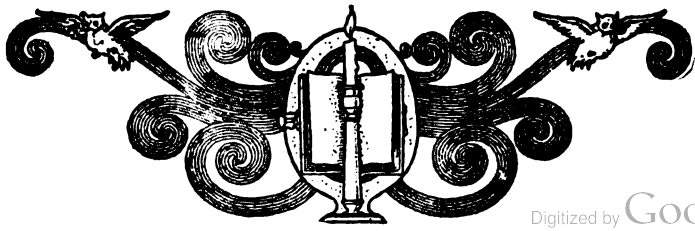
"Six o'clock," said the girl, suddenly. "Jergens, can you rout some one out to make us a bit of coffee? We can't sleep after all this excitement. You'll stay, Mr. Gentleman from Carolina, of course. We can say 'thank you' so much more in the Southern manner, if you will accept our hospitality."

"Yes," the big voice of her father boomed out, "of course he will. In business, I suppose? Have to get down to the office, myself, at nine o'clock. Come upstairs and get yourself a cold shower and a shave. By that time they'll have some breakfast ready."

Wayland turned, to see the girl smiling at him. "Learned your first lesson about New York?" she asked, "Not to trust strangers?"

"Only not to trust some strangers," Wayland answered, with a deep bow. "May I point out that you ah trustin' a stranger, yoh ownself, ma'm—foh a New Yorker, that seems to be mighty rash."

The girl laughed. "Oh, we're not New Yorkers," she cried. "There aren't very many, you know, the poor dears. We're from Texas!"



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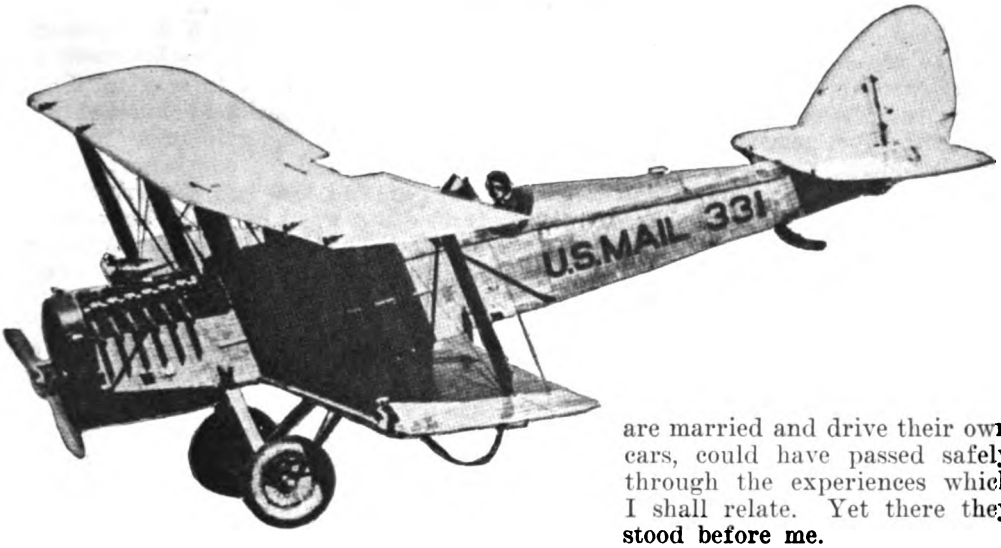
TALES OF THE AIR MAIL PILOTS

By BURT M. McCONNELL



NOWHERE else in the world has such a determined and successful effort been made to carry the mails by airplane as in the United States. Not since the Armistice have aviators in any part of the globe experienced such thrilling and terrifying adventures as Uncle Sam's aerial postmen.

Two years ago I flew as a passenger from New York to Chicago, over the Alleghanies, with "Slim" Lewis and Wesley Smith, two of the Air Mail's best pilots, at the controls. But nothing happened, except that, after some eight hours of rather monotonous flying, we arrived at Chicago after dark, could not locate the Air Mail flying field, and were compelled to land on the prairie west of the city. This was nothing more than an incident; only the pilot who flies day after day, week after week, in all sorts of weather, is fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to experience real adventures.

A few weeks ago I journeyed over the entire Air Mail route, from New York to San Francisco. I traveled by train this time, and stopped at every flying field of consequence in search of stories of adventure. And I marveled that these quiet, smooth-faced, unassuming, well-dressed young men, most of whom are married and drive their own cars, could have passed safely through the experiences which I shall relate. Yet there they stood before me.

In order to understand how these mishaps came about, it is necessary to familiarize oneself with the duties of the pilots and the purpose of the Air Mail Service. Every day, whatever the weather, two sturdy airplanes, loaded with mail, climb into the air above their respective flying fields near New York and San Francisco, and start across the continent. At the next landing field—there are thirteen of them between the two oceans—pilots and machines are changed, just as the crew and locomotive of the Limited are changed at each division point.

When night comes, these pilots pick up their beacons as sailors do, for no longer do lighthouses belong only on capes and reefs. They are strung along the plains from Cleveland to Cheyenne, making a Great White Way a thousand miles from the sea.

Along this route—the longest regularly operated airway in the world—I traveled until I reached Salt Lake City. There, while in the act of signing the hotel register, I heard a familiar sound—the drone of a Liberty motor. Directly over the center of the city appeared a De Haviland plane, speeding eastward at the rate of two miles a minute, or twice as fast as our fastest passenger trains.

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"That's Ellis, on his way to Rock Springs," my host volunteered.

Salt Lake City is probably the most difficult spot along the entire transcontinental route for the pilot to get out of. The city is situated on a plain 4,200 feet above sea level, almost entirely surrounded by mountains. To the eastward, between Salt Lake and Rock Springs, Wyoming, is the country God forgot.

Circling above the flying field to gain altitude, Ellis steered a course over Immigration Canyon, down which Brigham Young and his weary followers came in 1847. Ten minutes from the field, he cleared Red Butte, 7,000 feet above sea level and 2,800 above the field. Ten minutes later he topped another ridge 9,000 feet above sea level. Thirty minutes in all of steady climbing found him over Porcupine Ridge, at an elevation of almost 10,000 feet. Then came the Bad Lands of Utah and Wyoming, an unpopulated series of barren, chaotic, and inhospital ridges. Forced landings in the Bad Lands have been responsible for so many near-tragedies that an emergency kit—rifle, snowshoes, food, cooking apparatus, and tools — now forms a part of each pilot's equipment.

That part of the transcontinental Air Mail route lying between Cheyenne and the California-Nevada line has had more than its share of mishaps and adventures. It was between Cheyenne and Rock Springs that Pilot Boonstra swooped down to a boulder-strewn spot one morning to pick up Chandler, whose machine had been put out of business by a broken connecting-rod. It was near the top of White Mountain, twelve miles from the Rock Springs Air Mail field, that Pilot Ellis and his sturdy plane were hurled by a "down-draft" into the steep, snow-covered side, like an arrow shot into a tree. Between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs have occurred half a dozen "forced landings" which came near resulting in disasters. It was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that Pilot Huking, flying in a thick fog, crashed into the top of a tree and fell with his machine a hundred feet to the ground. Huking spent the next ten days in bed, but at the end of that time was back on the job.

It was near the California-Nevada line, sixty miles from the nearest town, that Pilot Vance was forced down by a blizzard at nightfall, and unceremoniously dumped out on his head when his machine tipped over on its nose. He had landed in a patch of manzanita brush, higher than he could reach, and there he was forced to stay until daylight came. Blanchfield, another pilot, was caught in the grip of a "twister" peculiar to the Nevada desert, on one occasion, and also had a narrow escape from death when his plane broke out in flames as he landed at the Elko Air Mail field. Once, with the thermometer at 60° below zero, he made a flight of 235 miles through blinding sheets of snow to deliver the mail. When Blanchfield finally landed at Reno, looking more like a huge snow-man than a human being, the cockpit of his machine was almost full of snow and the pilot himself seemed to be frozen to his seat. On still another occasion, while flying in a blizzard, Blanchfield was forced to land on the snow-covered desert. After a five-hour search, the pilot came upon the shack of a wrinkled old Indian, who shoved a rifle in this "sky-devil's" face and refused point-blank to help him crank the motor of his machine.

In the Utah-Wyoming Bad Lands, between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs, occurred the forced landing of Pilot Bishop, which would have terminated fatally had it not been for the exceptional bravery and good flying judgment of Ellis. It was in this section of the country that Boonstra fell into the deadly tail-spin while three and a half miles in the air, and came hurtling to earth. It isn't often that an aviator goes into a tail-spin and lives to tell the tale. Yet I found that Boonstra was not only alive, but was stationed at Rock Springs. To Rock Springs, therefore, I hastened for my first tale of adventure.

The wireless equipment at the flying field sputtered as our flivver drew up to the shack.

"What's up?" I inquired innocently.

"There's been a big explosion in the coal mine at Kemmerer, eighty miles from here," replied the Field Manager. "It's up to me to find a ship and a pilot. They call on us for everything and we help when we can. They want

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us to send a doctor and a gas expert by airplane right away."

As I stared to the eastward at the "saddle," silhouetted against the cloudless blue sky, a black speck, which seemed at a distance of ten miles no larger than a dragonfly, sailed serenely above the depression in the ridge. This was Boonstra. Within a few minutes the pilot had landed in a cloud of dust and taxied his machine up to the hanger where we were duly introduced.

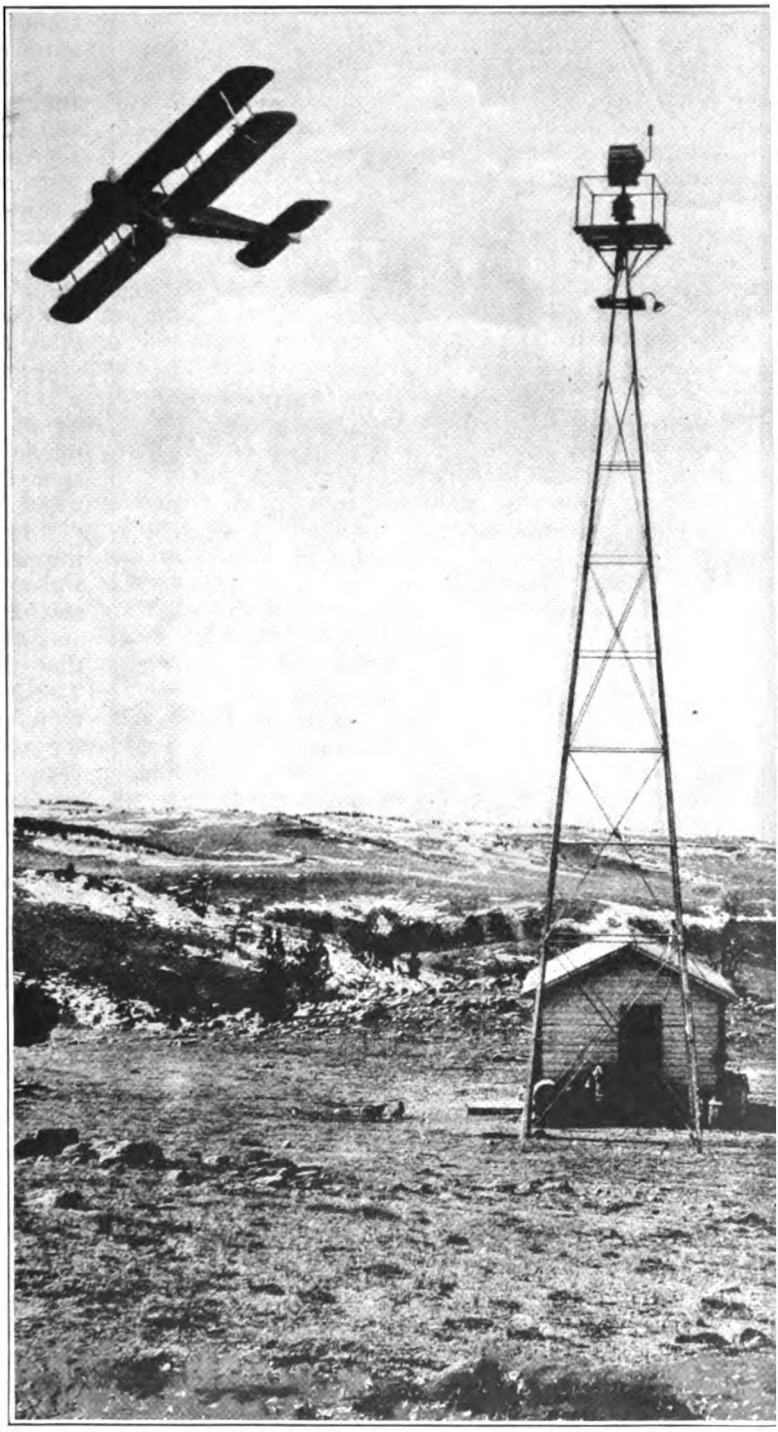
"Boonstra," I began, "I understand that you've had more than your share of close shaves?"

"Well," he replied, hesitatingly, "Maybe I have. But those things are all in the day's work."

"You don't have a forced landing in the Rocky Mountains or a tail-spin from 18,000 feet every day, do you?"

"No-o."

"I wish you'd tell me about the difficulties under which the mail is carried, in winter and summer. You see, the American people have no way of knowing just what yo pilots are up against. The weather, fo instance."



The highest beacon light in the world guides air mail pilots as the fly at night across Sherman Hill in the Rockies.

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Pilot Lester F. Bishop

"Well, it does get pretty bad. Take the day that came near being my last on earth. I left Salt Lake for this field at 7.30 in the morning. A full-sized blizzard was blowing, and the thermometer was below zero. I was flying low under the clouds, clearing mountain peaks by about two hundred feet, when I came to Porcupine Ridge. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, the machine settled. I guess I must have run into one of those winds that flow down the side of a mountain like a waterfall. Anyway, before I could attempt a right or left turn, or even throttle the motor, the machine dropped to a sloping ridge, the landing gear collapsed, and the wrecked craft slid on its fuselage almost to the top of the boulder-strewn ridge before it came to a stop.

"Here I was, thirty-five miles north of Salt Lake and eighty miles to the eastward. I was twelve miles from a telephone, and thirty miles from a railroad. The only house I had ever seen from the air was six miles distant. The ridge on which I stood was almost 10,000 feet high and almost inaccessible. I couldn't see fifty feet in that storm, so I stripped the compass from the wreck. With my traveling bag in one hand and a pair of trousers wrapped about the other to help support my weight on the snow, and with bits of clothing wrapped about my feet to act as snowshoes, I started on my journey toward civilization.

"Soon I was floundering in snow up to my waist. I stumbled along all that day, all that night, and at daybreak came to the edge of the woods. The going was slow and tiresome. Frequent stops for rest were necessary. During these times I could feel my feet getting numb. But I carried a map of the country in my head, and knew there was a barn about three miles ahead. I struggled toward it all that day, while the blizzard raged and blotted out everything at times. By noon I was progressing at a snail's pace; my leg muscles almost refused to function. About three o'clock I came close enough to the barn to see that there was no house, but it was clear now, and I could see one about three-quarters of a mile farther on. During all this time I was very weak, for I had eaten nothing in almost thirty-six hours.

"At dusk I came to the house, and they took me in, rubbed my frost-bitten feet with snow, and filled me with warm food and hot coffee. After struggling through snowdrifts for thirty-six hours without food or drink, you can imagine that I was pretty tired. I was. I hit that bed so hard that I slept almost twenty hours. I didn't wake up until far into the next afternoon.

"The report from Rock Springs that I was missing pretty well disrupted the Air Mail Service for the next two days;

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for sixteen planes from the Rock Springs and Salt Lake fields suspended flying to look for me. Finally, my machine was located from the air by Bishop, of Salt Lake City. There was no telephone at the ranch; no way whatever of advising the searchers that I was safe. But, at the end of my nap, I was able to get on a horse and ride with my Good Samaritan ten miles to the nearest telephone. At that place some rescue parties, equipped with horses and bobsleds, met us and took us to Salt Lake, where we arrived the evening of the following Tuesday. The plane was recovered about ten days later."

"What about your tail spin?"

"That," replied the pilot, "is something that I don't care to remember. It isn't very often, you know, that a man who goes into a tail spin lives to tell of the experience. I don't know to this day what caused me to fall into that spin, unless it was the condition of the weather and the loss of flying speed.

"The facts of the case are these: I ran into a blizzard one January day. The wind was dead against me, and I soon found that I couldn't buck it, even though my ship would make two miles a minute. I tried it for half an hour, and made a little progress, but snow was falling so heavily that I could scarcely see a hundred yards ahead. I flew and flew and flew, trying to get around the storm, but it was impossible without going too far off the route. Then I tried to climb over it, and got to 18,000 feet, or about three and one-half miles, which is the "ceiling" or limit of a De Haviland.

"By this time I was rather dizzy and exhausted. It was then that I lost consciousness and went into the tail spin. Recovering, at a point about a mile and a half above the ground, I managed to "come out of it," as they say, by bringing the machine to an even keel. But I was feeling so wobbly by this time that the plane almost immediately fell into another spin. I have no recollection whatever of what I did; probably I worked the controls instinctively. There was no banking indicator on my plane, so it was almost impossible, with snow swirling all around and my view of everything shut out by the blizzard, for me to tell when I was flying on the level. As I say, my memory is hazy about that second spin; all I know is that in some miraculous fashion I came out of it—only to fall into another! My hands and feet worked the controls automatically, I guess, as I swirled like a falling leaf toward the earth. The fall was a dizzy one, I can tell you.

Pilot Robert H. Ellis.

"By good luck, rather than because of any effort of mine, I came out of my third tail spin. I can't recall going into the fourth — and last — spin, but I dimly remember bringing the ship to a flat spiral about a hundred feet from the ground. Then I struck a tree, and the machine went crashing to the ground. I was unconscious for five hours, but was warmly dressed, so that freezing was not added to my list of injuries. These, in fact, were slight; merely a

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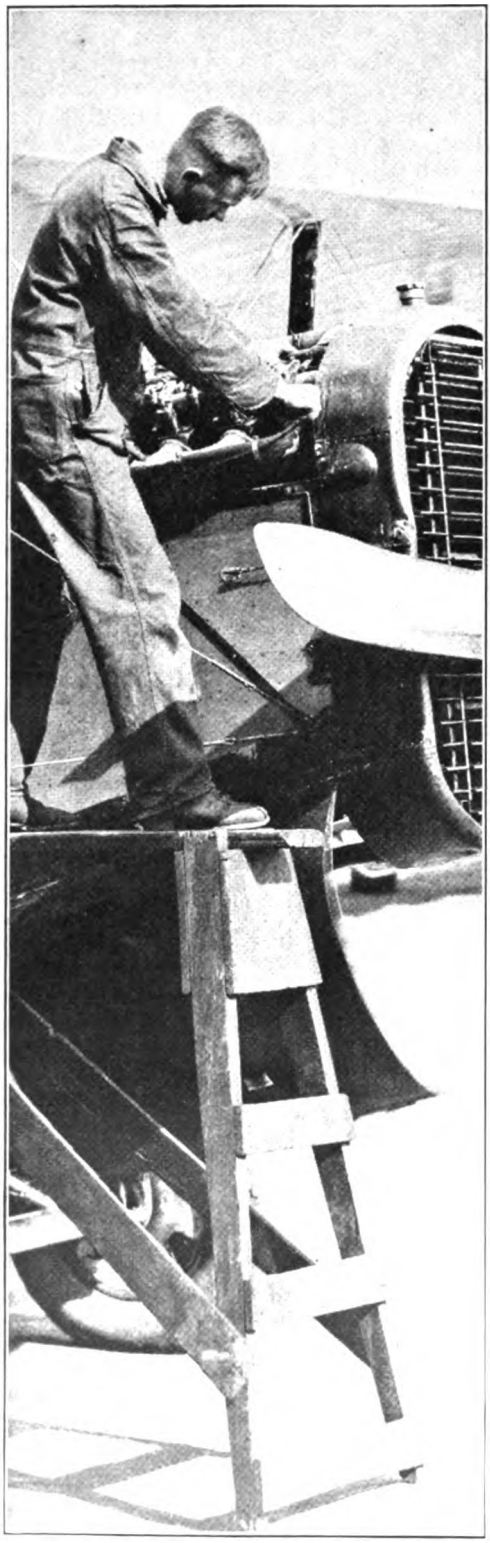

Ninety-six inspections, before each flight!

few cuts and bruises. If I hadn't carried snow-shoes in the cockpit, however, I probably would have perished, then and there. We all carry snowshoes, emergency rations, and a rifle, now. And our machines are equipped with banking indicators to show when they are on an even keel."

At Reno, my next stop on the transcontinental Air Mail route, I learned of the untimely end, only a few weeks before, of Pilot Blanchfield. For ten years he had been a flier, first with the Royal Flying Corps during the war. Then he came to the United States, applied for citizenship, and entered the Air Mail Service. In those ten years he had flown approximately 300,000 miles, or more than twelve times around the earth.

In flying over the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between Reno and Elko, Nevada, Blanchfield found the atmosphere in the neighborhood of the "hump" far more violent and dangerous than the disturbance in the air caused by anti-aircraft shells during the war. Besides experiencing several hazardous journeys under these conditions, during his comparatively brief career with the Air Mail, this pilot, on one occasion, was caught by a "twister" or tornado such as they have in Nebraska. But it was during an almost unheard of succession of gales, blizzards, and cold weather in November, 1922, that Blanchfield experienced what was perhaps his most exciting adventure.

The thermometer was 60° below at Elko one day when he persuaded the field manager to permit him to carry the mail to Reno, 235 miles away. Blinding sheets of snow, carried on the wings of an eighty-mile gale, were driven against the hangar as Blanchfield gave the signal for his machine to be wheeled out into the open. Steering directly into the howling wind and snow, the pilot was completely hidden from view within half a minute. The shrieking winds soon drowned the steady roar of his motor.

It is the custom, west of Cheyenne, for every railroad telegraph operator to report to the nearest Air Mail field the passage overhead of an airplane. Half an hour went by, yet no report came to either the Reno or Elko field. An hour passed, and still no tidings came. Mean-

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while the storm had increased in intensity. A foot of snow had fallen.

At the end of two hours an alarm was sent along every telegraph wire within fifty miles of the transcontinental route. When three hours had passed without a report of Blanchfield's whereabouts, and three feet of snow covered the landscape, it was generally believed that he had been forced down by the hurricane somewhere on the Great Salt Desert.

Finally, when the pilot was more than an hour overdue at the Reno field, the anxious little group in the hangar there heard the faint purr of a Liberty engine. Rushing to the hundred-foot door, they opened it in the face of the raging blizzard. The blinding snow shut out the view of everything more than fifty yards away, but they were positive they heard the steady, low drone of a motor. Then it ceased, and the watchers were about to turn back into the warm hangar when straight toward them, out of the furious storm, a plane came plunging through the drifts. Eagerly grasping the wings, they helped to steer it through the doorway.

Once safely inside, with the door closed behind them, they looked toward the cockpit, expecting to see Blanchfield's grinning countenance. What they saw, however, was a huge snowman. The pilot himself could not be seen for the snow that covered him and almost filled the cockpit. He seemed frozen in his seat, with one hand clutching the control stick, and his frosted feet resting upon the steering gear. For more than three and a half hours this fearless pilot, sitting in this cramped position, with a violent storm swirling about him, had battled for his life. For the greater part of the 235 miles the ship had been almost beyond his control. The cold was the worst he had ever experienced. At times his powerful De Haviland had been unable to advance a single foot. His attempts to maneuver the plane out of the storm area were unavailing; the blizzard, it seemed, covered the entire State of Nevada. Certainly this was one of Blanchfield's very narrowest escapes from death.

On another occasion, while en route from Elko to Reno, he ran into another eighty-mile-an-hour gale. As usual, a snowstorm was in progress. Unable to see more than fifty yards in any direction, the pilot might fly into the shoulder of a mountain or be swept by a "down draft" into a rocky canyon. For all he knew, he might be twenty miles off his course. To stay longer in the air was to court disaster. With commendable wisdom, therefore, Blanchfield flew at an altitude of a hundred feet until he came to a comparatively level spot covered with sage-brush. There, in the argot of the Air Mail Service, he "sat down."

Trudging through the snow, now two feet deep, in ever widening circles, Blanchfield, after five hours of walking, finally stumbled upon a little shack built in the side of a hill. At his knock the door opened a trifle, and the black, beady eyes of a patriarchal old Indian met his. But at the sight of this grotesque, snow-covered figure, with its goggles and helmet, the wrinkled old redskin slammed the door. He had never before seen a pilot in flying accouterment, and he was taking no chances. With the fury of the gale almost drowning out his voice, Blanchfield tried for half an hour to persuade the wily old Indian to open the door.

Firmly grasping his rifle, the aborigine eventually unlocked the door, and stepped backward before the pilot's advance, meanwhile motioning him with the barrel toward a primitive fireplace. Divesting himself of his entire flying outfit, Blanchfield stood before the Indian, an ordinary white man such as he had seen in the hills, and not some sort of devil. But the pilot's command of the Indian and sign languages was inadequate, and the Indian was hard to convince. Didn't this wizened old redskin see these "sky-devils" flying over the desert almost every day? Their throbbing motors must be filled with "bad medicine," for they flew through the air faster than the birds. No; he would stand there with his rifle until this stranger from another world warmed and fed himself, then he would send him forth. Fortunately for the pilot, an old prospector who knew the Indian happened along at this juncture, and explained the situation in pidgin English.

Blanchfield now visualized the two of them helping him "turn over" his ten-foot propeller, ordinarily a task for three men. The storm had abated

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somewhat, and the three set forth, Blanchfield explaining his predicament as they went along. But when the Indian came within a hundred yards of the stranded ship, he stopped, and would go no farther. Nor would the grizzled prospector. "Sky devil no good," was all the old redskin would say. So it fell to Blanchfield's lot to turn over the propeller himself. Plowing through the snow, now almost two feet deep, with his heavy balloon-tired wheels, the pilot finally succeeded in urging his "bus" into the air, and arrived at the Reno field late that afternoon.

In May, 1922, Pilot Huking left San Francisco for Reno one day with the usual cargo of mail. A battle with the elements began almost as soon as the wheels of his machine left the ground, but this time it was not snow. It was fog, thick enough to tie up harbor shipping. When his ship, after a gallant climb of several thousand feet, finally poked her nose above the clouds, Huking was lost. But he started in the general direction of Reno, guided only by his compass. When more than three miles in the air, the mist began to thicken. To add to his discomfort, this soon turned to rain. Still he drove onward toward the "hump," looking meanwhile for an opening. He dared not fly lower, for at any moment the sharp pinnacle of a mountain might rear itself abruptly into the clouds, too late for him to turn either to the right or left.

Huking was in a quandary. He felt certain that he was somewhere in the vicinity of the Reno field. But a dive through the blanket of dark clouds that lay over the mountains, in the hope of finding clear weather at a lower level, probably would result in death. There he was, lost in the darkness, miles above the earth, with only a dense mist on every side. After flying about in circles for more than an hour, looking in vain for an opening, the engine began to sputter and finally stopped completely. Huking instinctively turned his ship's nose downward, and glided through the dense clouds at an angle so flat that it barely maintained the momentum of the airplane. After what seemed hours, the pilot found, upon emerging from the mist, that the ground was only three hundred feet below. To his consternation, however, it was covered with trees, some of which were more than one hundred feet high!

Almost before he was aware of what was happening, one of the wings of the machine came in contact with a tree-top and was snapped off. Slewed around by the impact and without this supporting wing, the plane dived downward and crashed through the limbs of the surrounding trees, breaking into a thousand pieces.

From a point half a mile away, the noise of the falling plane was plainly heard by some wood cutters. Hurrying through the fog and mist, they found Huking, covered with blood, walking about the wreck.

"I couldn't keep her up with only one wing," he was repeating.

As they drew near, the pilot, who had had a very narrow escape from death, suddenly collapsed. They carried his unconscious form to the nearest doctor —three miles away—and Huking spent the next ten days in bed. But at the end of that time he was back on the job, carrying the mail between Reno and San Francisco, across the "hump" and the "hell hole" or Verdi, Nevada, which has been the scene of more than half a dozen near tragedies.

To return to Pilot Vance, who in December, 1923, was caught in a snowstorm between Reno and San Francisco: The flakes, large and fluffy like the breast feathers of a Canada goose, floated lazily to earth, entirely cutting off his view of the country below. Flying by compass and resorting to the tactics taught him by experience, Vance endeavored to climb above the storm. At 13,000 feet—two and a half miles—the tempest still was raging. Snow was falling thicker than ever. Vance realized that it would be pitch dark before he could reach Reno. With the chances ten to one that he would become lost in the snowstorm, and realizing that his gasoline supply was running low, Vance decided to come down.

Gliding earthward at a sharp angle until he was within a few hundred feet of the ground, the pilot discovered that he was in the vicinity of the Last Chance mine. Picking out as a landing place what he thought was a patch of low brush, the pilot steered his ship in that direction. As he flew low over this

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Pilot Claire K. Vance.

area, Vance congratulated himself on having such a level spot on which to land.

Skimming along the tops of the brush at sixty miles an hour, the ordinary landing speed of a De Haviland, Vance's wheels finally touched the tips of the brush, cutting down the momentum of the big machine. Then, as Vance settled lower and lower, the plane was tripped like a roped steer. Brought up short in this way, the ship, with the heavy engine in the forward part of the fuselage, now turned on its back, and unceremoniously dumped Vance out on his head.

The pilot, entirely unhurt, found that he had landed in a big patch of manzanita brush, six feet high and heavy in proportion. Here he was, almost sixty miles from the nearest town —and the nights are cold along the Nevada-California line.

After learning that his landing gear, upper wings, and propeller had been damaged and that he could not hope to cut a path to freedom in the darkness, Vance decided to build a fire and camp near the machine. When he finally got the fire started, the pilot had only two matches left. This one fact indicates the close escape he had from freezing to death in the blizzard, or worst still, of becoming lost while fighting his way out of the manzanita brush in the darkness.

A less resourceful aviator might have wandered about until he died of exhaustion.

Vance lay awake all night feeding the fire with manzanita brush. He had landed about half a mile from the edge of the brush nearest the mine, instead of in the center of the patch. With the first ray of dawn Vance struck off to-

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There are five radio systems to keep track of the air mail pilots as they wing swiftly from one edge of the United States to the other

ward the nearest edge of the brush, and within an hour had covered the half mile that separated him from freedom. At the mine, the surprised superintendent loaned him two mules, one to ride and the other to carry the 350 pounds of mail. One of the miners volunteered to ride out with him to bring back the mules. It was eighteen miles from the Last Chance mine to Michigan Bluff. This was covered on mule-back. There Vance caught a stage to Colfax, California—forty miles—where he put his mail aboard the east-bound Limited.

Returning from San Francisco, I stopped at Salt Lake, where Ellis and Bishop were stationed. Theirs is a story stranger than fiction, and it exemplifies the best traditions of the Air Mail Service.

Late in October, 1923, Bishop, one of the oldest pilots, in point of service, was caught in a blizzard forty-five miles south of Rock Springs, Wyoming, and forced down twenty-five miles from the nearest point of civilization and communication. The sky above the Sierra Nevada Mountains was thick and overcast, with the wind blowing at forty miles an hour. The thermometer registered 18°. Snow of the dry and powdery sort was falling heavily. Bishop could see less than a hundred yards, and could make no headway whatever against this typical Utah blizzard.

Concluding that it would be best to land on the route between Rock Springs and Salt Lake City, with which he was familiar, rather than to try to find his way through the storm, Bishop finally "sat down" on a comparatively smooth and—at that time—bare plateau, known as Bridger's Bench. He landed without ancient, and for approximately an hour kept his motor turning over slowly, in the hope that the storm would subside. By that time at least a foot of snow had fallen. Realizing that he must get out of his predicament immediately, if he expected to get out at all, Bishop began charging backward and forward with his powerful machine, in an attempt to clear a runway with the "backwash" from the propeller. For an hour he sent his plane at full speed over the top of the plateau, backward and forward for two hundred yards at a time, in an effort to clear a path ten feet wide. But each time he had finished digging a runway long enough, and turned around, the snow had drifted in, and the process had to be repeated all over again.

At the end of two hours snow covered the plateau to a depth of two feet. It now be-

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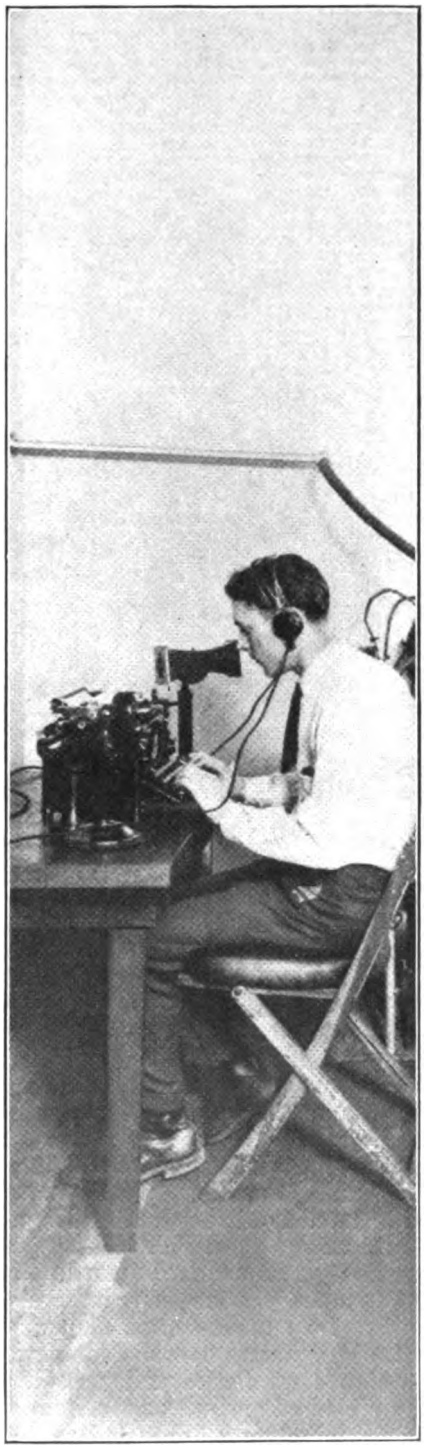
came more and more difficult to charge with his machine up and down the runway; but Bishop carried on. Perhaps the wind would cease, so that he could shovel a runway two hundred yards long and ten feet wide. Finally, however, after he had tried unsuccessfully for three hours to extricate his machine from the drifts; when snow had fallen to a depth of three feet and the powerful Liberty motor could not force the plane through the snow, Bishop climbed stiffly out of the cockpit, shook himself free of snow, drained off the water from the radiator, covered up the mail in the cockpit, and started walking in the general direction of the nearest settlement—Lyman, Wyoming.

Bishop was familiar with the country, having flown over it dozens of times, yet, being a careful and methodical pilot, he took the compass from the machine. He had no emergency rations. He had neither snowshoes nor rifle. He saw no game. There was no shelter within twenty miles that he knew of. If worst came to worst, however, he could still return to his machine and start a fire with his batteries and some gasoline.

The pilot was strongly tempted to lay aside his heavy fur-lined flying suit, but, as it seemed likely that he might have to use it for a blanket that night, he threw the legs of the suit over his shoulders, strapped them there in order to walk more freely, and floundered forth into the snow, now three feet deep.

Soon Bishop was wallowing in drifts higher than his waist. For hours he continued on, overheated by his exertions, and rapidly growing weaker with each stride. There was nothing from which to make snowshoes for his feet, even if he had had the tools and the time before darkness fell. The storm still howled about his ears and shut off the view ahead. But with his compass he kept a course toward a farmhouse which he knew nestled at the foot of a mountain some twenty miles to the westward.

For more than six hours Bishop, who was born on an Iowa farm and is sturdily built, staggered wearily along through the snowdrifts, traveling in that time about ten miles. At this critical juncture, half way between the ship, where he could at least have built a fire, and the farmhouse where he was sure to find warmth, food, and shelter, Bishop realized that his fast waning strength was not equal to the task of reaching the one or retreating to the other. He was becoming drowsy by this time, but he struggled onward, still carrying his heavy flying suit, for



An alarm is sent out by telegraph and radio whenever a plane is missing. Often a man's life has been saved by this information.

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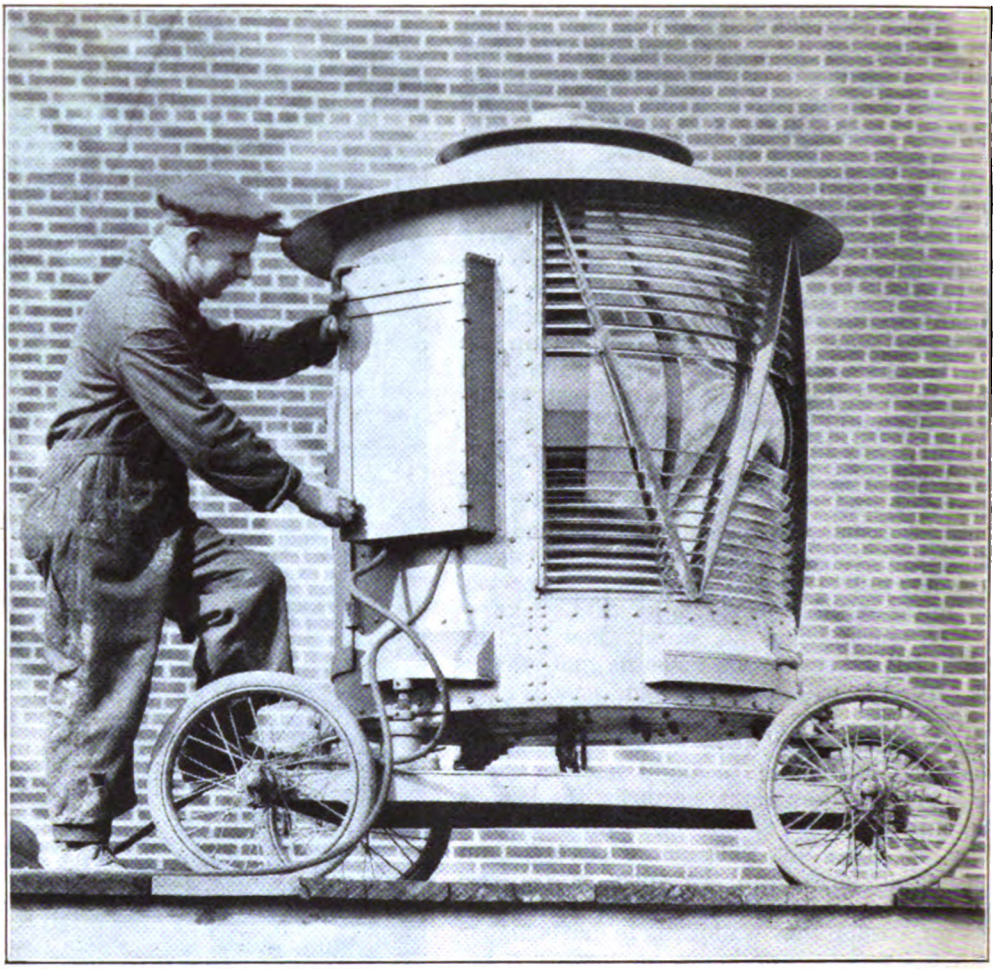

The field flood-light—a powerful searchlight—makes the landing field lighter than at noontime.

it seemed certain that he would be compelled to spend the night in the open. No one could possibly have seen him land, and certainly he, a mere speck against the spotless white, could not be discerned from the farmhouse, even with the aid of glasses. Besides, no one would expect even an Air Mail pilot to venture out in such a blizzard.

By resting at frequent intervals, this husky Iowan accomplished two more miles in as many hours. But now, after an eight-hour battle with the elements, the pilot had arrived at the stage where he was absolutely exhausted and almost in despair. How simple a solution of the problem, he thought, merely to lie down and go to sleep. Just then, however, he heard above the whistling of the wind the familiar drone of a Liberty motor. Glancing up, and almost unwilling to believe his eyes, the weary flier saw a plane directly above him. A miracle had happened. One of the boys, Bishop concluded, had learned by wireless that he was missing, and was now in search of him. The "shipwrecked" pilot frantically waved his heavy flying suit, but, despite his efforts, the plane passed a thousand feet above him, flying eastward, without even a signal. Within a few minutes it was out of sight.

Bishop now gave up hope. Was he to die almost within sight of a haven? By this time it had stopped snowing, but a moderate gale still howled out of the southwest. Bishop sat down to rest and think things over. He was now on a "hogback," perfectly level and almost

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free of snow. As he sat there, another miracle happened; a miracle to stir one's blood. It was this: Bob Ellis, Bishop's companion, flying from Salt Lake City to Rock Springs, had seen his machine on the ground, but had noticed that the engine was running. Ellis, anxious to keep to the schedule, and believing Bishop was not in difficulty, continued on. But soon after his arrival at Rock Springs, Salt Lake reported by wireless that Bishop was missing. Ellis thereupon asked permission of the Division Superintendent to retrace his flight to the spot where he had seen Bishop's plane on the ground. This was a splendid thing for Ellis to do. He was weary from his four-hour flight. The wind was still blowing at forty miles an hour. Nevertheless, this fearless pilot waited only long enough for a ship to be fueled.

Taking along a mechanic in case of accident to his own motor, and food and coffee for Bishop, Ellis set out in the face of the gale to find among a thousand hills a stalled machine and its helpless pilot.

When I remarked to Ellis, a few weeks ago, in a conversation at Salt Lake City, that this was a "mighty fine thing" for him to do, he replied: "Oh, that's nothing; Bishop or any other pilot would do the same thing for me. We realize that any one of us may get into a jam at any time. And then it's up to his fellow pilots to get him out of it." This is the code of those who go down to the sea in ships.

After a flight of less than an hour, Ellis and his mechanic sighted Bishop's machine, half buried in the snow; a dead thing. There was no sign of Bishop. Moreover, his trail had been blotted out by the drifting snow. Ellis, flying low and in wide circles about the stalled machine, asked himself what he would do in similar circumstances. Immediately he concluded that he would make for the farmhouse, twenty miles away. With an Air Mail pilot, to decide is to act, and within fifteen minutes, Ellis, flying a hundred feet above the snow, had "picked up" a floundering figure half way between the stalled machine and the farmhouse. Settling gradually, in order not to break the undercarriage of his plane and thus leave all three at the mercy of the blizzard, Ellis and his mechanic landed near their exhausted comrade.

After a meal and some hot coffee, Bishop was able to "sit in" at a council of war. Ellis's machine, they agreed, could carry the three of them, provided it could get into the air. But ground conditions were so unfavorable—the drifts were so deep—that this seemed impossible. It was then agreed that they would "taxi" the machine to a clear spot six miles to the westward, from which to take off.

For four miles, with each mile rapidly eating up their fuel supply, they churned their way through the powdery drifts, with Bishop huddled in the cockpit and the mechanic, comparatively fresh and warmly clothed, clinging to a precarious position on one of the wings. Finally, Ellis, realizing that his gasoline supply was becoming dangerously reduced, suggested that Bishop, with the aid of the mechanic, try to reach the farmhouse, now some four miles distant, while he flew back to Rock Springs to report Bishop's safety—and get more gasoline. This they attempted, but Ellis, watching Bishop's faltering footsteps from the air, realized that his exhausted comrade would be unable to accomplish the four miles. Swooping downward, Ellis again landed near the struggling pair, helped them to climb aboard, and swore that he would get the ship off the ground with the three of them on board, or "bust her up."

Finding a ridge comparatively free from snow, Ellis, with his motor racing at full speed, and his plane reeling drunkenly amid the entangling sage brush and snowdrifts, succeeded, after swaying and dipping for two hundred yards, in getting into the air. Little by little, an inch at a time, then a foot, with his propeller racing faster than it had ever gone before, Ellis finally climbed twenty-five feet into the air. By facing directly into the wind, the pilot utilized its velocity to attain an altitude of a thousand feet. Then he turned, and with the wind at his back, he flew with his passengers to Rock Springs—and safety—in half an hour.

Within a week Bishop's machine had been recovered entirely whole, flown back to the field, and the pilot himself had recuperated. But he freely admitted to me in Salt Lake recently that

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if Ellis had not shown exceptional courage and excellent flying judgment, he, Bishop, would have perished almost within sight of aid.

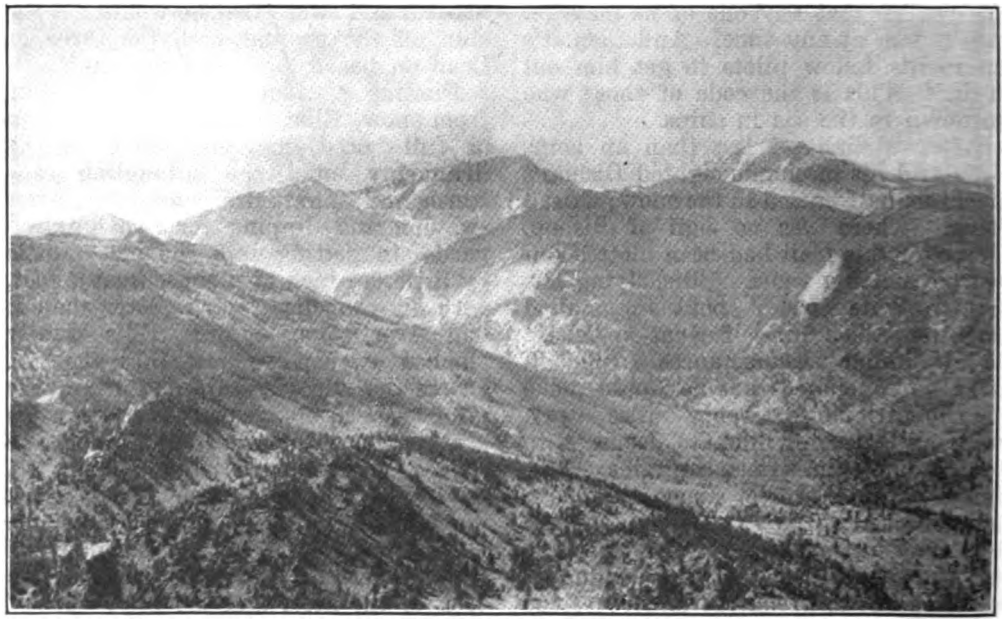
These are tales of Bishop, Ellis, Blanchfield, Boonstra, Huking, and Vance.

Meager reports of other experiences are filed away, usually on single sheets of paper, in the office of the Superintendent of the Air Mail Service. For, with an Air Mail pilot, modesty amounts to an obsession. Those with whom I am acquainted would be the first to deny that flying is a dangerous game. Haven't they been flying "crates" and "coffins" for ten years? Nevertheless, every day these pilots take grave risks, and in time of storm they undergo hazards comparable only to those which aviators at the front underwent during the war. For the pilot, once in the air, has nothing between the earth and himself but his Liberty motor.

What sort of men are these sky-riders? They are a quiet, modest, efficient, hardy, interpid, expert, and likeable group of young men. Many of them are in the Army Air Service Reserve. Most of them received their training before or during the war. They fly every day in the year, in darkness and fog, through snow, hail, "twisters," lightning, sleet, and rain. The dangers of flying they accept as a matter of course. Even forced landings such as I have described, in a rocky and uninhabited country, are smilingly accepted as part of the day's work. They fly at great altitudes, barely skimming the backbone of the continent. On every side they see only dense forests, turbulent streams, jagged peaks, and precipitous canyon walls. Yet they continue on, day after day, year after year.

These pathfinders of the West have reduced the United States, in terms of transportation, to one-fourth its size. One can appreciate the value of the service they render only if he realizes that the prosperity of the United States depends mainly on doing business with ourselves on a bigger scale, and that business is carried on chiefly by correspondence. And no branch of the Post Office Department takes greater pride than the Air Mail Service in the motto from Herodotus that is carved above the portal of the New York Post Office:

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.



It is over this sort of country—wooded and treacherous—that the Air Mail pilots fly.

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THE COMEDY COMET

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

A RAW March wind sent flurries of snow and scraps of paper racing through the alley past the stage entrance of the Star Theater and the white enamel front of the Owl Restaurant. Sleepy taxi drivers, driven to shelter in the eating house, consumed gallons of coffee and dropped cigarette butts on the tile floor. Sam Nathaniel Harper, chocolate-colored restaurant porter, leaned on his broom and addressed the Owl patrons.

"If I done a careful job of sweepin'," Sam observed, "I knows some white folks who'd borrow free heat an' light in some other place."

The chauffeurs regarded him with amused tolerance. The nightly battle of words began.

"If you swept clean and mopped once in a while," Shorty retorted, "somebody besides bums would eat here."

"That's the very first time I knowed that you knowed what you is." Sam split his face with a grin. "The way you eats coffee and sinkers puts me in mind of a Plymouth Rock rooster I seen at the poultry show. He was eatin' that patent chick food 'Lay or Bust' and I feared to watch what was goin' t' happen to him. 'Cause that rooster couldn't lay nothing; not even down. You got the advantage of him there. You can lay down and go t' sleep when you is standin' up."

"Why did you go to the poultry show? Think you could lift a Sunday dinner?" asked another chauffeur.

"Yes. Sam can mesmerize a chicken so it won't cluck when he boosts it off the roost."

"You heard wrong," Sam announced. "But I can fricassee one so it would make your mouth water to smell it, which is the closest you could get. 'Cause I'm particular who eats after my cookin'."

Otto, the night chef, waddled out of the restaurant kitchen and called Sam. "Run upstairs and bring me two market baskets," he ordered. "Line 'em with clean wrapping paper. They want two hundred and fifty sandwiches sent over to the theater."

Sam's eyes blinked. "Is you gone crazy too, listenin' to these taxi-fellers talk, same as I has?" he demanded. "Send two hundred and fifty sandwiches to the theater on a Sunday night! Next thing we know you'll mail some of them paper marks to Germany."

Otto snorted in disgust. "Do vat I tell you; but do it quicker than usual."

Sam untied his apron strings. "There won't be no need for paddin' in your cell," he called to the fat cook. "You carries the upholstery on your own ribs."

While Sam prepared the baskets, the taxi drivers subjected him to a cross fire of derision.

"You'll get your eye knocked out when you see the company that's rehearsing at the theater," Shorty assured him. "A little yaller gal went in there. She's pretty as a picture."

"What'd you mean, yaller gal? Is this here a colored troup?"

"Sure. Sparks and Brown's Dixie Entertainers. They're having a dress rehearsal of their new show, called Mississippi Town. They play here for a week before they go to Chicago. If you could read you'd have seen it on the bill boards."

"If I knew enough to read I'd get so disgusted with the customers in this cheap place that I'd quit my job," Sam returned with dignity. "That must be the same colored company that done played for a year on Broadway in New York City."

Shorty nodded. "You'll see part of their rehearsal when you go in with the sandwiches."

Sam wrapped a clean apron about his slim legs and tucked a long razor and a pair of "educated" dice in his hip pocket. "You never can tell when some

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out-of-town coon's going t' get upity with you," he explained. He watched the chef fill the baskets. The rush order for sandwiches had taxed the resources of the little restaurant. Every scrap of sandwich material had been used.

"These are paid for. As soon as you deliver them run down to the Palace Lunch and see if you can borrow some brick cheese, bread, and hamburger to last us until morning," Otto ordered. "And hurry back."

Sam grunted assent.

"Don't no coffee go with these eats?" he remarked, as he started for the door.

"They sent out for beer," Shorty replied.

"Then they done ordered it off from a taxi man, 'cause those drivers is the cheapest bootleggers in town."

Sam shuffled down the alley and pushed open the theater door. He was not prepared for the vision that met his eyes. Two live race horses were gnawing at the brick wall where they had been hitched. And on the stage, facing the footlights and the brilliant glow of the floods, was the chorus bowing and kicking toward the black cavern of the orchestra seats. Sam paid scant attention to the wrecked scenery which was strewn about and which ordinarily would have filled him with curious wonder and awe.

But his eye, roving about the unaccustomed surroundings, discovered darkies everywhere; handsome darkies, in the most gorgeous costumes he had ever seen. The girls were mulattoes, languorous and beautiful. Here and there was a white stage hand, who was working on the drops or on the multitudinous lights. But down in the orchestra pit a coal-black conductor raved at his equally black musicians, while they took the chorus through a song number.

Sam was dignified; a sure sign he was impressed.

He dodged around the front of a Colonial mansion which stood in sections at the left of the stage and stumbled into a group of dusky beauties, clad in brilliant bathing suits.

"Here's Santa Claus with our supper," chuckled one.

Sam turned and glanced at her shapely bare legs.

"If I is Santa Claus," retorted the porter, "you is plumb out of luck, 'cause you ain't got no stockin' t' hang up."

His sally was rewarded by melodious giggles. He became the center of attention.

"What kind of sandwiches is those?" asked another.

Sam rolled his eyes in her direction. "Th' kind you'd like t' eat if you and you' gentleman friend had the price to buy 'em."

"Didn't Mister Robinson pay for them?" asked the girl anxiously.

"If I had my money d'you 'spose I'd be hangin' 'round here, lettin' my restaurant business run out the front door?" For six reasons—there were six girls—Sam decided to transfer title of the Owl Restaurant to himself.

"It must be a great restaurant if you-all ain't got no help."

"Yaas. I got help. But they's poor trash, an' when I ain't there the only key on the cash register they can fin' is the 'no sale' key." Sam spoke with the air of an overworked financier.

A little girl with dangerous black eyes looked up into Sam's face. He expanded his chest and gripped the handles of his baskets.

"Quit lookin' at me that-a-way, woman," he warned her. "I knows you'se goin' t' ask me to give you somethin' you-all can't have."

Before she could reply a rough voice boomed from the orchestra pit.

"Ready there," it said in a tone of command. "One-two-one-two-one-vamp—together——"

The girls faced toward the stage. Before Sam comprehended the reason for their movement, the syncopated beat of the drum quickened and many voices picked up the words:

"Piccaninny playin'
On th' ol' banjo.
Everybody happy in th' full moon.
Cat fish jumpin'
In the big bayou,
White folks sailin' on th' lagoon.
Corn-pone bakin'
On th' fire-place fire
Eat it with molasses prett' soon.
Yaller gals a-walkin'
Up the levee road——"

A long line of fascinating beauties now faced Sam and beckoned to him from the center of the stage. His feet were moving in time with the music.

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The black-eyed charmer nodded to him . . . . and winked.

Before Sam realized it, he was clogging and following the chorus girls across the stage. His gaze was riveted upon the curly-bobbed head of a bathing suit vampire.

"Yaller gals a-walkin'
Up the levee road—
Whistle up a lovin' littl' tune."

The girl's kicked at Sam's head. He ducked, involuntarily and kicked back, scattering a dozen sandwiches from his right hand basket, which he had forgotten to discard.

Out of the orchestra came a discordant bray as the music was abruptly cut off. The director, his curly mustache bristling with indignation and his baton held like a dagger, vaulted over the footlights. The girls scattered, terrified by the execution they were about to witness.

"Nigger," shouted the musician. "What are you doin' here?"

Sam placed his baskets on the floor and reached for the razor in his hip pocket.

"I'm mindin' my business. What is you doin'?"

"Who let him in?" continued the frantic director, looking about for a husky stage hand to help him evict the interloper.

"The same man who's goin' t' put you out," replied Sam. "I means me, myself, in person."

A titter swept over the company. From the gloom that shrouded the orchestra seats climbed a white man, who spoke quietly and with authority. He might have been sixty years old. He appeared disconsolate, as if he had always arrived too late to witness the interesting things in life.

"Mister Brown," the white man addressed the orchestra leader. "How can they proceed with this number while you're on the stage?"

"Mister Robinson," returned Brown, shouting in the white man's ear and pointing at Sam who stood poised, ready to open his razor. "Mister Robinson, that nigger don't belong here on the stage."

Robinson looked at Sam reflectively. "I appreciate that his singing must be awful," he admitted to Brown. "I'm thankful that I'm unable to hear it. But you must go back to the orchestra and allow us to continue. We've been rehearsing for three hours and we're not yet through the first act."

"The old deaf fool," commented Brown to no one in particular.

"Cut that out," came the commanding voice of another white man from the gloom. "Don't you know he can read lips?"

"I see what he means," Robinson explained to Sam. "He's afraid you'll drop those sandwiches where the chorus will have to walk when they come back for their encore. Be careful to take them up-stage where the carpenter can sweep them off, when they strike the set."

Sam nodded in bewilderment.

Robinson looked at Brown and the chorus. "Now that's straightened out. Go back to the entrance of the bathing girls and start again."

Brown almost threw away his baton in despair.

The girls fluttered to the left wing entrance. Sam deliberately retrieved his scattered sandwiches and carried his baskets back to the place from which he had made his unexpected and dramatic appearance.

"Who's that little black man what gets so upity?" Sam demanded. "I mean him who beats time for the fiddles."

"Dan Brown. He composed the music score for the show," one of the girls whispered.

"He's aimin' to take after Mr. Balfe an' write his las' song," Sam boasted. "That white gentleman who's so hard of hearin'?"

"William H. Robinson, the director in chief," they all answered. "He's the greatest director in New York."

"He staged the Midnight Frolic."

"And Moontime."

"They give him a thousand dollars a week."

"He's a devil, too, when he's mad."

"He must be a devil if he gets a thousand dollars every Monday," Sam admitted.

The orchestra repeated the introduction to the number Sam had interrupted. It was called *On the Lagoon* and considered one of the hits of the piece. The dark-eyed girl who had so

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captivated the porter appealed to him.

"Suppose you go sit in the box," she suggested. "You can watch the show and as soon as I'm through with this number, I'll come and talk to you."

Sam agreed. He gathered up his baskets and pushed through the crowd of supers, past the electricians who stood by the control board, and stumbled into the dark recess of the stage box. He reached there in time to see the girls enter.

"Look at them fly-aways," mumbled Sam. "They's makin' eyes at some feller off the stage, just the same as they done to me."

"Piccaninny playin'
On th' ol' banjo.
Everybody happy in th' full-moon."

"Stop it. Stop it. Stop it!" shouted Robinson, clapping his hands. The girls, standing on one leg, gazed apprehensively in his direction. "Where's the comedian with the baskets?" The deaf director again appeared on the stage, glowering at everybody. "All I ask you people is to stand by for your cues," he groaned. "And you won't even do that. Don't you realize this awful exhibition must raise the curtain to-morrow night at 8:15." He checked himself and looked at his watch. "It's now after midnight. At 8:15 to-night."

From the shadows of the auditorium came a voice. Sam's eyes were now accustomed to the gloom and he discerned the speaker, obviously a Hebrew, chewing a cigar as he figited in an orchestra seat.

"Tell him the man with the baskets is not in the cast. He was an accident."

"Who's an accident?" returned Sam, belligerently.

Brown shot up from the orchestra pit like a jack-in-the-box and yelled into Robinson's best ear, "That man with the baskets is not in the show."

"Why not? He's a comedian. Hire him." Robinson stamped his foot.

"He's no actor. He's a waiter from the restaurant." Brown explained patiently.

"Then fire your troup and hire waiters and we'll put on this show."

Sam quivered with delight. He moved close to the front of the box.

"He has no experience," Brown continued in Robinson's ear.

"Neither has any one else connected with this horrible production."

"Tell him yes and go on with your number," ordered the Jew.

Following these instructions, Brown assented to Robinson's statement and gently pushed the director from the footlights. Again he played the introduction.

"Nobody lonesome
On th' levee road,
Whistle up a lovin' little tune."

The dark-eyed girl began a toe dance.

"Hit her with that amber spot light," Robinson bawled to the electricians in the gallery.

This was more than Sam could endure. He made a flying leap and, razor in hand, landed on the stage.

"Hit that gal and I'll crown you." He menaced Robinson with the weapon.

Robinson raced to him and patted Sam on the back. The porter was too astonished to resist.

"A better entrance than your other," the director assured him. "Hit this man with the white spot, when he leaves the box."

Sam was almost drowned in the flood of illumination turned on him by an unseen hand. He felt horribly self-conscious and had an uneasy suspicion he was about to be arrested. He was not certain of his crime, but the deaf director talked in the same concise tones a parole agent had used to a police magistrate when Sam was arraigned on a charge of vagrancy.

"Go back to your entrance," Robinson ordered Sam.

The orchestra leader gave the cue. Sam hesitated.

"Jump!" Robinson commanded. A despotic authority was in his tone.

Sam obeyed. As before, he stepped into a brilliant pool of light. The orchestra played the irresistible syncopation of the song and Sam's feet and shoulders twitched in response.

"Dance, you blockhead," shouted Robinson. With a longing glance toward an exit, Sam resigned himself to his fate and clogged.

"Sing," commanded the director.

Sam attempted to catch the words.

"Yaller gals a-walkin'
On th' levee road
Whistle up a lovin' littl' tune."

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He missed the words but caught the rhythm. "Sing!" Robinson repeated the command.

"Hard luck is doggin'
Restaurant Sam
They'll all be pickin' on him soon,"

he sang in a baritone voice which fairly shook the drops and border lights. The orchestra caught the words, hesitated, and gave way to uproarious laughter which the conductor led. Sam, sensing the changed attitude towards himself and realizing that he had made a hit, shaded his eyes so that he could glare down at the musicians.

"Lead out you' music," he commanded. "Now you got some one can sing it for you."

With a naive bow, which expressed his contempt for leader and musicians alike, Sam finished his number. He accomplished a handspring to mark his exit.

"Where's your encore?" Brown demanded.

"You mean you wants me to go out there again to that same ol' music?" Sam glared down at him.

"Of course."

"I don't reckon on no encores until I hears them." Sam spoke with dignity. "First catch you' rarebit fo' you washes a dish to cook it in. That's my motto."

Brown borrowed a pencil from the first violinist and wrote the speech on the margin of the music score. "I can use that line," he remarked.

The girl with the wicked eyes, who had first captivated the waiter, drew him into the box, while two male characters held a discussion of horse racing on the stage. Sam realized that the action of the play centered on a horse race and that these colored gentry who were betting goats and sheep on their favorites were the comedians.

"They ain't so good," Sam remarked, jerking his head toward the actors. "What's you' name?"

"Clementina Roberts."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss. Does I look like a fool?"

"You looks so good that I bets you-all had a tough fight to avoid the altar."

"I thanks you. What's you' name?"

"Sam Nathaniel Harper."

"Is you goin' t' travel with this show?"

He cocked his head on one side. He appreciated how complete a success his initial appearance had been, by the serious tone in which she asked the question.

"That depends on how they pay," he returned with the gesture of a motion picture star, refusing a contract. "I can't afford t' leave my restaurant unless they makes it worth my while."

"I reckon Mistah Robinson aims to make you a star in this show. Ef he does, they wouldn't pay you-all less'n a hundred bucks a week."

Sam almost fell from his chair. "Hundred plunks a week. Good night star. You'se a full moon now!"

Clementina drew away, slightly. "That's not much for a musical comedy star," she observed.

"Jest what I means. I couldn't afford t' leave my business for no chicken feed. I 'sposed they-all paid real money in this show."

Clementina relaxed.

"Who's that second-hand-store man down there in the seat? I mean him who talks so loud and bossy like."

Clementina was mystified. "Secon'-hand-store man?"

"Yaas. That Jew who done talk so loud in Mister Robinson's ear?"

At that moment an explosion broke out.

"He's Abraham Isaacson. He owns this show. He done spent forty-five thousand dollars on it now, for scenery and costumes," Clementina explained. "Hush. Let's hear what they're sayin'."

"You can't hear it," Isaacson shouted in Robinson's ear. "But them horses is kickin' so that I can't hear the dialogue."

"They're used in the next scene," replied the director.

"I know it," Isaacson raved. "But they must keep quiet."

"Go back and explain it to the horses," Robinson countered and turned his back on the other.

"So Mister Isaacson spent forty-five thousand on this here show," Sam told Clementina. "It's no wonder that he's got to hire him a good first-class-A-number-one comedian like me and get his money back. If I put that much money into a restaurant, I'd have t' hire the best cook in the world."

Clementina was properly impressed

Suddenly she clutched Sam's arm. "Hurry," she commanded. "They flashes those horses for a two-minute scene and then they're ready for the finale."

"That's right," Sam cooed, as he followed her to the wings. "They can't pull off no finales without us. Not if Mister Robinson knows it."

The horses were "flashed" to the audience in a two-minute paddock scene and, as the silk curtains came together, the animals were led away while carpenters and stage hands pieced together a colonial mansion at the rear of the stage, and set luxurious magnolias in place.

The orchestra went crazy. The curtains parted. The company gathered, singers grouped in the rear, and the twelve "dancing fools" in jockeys' suits pounded out syncopated steps close to the footlights.

Clementina whirled on the stage, weaving her slim, lithe body in and out around the male dancers and interrupting her triumphal progress by kicks at the boxes.

"You'll miss the gals from Mississippi,
There you find 'em slim an' pretty.
Them's the gals that's got the jaunty air,
Them's the gals that's got the curly hair.
They don't need to tantalize—
Their lovin' is a big surprise———"

There was a flourish from the brasses and a long roll on the trap drum. Sam, appreciating the psychological effect of a dramatic entrance, darted behind the rear drop, and, just as the violins picked up the melody, stepped out from the doorway of the stage mansion. He pranced to the footlights and took the delectable Clementina in his arms.

"Stranger, don't you miss a miss
Who is big enough to kiss,
When you go travelin' 'round
On that enchanted ground
In Mississippi Town."

"Perfect," shouted Robinson "Pull those curtains."

The curtains drew together, pausing for a moment to give a picture of Clementina and Sam framed in the spot light. On the wings, the principals cursed and fumed. The director had cut off the number, before they had had an opportunity to appear. Headed by Sparks, who had written book and lyrics, they dashed around for an agonized protest to Robinson.

"We are supposed to come in for this curtain," Sparks explained, shouting in the director's ear.

"Is that so? When did I tell you?"

"I wrote it in the book."

Robinson waived his hand impatiently. "There's no need for me here, if the action is all in the book——"

Isaacson jumped from his seat. He shook his fist at Sparks. "He's directing this show. That's what he's paid for."

The director, unruffled, clapped his hands for attention. "Bring those sandwiches," he ordered. "Don't you bother," he told Sam, who had attempted to pass them around to members of the cast. "You're the new man, Mister—Mister——"

"Harper" said Sam, supplying his name with dignity.

"Yes. Mister Harper. Change your costume for the second act."

"I got no costume."

"Go to the wardrobe mistress. She'll fix you up." He clapped his hands again. "Everybody wash your hands before you touch your second act costumes."

Sam's chest expanded like a pouter pigeon's. Stalking about the stage, which was piled high with scenery and properties, he chanced upon two elderly women, almost buried beneath piles of white chiffon skirts and gorgeous silk scarfs.

"Is you the wardrobe mistress?"

"What does we look like? Sign painters?"

"Mister Robinson told me to get two costumes. He said I was to under-dress for the finale."

"We can give you the clothes, but we ain't goin' to dress you."

Sam's dignity was outraged. "Produce them clothes. I'm able for to dress my own self."

"Is you a singer or a dancer?"

"Both," Sam admitted, modestly.

"Is you to have singer's costume or dancer's costume?"

"I'm no chorus man. I'm one of the principals."

"Is that so? What does you do?"

"Jest before the curtain goes down, I'm supposed to cake-walk out and put my arm aroun' Miss Clementina. I

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mean her that does the toe dance. Then they hits us with the amber spot and the x-ray lights and we bows to the people."

The women were properly impressed. From their trunks they took a uniform, such as might be worn by a hotel doorman or a commander-in-chief of a South American army.

"What size shoes does you wear?"

"My dogs barks for eleven-and-a-half, double D."

After a long search, the women found high boots of those generous proportions.

"Hurry up an' try on them clothes. If they don' fit, bring 'em back and we'll fix 'em."

With a feeling of perfect bliss, Sam admired the splendor of the costumes.

"Thanks lady," he managed to stammer. "I'm going into these togs like a cork screw into a bottle of booze. You don' need to change nothin'. If they's tight, I'll shrink until I fits them."

The first and largest dressing room had a card on the door which said "Mr. Brown." It was intended for the composer-musical director. Sam paused before it. He took a pencil stub from his pocket and scratched out the name. Below he wrote "Mr. Harper."

"This is the upity orchestra man's room," Sam mused, as he opened the door. "Mister Robinson and that second-hand store man done showed him where he fits."

On the shelf, Sam found a dress suit, a dozen freshly laundered shirts, a new overcoat, a hat and rubbers. Sam threw these on the floor and, removing his restaurant clothing, arrayed himself in the splendor of his uniform. It fitted perfectly.

"Couldn't be nicer if it was painted on me," Sam told himself as he admired his image in the mirror. He transferred his watch, his dollar-thirty-seven cents and his trusty razor to the pockets of his uniform. He had more confidence in the razor than in the tin saber which rattled against his leg.

To his delight, Shorty, the taxi driver, was standing by the fire escape door. Sam strutted over in his direction.

"Where did you find the clothes-line you robbed?" was Shorty's greeting. "The chef sent me over to tell you to hurry down to the Palace Lunch and borrow him every loaf of bread and all the cheese, eggs, and meat they can spare. He said you could come back and see the show later, but he's waiting for the eats."

"I ain't robbed no clothes line. These is a part of my wardrobe. You tell Otto to run his errands his own self. I'se gone on the stage."

Shorty grinned. "Otto said to hurry or he'd have you fired."

Just then, Clementina, wearing a crinoline skirt and shovel bonnet, came past. She tucked her arm through Sam's.

"You tell that fat cook he's gotto hire him a porter to look after such work. An' Shorty, I wants you to have you' cab all swep' out an' dusted off and waitin' here at the stage door, 'cause as soon's our rehearsal is over, I gotto sen' Miss Clementina home."

Shorty gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the porter. "Then you ain't comin' back to the restaurant?"

"You heard me."

"Who was that?" Clementina inquired, as Shorty left.

"He's a no 'count, triflin' taxi driver what eats up his credit in my restaurant; and then I has to get my pay makin' him run errands for me."

"I can see, Mister Harper——"

"Call me Sam."

Clementina pouted becomingly. "It's plain to see, Sam, that you has a wonderful business head. I wonder you is willin' to leave you' business an' go on the stage."

"Must be there ain't no mirror in you' dressin' room."

Meanwhile the carpenters and mechanics had set the stage for the second act.

"Everybody discovered on the stage in this number, take their places," Robinson ordered.

Sam was about to choose a conspicuous position for himself when he saw Shorty re-enter the building. Sam hurried toward him.

"Is Otto sore because I quit?"

"Naw. He sent your best suit over to you and said you better not come back." Shorty threw an armful of clothing at Sam and, with a mean laugh, vanished into the night.

"Ain't that jes' like a stubborn Dutch chef?" grumbled Sam, as he car

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ried his belongings to the dressing room he had appropriated. "Actin' crotchety, when I figures on eatin' in his lowdown place until I draws my firs' week's pay. That's the trouble with them Germans. They didn't learn nothin' out-a the war."

Sam was so annoyed at Otto's message and at Shorty's manner when he delivered it that he absented himself from the stage during the opening number.

"It was a good thing for this show I happened along when I did," he confided to a property man. "I'm the only one out of this company can work to suit Mister Robinson."

The property man paid scant attention to him.

At length a withering fire of abuse drove the chorus from the stage.

"Awful! Awful!" Robinson groaned. "Good Lord, I'd like to meet some one with brains.

"Here I is, Mister Robinson. Here I is," shouted Sam, vaulting over a lawn seat, which the stage carpenter was using for a saw horse. "Here I is."

"What?" snapped the director, cupping his hand over his ear, and at the same time leaning forward to read Sam's lips. "What the devil do you want?"

"You said you wanted to meet some one with brains and I done tell you I is here."

Robinson called to the two comedians in the center of the stage. "Use that line."

"I wish I could meet some one with brains," repeated one of the actors in a dazed manner.

"Here I is, mister," returned Sam, rejoicing as he realized he was now combining the role of actor and playwright.

"Write that line in the prompt book," Robinson called to Sparks.

The mahogany comedian, whose scene was being mutilated by Sam's appearance, forgot his lines and descended to the level of alley abuse. "What makes you think you got brains?" he asked Sam with a menacing gesture.

"'Cause I'se so different from you."

Laughter rocked the theater.

"Never you mind 'bout me, you rum-hound," howled the man, unintentionally giving a music cue.

The orchestra broke out with the melody of the topical song.

"Rum hound,
Sniffin' 'round,
You sniffs on th' shelf
In the old barber shop;
Smell a hair tonic bottle
An' non-refillable top."

the comedian sang.

Sam pushed him out of the spot light and supplied the next stanza from his fertile imagination.

"Rum hound,
Sniffin' 'round.
But before you drinks
Make arrangements for bail,
For Volstead liquor
Is an invite to jail."

Members of the cast and orchestra, who were familiar with the song, exploded.

Sparks buttonholed the porter. "Would you work for less than $150?" he demanded.

"No sir," Sam affirmed, his eyes glistening at the thought. "You mean $150 a week, don't you?" He would have been perfectly willing to contribute his art to the production for $150 a month.

"Of course. That's your lowest figure, is it?"

"Positively." Sam yawned prodigously.

Sparks nodded to Brown. Together they trotted back to the place where Isaacson was seated.

"Do you think this new man is worth $150 per?" Brown inquired.

The owner of the show shook his head, emphatically. "There ain't no actor in the world who's worth that much money."

"He won't work for less."

Isaacson stamped his foot. "Put him out, then. I spent too much on this show as it is."

"But Mr. Robinson likes him," protested Brown, with deep guile.

"Who's payin' for this alleged entertainment, me or Robinson?" screamed Isaacson. "I'll show him who is who."

Followed by two delighted colored men, the owner stumped down the aisle.

"Take off that costume and get out of here," Isaacson ordered.

Sam turned around, believing the owner was speaking to some one behind him. "Who does you mean, Boss?" Sam asked officiously. "I'll put him out for you."

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"You. You hash slinger. Get out and get quick."

"Does you mean I'se fired?"

"Were you ever hired?"

"Mister Robinson said——"

"Let that deaf fool spend his own money. Beat it or I'll call the police."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" Sam wailed. "I must've spoke out of mah turn."

Head hanging and feet dragging, Sam trailed to the dressing room. He took off his finery, put on his working clothes. As he opened the door, Clementine paraded past. She did not turn her eyes in his direction.

"He wasn't no star," he heard her explain to another girl. "He was just one of them comets that shows up and then disappears again."

"When you's a hit they loves you and when you's a frost they forgets they done make you acquainted with themselves," he soliloquised.

Listlessly he walked to the door. There, tied to a ring in the brick wall, were the race horses in the cast, patiently waiting to be led to the theater stable. Sam paused to pat the velvet nose of the nearest animal. On the blanket was stenciled the horse's name.

"Dumb Luck," he said, with feeling, "they got this race framed on you, hoss. Yessir they framed it. You lost that race to-night and you're going to lose it every night. No matter how fast you travels on the treadmill they'll pull that other nag off the stage ahead.

"Dumb Luck, this show business is crookeder than hoss racing. Speed an' endurance an' form ain't got no chance when they's stacked up again' a bum judge. Here you is, the bes' hoss and I's the best man an' we're both licked before we get away from the post. You gets yourself disqualified 'cause it suits the ideas of the upity man who wrote this show to have you lose. An' I'm throwed out, 'cause this play is about a bunch of yaller gals that wants to imitate white folks instead of actin' natural——"

Sam felt a firm hand on his shoulder. He turned quickly, fearing a policeman had been called to eject him from the theater. To his astonishment and terror, he faced Isaacson.

"Who told you to say that?" demanded the owner of the show.

"Nobody needs to tell me somethin' that's plainer 'n prohibition. Trouble here is white people won't like it. They can walk out on the street and see colored boys an' gals give 'emselves airs, without paying good money to look at it in no theater. I'm the only one in this company acts like the Lord intended me to behave."

Isaacson chewed his cigar butt for a few minutes, then shouted, "I want Robinson."

A dozen eager volunteers brought the deaf director to the spot.

"What do you think of the show?" demanded the owner.

"What?" asked Robinson, cupping his hand over his ear.

"I say how do you like this show?"

"The flimsiest excuse for taking the public's money I ever saw."

"What does it need; comedy, songs, music or what?"

"It needs everything but new costumes."

Isaacson chewed his cigar. Then he looked at Sam who stood first on one foot then on the other. "How much will you do for seventy-five dollars a week?" he inquired.

"Boss," Sam said, earnestly, "I never did kill a man, but I'll try.

Isaacson clapped his hands for silence.

"I've changed the fourth scene of this act," he announced. "I want the paddock set and these horses tied there. Have the property man get a bale of hay and nose bags with oats in them. And you," he addressed Sam, "you feed those horses and talk to them like you was talking just now."

Brown protested. "That's going to cut our garden scene. And there are no lines written for him."

"This man knows his lines," Isaacson snapped. "Set the stage."

Sam fondled Dumb Luck's nose. He noted, from the corner of his eye, that Clementina was edging in his direction.

"So you's going to travel with us, after all?" she asked.

"I'll travel with the company," Sam returned, recalling her remark about the comet. "But I doubts if I travels with you."

"Why, Mister Harper!"

"And you can write down in your memory book that you knows one comet who'll be visible for a long time."

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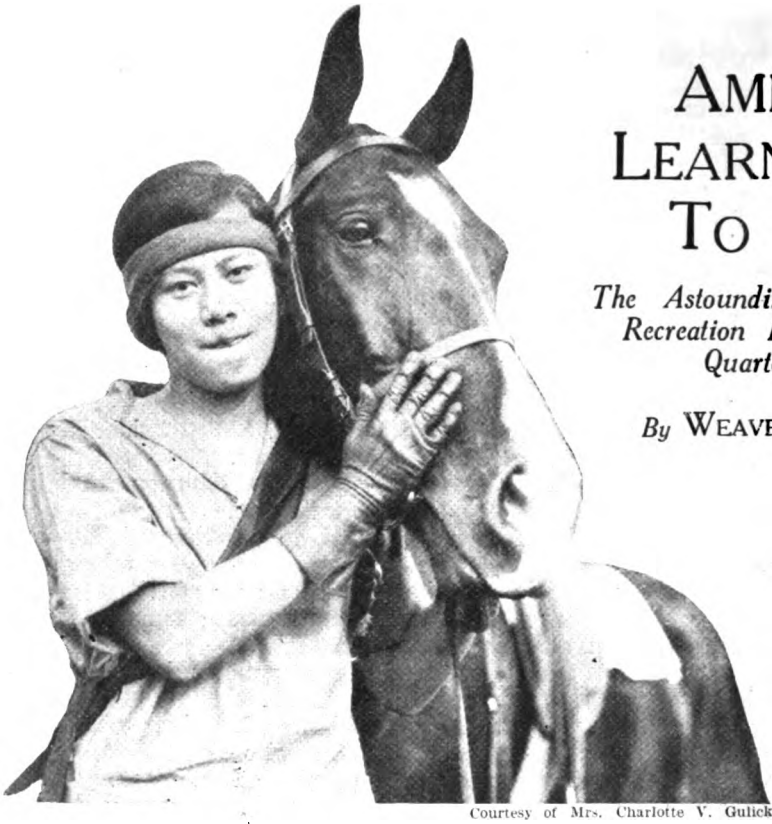

Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

Shinaye Ozaki, daughter of the former mayor of Tokio, is learning to play the American way.

AMERICA LEARNS HOW TO PLAY

The Astounding Growth of the Recreation Idea in the Last Quarter Century

By WEAVER PANGBURN

WHILE pioneer children were playing on the prairies, perhaps with an added zest because they knew that Indian babies had been the only youngsters to enjoy their sports and their playgrounds before them, the modern city was being developed in the East. The corner lots where boys of 1870 had become expert in "three old cats" or "barn ball" had changed to building sites and skyscrapers. Some prophetic individuals spoke of a "traffic problem" in the streets and ventured an opinion that there should be a place, other than the streets, for the children and their elders to enjoy themselves.

Other factors entered into this new conception of recreation as an essential part of life, and more particularly of urban life. Out of the industrial selfishness of the 1890's came an improved condition for workers, with higher pay and shorter hours, which meant leisure. From one source and another, fostered for seven years by the example of an "out-door" president, the idea spread across the country that recreation and health are synonyms and that health pays the individual and the community.

One of Theodore Roosevelt's greatest services to the nation was to make play fashionable by playing himself.

Playing by and for the people was bound to come. First it came for the children, with a pile of sand in Boston. Last year, the pile of sand "to play in" had grown into national parks, community theaters, athletic clubs, industrial athletic leagues, municipal golf links in one hundred cities, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls—merely to catalog them all would require the allotted space and leave room only for the text without a sermon.

Once the gospel of playing—and the best hope of the nation's future lies in the fact that it is now a gospel—was spread to the people, many agencies helped contribute to its development. In its early stages of growth, the public

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schools, certain welfare agencies, the churches, and some employers of labor were the factors that counted. The Boston sand pile was as epoch making an idea as the Boston Tea Party. The one turned thirteen British colonies into thirteen United States. The other converted a cubic yard of building sand into 8,115 play centers in the country.

Dr. Marie E. Zakrsewska returned from Germany to her home in Boston in 1885. In Berlin she had noticed heaps of sand in the parks, where children of both rich and poor played together under the supervision of elderly, kindly policemen. Dr. Zakrsewska told about the sand piles. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, chairman of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, heard of the idea. Mrs. Wells ordered a yard of sand dumped in the yard of the Parmenter Street Chapel and, the next day, on the lawn of the West End Nursery.

A matron was on hand to tell the children what to do. It was not necessary for her to say a word. The children discovered the use of the sand, almost as soon as it arrived, and the matron found her only duty was to pick up one or two of the smallest and put them to bed, when they dropped off to sleep with their little shovels still clasped in their hands.

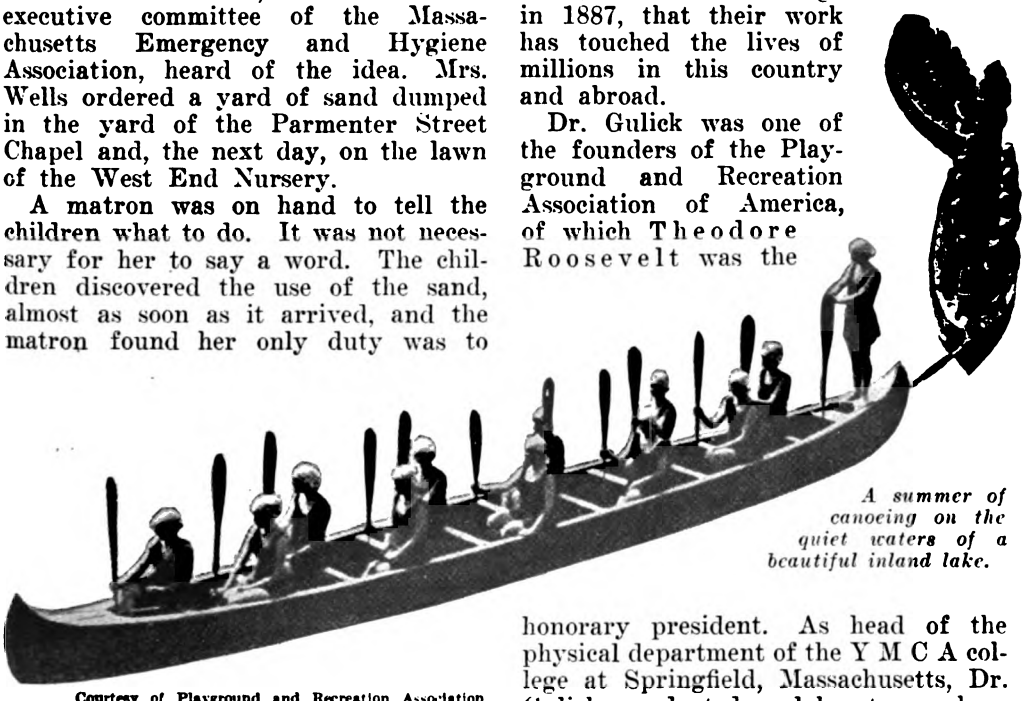
Such was the modest beginning of the American playground. The germ developed slowly at first. Through the interest of Miss Jane Addams, Chicago got its first playground in 1894, when William Kent gave land near Hull House for that purpose.

Until 1900, only ten cities had established playgrounds: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Hartford, New Haven, New York, San Francisco and Albany. At the beginning of 1925, 711 cities were employing 15,871 paid recreation leaders in this work.

Among the early leaders in the movement and one of the first to recognize its significence was the late Dr. Luther Gulick who, assisted by his wife, Charlotte V. Gulick, gave up his plan for becoming a foreign medical missionary and decided that his mission was to introduce physical education into this country. The names of both husband and wife have been associated with so many forward-looking ideas, since their marriage in 1887, that their work has touched the lives of millions in this country and abroad.

Dr. Gulick was one of the founders of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, of which Theodore Roosevelt was the honorary president. As head of the physical department of the Y M C A college at Springfield, Massachusetts, Dr. Gulick conducted a laboratory where the game of basket-ball was invented. He had "sold" the idea of physical education to the Y M C A and to the churches. He assisted in forming the Public Schools Athletic League in New York City. His wife, associated with him in each of these enterprises and in his work with the Russell Sage Foundation, found time to start a summer camp at South Casco, Maine, where she originated the Camp Fire Girls.

The romance of their early work grew out of a casual idea. Dr. Gulick had observed the changing factory con-



A summer of canoeing on the quiet waters of a beautiful inland lake.

Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

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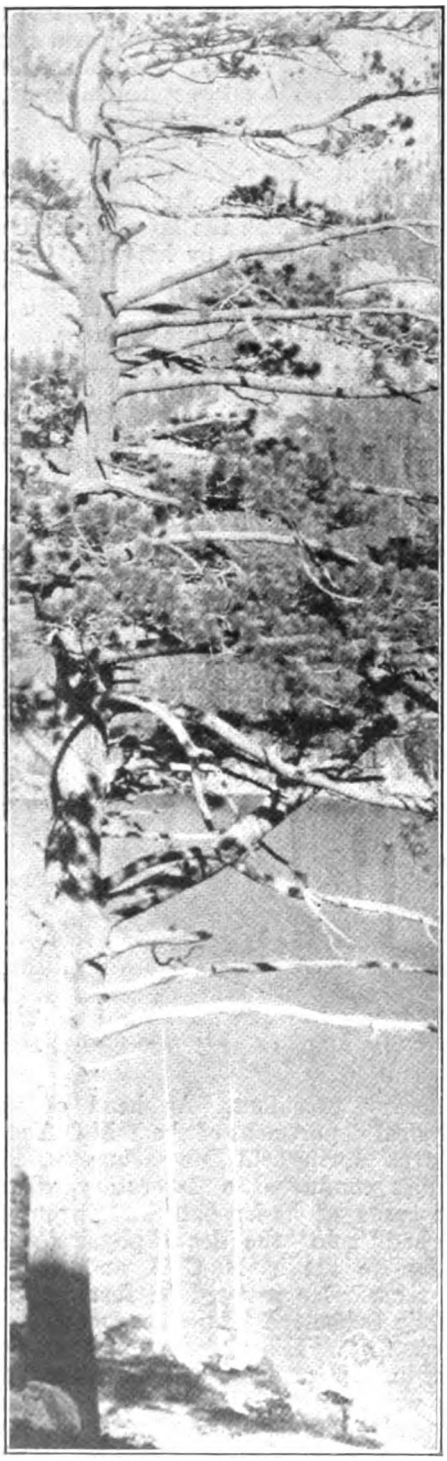

Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

A still lake of the high Sierras.

ditions, where workmen found themselves doing "piece work;" monotonous single operations that occupied the workers' hands but not their minds. In the old industries, a workman had a certain pride of accomplishment. If he were making shoes, he was a cutter, trimmer, stitcher, laster, finisher, all in one. He had the satisfaction of a creative interest in his work, in following it through. The one-piece, machine-paced operation drove him to outside recreation for mind and body. Before the workers themselves were conscious of the growing need, Dr. Gulick foresaw it and attempted to provide for it in many ways. In 1888 he was preaching the idea which Samuel Gompers phrased in 1923, "Industrial workers of the present day hunger for a richer, larger life."

At Springfield, Dr. Gulick asked the class he was training in physical education to experiment upon a game adapted to congested areas. He laid down fourteen qualifications which such a game must have to be successful. No such group game then existed. Several games were submitted. Dr. James E. Naismith submitted basket-ball, which he had invented. Dr. Gulick recognized it as the solution of his problem, wrote the rules and promoted it to the American public. Mrs. Gulick became the captain of the first women's basketball team. The game won instant popularity and is as much a standby in the winter as baseball, football and tennis in other seasons. Last winter over 41,000 amateurs upon organized teams played this "manufactured" game. It is the first and only time, in the history of sport, when a successful game has been invented. All the others have been gradually adopted from primitive play.

Then, having trained many of the Y M C A workers in the fundamentals of physical education and having shown the need for it to that organization, Dr. Gulick perfected one of the first systems of home exercises; the forerunner of the modern "daily dozen."

In the mean time, Mrs. Gulick had become interested in summer camps. She had always been devoted to outdoor sports and when she realized that her own six children considered the year divided into two months "of living" in camp and ten months "of existing" in the city, she dreamed of the day when every American boy and girl would have an opportunity to spend the summer close to the primitive life; a summer of swimming and walk-

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ing, paddling and horseback riding. Beginning upon a small scale, she developed the Luther Gulick camps, for children and grown-ups. So much of her dream has come true that, last summer, 200,000 boy scouts had a camping experience; and hundreds of other agencies, the Y M C A, the Y W C A, the girl scouts, societies, municipalities, and public-spirited individuals made it possible for thousands to spend their vacation at the seashore or in the woods.

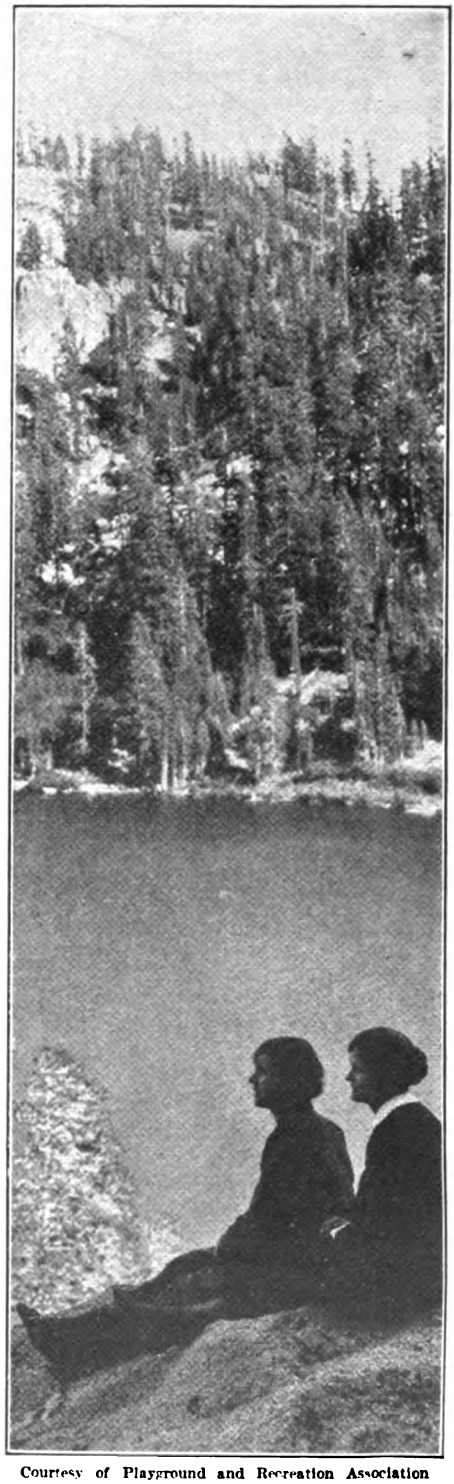
Incomplete figures show that about one thousand private camps were operated last year. In addition to these, there are the national reservations which are growing in popularity. Beside the famous Yellowstone Park, which has been a vacation center for more than a generation, there are eighteen other federal parks and 147 national forests. In most of these areas, camping is encouraged.

Twenty-five states have set aside or purchased park land. Palisades Interstate Park of New York and New Jersey will be used as a camp by eighty-one community and industrial organizations this season. New York has voted $15,000,000 for further park development.

In 1923, more than ten and one-half million citizens visited the national parks and forest reservations. There are no figures to show the number of visitors at the state projects. California cities have adopted the idea as a civic enterprise and maintain municipal camps. Los Angeles, the pioneer, now operates five camping sites. Oakland had two, one of them a beautiful reservation in the heart of the Sierras. This is so well administered upon a cost basis that room and board for adults costs only $6 a week and $5 for children.

All this again has come as a part of the realization of the Gulicks' dream. Mrs. Gulick explains the progress of her idea from the days when she was assisting her husband to promote recreational games in centers of population, to the present time, when she is working for an "out-door" America.

"In later life," she says, "we turn with joy and relaxation to the activities that are racially old; sailing, rowing, gardening, hiking, out-door cooking, knowing the woods and their contents, making beautiful things with our hands, such as jewelry and scarfs, and working with clay. Because these activities are so old and so long associated with the race they have to do with the spirit; with a certain at-



Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

Here Sacramento's camp is situated.

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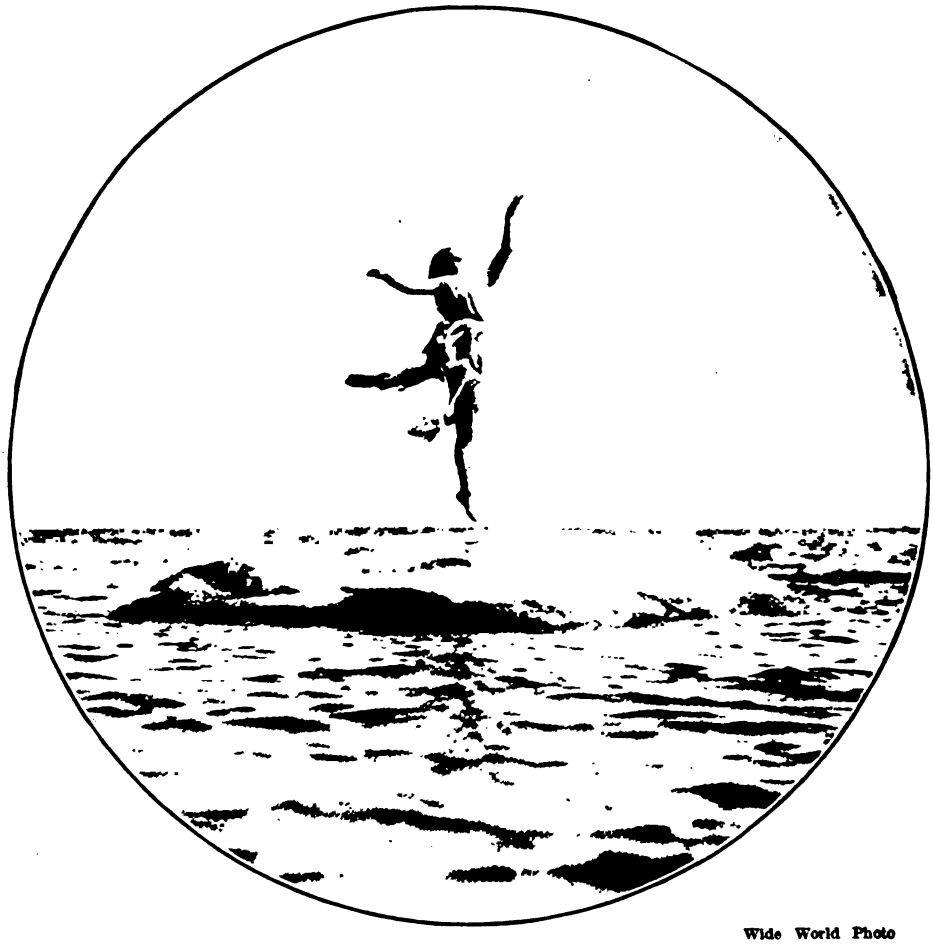

Wide World Photo

Dancing for the very joy of youth and health.

titude toward life. Games and track athletics are essentially intended for the school year and for congested areas. It is in the open that one learns to appreciate music, color and design."

Angelo Patri had much the same idea when he said, "Let them go into the mountains and stretch their bodies and minds. Let them have a glimpse of what it means to get close to the earth and know the mother feel of it. Let them get the smell of moss crushed under-foot, the whiff of pine as it brushes the cheeks, the perfume of young hemlock warming in the sun, the bitter-clean smell of ferns knee deep beside the trail, the wood smoke of the evening fires curling up toward the stars as the happily tired children roll themselves in their blankets to sleep on bed of pine needles Mother Nature has been spreading these hundred years.

"There is nothing that will store up finer memories than the smell of the forest in their nostrils. There is nothing sweeter, nothing cleaner. Don't you know that education is the flowering of memories? The choicest of them are to be found in the woods with friends and youth."

When the Gulick camps were new and consisted of a handful of girls living in tents beside the bowlder strewn shore of a Maine lake, the founder conceived the idea of the Camp Fire Girls. She believed in constructive work, because in it Mrs. Gulick saw true service to humanity and the real joy of living. She believed that work should be made attractive and alluring. The first experience in doing anything good and useful should be joyful, she decided. Health,

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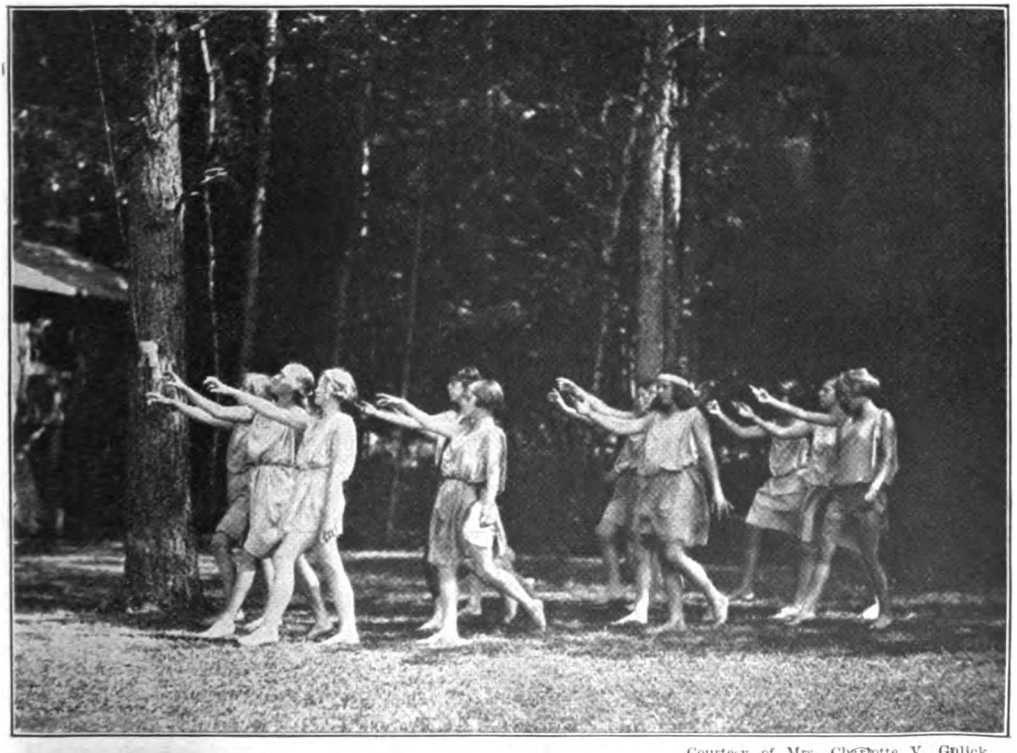
as fundamental to good work of any kind, should be the heritage of every girl. Love, as the highest law, she wished to see realized more fully through a creative educational program which would express this fundamental emotion widely and deeply in everyday life. She chose her own camp fire symbol and the Indian symbol for the sun.

The Camp Fire Girls is the only organization built for the special needs of girls. All the others have been adapted from boys' and men's societies.

Aid to the recreation movement as a whole, and particularly to the part of it that deals with one form or another of physical education, came to the workers in that field from unexpected sources. Perhaps the most spectacular impetus given to the movement was a result of the War with Germany. The revelations made by the Selective Service Board physicians awakened the country to an appreciation of a dangerous condition. They were astonished to learn that thirty percent of the young men were unfit for military duty. Half of the children in the public schools were found to be suffering from serious physical defects.

These facts had been known to the founders of the Life Extension Institute and to life insurance companies for many years. But the public did not appreciate their significance until the anxious days of the war. The United States saw one man in three rejected because of physical disability, while upon the Canadian reservation of the northern Six Nations, Chief Desikaheh's braves, representatives of a supposedly decaying race, volunteered for service and every man was accepted. Three hundred of these Indians, from a total population of five thousand, offered their services to the Canadian government. Not one man was found unfit. The cost of ill health came to be considered by big business and the government as it had heretofore been reckoned by educators and social workers.

In offices and manufacturing plants, "setting up" exercises became popular. Walter Camp's "daily dozen" was invented and thousands of men found their mental outlook had improved as



Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

A camp processional.

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had their digestion and their bodies. Manufacturers encouraged their employes to spend a vacation outdoors because they had learned that, aside from any altruistic motive, it paid in dollars and cents.

Along with these ideas has grown a "commercialized" recreation, a huge and profitable amusement business of which the automobile manufacturers are the largest unit, with the motion picture industry a close second. The automobile has done more to develop outdoor life than any other agency. It has put summer camps, municipal, state, and national parks within the reach of all. It has made golf courses accessible to every one.

The annual migration of automobile tourists, camping out along the roads and in municipal parks, is a saga which has yet to be written. It is interesting from a business viewpoint, but its psychological aspect demonstrates a state of mind, a national growth, that is most remarkable. A Missouri village, with a population of seven thousand, that under the conditions existing prior to 1910 would have remained a sleepy little community of churches, canning factory, hotel, court house, jail, railroad station, and school, last year kept count of the tourists who passed through. The residents found that 23,250 automobiles, carrying over 100,000 persons, had visited the village during the touring season and that about 3,000 machines had stopped at the village free camp site.

It is a return to the primitive.

It is the recurrence of the nomadic instinct of our Aryan ancestors who followed their flocks to new pasture lands. It means that we are turning to the fundamental activities. It does not mean that the professionalized sports will die; in fact baseball and football exhibitions will continue to draw crowds of a hundred thousand. But the play spirit has become an essential part of the nation's life.

Progressive ministers have long accepted this tendency as one of the hopeful signs of civilization. Bishop James E. Freeman, Episcopal, of Washington, D. C., says, "Hitherto, we have recognized a trinity of agencies; the church, the home, and the school as fundamental and essential. Add to these to-day and next in order the playground and recreational centers."

Norman E. Richardson in the preface of his handbook, *The Church at Play* said, "It is largely through the proper

Courtesy of Community Service

Elmira has a traveling theater.

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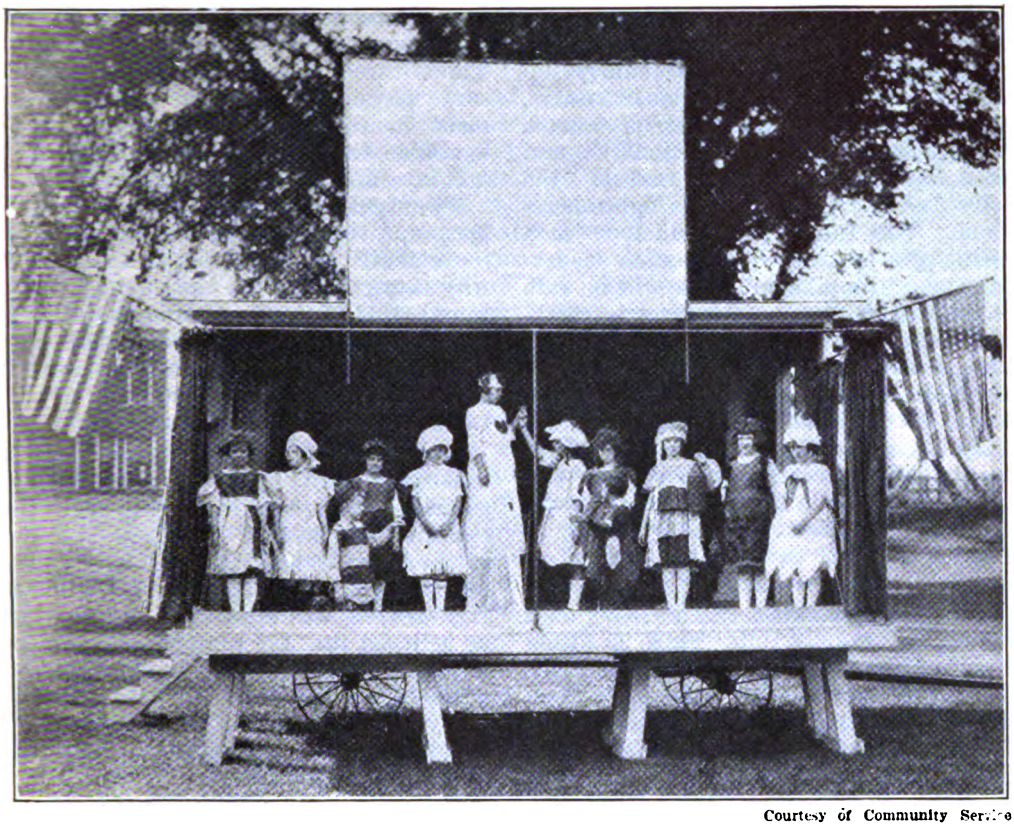

Courtesy of Community Service

And here is the theater ready for a performance.

use of leisure that the Kingdom of God will be realized." This is something of a change from the days of the Puritan ancestors who would listen to no music, save hymns, on Sunday, and who frowned upon dancing as the work of the Devil.

In time the new activities must affect the physical appearance of the race. Manufacturers of women's garments say they have already done so. The average Vassar freshman is 6½ pounds heavier than the entering student of thirty years ago. An increase in height, lung capacity, waist measure, and weight of all college women has been observed by physical directors and is said to have been due to their active participation in sports. Seventy-five thousand girls in New York City take part in organized athletics.

Herbert Spencer, in his *Coming Slavery* complained that in Manchester and some other cities, "gymnasia are provided for children of both sexes." He saw in this one of the signs of coming socialization. His fears were well grounded.

To-day, in the modern city, one finds municipal playgrounds, parks whose value may be gauged by Central Park, New York, carried upon the tax lists at a valuation of $225,000,000; auditoriums owned and used by the people, stadia, bathing beaches, golf courses, municipal opera and even municipal radio. When one considers how far the municipality has gone in fostering recreation, it makes public recreation appear more remarkable than the growth of amusement promoted by business enterprise.

Public recreation is about the last word in the evolution of positive functions of government for the promotion of human happiness. It represents the plus sign in the city's service to its citizens.

Langdon Mitchell called boredom "the American malady." If one reads the twenty-one fundimentals which compose the platform of the Playgrounds

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and Recreation Association of America, which are endorsed by over four thousand leading citizens of the country, including college professors, labor leaders, manufacturers, school superintendents, bishops, mayors, governors, senators and cabinet officers, one can realize "the why" of the play idea. It fights boredom. The fundamentals include such principles as trained recreation leadership, year round sports, state home rule laws permitting municipalities to establish recreation centers by public taxation, training of the people in games, dramatics, and music, adequate play space about schools, children's gardens, play space in new real estate developments, and recreation in the home and in the church. All this, which is in the way of fulfillment in many cities, is only a part of the play movement at large.

In Massachusetts, each new high school is required to have at least twenty acres of land. In California, fifty-four high schools have more than fifteen and fifty more than ten acres. These school buildings, with their gymnasia and recreation fields in California, and in 218 cities in other states, are being used as community centers. Thirty-three states now have compulsory physical education. The equipment in them is rapidly being made available for neighborhood activities on holidays and in the evenings.

Twenty-five years ago Joseph Lee of Boston, "the father of the playground movement," made a study of the reason why boys and girls go wrong. He found that juvenile delinquency had, for one of its causes, a perverted play instinct. It was the spirit of adventure gone wrong because of lack of opportunities for wholesome play.

Convinced of this, he threw himself enthusiastically into securing playgrounds and play leadership for the children of Boston. In 1900, he developed the famous Columbus Avenue playgrounds in that city. While at Harvard, he was himself an athlete, but he believed that the competitive element in athletics ought to be complemented by a minimum standard of "things that every fellow ought to be able to do." Therefore, he established national standards of this sort.

Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

The pattern of old pines against moonlit water.

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He invented the slogan, "the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job."

For ten years he was a member of the Boston School Committee. He developed remarkable ideas upon play in education which, in 1915, he incorporated in his book now the text of the public recreation workers. It is called *Play in Education*. In 1910 he was made president of the Playground and Recreation Association of America and has held that position continuously for fifteen years.

A Distinguished Service Medal was awarded Dr. Lee and a ship named for him, in recognition for his services as War Camp Community Service Director during the War with Germany. Through this work, he was instrumental in bringing entertainment to thousands of soldiers and sailors, when they were on leave from training camps in this country.

Although he was educated as a lawyer and is a member of the Massachusetts bar, Joseph Lee has never practiced his profession. He inherited property which he has regarded as a public trust and he has given his life to public causes. He is best known for his services to the public recreation movement, but he founded the Massachusetts Civic League, brought out the first probation commission in Massachusetts, placed medical inspection in the public schools of Boston, and has been identified with many other reforms and charitable works.

In Milwaukee, Miss Dorothy Enderis is the director of the city's program. Her equipment includes thirty-two playgrounds and twenty-five athletic fields, numerous tennis courts, quoit courts, rinks, dance halls, and ball fields. Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, director of recreation in Washington, D. C., has been instrumental in establishing seventy-five outdoor playgrounds which showed an average daily attendance of 36,750. Baltimore established twenty-four in one year and will increase the number as soon as possible.

The attitude of the public toward a city's parks and playgrounds is interesting. Some time ago, a Chamber of Commerce publication in Chicago took a popular vote upon the "seven wonders of Chicago." The voters were almost unanimous in heading their lists

Courtesy of Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick

Activities racially old — woodcraft and cooking.

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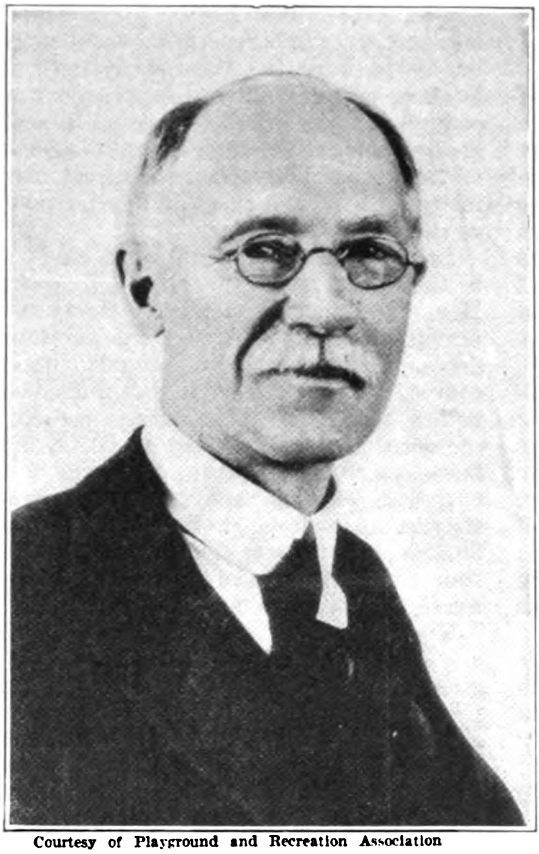


Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

Above, Joseph Lee of Boston, "the father of the playground movement." At the right, two of the two hundred thousand scouts who have had camping experience.

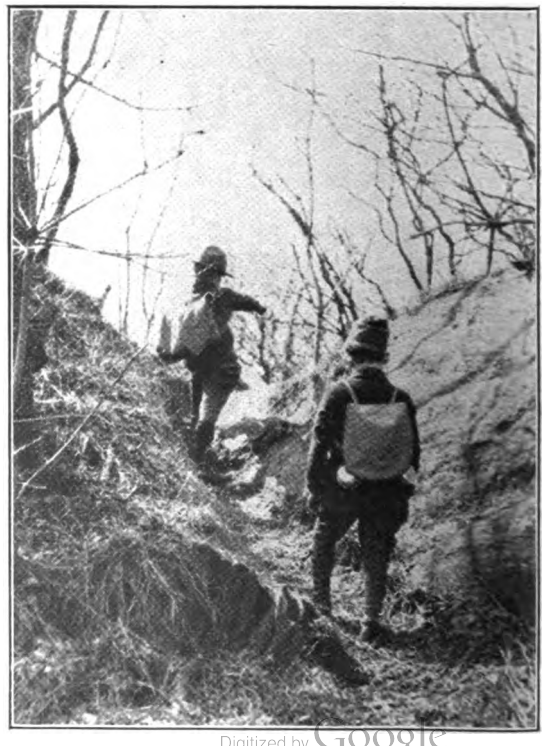
with parks, playgrounds, bathing beaches, and forest preserves. Hard-boiled business men called them the "city's best investment," or "our best advertisement." In South Park the commission has not only fostered all types of athletics, but has interested the children in handicrafts. Model aeroplanes, yachts, ice boats, lanterns, kites, radio sets, toys and dolls were made. In 1924 some three thousand radios were manufactured by the boys and girls under instructor supervision.

Some prominent laymen, who have been interested in the play idea as it has developed during the past twenty-five years, believe that the greatest benefit to the largest number of persons comes from parks and playgrounds. Public money ...nded for land for these developments yields bigger dividends in happiness and health than money spent for the erection of gymnasia, they say. Their argument is that the playground reaches more people, is more easily available and is patronized by many who would never be induced to enter a building.

At the playgrounds real Americanization work is done. In Highland Park, Michigan, the city was terrorized by a gang of boys, sons of Italian parents. Finally they were barred from the athletic field for vandalism. When they complained they were told that, if they wished to return there for their sports, they must act as their own police force.

The directors of the field never heard what happened at the gang conference. But the result was soon apparent. The gang polices the field and has reduced annoyance to a minimum. It is suspected that the boys use some "strong arm" methods which are effective, but not suited to older peace officers.

Perhaps no city in the country has more varied recreational activi-



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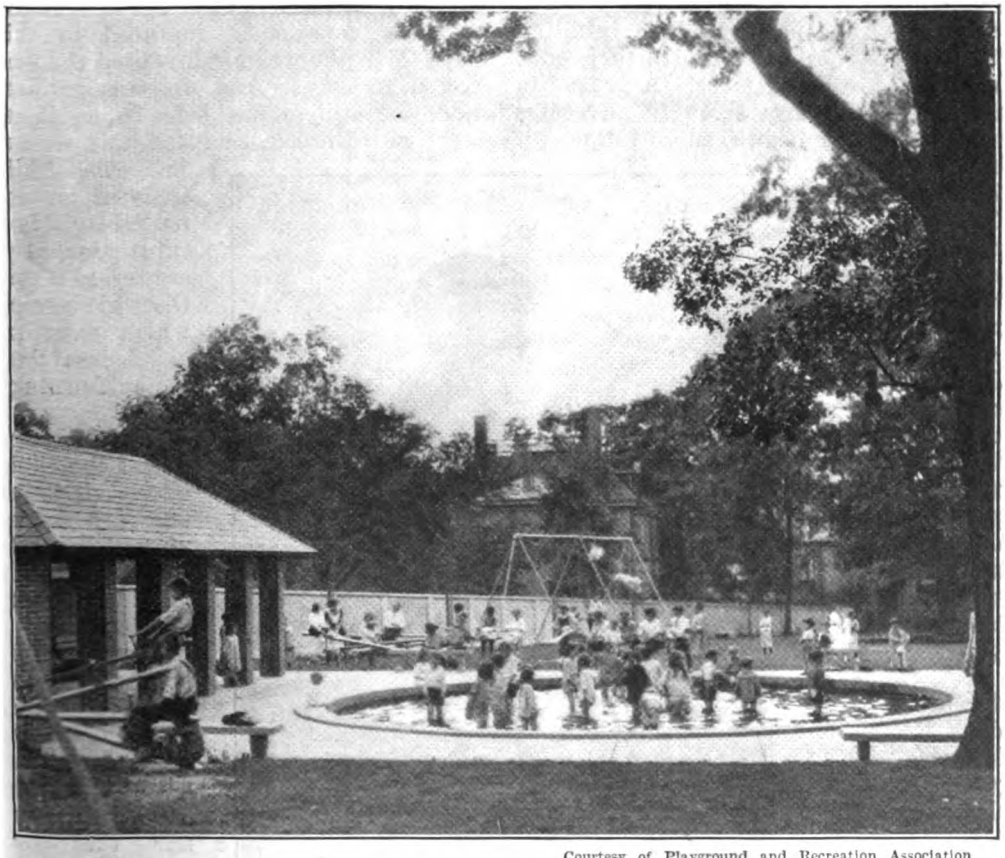
ties than Elmira, New York, at a surprisingly low cost. For the $20,000 expended there last year, skiing and coasting were provided, water sports, baseball leagues, flower and kitchen gardens, a community symphony orchestra, a boy's band, doll fashion shows, a traveling theater, and numerous other features were included.

In Cincinnati, the Community Service manages popular concerts at fifteen and twenty-five cents admission. St. Louis has, each summer, ten weeks of light opera in a beautiful out-door theater, as a municipal venture. Rochester, Washington, Cleveland, Johnstown, Pa., Savannah, Los Angeles, and San Diego also have municipal opera in one form or another. In Boston, on July 4, 1924, a community pageant, "The Pied Piper" was produced by the children of the city and 15,000 persons saw another pageant, "The Beatitudes," presented upon the steps of the Cathedral of St. Paul by the Boston Community Service.

The attitude of employers toward these activities is interesting. Dayton, Ohio, won the McCall Publishing Company's new plant, much to the surprise of another

Courtesy of Community Service

Just so deep!



Courtesy of Playground and Recreation Association

The wading pool in the playground of a Boston suburb

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city. Asked why he chose Dayton, the president of the company replied, "I can only answer that it was the livableness of the city that decided the issue. Keep Dayton a good town to live in and your future is assured. Employes deserve a more fruitful and cheerful life."

As a matter of business, many of the big industries are granting vacations with pay to mechanics and non-salaried workers. Formerly this was done only for the "white collar" salaried employes. The heads of the industries have discovered that vacations are as essential a part of industrial management as time clocks. Among the first to introduce this vacation policy were the Standard Oil Company and John Deere & Co., of Moline, Illinois. In a recent survey of 106 industrial enterprises, 38 have now adopted the idea. Beside the vacations, dramatics, musical organizations, and athletic clubs are a part of almost every factory program.

If play and recreation were simply making the cities a comfortable place in which to live, they would be fulfilling their purpose and well worth their cost. But they are doing more. A great life insurance company strongly advocates public play for health, as do the health bodies and medical authorities. The playgrounds have materially reduced the number of traffic accidents. Judges, parole officers, and social workers testify that well-directed park systems decrease juvenile delinquency and cite statistics to prove it.

At the Conference of Outdoor Recreation leaders last year, President Coolidge said, "I want to see all Americans a reasonable amount of leisure. Then I want to see them educated to use such leisure for their own enjoyment and betterment, and for the strengthening of the quality of their citizenship. We must make America a land of vision, a land of work, of sincere striving for the good; but we must add to all these, in order to round out the full stature of the people, an ample effort to make it a land of wholesome enjoyment and perennial gladness."

It has been said that civilization moves in circles.

Three thousand years ago, along the shores of the Mediterranean, the Greek states developed a culture which has never been surpassed. Drama, literature, and sports they handed down to us.

To no other people has the development of mind and body meant so much as to the Spartans and Athenians. Their philosophers rank among the greatest thinkers of all time; their artists were masters of chisel and brush, and are consciously imitated to this day; their playwrights invented the perfected tragedy. And, in this civilization, the athlete was held in equal esteem with thinker, sculptor, and writer. To give their athletes an opportunity for expression, they organized the Olympic games, which were revived less than a half-century ago.

We have completed the circle of civilization and are beginning a new outdoor life, much as the Greeks developed it.

Health is to be the basis of our new era, as is was of theirs. It has come about since 1890, in a manner that few dreamed was possible.

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How to Use Ammonia for Burns

By Bessie A. Ficklen

Author of the Short Story, Ammonia for Burns

THAT household ammonia is a cure for burns was discovered, so far as we know, in my father's family. One of his sisters burned herself, and, suffering greatly, and finding none of her usual remedy, soda, at hand, she tried the nearest thing to soda she could find, which happened to be ammonia.

Her cure was so immediate that the news spread among family and friends. Most doctors have never heard of it; and doctors and the general public when told for the first time that it is good to immerse a burn in ammonia are apt to be alarmed at the very idea.

But I have seen ammonia work such miracles of relief and cure that, if a bottle of it were within reach, I should not think it rash to dip my hand into boiling water, or into the fire.

Ammonia cured for me, in a moment, the pain of three boiled fingers, and in a night restored them to perfect condition. Then, in thankfulness, I wrote the following account of three instances, which, among many others, I can personally vouch for in every detail.

The one that had just occurred I took pains to have testified to by the two witnesses of the burn and of the cure.

I have also, since then—in order to compare ammonia with the usual remedies—persuaded a doctor to tell me something of the modern theories about burns. He admitted that burns are still among the unsolved problems of medicine and surgery.

He explained: "A burn is the result of heat on animal matter. The result is the same whether the heat is dry, as a flame, or moist, in the shape of steam or hot water. The effect of burns, or scalds, is the partial or complete destruction of the skin or flesh in the area involved. This varies from first-degree burns—a simple reddening, followed by peeling of the first layer of the skin, as in sunburn—to burns of the second and of the third degree. In second-degree burns there is injury and destruction of the deeper layers of the skin, accompanied, when a wide surface is burned, by profound shock, followed by reaction, and this is succeeded by serious and often fatal congestions and inflammations of the internal organs. Bright's disease, pneumonia, meningitis and peritonitis are among the possible results. These after-effects are now attributed to a mysterious poison which is generated by the disorganization of human tissue.

"Burns of the third degree completely char and carbonize skin and flesh—which gradually sloughs off if the burn is not extensive enough to cause death—but they either destroy or do not generate the dangerous poison of second-degree burns. Sudden death from a burn of the third degree is the result of pain or shock.

"The mysterious cause of the symptoms which follow extensive second-degree burns—usually within forty-eight hours—has been proved to be absolutely separate from the shock and pain which accompany all burns. The most modern investigators agree only that the poison is produced by the action of high temperature on skin and flesh—technically a split-proteid—and that being absorbed into the general system it causes death usually with the symptoms of acute Bright's disease. This poison has been compared to rattlesnake venom in its quick and fatal effects. Various scientists have thought they had found the exact substance and have given it names, but it is still elusive, though many experiments have shown conclusively that it does exist.

"The loss of one-third of the skin surface by injury is not nearly so likely to cause death as the loss of a like amount from the effects of heat. The latter is

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not simply loss of skin surface, but an active toxemia.

"A healthy animal will suffer from all the poison symptoms of a burn if burned skin is grafted upon it, or if it is given extract of burned tissue, or if certain secretions of a burned animal are administered to it hypodermically. But in spite of these experiments it has so far been impossible to discover and collect in a test tube the mysterious and deadly cause of the fatal symptoms. Otherwise it would be interesting to find out how this is acted upon by ammonia.

"For, known or unknown by name, it is this poison that causes the physician to dread the treatment of every case of extensive burns, knowing that at any time a train of symptoms may develop before which medical science stands practically helpless."

The modern treatment of burns varies from the mild to the heroic: bland powders and lotions for slight burns; balsams, oils and lotions, and the open air treatment, for those that are deeper; immersions under water, and skin grafting for extensive burned surfaces; and flushing the circulation with saline solution, symptomatic treatment, and stimulation for the more serious after-effects; with, of course, opiates for the pain. Lately some surgeons advocate the cutting away of burned surfaces, in very serious cases. But whoever has suffered from the agony of a burn realizes that the best remedies, heretofore, have been palliative, but never immediately curative. Even the milder forms of burns may last uncured for weeks and months; and second-degree burns may leave open and raw surfaces for twenty or thirty years or for life, if surgical help is not obtained. Also these old burned surfaces, or scars from burns, if rubbed or irritated very often develop into cancer.

The doctor was sufficiently impressed by the following account of our success in *curing* burns, to admit that ammonia may have some power to neutralize the obscure and terrible burn poison.

Case 1. The first case occurred at our summer cottage in the mountains.

My mother's sister, then seventy-three —very energetic in spite of her age— was in the kitchen cooking herself some chicken tea. She ate nothing that the rest of the household ate, but was always concocting little dishes that she fancied, and that she trusted no one else to prepare. As she lifted her small pot the handle turned and spilled the bubbling, steaming soup all over the inside of her left hand!

Instantly she was in great pain. The cook, much excited, applied everything in the kitchen—first salt and water, then soda, then flour, then oil—but nothing helped. The skin rose in blisters and my aunt was seated, rocking in agony, when the alarm was given and the family rushed in.

When my father heard the, "Come quick! Aunty has burned herself dreadfully!" he remembered what he had recently heard about his sister's experience with ammonia; and, having a soldier's quickness in action, he picked up a bottle and went to the rescue.

He took a small bowl and poured it half full of the household ammonia, then added a little water, as he feared that the prescription of household ammonia straight might be too severe. My aunt, who was groaning and moaning, suffering so much that she was willing to try anything, made no resistance when he gave her the bowl and immersed her hand in it. Instantly her pain departed. It was so like magic that we could hardly believe it. She could not believe it, and at first thought it a coincidence; but whenever she took her hand out the suffering recommenced, and as long as the hand was immersed there was *absolutely no pain.*

She held her hand in the ammonia for twenty to thirty minutes. Then I covered the hand thickly with vaseline and bound it up in absorbent cotton, and there was literally no more pain nor discomfort. Next day the bandage was removed and the hand was permanently well—no blisters—no marks—no tenderness.

Case 2. The next time I used ammonia was on myself. I was trying to light the gas with a type of matches, new to me at the time, that make practically no noise when they ignite. I took one and scratched it, but hearing no noise inferred I had scratched the wrong end; so I changed, grasping the business end, which *had* ignited, and trying hard to scratch the handle. A sharp pain made me throw the match down, but the burning head stuck to

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my finger and blazed away until I frantically slapped it out.

It left a very painful little burned spot—it felt like a burned hole in my finger. But then I remembered the ammonia and ran for the bottle I had upstairs. As soon as I got some into the soap-dish, slightly diluted with water, and put my finger in it, my trouble was over. The pain vanished.

I soaked the finger, then tied it up in vaseline; and the next day there was a hard little white spot on my finger, but no soreness whatever. This white spot fell away, leaving practically no mark.

Case No. 3. In a little New York apartment we were making ready for a picnic luncheon. In one chafing-dish the water for the tea was vigorously boiling itself away; so in a hurry I lifted the chafing-dish in one hand and the teapot in the other, and instead of pouring it into the teapot, I emptied all the boiling, sizzling water over my fingers. The two girls who were looking on gasped and so did I; but, though I felt dazed and on fire, I remembered the ammonia. It was right at hand.

"Pour ammonia over it," I demanded, and one frightened girl picked up the bottle and doused my whole hand as I held it over the sink. This household ammonia happened to be unusually strong, and the burning increased so severely that I lost faith and thrust my hand under the faucet of cold water. The water brought on a throbbing intensity of pain which only grew worse when I next desperately covered my hand with flour. But as the pain grew unbearable, I came to my senses and made a solution of ammonia and water to wash away the flour. The first touch of this brought instant relief; so I had only to wash off the flour, and then to soak my hand in a fresh solution, experimenting with the mixture of ammonia and water until I felt a perfect and blissful freedom from pain.

I kept my hand soaking for about twenty minutes—until the unburned surface began to sting from the ammonia. Then I covered it thick with vaseline and wrapped it in absorbent cotton; and we made our tea and sat down to it in peace and comfort.

The next morning—when I wrote this account—my fingers were *absolutely normal*, with no redness or tenderness.

My two witnesses wrote and signed the following statement:

"Yesterday we saw the boiling water poured over the hand, and this morning saw the hand perfectly normal."

These instant cures seem marvelous to me, because I have seen much slighter burns—from a hot water bottle, for instance, or from a single puff of steam—take months to heal, though they were treated by intelligent doctors. Burns are very easily infected and patients are very apt to grow careless when a wound is long in healing.

Also burns are so terrible in immediate suffering and in fatal after-effects, and their treatment is still so little understood, that they are likely to cause panic in the person burned, as well as in those who rush to the rescue. The victim's impulse is to run about wildly and scream, while the bystander is apt to use everything at hand in reckless, sometimes in fatal, kindness.

Does it not seem that, even with its short history, in which there is not one record of failure, the ammonia cure is worth testing if it offers any dim hope in such a region of agony?

This record of my few simple experiences is written trusting that it may lead some scientist to experiment and so be in a position to speak with authority. And I hope that, in the meantime, workers with fire—in kitchens, cooking schools, laundries, fire-departments and elsewhere—unless they already possess some certain cure for burns, will keep a bottle of household ammonia ready, to use as follows:

Ammonia for burns. For my Aunt we used pure *household* ammonia—which is already greatly diluted— but I found the following better:

Quickly immerse the burn in household ammonia slightly diluted with water, adding ammonia or water until there is absolutely no pain. Soak until the pain seems permanently cured. Cover with vaseline, and bind up in tissue paper or cotton. The next day the cure should be complete. If, however, the skin is broken the vaseline should be replaced by some antiseptic.

Finally, I should be glad to hear about any case in which ammonia has been used in the treatment of burns. Also of *any* case in which a burn has been immediately cured.

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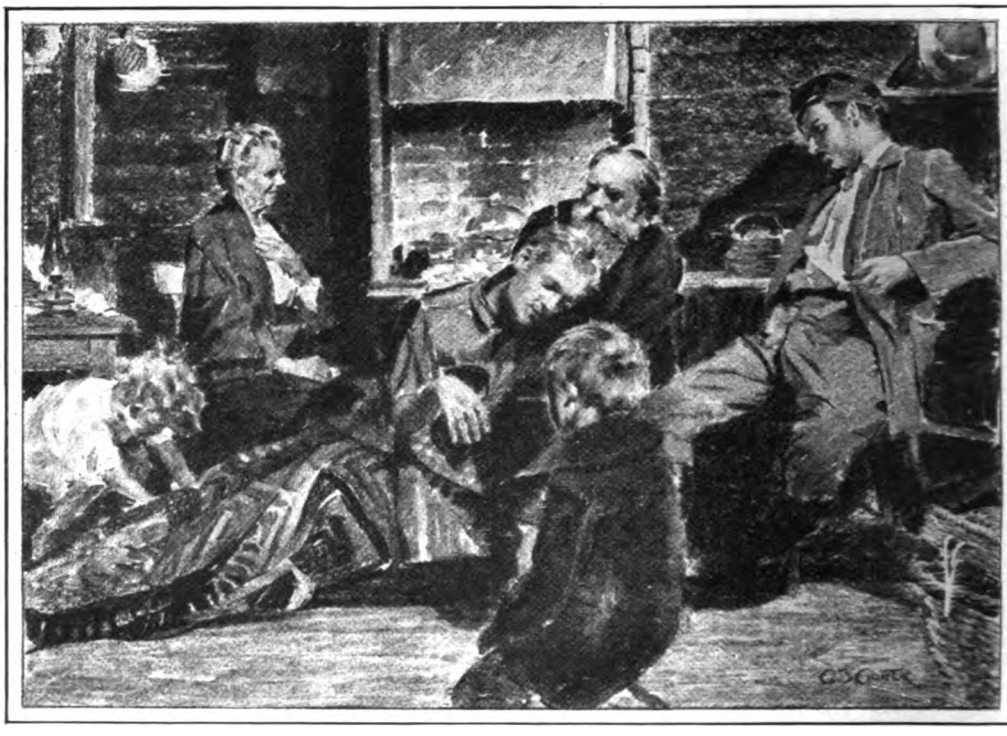
WILDERNESS GOLD

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter



"It was worth while," smiled Ross McClure to me. "Worth — while ——"

I WAS eleven years old the night my Uncle Ross McClure died, so I remember it all.

We were in our big room with the bare log walls, and these were red with the light of the stove, for the door of the stove was open, and my father kept on pushing in more wood, so that the flames poured out over his hands. Next day his hands were red with the burns he had never felt, as though the light had dyed them.

Ross lay wrapped in red blankets in front of the stove, almost under the flames. They said he was cold. Since he had fallen inside the door, and they had carried him in, he did not seem able to speak or get his breath. But every now and then he would look at me as if there was something he wanted to say.

Our wet clothes lay in a heap behind the stove. I had put on dry ones, and wondered why they had not put dry ones on Ross. In her corner my Grandmother Anastasia sat watching. She had been helping, but her face was not sorrowful, it was intent. Ross was not her son. Little Varna had crawled under the table and from there she was watching too. Every now and then her small face was thrust out into the red light, which colored it like a rose. She was not sad nor scared. She was eager; happy as she was when she bought the young grouse from the Indian boy and let them fly.

As for me, I wasn't scared, though I knew something was wrong; that Ross's

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heart had gone back on him in some way after his long struggle with the tide-rip.

I wasn't scared even when my father looked up suddenly and said, "Isn't the boat in yet? There's not much time. Won't *he* come in time?"

No one spoke. My father stood up and looked at his mother. She did not stir. He lifted his hands in a queer way and went out into the dark.

Then, suddenly, I was scared. I was terrified; afraid of the room, and Anastasia, and Ross McClure lying cold in front of the red-hot stove, and even of little Varna's face under the table.

I ran out, crying, "Father, wait for me!"

It seemed a long while before I found his hand in the dark. Even then he did not seem to know he held mine, but I was content. I felt safe again.

My father, Serge McClure, was down on our wharf, waiting for my grandfather's boat to come in. The wind was strong. It made a great noise in the forest behind, and had put out the lamp on the end of the wharf. Serge never thought to light it again. He stood quite still, holding me with one hand, and with the other beating softly on his breast. I remembered that I had seen him do that once before when my mother was sick; and that then she had gone away.

I was just a little savage. But then I knew a fresh, strange, trembling dread; wondering for the first time if that unexplained going-away was coming to splendid Ross McClure.

We stood silent a long while on the wharf. My hearing became used to the sound of the wind, the solemn sound of the tide drawing out. I could hear the beat of my own heart and the steady beat of my father's hand on his breast.

The hot drink they had given me had made me very sleepy. My eyes shut, and for a while I saw nothing. The quick grip of my father's hand on mine told me when the boat was coming in from our fishing-ground off Wilderness.

When I had courage to look, Angus McClure was standing in front of us, holding the lantern from the boat. He held it high, so that its light fell on me, on my father's troubled face, on the running foam and on the gleaming salmon in the boat alongside.

He said, "I'd a dark landing, Serge."

Serge answered, without moving except for his moving hand, "The light's gone out."

My grandfather seemed to know in a minute. He lowered the lantern, saying quite quietly, "Is it Ross?"

"Ay. It's Ross."

"How?"

"Ian was out on Shilco. He fell asleep and the tide caught him. Ross saw, swam the Rip, and brought him away. There seemed no hurt at all to Ross till he dropped in the door——"

"There's no man ever swam the Rip at the flood but Ross McClure," said the old man presently, in a proud strong voice.

"And he's dying of it," answered my father with a sob. "Come quick."

We were quick. We ran back to the house in the dark, but the old man was there before us. When we went in, everything was as it had been, except that he had lifted Ross so that Ross's head lay on his knees, and was talking to him in the Old Language he had brought from the Isles; but I don't think my uncle heard him. He lay cold beside the stove, which was growing cold too. Under the red Hudson Bay blanket his great chest went up and down as he fought for breath, slower and slower. There was no sound in the room but those long-spaced sighs, until Anastasia threw back her head and began to wail softly in time with the breathing.

My grandfather looked at her. He said in English, "Are there tears in your eyes?"

She looked at him, her eyes were dry. "Then, woman," he said, "if there's no sorrow in your eyes or your heart, there shall be none on your lips." So she was silent.

Little Varna, crouched under the table, was making a fluttering with her small hands as if they were wings. There came a tap on the window as if a bird had blown against the pane. Without raising his head, Angus said, "Go, one of you, and set the door open."

It seemed to be my part to go and open the door on the dark wind and the stars. I did it and went back. A great gust of air, salt from the sea, sweet from the forest, followed me in and blew the wood-ashes from the stove all about the place, so that we were scattered with

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ash. It was like dust on our heads.

Then for the first time my grandmother moved. She got up and went to a niche in the logs stopped with clay. She scratched the clay away and it came easily. It was a hiding place I had never seen. From the niche between the logs she drew a long picture framed in silver-gilt. I'd never seen it before. I guessed the others had never seen it either. It was the picture of a naked man pierced with arrows and having a rainbow round his head. This she set on a chair and knelt down before it, beating softly on her breast. She took no more notice of us. My father and grandfather were kneeling on each side of Ross. And for a long time that was all.

I was nearly asleep. Then in a moment I was broad awake, missing something. Presently I knew what it was. For a while there had been no breath at all that I could hear.

I ran out into the middle of the floor. At the same moment there was a stir by the stove. Old Angus lifted his head and summoned me with eyes that were like hard stones. Serge held out his hand to me. The tears had run over his kind face until even his big brown beard was wet. I went and knelt at his side, wondering what I should see. But I only saw Ross McClure—Splendid Ross—my Ross McClure—smiling at me.

Things happened that night which ended the world as I'd known it. My grandmother praying to the man in the picture, my father crying aloud; and now Ross lying huddled in his father's arms as I used to huddle in my father's when I was cold. He lay there, smiling at me. And no one said anything at all.

The silence began to choke me. It was heavy, like salt water; drowning. I must speak. Even though my father and Ross's father were silent, it was for me to speak.

I leaned forward. Shouting loudly, as if to a person far off, I cried, "No one's ever swum the Rip at the flood but you, Ross!"

Then Ross raised himself a little on his father's arm and laughed. His blue eyes shone in the old gay way I knew. I laughed back at him. He made a movement with his hand and Serge took it and set it on my head. It slipped to my neck. It was the strangest thing of all that Ross McClure should not be able to move his hand for himself.

The weight of that hand drew me nearer. His lips moved.

"It was worth while," smiled Ross McClure to me. "Worth—while——"

His hand slipped. His whole body slipped suddenly, as if he would fall a long way. He only slipped an inch in my grandfather's arms. But he was out of our hands, out of our hold. Gone, for all that. A voice I'd never heard called out, "He's dead."

By and by Angus stood up. He was a very tall man. Now he seemed to fill the house like the wind, to draw us all erect with him. He stood, staring around. My grandmother left her picture. With her black eyes dry, she went to him. She said softly, "What now, what now?"

"The light's gone out," said Angus. "And now there'll be no more sorrow."

He went to the door and Serge ran after him, crying, "Father, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going away from you all. I'm finished here. Maybe you'll see me again, maybe no. I can bear no more sorrow. Sorrow comes to a man through those he has about him—women, his sons, his sons' bairns—— Now there'll be none about me any more. I'll be alone till I die, and so I'll have no more sorrow. I'm going back to Wilderness."

He went to the door and stood in it. He said to us behind him, "I'll leave the fish on the rocks and you can carry it up in the morning." Serge and Anastasia, the old woman, were quite still. But I ran and clung to my grandfather's side, saying, "Don't go. Don't you go away too!"

He pushed me off, he struck at me. I had never seen hate in a man's eyes. I saw it then. He cursed me, too, living and dead. My father caught me up. Even old Anastasia screamed out.

Serge said in a thick voice, "Father, father, is the poor child here to pay for all?"

There was no answer. The door was empty. Angus was gone, leaving us shaking there, pale as the ashes the wind scattered. Little Varna slipped out from under the table, dancing, fluttering her fingers as she did when she saw a caged bird flying free. But I——

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I broke from my father and ran into the night. I heard them calling.

"Ian, Ian, come back!" cried my father. And Anastasia, the old woman, called,

"Ivan, Ivan, come home!"

But I ran on until I fell in the dark. They were calling a child who had died with Splendid Ross. All night I lay hidden among the rocks; long after they stopped their crying; long after the twinkle that was the light on Angus's boat had vanished in the sea-dark towards Wilderness.

For you see, I was Ian. I had been out on Shilco, and it was I that Ross had swum with through the Rip. It was for me that Splendid Ross had died.

I thought of it all night. Then it was morning. A strange boat with black-coated men in it was putting in at our wharf. The fish that Angus had brought in overnight were shining in a great heap on the rocks. Little Varna, carrying a bowl of yellow salmon-berries and a piece of bread, was coming to me in the dawn.

The black men stayed at our house all day. They were Moravian missionaries. They had come by chance, but there was work to their hand. The next day they buried Splendid Ross beside Fiona, his mother, under the great cedars by the lower corral. But old Angus never came back.

A year went, and none of us had seen him. He was living alone on Wilderness, in the cabin he'd built to sleep in when he was away at the fishing. It was as if we'd all died for him when Ross died. He was done with us. Without him and Ross we were lonely.

We were poor too. Our land, though it was only a narrow alluvial strip between the forest and the sea, was too much for my father to work alone. He missed Ross every day. When the channel silted up and the new half-acre went uncleared and the deer trod the corn, then he missed Ross. He took to letting things go, out of grief.

He'd loved Ross, though they were children of two women far apart as the two sides of the world. Fiona had come out with Angus from the Isles, and died in bearing Ross; these two had all my grandfather's love; but later for a man's reasons he'd married Anastasia, a Russian woman from Unalaska. My father was her son. She had given him his name, Serge. Me she called Ivan, and loved me, too, until my grandfather left us.

Now Angus was gone, she kept her picture out on the shelf and prayed to it every day. I would come in and find her kneeling in front of it, her hands, dark as smoked wood, beating her breast. She would look at me out of her dry black eyes, but never called me to come to her. She kept Varna with her now, who was the child of a cousin's cousin, lost in the seal hunting. I saw

Kneeling in front of it; her hands, dark as smoked wood, beating her breast.

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a hate of me growing in her eyes, because, if Ross had left me to choke in the salt water on Shilco, my grandfather would not have gone to live alone in his age on Wilderness.

Things began to be very strange with us. Ross had been our health. Without him, in the winter rains, we grew sick and hateful.

Once I was in the room hiding with Varna. It was late, but Anastasia had not brought the lamp. She was praying to her picture. The last light shone on the rainbow round the man's head and on his thin white limbs.

Serge came in heavily in his tall boots. He said, "Mother, there's more trouble. The gray horse has fallen from the cliff."

She did not answer. He took a gun, and I knew he was going to shoot the horse which Ross had brought, a colt, from the settlements. He went out, and when he came back my grandmother had not moved. It was dark. Only a little gleam like a jewel flickered on the picture. He knelt down beside her and laid his head on her shoulder. Soon, I knew he was crying.

"Mother," he said, "will nothing go right with us any more?"

"Nothing will go right till we bring Angus home," said Anastasia without stirring. Under my father's heavy head and his shaking hands she was just like a stone.

He drew away from her, saying with a sob, "We have nothing left that would bring him home."

"There's one thing that might pay him a little for his loss," said the old woman.

They were silent so long I was scared. I came out of my hiding and lighted the lamp. My father and his mother were looking at me strangely when I turned. They looked at me like strangers, as if they were not my own people at all. At last Anastasia pulled me to her and took hold of my hair, so roughly that some came away in her fingers.

"He has Ross's hair, anyway," she said, and went to get supper.

All that winter things were bad for us. Even my father's face changed. He and Anastasia would talk together at night as if they were scared of something. Often I would find him on his knees in front of the picture. Often he said, "There's a curse on this place." But I knew it was only sorrow. More and more they seemed like strangers to me. I was lonely for Splendid Ross, and often I was hungry.

One morning at the end of the winter Serge woke me before it was light. He said, "Put on your clothes and come down to the boat."

I dressed and followed him. He had the boat ready by the wharf. It was misty, and the red boards of the wharf gleamed in the wet. Some of them were gone, and you had to tread carefully, for there was no Ross to mend the wharf. I jumped into the boat and Serge pushed off and hoisted the sail. There was a little wind, a pressure of the air. The sail filled in slow breaths that made me think of Ross McClure's the night he died. The land drew away behind us and was soon lost in the mist.

All that morning we sailed slowly through the mist. The sea was calm. But now and then I would hear the surf on some sea-island hidden in the haze. I was afraid to ask my father where we were going, he looked so strange.

Late in the day the mist parted. Ahead I saw a very great high island. I knew it was Wilderness. My heart began to beat so that I felt sick.

There is only one good boat-landing on Wilderness. Here my father guided our boat and let down the sail. It made a great noise and rattle in that still place, where year by year there is no sound but the breathing of the sea. Our coming must have been seen or heard. For Serge was just stepping out of the boat when my grandfather came out of the mist and stood in the way, carrying a gun on his arm.

"What brings you here, Serge?" asked Angus, as if he had seen us only yesterday. "I wanted none of you about me any more, carrying sorrow like a sickness in your clothes."

Serge's broad face was very white. The boat heaved on the surf by the landing, and he stood in it, swaying to and fro, looking up at Angus.

At last he said in a thick voice, "I've brought you all I have to pay you for all you lost."

"Have you anything that'll pay me for the loss of my son?" asked old Angus. And they were not father and son

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then, but just two men with an unpardonable debt between them.

That was what my father meant. "Yes," he said quickly, "I'll pay you with mine!" And he took me and swung me out of the boat so that I stood beside my grandfather. "Take him," said Serge, "he's yours, to do what you like with. He cost you Ross. Take him and use him instead of Ross." Serge's face worked, he began to cry. "And perhaps then you'll take your ill-will off the place and we shall be out of your debt and in luck again."

Old Angus looked at Serge. He looked right into his thoughts and the fears Anastasia had given him. Then he laughed. "This," he said, "to pay me for Splendid Ross?" He stretched out his big hand and drew me to him. My father stood under us, jumping up and down with the boat and looking up with a ghastly face. He did nothing. I believe if the old man had killed me he would have done nothing, so strangely had his mind been worked on by Anastasia in the dark months.

But Angus only took me and stripped off my clothes, so that I stood before him bare on the rocks. "This," he asked again, "to pay me for Splendid Ross?"

I saw myself in a high tide pool, slight and white as the man with the rainbow round his head. I was ashamed. I crept to the boat and said, "Father, take me home."

"No," said my father. "I've paid you to him in exchange for what you cost him. A life for a life, and now maybe we'll be in luck again." He turned to my grandfather. "He's growing fast, and at least his hair's coming like Ross's hair."

Angus had left me my squirrel-skin cap on my head. Now he pushed it off and looked at my hair. He said presently, "He may stay."

"You'll be kind with him?" asked Serge, every drop of blood drained out of his face.

Old Angus said harshly, "I'll make no bargains wi' my own. A life for a life. I take him and he's mine. But ye are still and for ever in my debt for the laugh and the strength and the love of a man."

Then Serge, hanging his head, pushed the boat off into the mist and left me with the fierce old man who looked at me with hate in his eyes. But still I felt nearer to him in some way than I now did to my own father and Anastasia.

So after that I lived alone on Wilderness with him, paying him my life for the life of Ross McClure. We lived easily enough with the flour he fetched yearly from the settlements, and the wild berries, and the fish and the venison. But it was a strange life, shut in there with the old man's hate. I would hear him stirring about the cabin at night, and wonder if he was going to kill me, to throw me into the dark sea where Ross had spent his life's strength for me. I would lie awake and hear the deer go past the cabin in the night to lick the salt on the rocks, and envy the fawns that walked with the herd. When the mock-orange and the elder berries were white and scarlet in the woods I would linger on the shore, calling the seals to come play with me as they followed the salmon in; and I would swim out under the stars and rescue the seal pups that the tide had stranded on the reefs, and carry them to the water again so that they might go home.

It must have been two years after I went to live on Wilderness—and in all that time I had not seen Serge or Anastasia or the little girl—that the great storm came.

It had been a gray day and still, but the waves had been crashing on the reefs, a long glassy swell that only broke inshore, and gulls had flown south in white strings. With nightfall, the swell grew heavier. It was full moon and high tide. I was with Angus in the cabin, and it shook. All Wilderness shook to the shaking of the sea.

We went to bed. I slept and woke. I'd never heard such a swell as was breaking on the island. Angus was up and had made a light.

Seeing me awake, he said, "This is not just a storm. There has been a blow-up among the north islands, a crater has opened under the sea, perhaps." He seldom spoke to me so directly. I felt excited and in some strange way the noise on the surf made me happy. I wanted to sing, but didn't dare. I lay and listened to the noise of the old white drift logs hurled crashing in the dark among the standing timber, and won-

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dered what would come ashore. Once a table had been washed up, once a case of tin cups, and once a box of women's slippers. I kept the sodden slippers a long time in a hole under the rocks. They were red and blue, with high heels. I never knew there were such things. I tried to imagine the feet that would fit them—little, white, and very soft; until one day the tide washed the slippers all away.

As soon as it was light, I went down to the shore. Many trees had fallen and the leaves were all covered with salt. The tide was out, but the shallows were still white and the reefs thundering. I'd turned to walk along the tide mark, when I saw, on the inner rocks, a man lying, who raised his hand to me.

All in a moment time turned back and I and the world were different. We had gone back together. I was a child, and I was lying out on a reef, and raising my hand in just that way to Splendid Ross. And yet I knew myself, with trouble and confusion, to be Ross McClure as well, standing on the edge of the Shilco Rip, and that child calling to me beyond. That knowledge was a law for me, the law of Splendid Ross; though all the while I was just Ian, and that was not the Shilco Rip, but the infinitely milder surf inshore on Wilderness.

Well, it was heavy for me, for I was only a boy; heavy for me perhaps as the Shilco Rip for Ross . . . . I was in it, to my knees, to my thighs. The sand under the foam seemed to spin away, to fall in great hollows. One minute it was sand, the next foam. I fell. I swam, choking, and the incoming surf dashed me back. The wash dragged me out. I struggled to stand. The depth was only to my heart, which felt hot as fire, though I was cold.

"Ross," I said, "the Rip was deep, and you swam it all the way for me." I went on. My head and my heart felt as though they would break. I thought, if I felt such pain fighting the shallow surf off Wilderness, what had Ross felt when he fought the Rip with me?

Then there was rock under my hands, under my feet. I climbed up. There was fire in front of my eyes like the fire in my chest. Through it I saw the man lying above me, his head on his arms. I climbed up to him and lay down beside him. Presently he lifted his head and looked at me. I saw the look I knew so well come into his eyes; disappointment; dislike.

"Why," he said, "you are only a boy!" He dropped his head on his arms again and shut his eyes.

I looked at him as he lay. He was the first man I'd seen beside Angus for more than two years. He was one of the few strangers I'd ever seen. He was young but not at all like any of us. He was dark. He had all over him a look of quickness, so that it was queer to see him lying still. It's the same way when you find a hawk asleep. I put out my hand and touched him. I felt of his black hair all gray with salt, his cold ear, his soaked clothes. I crept down and touched his feet. I was excited, happy as I'd been in the night. I felt that in a little while I might love him almost as I'd loved Ross, just because I'd found him. Ross had said it was worth while, and for the first time I began to understand that.

When I could speak, I said, "You better come ashore with me."

Without opening his eyes, he said sullenly, "My foot's hurt. You're too little to help me ashore. Ain't there a man you can fetch?"

Something made me answer "No."

The man groaned. He said, "Then I must stop here."

He would not speak again. I looked over the rocks behind us, where all the time the waves had been thundering. I watched the hollows of the waves. Each one was darker and deeper. A little while, and they would sweep over the ledge again. I went back and lay down beside the man.

In a little he turned his head. He said, "Ain't you gone?"

I said, "No."

"Why? You better go."

I shook my head. Living on Wilderness had made me dumb and stupid. I tried to say that having found him I couldn't quit. Ross would never have quit me out on Shilco.

He said, "You better go. You'll be drowned too."

The feeling of Ross was very strong with me. I laughed at him. It seemed, all in a minute, right funny to think of leaving him there and going back without him.

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I took his arm and put it around my shoulders. Together we lowered ourselves into the sea.

When I laughed he stared at me a long while. Then he said something under his breath. His eyes changed, and I was glad. He turned over, pulled himself to his knees, and then to the rim of the ledge. I took his arm and put it round my shoulders. Together we lowered ourselves into the sea. His hurt foot hit the rock, he screamed out, for a moment his whole weight was on me; somehow I held him up. We struggled on through the surf.

Again and again my senses swelled queerly, so that I was all sight, all hearing, all hands. Again and again I thought it must be the rock itself I held, that was slipping from me, pushed violently here and there by the waves; that

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it would soon roll on me and grind me deep into the flowing sands. Again, it would seem that I helped him easily; for I was Splendid Ross, and it was only Ian I carried, a child; though in my ears was the drumming of Shilco Rip, the muffled drum of my own breaking heart. . .

At last I lay beside him again upon a rock, and I knew that I myself was Ian, that I had brought the man to shore, and that Splendid Ross was far away.

Then, if you will believe me, for the first time I lay over on my face and wept for Splendid Ross.

The man I had saved watched me, dumb, curious. When I had finished I said, "I'll go now and fetch some one who will help you up to our cabin."

I left him and climbed the path to the cabin, but my grandfather was not there. His gun, too, was gone. I took some girdle-cake, and a cup of the elderberry wine we had made the year before, and went back to my man.

When I came to the shore, I saw something dreadful. The man had got up and was trying to run along the beach. Every few steps his foot went back on him and he fell. Then he dragged himself along on his hands. He went all ways, quite silent. At the end of the beach my grandfather stood, covering the man with his gun. As the lamed man moved, so the barrel moved. He was silent too.

All in a minute, I stopped being a boy. I felt quiet and strong. I did not hurry as I went down on the beach, past my grandfather and the gun. I went slowly, carrying the cold cake and the cup of berry wine so it wouldn't spill. I took it to the man crouched among the stones and said, "Here's something for you to eat and drink."

He stared at me, panting. He was quite white. His heart shook him backwards and forwards. He said, "That old man's going to shoot me, sure. He said so . . ."

I told him, "No, he won't shoot. He's an old man who's had great trouble, and it's made him crazy sometimes." As I spoke the words about my grandfather I knew they were true. From that time I was never any more afraid of Angus McClure.

I went up to him and said, "Give me the gun."

He had come up quite close. He was looking at me as if he had never seen me before. There was trouble in his look and fear. He said, "What is it, Ian? Who's the man? The stranger?"

"Just a man I pulled out of the sea," I told him. He stared at me, his mouth drooped, his fingers fumbled with the gun. I was so sorry for him my throat ached as if I would cry. I said to him again, "The gun, grandfather." He let me take it. He said in a whisper, "Ian, send the man away. We want no strangers round us here on Wilderness. They'll bring trouble."

I was pleased because the old man said "we" and "us," which he had never done before. There was a mist in my eyes. Even so, I noticed the quick glittering curious look the dark man had for Angus.

"Ay, I'll go," he said before I could speak. "I'm no spy on whatever you have here . . . My name's Jens Morgen, and my boat was split on your outer reef last night on my way back from a trip north, where I'd hoped to find copper. I was tossed on the inner reef, and there I'd be now but for the boy." He looked at Angus as if he was ready to be in a fright of him again, then back at me. "Say," he went on softly, "it must be something good that keeps you two here alone?"

I said, "It's just his sorrow keeps us here." I knew Jens Morgen did not believe me. And I chilled to him for pretending he did.

He changed his look. "Well," he said, taking up the cold cake and the wine and almost winking at me, "a word's enough for a friend. And don't you doubt I'm a friend after what you've done for me."

"Well," I said, "it wasn't much. And my old man tried to shoot you."

He looked away from me. His eyes flashed at every bit of the island he could see. He laughed. "I don't bear a grudge. Maybe it's no more than I'd have done in his place. . . Now I'll ask you nothing but to bind my foot and the loan of a boat to take me to the mainland. I'll get a boat there, and fetch yours back to you before the week's out."

It came round as he said. He would not even go up to the cabin to dry or rest. He'd been half-dead on the reef

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an hour back, and now seemed all alive, like a fish returned to the sea. We bound his foot in brined cloths and set him in our boat. He poled out and raised the sail to the peak and caught the sheet. The boat took the channel in one rush. He was steering true, choosing the deep by instinct. He was a seaman, like those my grandfather told about in the Isles. The sea was in him, his veins were salty and cunning . . . He looked back at me and grinned.

"Good-bye," he called. "I'll fetch the boat back. I'm your friend. Some day you'll tell me what you and him are hiding on Wilderness!"

I didn't understand, and I didn't like him very much. But Wilderness seemed lonely. His thin face, the water drops in his ears, his dark thin feet and way of speaking, all these were pressed into me like the mark of a stone in wet sand. I knew I'd never forget him.

Three or four nights later, I woke in the dark. I wondered at first if the old man had called me, but he was lying asleep on his back, with his hands clasped over something. I went to the door and looked into the night, all solemnly breathing of the sea and the forest. There were stars shining through the thin burnt trees on the top of the rocks that were heaped into a hill behind our cabin. Here another star wandered, swaying, rising, checking; like the lantern in the hand of a man looking for something. Only there was no other man on Wilderness and no lantern but ours.

The spark moved up and down, and I watched it. I was afraid. I seemed to guess for the first time that I lived my life in the midst of a world of other lives and things, some of which must have a meaning for me.

I could hear the stags calling gruffly, as if they were scared of it too.

Then I felt strong again and angry. Creeping back into the cabin, I brought out the gun, and began to climb the hill. I made no sound at all in my bare feet. When the spark was level in front of me, though some way off, I steadied the gun and fired.

All the still and hollow night broke into a great booming noise that roared among the hills. The spark vanished. From above me came a scatter of stones and a rush of frightened deer. They went coughing past me in the dark. I smelled them, they were so close. And closer yet, mixed up with their rush, was something that plunged past me on two feet, panting and swearing; so near that his salt-smelling coat brushed in my face, so near that I could have put out my hand and touched his hair.

The deer swung aside and were swallowed in the forest. The other went down to the beach, I guessed in a panic of terror. My own heart was beating sickly in my throat. I heard the clatter of stones, the grind of a boat pushed off hurriedly, then the beat of oars dying away.

Lonely, puzzled, only a weak boy again, I sat on the rocks holding the cold gun. I'd seen nothing. But the dark was everywhere imprinted with a face, quick hands and feet, and hard curious eyes.

Next day we found our boat tied up at the landing. Then I knew, though I said nothing about it, that our old gun had twice been leveled at Jens Morgen.

I climbed up the rocks, but they were just as they had been. I looked out to sea, but in all the miles between us and my old home there was no sail.

After that we were left alone on Wilderness for a long while.

My old man was content. He only felt safe from sorrow when we were alone. He never spoke of it, but with my new thoughts I guessed it was so. I was full of new thoughts in those days. The hours when I saved Jens Morgen from the sea, when I fired on him in the dark, divided life in two for me, like a wall.

I grew very fast and strong. In a year, I could swim the tide-race between our reefs. Instead of lying awake at night listening to the deer, I used to steal out and shout, and laugh when they dashed past me in the dark. Instead of calling the seals for company, I shot one and skinned it. The hide wasn't much good. For no reason at all I made the best of it into a pair of small shoes, as much as possible like those red and blue slippers the sea had washed away years ago; I even shaped a pair of high wooden heels. I hid them in a dry hole in the rocks, and would often, for no reason at all, take them out and handle them. Sometimes they were warm from the sun-warmed rock; and then I would feel as

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if some one had just drawn them off her feet, and had run away and was hiding from me, waiting for me to find her. I never knew I was lonely, except when I held those little shoes.

Every spring Angus took the boat and went to fetch our year's supplies from the settlements. He never took me. It was the year he brought me back a suit of full-size man's clothes for the first time that I thought I'd go over and see Serge, my own father; and Anastasia; and Varna, the little girl.

I had not seen them all that long while. I had a grudge against them which grew with my growth, that they should have given me away like that in payment of an unpayable debt.

Angus was used now to having me come and go as I pleased. I put some food in the boat overnight and sailed before it was well light. Dawn found Wilderness a blue height behind me on the rim of a blue sea.

All day I sailed shoreward among the sea-islands I'd passed in the mist that day my father took me to Wilderness. I did not want to reach the land till the evening. I sailed about one island and another, seeing how men had come to our country in the last years; one had been lumbered over, another had a mine on it, another had a new wharf with a tug tied up there.

Late in the day I lifted the peaks of the coast hills that were behind our house. I knew them, and how the forested ranges rose and hid the snow peaks; and, as I sailed nearer, how the forest lifted and hid everything. I saw again our little fields and buildings clinging between the forest and the sea.

In the twilight I brought the boat alongside the old wharf and stepped out. There were only two or three boards left to walk on and these gave under me. The wharf had never been mended since I left.

Towards the house the half-acre Ross had been clearing had gone back to bush, and was covered with young poplars; in the half light their leaves glittered like glass. There were no beasts in the upper corral. Everything looked poor, worn, half deserted. I went up to the house through long grass and looked in at the window.

For years these things, these people, had been like thoughts of the dead to me. Now, just by looking through a window, they were alive and real, and it was Angus and our life on Wilderness that seemed in a moment dead and far away.

I saw Anastasia in her place. As is often the way with those already old and able for no change but the last one, she had not altered at all. Her picture of the young man pierced with arrows was nailed to the wall, and her black old eyes were lifted to it. I knew that she never expected to see Angus again, or the picture would never have been nailed there.

My father was sitting at the corner of the table, facing another man who had his back to me. Serge had aged; he looked poor, worn, lonely, like the place. He did not seem to have gained anything by giving me away to Angus. Then the man facing my father turned his head. And it was Jens Morgen.

In my surprise I stepped away from the window, but he had not looked for me nor seen me. A young girl came into the room carrying a pitcher of water and a tin cup as bright as silver. She gave Jens to drink from the cup, and he made her hold it while he drank.

She was very young, tall, and grave. As I remember her, I know that womanhood was only a shadow of something more lovely on her hard, bright looks. She was so fair, she glittered like the cup in that dark place; but you could not say from what spring she would be filled. She took the cup away without smiling at Jens, who had never taken his look from her while he drank. Until she was gone, I never thought that she was Varna.

All the while I had been looking for Varna to put her little face out from under the table and flutter her fingers for wings. The change in her seemed quick to me as the change from a seed to a flower, and much more wonderful. I did not know what it all meant—only that in a moment I had become so much aware of Varna and all she did that it seemed as if it was to me she had brought the water in that shining cup—to me, not to Jens Morgen.

Then I heard Jens speaking. What he said held me there, for it was what I was doing myself, or else I would have followed Varna when she went out, and then things might have been different.

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He said, "I looked in at the window again and saw him lying asleep."

"That's more," answered my father heavily, "than I've seen this long while."

"He always sleeps *so*," Jens went on, "with his hands closed over it and the gun at the bed's head. The same gun that he's fired at me."

"He's an old man," answered my father in the same dull way. "The island's his. He keeps the loneliness that's good for him."

"No one," laughed Jens, "however old or crazy, keeps *nothing* with a gun! And shoots it off, too."

I was puzzled, but I laughed to myself in the dark, thinking how it wasn't old Angus who had fired that gun.

"Listen." Jens spoke as if his mind was impatient of things as slow as words. "After I was cast on Wilderness, and your old man was all for shooting me out of hand for fear of what I'd see—no other reason—I came to you and worked for you a while here, didn't I?"

It was news to me, we'd been so alone on Wilderness. My father nodded.

"It was no good. I tried to make you listen then. I told you then that the old man had hold of something good. But you wouldn't do anything. The island was his, anyway, you said; and you was all for sheep. If you'd capital to clear more land, you said, and get new stock, you was safe to make money this time. For there was a weekly boat coming, and the Welshmen at Deepwater, you said, homesick for mutton.

"I loaned you the money. Didn't I? Then I went off north on the rumor of a strike. I found no gold. But I tell you, the story of Wilderness was known. By heaven, it was there ahead of me!"

He struck his hands together. It was strange to me to think that any story of our island was known about the world, and I made no bones of listening.

"I tell you they had it all—an island far south, with just a wild boy and a crazy old man on it, and shooting to kill any man that landed, for fear they'd find the gold the island was full of . . .

"I come back. What'd I find? My money was gone. You'd cleared a few stumps and quit. A cougar'd got your ram, the weekly boat had never come, and the Welshmen at Deepwater was eating pork. You're a failure, ain't you?"

"I did my best," said Serge, "but there's bad luck on the place yet."

"There's no bad luck a little bold doing wouldn't cure. To rot here, you and your place and the old woman and the girl—to rot and fall like trees—when maybe there's gold on Wilderness!"

After a little my father said sullenly, "I don't know and you don't know. Anyway the island's his. He took it up long ago to make a summer home for his first wife. Now what'll you say?"

"I'll say, share and share alike in the family. My share might pay me for what I loaned you to raise sheep. And I look to be in the family soon. I look at it that way."

Presently my father dropped his head with a groan. "I'll say you're a hard man, Jens Morgen. And a bad one, I think. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing to hurt."

My father said uncertainly, "I don't trust you."

Jens got up and took him by the chin and tilted his face to the light. In the same uncertain way he'd spoken, my father struggled to get free, staring at the other. Jens stared back; then laughed and laughed, and let him go.

"It has you!" he grinned. "It's got you at last. I've been through five strikes, and there's not a man in the world it won't get at one time or another when he's up or down."

"I'm down," said my father, "but there's a limit to what I'll do."

"And it's soon reached," laughed Jens. "All right, I always do the dirty work myself," and he went out whistling.

I stopped by the window, thinking of all I've thought about often enough since. Even then, I knew Jens for the kind he was, and it's a kind that always brings trouble. Without any anchor in the world, one thing or another owns them—drink, wandering, women or gold. Gold owned Jens. He saw it every place. He'd come to believe for a fact there was gold on our island, and that Angus knew it and was hiding it from the rest of us. I guess he'd started that story about it himself. He laid his belief on Serge, just as

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Angus looked up at him kindly. "I'm glad to see you," he said. "What do you want?"

Anastasia had laid hers on him in the matter of giving me away to Angus. I wondered what I ought to do. Then it seemed best to do and say nothing till I saw what Jens Morgen would do.

I went back softly. Then I walked up to the door and into the room. "Father," I said.

Old Anastasia got up, shaking. She screamed out, "Ross!" But my father stood up and came to me. For a minute the trouble fell from him, he looked strong and fine again.

"No," he said, "this is not Ross, this is *my* son." He took me in his arms. "O Ian," he whispered, "if only you'd come a while sooner!"

I was silent, wishing I'd come in before; before he'd set himself that way with Jens; wishing that I would not have to be against him in the trouble I felt was to come between us all. But it was not my fault I'd been given to old Angus. I would do the best I could for each of them if there had to be more trouble.

Then I put it out of my mind and sat and talked with my father. His hand was over mine, he looked at me shyly. Old Anastasia whispered to her picture. Jens had a shack back in the woods, I did not see him again. When the moon rose Varna came in, walking as brightly in the shadows of the house as though the moonlight dripped from her. She was cold and grave. But when she knew I was Ian she smiled for the first time.

I stayed with them that night and into the next day. It was dark before I moored the boat again on Wilderness.

The cabin was full of moonlight as a pail is full of water. My old man lay asleep on his back, his hands clasped over a little packet he always held to his breast, the gun leaning by the bed. He always slept that way. Now I saw him with new eyes, with Jens Morgen's eyes. I wondered if that was all Jens had seen the times he'd climbed the path and looked unknown into our window—if indeed my grandfather had some secret there which would make us all rich if we knew it.

I lay down. Last night I had not slept at all for the faint sound of Varna's breathing through the boards that divided us; it had seemed to make her present and visible to me from head to foot as she slept. Now I slept, and dreamed that I put the sealskin shoes on her feet and that she ran away.

The next day I tried to forget the dream. It puzzled me. I began to think of Jens Morgen and what he would do.

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He did nothing for a time, and that was hardest of all for me—to wait, not knowing the happening that was to come out of time, like a fox out of the bush.

Then I began to know that we were not always alone on Wilderness. I would wake at night and seem to see a face just vanishing from the window. I would feel some one near me in the dark. I would see the mark of a keel in the clear sand the tide was covering, or footprints in wet moss at morning. Twice I saw a thread of smoke inland, a blur against the sky; and I followed it for miles, for this was the season of bush fires; but when I came to the place, the fires were out. I could not find them at all. Some one I never saw came and went cunningly. A dozen times I took the gun and ran into the dark, only to stand while the wind washed round me and the beat of my heart died down, hearing only the sea and the forest, the sounds of Wilderness. Or was something added to them? Ripples on a boat slipping through the water, feet moving softly on the rock? Or just the going of my own dread?

That year I had more strength in me than I could use. I was building a new cabin for me and my old man. One day I was looking at the timber in a canyon at the back of the island where I very seldom went. This canyon had a level of rock like a shelf at the higher end, and a dead fir stump white as bone was on the shelf. Climbing the canyon, there was something queer about the stump, a tiny patch of color, as if a flower had budded from the dead wood. I hauled up on the ledge at last, and then I saw what it was.

Some way, I could not believe it at first. Anastasia's picture of the young man shot with arrows was tied to the stump with knots of grass. A little penthouse of green boughs had been built over the picture, but a beam of light had slipped under and glowed on the red blood and the rainbow and the gilded frame until it had shone out like a flower.

I was quite brought down to see this thing in such a place. It made me ashamed to think what it must mean. I hated the thin white face of the man in the rainbow as if he'd seen something disgraceful to us all. But there was nothing to do yet. I went on building the house.

I was looking for a good cedar growing on the cliffs, so that when I felled it, it would go into the sea, and I could tow it round to our landing. One day when I had gone right across the island I fell and hurt my foot. I waited a little to rest it, cut a stick and walked with that. It was dark long before I was home.

I was of a height with old Angus now. I was walking stiff on a stick like him. There, on the black trail, I walked clear into the arms of a man who had been waiting for me.

I tried to jump away, but his hands had closed on me. I flung up my hands to push his head back. Then I felt sick and wild, and my flesh seemed to twist. For he had no face.

In a minute I knew he had a cloth over it. But in that minute, when I had been all warm and weak with horror, he had lifted and thrown me, but so that I was not hurt. Indeed, it was he that seemed to be hurt, for, as I fell, he groaned.

Then I knew for sure. I lay quite still, for fear I might hit my own father.

He groaned again. His fingers went over me as if he was afraid. I wore round my neck a knife on a thin cord, and felt his shaking fingers pass inside my shirt and stop on this cord. I heard him sob; and then the cord strained and snapped, cutting me to the bone. He was gone. I lay on the trail, wondering what I would do without my knife.

Soon I got up and limped home. It seemed to me that the time had come for my old man to trust me.

He was in bed when I went in and lit the lamp. Under his white brows he stared at me. I went to him and pressed both my hands on his.

"Grandfather," I said, "will you tell me what it is that day and night you guard here round you neck?"

As he looked at me all his fine grand appearance broke up. In the long quiet years of my growth his mind had quite gone, and now I realized it.

He said, "No, no!" and held the little packet close. "No, no, Ian. No

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one must know what's here till Splendid Ross comes home."

My heart ached, but here was the trouble on us; and likely to be black, with son against father and father against son. I had come now to think it possible that Angus had found gold somewhere, and written down the place, and was keeping the knowledge for Ross. And I knew now my old man was not safe with it, no, not even from his own son.

So I coaxed him, "No one shall open this or know what's in it till you give the word. But now there's a danger that it'll be stolen from you."

He said trembling, "Ian, boy, what will I do?"

"Give it to me," I said, "and I'll wear it for you."

I had to talk a long while. And then he would not give it, but he let me take it. When it was hanging round my neck he lay watching me, and I could see the thoughts, foolish and cunning, soft and wild, following in his eyes like clouds in a sky. He said suddenly, as if he knew all about the danger I feared and the trouble I was sure of, "Maybe it'll be no safer on you than on me."

Well, there was that to think of. Suppose Jens did me a mischief for what was in the cloth, who would take care of my old man?

Then the thought came to me—I've never been sure if it was sent from heaven or from the other place.

"Give it to me," I said, "and, God's truth, I'll put it to-morrow in the one place in the world where no one will ever find it!"

He trusted me for that. I stayed an hour or two, making believe to sleep, the little wad of cloth in my hand and the thought running through me as if it was blood and breath together. Then I got up and took the boat and set out for the land.

With the first light I lifted the wooded hills. In the old way I watched the forest hide them, after they had hidden the peaks. At sunrise I was waiting among the poplars on the half-acre Ross had started to clear; waiting for Varna to come to me there.

I knew she would come. I was as sure of it as if she had often and often done it before. For inside the curtain of shining poplar leaves was the quietest place in the world, and I felt she was one of those souls who, in the morning and evening, have a need of quietness.

I seemed to know the very place where she would penetrate the wall of little leaves, for here I waited, here I looked; and here she came, walking with bare feet the length of a great tree which lay where Ross had thrown it, years back.

Little ferns, mosses, and shalol bushes grew thick along the trunk. I watched her feet, and they looked rosy and white like the bells of the shalol flowers. In a minute, as she did not stop, I felt that she knew I was there, just as I'd known she would come.

I looked up into her face then, as she stood above me on the log, and said, "Hello, little Varna."

She looked down on me. She seemed to stand on a great height like a mountain, and her eyes were cold; they had the morning quietness in them.

She said, "Ian, are you here to see your father? I don't know if he's home yet. He's often away now, and yesterday he was away."

"No," I told her. "In the morning and the evening, Varna, my father's nothing to me."

She stood above me, looking down with her bright cold face. She said, "I think you're talking wild, Ian, as you did when we were small. And it's not right your father should be nothing to you at morning or evening or any time of the day, even if——"

But I said, "He's nothing in the morning or the evening because then I think most of you, Varna. But, indeed, there's times when no one but you seems anything in the world, Varna, since I saw you the other day. And if you were out of the world, then the world would be nothing."

I said this to her as if I'd thought a long time about it. But until I saw her, I never knew there was such thought in me, nor words to say it out. Something stronger than I was seemed to speak through me; and now I know it was so, but then I was only a boy.

She looked down at me, wondering upon me. Meeting her eyes, my face burned; I was burned all over with that I could never say. And I saw

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deepen on her that shadow of trouble that made her prettiest, as woods are prettiest at evening. She leaned a little from the tree.

"What do you mean, Ian?"

"I mean I love you, Varna."

She whispered presently, looking away from me so that I could only just hear her, "What does that mean, Ian?"

"I don't know. I can't tell you. I'm too young to be wise, to tell you as I'd like. But I guess you saw what I mean in my face a few nights back, Varna dear."

She asked, gazing far off from me, "Does it mean what old Angus had for Fiona?"

"Yes, it means that."

"I never knew Fiona. I don't understand you yet, Ian. You're strange to me. All these years I've never seen you. I can't always remember you're the boy used to play with me under the table. Now you're a man."

"I'm a man now, Varna, when I look at you. I want you, Varna dear. I want to touch your feet, to hold your hands and your head, your bright head; to feel you very near me. I want——"

Suddenly her face burned as mine did, her eyes were no longer quiet. She drew a little away from me along the tree.

"—I want to make you very happy, Varna. I want to take care of you all my life, and if you die first, to be sorry for the rest of it."

The blush left her, her eyes filled with tears. Presently she held out her hands to me. "Lift me down, Ian," she said.

"Come, little Varna," I whispered, and lifted her down. My arms went round her, she was so near. I was quite quiet now, and the quiet had come back to her eyes. She did not try to go, but stood leaning a little against me. Together we watched the sun coming on leaf after leaf.

Soon she whispered, "I must go now."

I let her free at once, but she did not go. I said, "Do you love me a little?"

She looked at me shyly, "Do I know what it means yet, Ian? I would like to know, to please you. But we're both very young to know anything. Serge told Jens Morgen last week to have patience, I was only a child."

The lovely time was gone. I felt stiff and angry. I said, "What's Jens Morgen to do with this?"

Her face burned. I asked her again and again. At last she said sadly, "I think I'm learning to know what it is. Yesterday I didn't know what Jens had to do with it. Now I think he wants me too . . . I've seen him look at me as you did when I was on the tree, but not—not as you did when I let you lift me down . . ."

"Little Varna," I told her, "I think Jens Morgen is a bad man. At least, he's making trouble between my father and my old man. Now, as you know, Serge gave me to Angus years back in part payment for my Uncle Ross, so I'm on the old man's side in the trouble, which indeed I think is the right side. But I want to do the best for all of them. I can't tell you what the trouble is, but it may be bad. There's bad work about, against my old man. Now I ask you, Varna, will you keep out of the trouble, as free as a flower, if you can? Or will you be on a side in it?"

She looked at me with her large clear eyes. Then she came close to me and put her arms about my neck.

"On your side, Ian," she said.

If I'd been older I'd have laid my head on the earth in front of her and then gone away . . . But I was very young, and to be that is to be hard and ignorant. Even so I couldn't speak for a while, she was so brave and pretty.

Then I said, "That's my girl." I took out Angus's little packet and hung it round her white neck and pushed it into the front of her dress gently.

"I've no love gift for you to-day," I told her, "but this, which seems to be the cause of all the trouble, though I don't know what it is. I've sworn to my old man to keep it safe. And on your heart's the safest place if you'll let it be, for I think your heart is going to be mine. And in any trouble you would be safe. No one would think of hurting you any more than they would a flower."

Her hands closed over the place where the packet was. She said smiling, "I think I'd sooner have trouble from you, Ian, than peace from any one else."

I couldn't trust myself for any more. "O Varna," I said, "you're learning

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very well!" I left her there among the sunny poplar leaves and ran down to the boat, and with a wild singing heart back to Wilderness; thinking more of the time when I would put the sealskin shoes on my girl's feet than of Jens Morgen. But for all that, I did not mean to be idle. And I told Varna I would come again very soon.

Meanwhile it seemed to me I must try and speak with my father. So I searched Wilderness for him, but whether he was not on the island in those days or whether he hid from me, I did not find him.

Then I thought there was one place he'd be sure to return to sooner or later. He'd go back to Anastasia's holy picture if it was hanging yet on the fir stump by his hiding place at the head of the canyon, so that he could cry and thump himself in front of it, the way he'd taken from his mother. For the dirtier the work to my poor father's mind the more want there was of prayer.

So I took the gun and something to eat and went to the canyon again, meaning to find out if the picture was there yet; and if it was, to wait there a while, in the hopes that my father would come, and then I would talk to him.

I went at night. A moon in the last quarter gave a dying light. The canyon was very wild and strange in it, and everything seemed not only a different shape but different stuff, so that often as I climbed I held back from stepping on solid stone, for fear my foot would go into a cloud.

A long way off the stump on the ledge glimmered as white as fish-bone, and when I came to it, I found the picture was there yet under its penthouse of faded boughs. So I lay down in the bushes, hoping that Serge would come in the morning.

At last, between sleeping and waking, I saw the bleached stump slowly redden, as though it had veins which ran blood and flushed it. It was the dawn reddening on the dead white wood. As I watched a man stepped silently out on the ledge and stood in front of the stump, looking down the canyon. I thought at first it was my father. And then I knew him for Jens Morgen.

As I knew him, I knew he was there for wickedness. But it was just an instinct that made my hand sink slowly and close on the gun. I'll swear I made no more noise than a leaf stirring. Yet Jens laughed.

Without turning his head, he said sharply, "Come out of the bushes, Ian."

I was so amazed I stopped still as if he'd put a bullet into me. He laughed again. "Are you going to shoot me in the back?" he asked in his gibing way. "Come out, anyway, so that the leaves won't hinder your sighting. Come out!"

I dropped the gun and went out to him like an unwilling dog. I was shivering with anger and shame. "Jens Morgen," I said, "once I saved you from the tide, and once from that very gun in an old man's hand, when you were scared enough. The gun I brought in my own defense, knowing what bad work you've started here already. Think back. Is it likely I'd shoot you from behind?"

He was silent as if I wasn't there, staring down the canyon.

"Jens," I said again, thinking back to the time he'd lain on the rock and I'd touched his hair and the salt drops in his smooth ears, "we've none of us hurt you. Why are you bringing trouble on us all?"

He answered slowly, "You've two things I want . . ."

I was silent then too, afraid that words would put a body on what was still only a shadow between me and Jens Morgen. I'd saved him long ago. I did not want to hate him. I saw his hands grip and a long shiver went through him.

"Two things," he went on under his breath, "and, by heaven, I don't know which of the two I want most. I don't, by heaven!"

I thought of Varna's arms round my neck, and in a way was sorry for him. I thought of my old man and his secret, and wondered if there was anything in the world worth making all this trouble about.

I said, "Do you think to get one or the other this way? Is it likely?"

He answered presently, "As likely as you was going to shoot me just now."

"You know how likely that was," I told him.

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"So likely," he repeated idly after a while, "so—likely—that—I took the quickest way of making a young fool like you drop his gun!"

And there in a moment he turned and had me.

Never was anything so quick. It was a hawk's strike. He had his arms around me before I could well think, gripping mine to my sides, and was feeling with his feet to trip me. He could not do that, but I could not get free. We went spinning across the rock. And the fir stump that Serge had made a shrine, as if it was bad and on their side, did what he couldn't; for I caught my foot in the bleached roots and went down with him on top of me. I'd no chance then. I couldn't rise, though I dragged him the length of the rock and back. I couldn't get my hands free. I had to quit. I was done. I lay still, breathing as well as I could under the hurt of his hold; and he lay along atop of me, laughing.

"As likely as *that!*" he said.

When I could speak, I said, "Jens Morgen, you're a bad man. What are you doing with me?"

"Why," he grinned at me, "what did I follow you all that way but to keep you quiet and busy a while?"

I was so angry and ashamed at the easy way he'd got the better of me that I could say nothing but, "You're a bad man," like a child.

"Why, no," said he seriously to that, "not as bad as I might be, believe me."

"What do you mean?"

"Turn your head, Ian, boy."

I did. And there was nothing under my cheek but air. Miles of air, it seemed, deep as the sea. I was lying on the last edge of the rock, and Jens was holding me there. I could see the spruces under me on the canyon floor, little and still, sharp as green spears. A bird flew out between me and them, and dropped, and all my life seemed to drop with the bird.

"You see, Ian," I heard Jens say seriously, "if I was as bad as you think me, here was an easy way of keeping you good and quiet. Another few inches, and there'd have been an accident in the canyon, and your old man left alone, and no one any the wiser. But instead of that, I stopped you when you was rolling. And so, if you saved my life years back, I saved yours then, and we're square." He was quite grave and spoke as if I'd hurt his feelings. "I'm not what you think me, boy," he said, "I've a heart and a memory, but it don't do to tease me too far."

He got up and stood off from me as he spoke, and I said, "What are you going to do now?"

"You wait, Ian," he answered soothingly, "and now you'd better get up, Ian, for fear you'd get dizzy and roll."

I dragged myself in from the edge. I was dizzy and sick enough. I got to my feet. He was standing over by the fir stump, watching me very closely. I went to him and he stepped back, still watching me. I thought he was scared of something I might do to him, and laughed.

"O, Jens Morgen," I said, "can't you see you're safe enough from me?" He did not answer. I moved and he moved too. The light was in my eyes, dazzling me. I said bitterly, "What you going to do now, Jens?"

Out of the dazzle he stepped lightly up to me. "It's all right, Ian boy," he said, "I'm just going to keep you quiet awhile." And he struck me fair above the ear.

I saw the blow coming in his eyes before he raised his fist, but I couldn't get my hands up or my heavy sick head down. I took it straight and dropped. I went down, down, down. I thought I was falling down the canyon. Sparks like birds flew up past me, and a cry with them—"O, Jens Morgen, that was a bad blow!" Then it was all dark, and I was quiet enough, even for Jens Morgen.

It was a long time later I came to myself, burning up with heat. The sun was half west, and the light danced on the ledge like a flame on coal. I didn't know what had happened, only that I must get into the bushes or I'd die. I crawled into the shade, and could have cried with pleasure to feel the leaves between me and the sun. Then it all went black again, and from fainting I must have passed to sleeping. For I woke and it was evening. I was sound, only for a bad headache and a stiff neck. I knew everything that had happened, and then I was afraid.

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For my old man . . . I ripped out of the bushes. The ledge was in shadow, long shadows striped the eastern side of the canyon. I'd been there on the ledge all day. And what had been doing at the cabin? There was something terrible in the trees, the birds going home, and the silence. There were miles of silence between me and the cabin.

The gun was gone. I thought of my old man, alone all day, and maybe wanting it. I swung off the ledge and dropped down through the trees as if I was diving into the sea. I pitched down the canyon anyway, swinging from stones and roots. In a little I was down by the stream at the bottom. It was dark there, shallow rapids frothed at me in the silence, all alone. I splashed through and only when I felt the mountain water sting me like salt did I know I was cut in twenty places. I drank on my knees in a pool and went on; climbing the other side; climbing towards the high trees that were yet in the sun.

Hundreds and thousands of trees, just like that, so still with the last sun on their spikes, between me and my old man.

It seemed to me that I went through the forest quick as a fire, but it was middle night when I came to our cabin. There was the sickly stale moon. I stood in the doorway, holding to the sides, and looked in. At first the place did not seem to have been touched at all. Then I saw that it looked different, as a face is changed by an unknown expression. Things were in their places, yet everything had been disturbed, handled, or spoiled. It was not the stuff I cared about. The cabin was empty. My old man was gone.

I ran out and searched for him. It was his white hair told me where he was. He was sitting among the rocks by the beach, quietly looking out to sea. His hair shone in the moon, and I ran to him. He had a cloth tied round his head with a clumsy falling knot, and he had the haft of an old oar in his hands.

"O, Angus McClure," I said, "what's happened to you?"

For a minute he had his old look. "I fought them well, lad," he said, "they didn't turn me out for nothing." I was proud of my old man. I knelt down by him and unbound his head. There was a red bruise under the white hair.

"Who did this?" I asked him, and even to myself my voice sounded hard and strange.

He shook his head. If he knew, he wouldn't tell. I prayed God it wasn't Serge who had given that blow. I bound it up afresh, and only one thing to come was to give me more anger than this.

"Grandfather," I said, "did they turn you out of the cabin?"

"Ay," he said with a gleam, "but they had their pains for it." Then the old look faded. He began to tremble, he touched my hair with his hand, and presently rested his head on my shoulder and wailed like a child.

"Ross," he said, "Splendid Ross, you're come home after all these years, and this was your welcome!"

Until day came I sat there, holding my old man in my arms. His mind had taken another weakness from the night. He would have it from then that I was Ross, and talked to me in the Old Language till my heart hurt. I thought what I might do with him. And at last it came to me he would be safer in his old home than on the island. True, Serge had gone over to Jens, but Serge would be as half-hearted in wickedness as he was in work, and I couldn't believe he'd hurt his own father. He would be sick and soft enough over the night's work, if I knew him. Then there would be Anastasia, and my Varna to take care of Angus. Altogether it seemed a fine way out.

I said to him, "Will you come home to the farm with me?"

"Yes, son of my heart, bright haired," he answered in the Old Language, "for sorrow's over now you're home again."

Well, it seemed a fine scheme to take him home, and fool Jens a little, and comfort Anastasia, and maybe turn my father to shame for his bad bargain. But I was sad all the same. For I was not Splendid Ross.

When it was light Angus said to me fondly, "Will we be going home now?"

But I leaned my head on my knees and told him, "No, we won't be going yet."

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I looked up into her face then, as she stood above me on the log and said, "Hello, little Varna."

For our boat was not at the wharf where I tied her. They had taken her out and stove her on the outer reef. I saw her lying there broken up. Boards and strakes were floating in with the tide.

I seemed to hear Jens Morgen laugh. "As likely as that!" he said.

Without our boat we were in a prison. I could not get my old man away nor go and see Varna. Even our gun was gone. The only comfort was that my old man's secret, whatever it might be —and I wished it ill enough by this time—was safe where no one would think of looking for it, and that when

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they'd ransacked our cabin they'd found nothing.

There was nothing to do. I set the cabin to rights. Then I baked bread. Even our loaves had been cut open when Jens and my father searched for the little packet. I threw them into the ebb and made new.

Time passed. Like those days of waiting, the sea was very still. Clouds drew over the sky and were glassed in the sea. Then everything was hidden in a hot haze that smelled of burning wood. There was no rest, though it was so still. I felt the battle all the time between us and those men who did not come.

Then I was standing at the door of the cabin, and the time was over. All my life drew to a point and waited; I knew that afterwards everything would be changed, as it had been from the day I first saw Jens; and I said aloud, "It's come. It's *now*."

A boat drew alongside the wharf out of the haze. A man stepped out and began to walk slowly up to our cabin. Another man came out of the haze on the island and walked with him. My throat drew together. I did not know why I should be afraid. It was all I could do to stop there. There seemed to be a horror there, walking on me. And yet the man who had come in the boat was Serge, my own father; and the man who walked with him was Jens Morgen, whose life I had saved.

My father walked right up to the door with his head down. Jens fell back a little way and watched. I did not speak. In a minute my father looked up at me. He did not say anything for a little.

Then he suddenly shouted violently, "There must be an end to this, Ian!"

I said, "You and Jens Morgen have started something between you that it's out of your power to end."

He stared at me, his mouth working in his big brown beard. Presently he said, "I must see the old man. For God's sake, let me see the old man, and perhaps I can stop it." I stood back, and he went up to Angus, who was sitting at the back of the cabin, behind the hot stove. I followed him. Jens Morgen came and stood behind us in the door, and I saw the sweat start on my father's face, though he did not look round. "Father," he said in a queer groaning voice.

Angus looked up at him kindly. Since he had come to think I was Splendid Ross, he had gone all to kindness. He said, more gently than I'd ever heard him speak to Serge, "I'm glad to see you. What do you want? I'll be coming back to you soon, and then we'll get the half-acre under plough."

"I want that packet you used to wear round your neck," answered Serge in a loud unsteady voice.

"I haven't it on me," Angus told him. "I gave it to Ross here," and he looked at me as he used to look at Ross.

"You ought to have given it to me," said Serge. "I'm your son."

"O, man, yes," said Angus. "You're my son. But you're the son of the stranger woman and he's the son of my covenant."

Serge looked at Angus, then at me, as if his eyes were blind. There was a sick white shine on his face. "Ian," he said, "where did you put the packet when he gave it to you?"

I told him, "In a safe place," and Jens Morgen came one step into the cabin.

He said quietly, "Ask him if he knows what's in the packet and will tell, Serge," and my father asked me:

"Do you know, Ian?"

"No," I said, "I hid it without knowing."

Jens Morgen said softly, "That's a lie."

My father answered, as if he hardly knew what he was saying, "He never used to lie, not when he was a little boy."

"I'm telling you the truth," I said. "I don't know what's in the packet. But I know I'll never tell you where it is," and I smiled to myself to think how sweet and safe it was.

My father came up to me close, his face dark with blood; he was shaking in a sudden crazy rage like a sick person's.

He yelled at me, "Tell, or I'm through with you, and Jens here shall have it his way."

"You were through with me long ago," I told him. And in a moment it seemed to be so hard that my own father should be facing me there as if he hated me, that for fear I should cry, I laughed.

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My old man had been listening with a clouded look. When I laughed, he smiled. "The laugh and the strength and the love of a man," he said, nodding his head at Serge. Serge stepped away quickly with his hand to his face. He said to Jens, "He'll never tell me."

"Maybe he'll tell me," answered Jens.

Then came something very bad, quick, and cruel—as bad a thing as I've known. All along I seemed unable to keep pace with Jens Morgen, and I did not match with him at the last. Now again he was as much too quick for me in action as he was too bad for me in thought. In a minute he had my wrists firm, and was holding my hand to the hot stove.

It was an ugly thing. Those were ugly moments. I strained against him, but his hands were like steel. Struggle as I did, I could not break away. I felt sick with pain and with the knowledge of what men would do. The walls of the cabin ran in great rings like water.

I heard Jens say, far away, "Will you tell now. . . ?"

Then a voice broke in with a howling cry like a dog's. My hands were torn free. I went spinning across the floor and dropped by the wall. I heard my father again, howling and crying, "Not that way! I won't have it! I'd sooner we'd all die than have it!" He was running round the cabin as if he was mad, his hands to his head; Jens, very white and wicked, watching him. At last he ran out of the cabin and down to the boat; Jens went after him, and I heard them beginning to talk and swear.

I rolled over on to the floor to my old man's chair and pulled myself up by it. He hadn't understood anything. I was glad of that.

He said, "Ross, are you sick that you look this way?"

"Yes," I said, "sick. Sick all through. Come away."

For I felt I must get away, hide from men and my new knowledge of them a little while, or go mad. Holding to each other, we ran out of the cabin into the haze, and stooped and crept among the rocks. We lay down at last in a hollow a good way from the cabin, above the beach. There we were hidden; at least for a little while.

We could see the cabin and the boat and the two men by it, but they couldn't see us. They seemed small and far off. For a little while they had no power to hurt us.

My old man said in my ear, "If I had the gun, Ross, I could be putting a shot into that black lad down there."

"This is no chance for shots," I said. And then I thought, perhaps here was a chance of another kind for us. It sent strength through me.

Serge and Jens were going up to the cabin again. If we waited until they were just in the door, and then raced down to the beach from where we were hidden, we might get off with the boat before they saw us. I measured the distances. I thought there was a chance. I spoke to my old man and asked him if he'd like to try it. He said he'd like it fine.

"And when we've the boat, Ross," he said, "we can go home. I'd like fine to go home with you now, for I feel sorrow on Wilderness."

"We must take the very minute, no more and no less, when they're in the door," I told him, "before they've seen the cabin's empty. And then we must run for it."

I pulled up to my knees—I was weak yet—and watched the men below us, going up to the cabin. My father walked as if his feet were stone. I could guess at Jens Morgen's face, bitter and white. I shivered, waiting for the right minute to come. I counted the paces between them and the cabin.

Suddenly my old man whispered, "There's another boat coming in." I turned my head. There was a boat putting in at our landing. It had come out of the smoke-haze like a ghost. I knew it. It was an old Indian-built fishing boat Serge sometimes used up the rivers. From the level of the cabin it would not be seen yet. But I could see it.

I knew. I think I was sure at the first sight of the old sail slipping through the smoke. And if to feel that your life has stopped is to die, then I knew what it was to die.

The boat put in to the wharf. I waited like a stone. The sail came down. I saw—o, my memory!—Varna step out and tie the boat. She stood up and looked about, setting back her hair with her hands. The haze was now thick, but in all she did she was clear to me.

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Angus whispered, "They're at the door, son," but I could not move. Just that moment was ours. I could not move to take it. Varna smoothed her dress and walked along the wharf slowly.

"The time's come," said my brave old man. "They're in the door. . . ." Then the moment was lost, gone as if it was a year old, and I had not stirred. And they had entered the cabin, and come out, and stood looking about to find us.

They had not seen Varna yet, nor she them. They would see her in a minute. And nothing would have come of it. Serge, maybe, would have scolded her for using that crank boat. For all the wickedness about, she would have been free of it. They did not suspect her at all, nor did she fear them. They would not have touched her, if it had not been for me.

Perhaps my mind was a little sick yet from what had happened in the cabin. Perhaps the pain had made me silly. It seemed to me right away that she was in some terrible danger, that something not to be thought of would happen when they saw her. The dread which I felt then was beyond any pain I was ever to know. I stood up among the rocks.

My old man snatched at me. "Down with you, you fool," he whispered with a flash of his old self. "If we've lost one chance at the boat there'll be another when they turn to look for us in the woods!" But there was never to be another chance.

For Varna stopped. She called me suddenly as if she was afraid. "Ian! Ian, where are you?" And Serge and Jens turned and saw her.

She was afraid of the strangeness of Wilderness; and of what she had done in coming to me there, fearing I was sick, I had been so long away. But I thought she was afraid of Jens Morgen; forgetting that she had as yet no reason to fear him at all.

I have no memory of quitting my old man. But I can yet feel and hear and see myself, as if I'd watched some one else, leap down the rocks to her. The two by the cabin staring suddenly up at me—her face upturned to me, the rush of air, my own wild voice running ahead of me. "I'm coming, Varna, Varna!"

My voice must have told Jens, as it would have told all the world, what he did not know before; my love for Varna; hers for me. . .

And quick as a snake he must have seen how to use it against us all. For he shouted out and began to run towards Varna too. And he was much nearer to her than I was.

She stopped still, staring from him to me. I thought she was too scared to move. But she was only bewildered. She had no reason to be scared of any man, nor any knowledge of what men would do. Through me, she was to have both. I was hurling my body down the rocks as it seemed no one could do and live. I was quick. But again Jens Morgen was my master.

He was close on Varna, running like the wind, and she staring at him. He laughed out. And then I think, she was afraid for the first time. She turned as if she would run to the boat, but she was too late.

He had her in his arms, laughing fit to kill himself. Though tall, she was slight as a branch, and he lifted her easily. I saw her get one hand free and beat him on the mouth, but he caught the hand and never stopped laughing. He began to run with her, up and past the cabin, away from Serge and from me. Just at the edge of the woods he stopped and cried back.

"One or the other, Ian boy-o!" he shouted. "That's fair! If I cannot have both, I'll have one, and you'll be the chooser! Bring me your wee packet and you shall have your girl again!"

Then it was as if a wall hid them. I was staring at the trees and the haze, and they were not there. The forest and the thickening smoke seemed to whirl in great rings edged with fire, and then I laughed too. Because Jens had both things he wanted, and did not know it; and because he had both, I couldn't give him one for the other; and above all, because it was through me he had them.

With no space of time at all, we seemed to be back in the cabin, and I was kneeling by old Angus, beating with my burned hand on his knees and saying to him, "Tell me what the silly secret is! If you've the blood of life in you yet, tell me what's in the little packet, and I'll tell Jens Morgen, and for the knowledge he'll give us Varna dear again. You remember little Varna that used to hide under the table? You'll

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give us the gold of Wilderness for little Varna?"

The old man hid his face. The slow tears of old age came through his fingers. When he looked at me, I saw the knowledge of his own madness in his eyes.

"Son," he moaned, "I've forgotten!"

"Tell me," I said, "it's Ross asking you, Ross that you love. Tell me, or I'll go away again, and you'll be alone with sorrow." I was not ashamed even to say this. But it was useless.

"I've forgotten what's in the little packet I gave you to keep!"

I knew at last it was true. He had forgotten.

My father was on his knees beside me, as if I was very sick; I was reminded of the night they two had knelt by Ross. He took by hand now and began to bind it up in a greased cloth; he was crying, but I was very still.

I said to him, "That's right, tie it good and tight, but leave the trigger-finger free." He and Angus looked at me then as if they were afraid, more afraid of me than of Jens Morgen. When my poor father had done, he kissed the cloth over my burned hand, as he used to kiss the holy picture. But I did not feel anything at all.

The old gun stood against the wall. I suppose he or Jens had left it there. I took it up and loaded it. "O, Ian," said Serge timidly, "what are you going to do now in this black work?"

I said, "I'm going to kill Jens Morgen before he finds the little packet for himself." And I took the gun, and went out into the thickening smoke to do it.

The haze of smoke was very heavy in the forest. It seemed to cling among the trees and sprout from the branches like a new kind of the Spanish moss. It had been dark, too, but was so no longer. In a way I realized that I had been out the whole night searching for Jens Morgen, but I was past realizing anything very clearly.

The smoke rolled in on itself. I was looking down a long double row of trees, even as if they'd been planted. At the end I saw Jens standing. I shot him down. But when I went to look there was only an old burnt stump marked with a white streak where my bullet had scored the outer char.

I came to a pool, still under cedars, the smoke rolling off its surface as if off glass. He stood on the other side and laughed at me. I fired, and waited for the way that glassy water would smash and splash as he pitched in. But it was quite still, the smoke eddying on it, and Jens was not there.

I saw him walking ahead of me, mile after mile with a quick light tread through the smoke. I tried to make him hear me. I whistled and shouted, but he would not turn his head.

I said, "Look round, so that I can kill you. Even now I can't shoot you in the back, Jens Morgen," I said. But he kept right on, mile after mile, a little out of reach. He slipped away. At dawn I lay down and cried because I hadn't killed him yet.

I killed him and lost him a hundred times as I wandered the island, crazy with the pain of my hand. Then I was in a valley with a stream at the bottom. The smoke had become so dense I was crawling up the stream. A little wind slid down the valley, and it was burning hot. White ashes were falling around. I set my hand on them and they were hot, scorching. For a minute I was sensible. I thought, "The woods are burning on the other side of the island." I went on, searching in the smoke of their burning for Jens Morgen.

I was climbing a hill whose top was hidden in smoke. Wind, hot as the blast of an oven, rushed down the hill. I set my hand to the dry leaves. They were on fire. I thought I myself was the flame that had lighted them, and laughed. A tree behind me broke into flame, with a sound as if it shrieked. Then I touched every tree I passed. I thought they all broke into flame. A dozen behind me were flaring like torches. I went on, climbing the hill, looking for Jens Morgen.

Then I saw him again. He was climbing the hill too, not thirty feet away from me. The smoke came between us but did not hide him. I called him. "Jens, Jens, turn round so I can kill you!" He turned his head and glanced at me, but did not stop. He pulled himself up the face of a steep rock, and I raised the gun and shot. I thought how his arms would spread and he would slide down the rock. But there was no report. The gun did not go off; I had forgotten to load it. He went on, always in front.

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I ran after him. I came to him and touched him, laughing crazily. I said, "Now I'm going to set you afire as I did the trees." but he looked at me indifferently, shook off my hand, and went on.

Then some bitter sort of reason came back to me. I went ahead, and turned on him. He came climbing up to me, his eyes looking beyond me into the smoke. He didn't seem to see me. It was as if I and my anger were dead, ghosts in the path.

"Jens Morgen," I said, "are you real this time?" I took him by the throat, and he was real enough; I felt the veins throb under my grip; it sent me mad in another way. I said, "You're real enough to kill." He tore at my hands, but this time I was stronger. I lifted him clear from the earth. If he had been rooted to it like a tree, grown of it like a rock, I felt that I could have lifted him and hurled him down.

He crashed through the dry bushes, sprawled along the stones, rolled, slid, and lay still. I wondered if he would vanish as he had done the other times in the night when I had killed him.

Presently he stirred, lifting his head. He looked up towards me but not at me. His face was clear white, there was blood on it. He got to his knees, and I saw that one arm hung loose from the shoulder. It was broken. He stood up, staggering from side to side, and immediately began to climb the hill again.

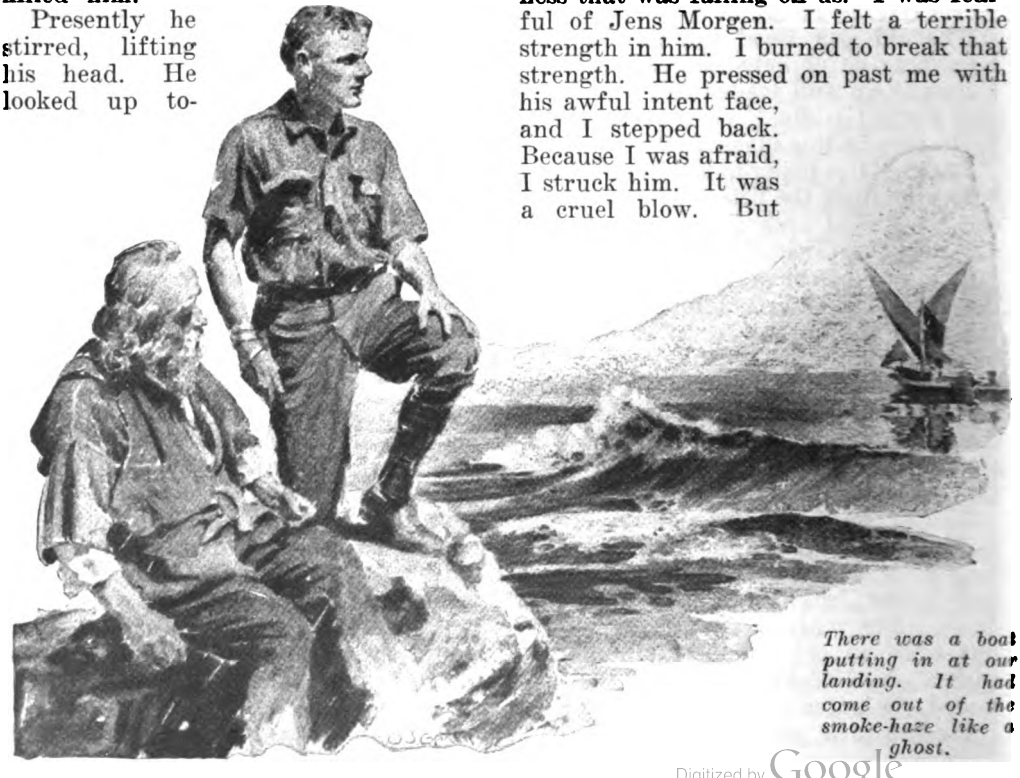
He came to me again where I stood above him, waiting to kill him. He took no notice of me. If I had not held him he would have brushed past me and gone on. He stood, without speaking, straining silently against my hold, his white face with the blood on it turned towards the top of the hill. A chill, of awe and fear, went through me. It made me sane.

"Jens Morgen," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

I said it twice. Then he heeded me enough to say indifferently, "I guess you've broke my arm for me, Ian."

"I'm here to break your neck," I said. "All night I've been looking for you. God's truth, you'll never make a joke of me again." But the words fell dead and foolish, without power to them. For indeed the man did not hear me at all.

I was angry at this change, this stillness that was falling on us. I was fearful of Jens Morgen. I felt a terrible strength in him. I burned to break that strength. He pressed on past me with his awful intent face, and I stepped back. Because I was afraid, I struck him. It was a cruel blow. But



There was a boat putting in at our landing. It had come out of the smoke-haze like a ghost.

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he did not try to save himself, or to care that I had struck him. He fell again and lay at my feet as if he was dead, but his hands worked as if he would pull his dead body up the hill.

Presently he dragged himself to his knees. He could not stand. Paying no attention to me, his head swinging, his breath drawing in deep sobs, he began once more to climb. . .

My anger died. I went to him. I put my arm round him as I had done years back when I saved him from the tide. I helped him to stand. I whispered, "Jens Morgen, what's the matter with you that I can't kill you?"

He seemed to see me now for the first time. He said, "Varna."

"Where is she?"

"On the ledge at the head of the canyon where Serge camped when he was watching the old man. She's been there all night. And, Ian, she's been there alone. . . "

I said presently, "Tell me why you went away and left her there."

He looked at me strangely. "Because I was afraid to stop. What I wanted, what I thought to get by taking her—" He broke off, and vaguely wiped the blood from his face. "But then I knew better. There's only one thing I want after all, and that's come too late. . . So I went away from her into the woods . . . all night. In the night the wind changed. All the back of the island's burning, and the wind will be setting the fire up the canyon. I'm going to her. . . "

All the while he had been straining against my arm. Weak as he was from what I had done to him, he was pulling me up the hill; less by the strength of his body than by the dumb intent of his spirit. I thought of the man, of what he was, of what he had suffered at my hands. I was amazed. I wondered if in his place my love for Varna would have been great enough to send me away from her. . .

The silent smoke drove past us, bitter with the smell of fire. The ashes, white as snow, fell on us and scorched our clothes black. Jens Morgen pulled on my shoulder, drawing me up the hill. And I leaned and kissed his cheek as if he had been my brother.

"Jens Morgen," I said, "I came here to kill you. Maybe now I shall die with you. We'll go to Varna together."

He said, "The wind. It's blowing strong. The very earth's burning."

Later I said, "It's all one smother. God's truth, I don't know where we are from the canyon."

He said, "I know."

Soon it seemed to me that he was carrying me up the hill. He with his broken arm, I with my burned hand, we moved as if we were swept on a wind. But the wind was in our faces, burning hot, full of the flakes of charred wood and vagrant flames. For a time I would go on with him, burning too in that spiritual speed. Then I would be back in pain, struggling through the smoke, but either way the force that moved us on as though we only had one body between us came from him.

Once he fell. I lifted his head to my knees. I thought he was dead. But soon he began to beat with his hands and stammer. At first I could not get what he said. It was "Set me on my feet, set me on my feet. . . "

"Jens," I told him, "you need not fear I'll leave you. Rest, and we'll go on together." But he looked at me wildly, he struck me across the mouth . . . I did not care. He heaved himself off my knees. He had not strength to stand. He began to creep along like a snake half-broken, and that sight hurt me. I went after him and pulled him up, and we went on.

The heat was terrible. The leaves shrivelled and fell like dust before the blast of it. Then I fell, and lay without strength to stir. I watched Jens going away from me into the smoke. Only the knowledge I'd never find Varna without him gave me strength to move, to go after him just as he was vanishing into the smoke. He did not know I'd fallen. He never missed me at all.

The ground opened before us. There was space, and a great river of smoke, and the sound of burning in the hollow beneath us.

I said, "This is the canyon. Now we'll find Varna."

He said, "The fire's in the canyon. We'll have to go up, and cross above the ledge, and come down to her."

I could see nothing but smoke. A little black thing, struggling feebly, whirled upwards from it and dropped back. It was a bird. I felt sick. I

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followed Jens Morgen up the side of the canyon.

Above the ledge where Varna was the canyon ended, except for a deep crack, never more than thirty feet wide, which ran back from it a mile and more into very rough country. Somewhere in this crack the stream was born. Years back, my old man had felled a big tree to bridge this crack, so that we could cross that way if we were in the rough country after the deer that used to be there. The deer had eaten the land out and gone; I had not been there for a long while. But the tree would be there yet. I guessed Jens Morgen had seen it when he was spying about the island and that he was making for it now.

I began to feel a sick, crazy worry that I would not be able to cross the tree with him; that I would hear the stream running in the deep cold crack, and plunge down to it.

I have no memory of how we came there. But we stood at last by the deep crack, and the tree was there yet, grown all along with ferns and shalol bushes, dead in the dead drought. I heard the water running at the bottom. The smoke was curling up from the earth we walked on, and the flesh seemed to be burning on our bones.

For the first time Jens stopped. He looked at the log, where the blown smoke carded through the bare twigs of the bushes, the wire stems of the ferns. I thought he, too, heard the calling of the dark lovely water. Then he ran out very quickly on the log, and I followed him. In a moment we were over the crack and plunging down through the thick bush towards the ledge where Varna was. My memory is that the bush was alight as we went through it, but maybe I was sick.

At last the smoking moss, the charred leaves on which I had been treading for ages, changed to clean rock. I laid my hands on it a moment. It was a little cool. I went on.

A tall thing came reeling to me out of the smoke. I went right up to it and stopped. It was the dead fir stump, white as bone; there was the penthouse of withered boughs Serge had made to guard the picture. But the picture was gone.

I looked down.

Varna lay under the stump. She had been loosely tied to it with a rawhide, but some brand had fallen on the rope and charred it through. She hadn't known she was free. Or perhaps she hadn't dared to quit the ledge for fear of the fire. Under her cheek she held Anastasia's picture. It was undimmed; she seemed to lie with her face to a red, white, and gold flower. She looked like a flower; fallen.

I knelt down and put my good arm under her and tried to lift her. I looked up without hate at the man who had bound her here, who had left her here and now came back to her, because he loved her.

I said, "She's dead, but we won't leave her to the fire, Jens. I couldn't leave little Varna to the fire, like the birds. She loved birds."

He looked at me, his blackened lips moved, but there was no sound. I knew he was saying, "Come! Come on quick . . ." I tried to rise, to lift Varna. I could not. My hand would not hold, she slipped from it like water.

I said to him, humbly as a child, "Jens, I can't carry her."

He knelt. Some way he got his sound arm under her and rose, holding her to his side. Her head drooped on his shoulder, her fair bright hair fell over him. He did not look in her face. Bearing her with him like that, her feet just clear of the ground, he ran back to the tree.

Here, suddenly, he turned. His face was strange. It seemed to have a light in it, though he looked at me with his old mocking smile.

"Will I carry her all the way back for you?" he said.

I looked at him humbly. I could not understand the expression of his eyes. I said, "Why not?" I spoke as if I was in a dream. "You found her. She's dead, but you found her—dead like the birds."

He stood watching me. The same way he'd stood and watched me once on the ledge before knocking me senseless. Now he gave me no blow. But with his eyes on mine, he raised Varna's head and kissed her deliberately on the mouth.

I went up to him, trembling. I had been hot, now I was cold. I was strong and angry. "You'll be a devil to the last, Jens Morgen," I said. I took

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Varna roughly out of his arm into mine. He smiled at me; his old, hard, sneering smile.

"Take her," he mumbled with dry lips, "take her across . . . *quick* . . ."

I turned from him and began to carry her across the log that bridged the cleft.

And half way over, I understood. I cried out. I tried to run with that dear thing I held in my arms. I felt the old log under me tremble and sway.

For it was all afire. All the while, when we first saw it, when we had crossed by it, it must have been smouldering. Now great clots dropped from it and flared into flame. It was hollow, all eaten out by the fire. I carried Varna across a burning shell that would hardly bear our weight.

We were across. I turned, looking to see Jens behind me. But he was standing on the other side; something I screamed out with my scorched throat. He slightly shook his head. I looked at the bridge.

Hardly had it carried us. Now, before my eyes, it crumbled, drifting into a great cloud of burning ash. It was wonderful that it had held so long the shape of a tree. I would have left Varna, I think, and gone back to him. I would have gone back to him. But there came a burst of flame. The end near me curled and split into charred shakes, the whole rolled, broke, pitched ruinously into the crack. The smoke, unspanned, billowed and heaved like water, then was still.

"Jens," I cried, "O, Jens Morgen!"

He lifted his head. His lips moved. He smiled. As once before—O, my memory!—he had made me do what he wanted. I thought he spoke. "Maybe I'm not as bad as you think me, Ian, boy . . ."

Then he turned away. As in my dream, I saw him walking away from me, lightly and quickly, into the smoke where all the woods burned. He never turned his head. And I knew that I would never come up with him any more.

Varna was at my feet where I had laid her. I knelt down by her and held her in my arm. Where he had kissed her, I kissed her. Then I wept and wept. And terrible as it may seem, not all my tears were for my dear little love.

I was walking, walking through the smoke, looking for Jens Morgen. Again and again I saw him ahead of me, moving with his swift light step. There was a brightness about his black hair that puzzled me.

I called to him, "Jens, you're a bad man, and Varna is dead with the birds." He turned then and looked at me and I saw that he had round his head a fiery rainbow, like the young man's in the holy picture.

I was alone. I was carrying Varna through the smoke. I was lowering her down steep rocks where ferns grew. We went down terrible places, into a darkness full of the sound of water. At last we came to a cold stream breaking from unsunned rocks. I laid her down in the stream. The smell of burning was on her. I scattered her with drops as bright as pearls. I lay down beside her and whispered in her ear, "Varna, little Varna." Though she was dead, she smiled with her eyes shut, lying there beside me in the dark water. Above us, the world had narrowed to a ribbon of dim sky. It darkened. Ashes fell softly about us and hissed in the stream.

I thought I lay there for years, staring up at the strip of smoke that was our heaven, holding Varna's hand in the running water.

Then the strip, our burning heaven, grew slowly bright. The ashes ceased to fall. Later yet, I was looking into dim blue. And then the blue blackened and there were stars. Varna turned and put her arms about me, but I could not stir. I was looking for Jens, but he was out of sight ahead.

"O Jens," I said, "I'll never catch up with you now."

Then it was lighter. And a man was leaning over the cleft at the bottom of which we lay. His face was divided in two parts, one very white, one very dark.

"Father," I tried to say. And Varna moved and whispered to me, "I knew you would come."

I was being drawn up, up towards an aching brightness. I was being carried through burned forest, where the stumps yet glowed, and the trunks fell, and the heat quivered on the ground. I saw Jens, walking in front, and my old man was there. But I knew we

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would never come up with Jens Morgen, that bad man with the brightness round his head.

The motion of a boat and air from the sea, growing sweeter and darker; a small star, far in the dark. I knew it for the light on the wharf at home. Against other stars, I saw my old man sitting; his hand was on the tiller, he held the boat true. He was singing softly in the Old Language, a song of homegoing. I saw a red light astern. The light of the burning forest on Wilderness. I turned my face away, and wept, though Varna's hand was in mine and her heart beating beside me.

All these things happened over and over. I had no rest from these dreams. Then I woke, and knew that they were not dreams, but true.

I was lying in Ross McClure's bunk in my old home, my own home. I suppose his was the only one long enough for me. It was good to be there; good.

Old Anastasia was busy about the stove. My old man was sitting in the open door, peeling potatoes. Serge was sitting on a bench with his head hanging, doing nothing. Varna, my Varna, stood by him with her hand on his shoulder. They were all talking.

But there should be another . . .

I looked at the open door, but I knew he would never come through it again, my bad man, my dark man who had all but broken my heart for me. Here I learned what my old man had been long in learning; no joy but has sorrow in it.

I moved and they came to me and there was joy in their faces. Their eyes were kind and mild; there were tears in them. Serge leaned over and kissed me.

"The trouble's past, Ian," he whispered, "and now you're come home there'll be luck on the place again."

And my old man said, "Ross, there's no sorrow in the world now you're home." Varna lifted my bound hand and laid her pure cheek to it, and Anastasia smiled at me like a girl.

But for all that, there was the sorrow.

"How long," I asked them, "since I've been home?"

"It was five days back," said Serge, "that the old man and I, following you through the woods, found you and Varna at the bottom of the crack above the canyon. We thought you were dead. But you were alive. You had hidden there while the fire swept over you. We carried you back through the woods, what was left of them. You had been there two nights and a day. We fetched you home in the boat. And now, Ian, did you find him that made all the trouble?"

I turned with my face to the wall. Holding Varna's hand, I told them.

When I had done, Serge suddenly burst out crying. "He was a bad man," he said, "but I wish now he'd had what he set his heart on! God's truth, I wish he'd had the packet, and we'd been quit of it!" He wiped his eyes on the backs of his hands. He looked at me, ashamed. "Ian," he said slowly, "the trouble's past. Will you trust your own father enough to tell where you hid the secret?"

"Show them," I said to Varna. And, blushing a little, because of their curious eyes and my eyes of love, my dear pulled the little packet from her bosom and put it in my hand.

I turned the wad of cloth over and over. It had no power over me, nor, I could see, over Serge. But it was strange to see it again, strange to hold the cause of all that had come to us in the palm of one hand. I held it out to Angus.

"Take it," I said, "it's yours. And for myself, for my father and for Varna here, I say that we want nothing of it. It has cost too much, one way and another. If there's gold on the island, I'd be minded to let it stop there. The secret's yours, and I give it back."

Angus took the little packet in a puzzled way, and fumbled it in his hands. Then his face cleared. He smiled at us all in a new way he had.

"Ay, I remember," he said. "I kept this for Ross, for a sign of remembrance when he should come back, and an old charm to keep sorrow off us. But now Splendid Ross is home again, and there's no sorrow."

He began to unfold the faded cloth.

Though his secret was nothing to us except a thing to be hidden and put away for the trouble it had caused, I think none of us breathed or moved as he unwrapped that treasure. At last he held something in his hand.

It was a single lock of gold hair.

Presently my old man looked at me

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I laid her down in the stream. The smell of burning was in her. I scattered her with drops as bright as pearls.

with a misty smile. "Do your remember, Ross?" he asked. "I cut this from your head the night you went away. But there's no good in it now you're home." He held out the lock against my hair. "See," he smiled, "it hasn't faded on me."

We were all very still. Then Varna took the lock of Ross McClure's hair, cut from his head years ago on the night he died for me, and kissed it, and put it away again in her breast.

"The laugh and the strength and the love of a man," droned old Angus, looking from her to me. "And now you're home, we'll go no more to Wilderness."

"The gold's here," said Varna, and laid her head on my heart.

They went away and left us together. We spoke softly; of Jens Morgen, and the trouble that was past, and our life to come, when youth and love and good ways would bring the luck once more to the old place. Then we were still, and the wind from the forest died away, and the sea wind blew up from the long salt spaces between us and Wilderness, and all the world was made new with shadows and with stars.

In the shadow I told my girl, "I'm glad to be home. But I must go once to Wilderness. I must go for two things."

"I'll come with you," she said.

"Yes, you'll be with me. And we'll make a cross, and set it up at the head of the canyon where the tree was, and that will be for Jens Morgen, the bad man. And then we'll go look among the rocks and see if the fire has spared a little pair of sealskin shoes I made long ago, before I ever knew love, to be a love gift."

"For me? . . . O, Ian, my dear, we're very young . . ."

"Yes," I said, my lips on hers, "but they'll not be a love gift for you, but a wedding gift."

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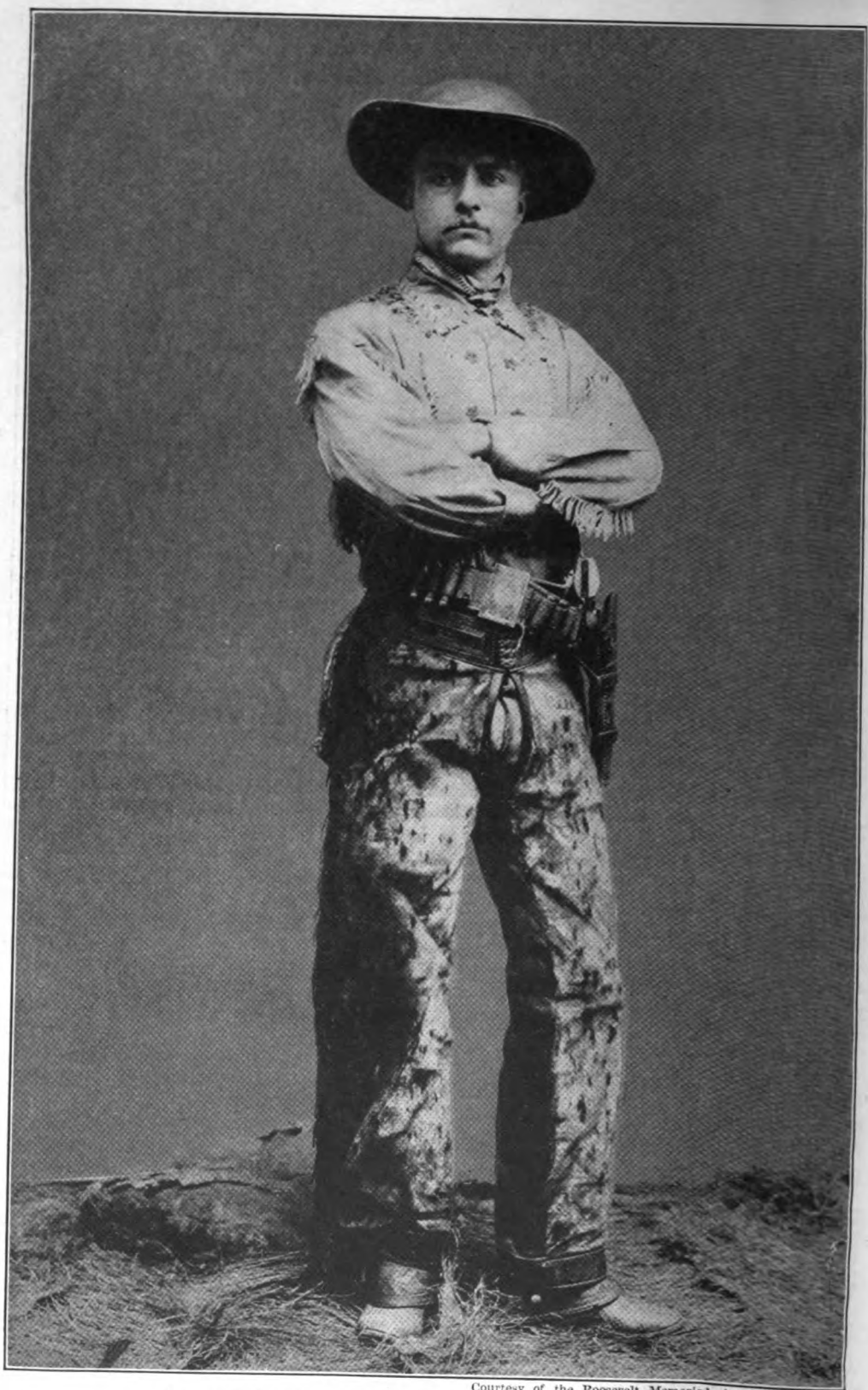

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

Roosevelt in 1885, *in the costume of the Bad Lands.*

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TALES OF THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

BIG JIM; LITTLE JIM

If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that, while they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness.
—*The Strenuous Life.*

WHEN the gallant Custer led his famous Seventh Cavalry from Yankton, South Dakota, up the broad valley of the Big Missouri, in the early 70's, he built a military post called Fort Lincoln. Its abandoned ruins still stand in sight of the city of Bismarck, capitol of North Dakota.

But this story has nothing to do with Custer further than to take up and follow the thread of one of the innumerable picturesque results of the intrepid chief's career and to display a type of frontier character that has so far escaped the writing people. It concerns one James W. Foley, who was Big Jim, since gone West, and James W. Foley, Jr., who is Little Jim and is very much alive.

After the Custer troops marched gaily westward to conquer Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and Rain-in-the-Face, never to return from that awful massacre at the Little Bighorn, their home, Fort Lincoln, was gradually abandoned. Placed in charge of all the government property there, barracks, hospitals, storehouse, and stables, was James W. Foley, himself an officer of the regular army. He was scholar as well as soldier, a *littérateur,* skilled in ancient languages and in the lore of the naturalist and geologist. Little Jim, as elder brother, graced his family of clever children.

As time passed, Big Jim gave up his army career and came to Medora as custodian of all the property of the Marquis de Mores, whose disastrous venture has been narrated in a previous story. He came with his family, and his influence and that of his family have left an indelible mark. Little Jim is to-day none other than James W. Foley, Jr., nationally known journalist and humorist, whose clever sketches are in evidence among the nation's leading periodicals.

After the Marquis' return to France, Foley took up the De Mores estate and interests. While forceful and energetic, he had a strong vein of humor. He was also a fluent writer and made many valuable contributions to the early history of the Northwest that were published in the Dakota newspapers, notably the Bismarck *Tribune,* of which his son, Little Jim, was later editor. After Roosevelt became president, when his heart yearned for the stirring scenes of his cowboy days, Big Jim was at the forefront in arranging the welcoming reception to his home cow-town.

Probably no other man, living or dead, ever held so unique a trust or was more steadfast in his fidelity to that trust. He was to stand guard over a huge property that was to decay and revert to the inhospitable soil that gave it. There was no appeal from this iron decision. Nothing was to be sold, nothing taken away. Save the house of the Marquis, which was to be kept in repair, all else was inexorably doomed to perish, even as the valiant heart that conceived it had perished. It was the law of the house of Vallombrosa.

The herd of hunting-ponies and stage-horses died long ago of old age, but they were well fed and carefree to the end. The huge Concord coaches that, with six stalwart horses attached, once dashed to and fro over the Deadwood trail, rusted down in their shelters, which also tumbled, as the ferocious winter blizzards and violent spring floods ate into their vitals. Fire and lighting helped eat up the once flourishing city, now reduced to a handful. Little by little, even the shadow of its former glory melted back into the inevitable sage brush and the incessantly quivering cottonwoods.

When his task was completed Big Jim lay down and died, quietly,

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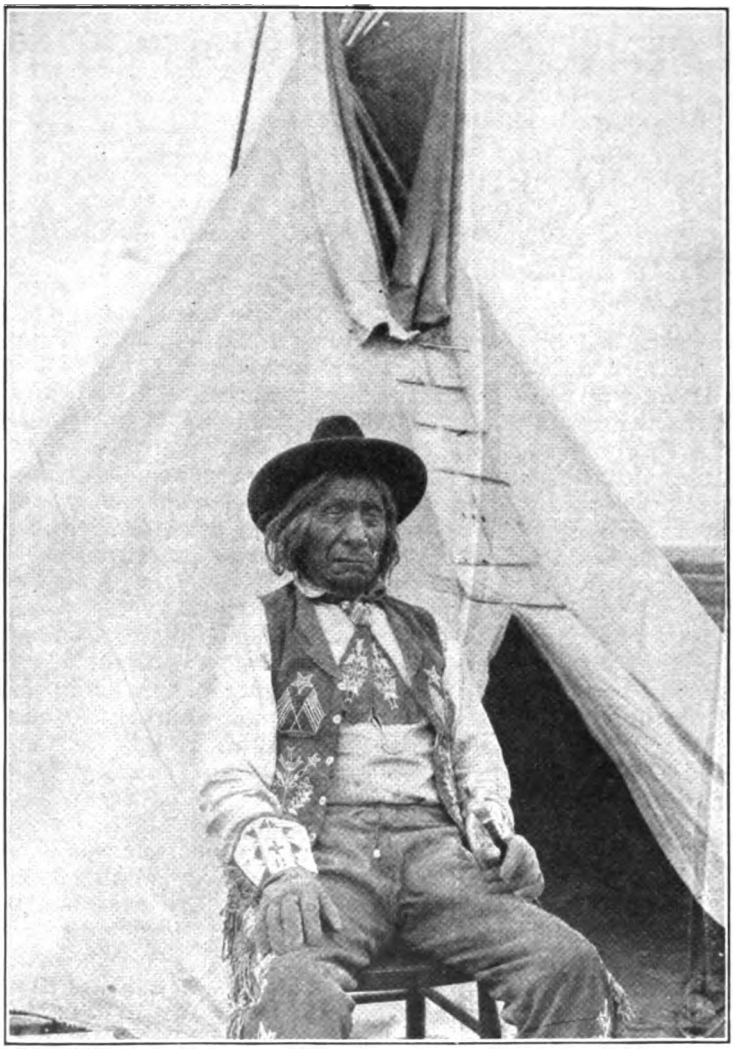

Red Cloud, famous chief of the Ogalla or Cheyenne Sioux, who lived to be ninety years old.

peacefully, much like Roosevelt and at about the same time. Both were gallant gentlemen, both loyal to their tasks assigned; both were monuments of a far West that nurtured her sons cruelly, but made them men.

While the younger Foley was editor of the Bismarck *Tribune*, his newspaper, in recognition of his genius, published an edition *de luxe* of his poems—a really exquisite volume. Later, he gave up newspaper work and moved to California, devoting his whole career to literary work.

My sister, Mrs. Forence D. Cameron, who lives in Pennsylvania, was an ardent admirer of his writings, and spent much time early last winter seeking a copy of a little Christmas booklet written by him. It was evidently out of print, as none were to be had. Fortunately, she had retained a penciled copy of it among her treasures. The poem appears below.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Dear Lord, these friends of mine,
Where they may stray.
Wilt Thou bear each
Thy blessing on this day?
For now the season comes when Yule-logs burn.
When hearts grow kind, and sweeter dreamings turn
Unto the olden, golden friends. I pray
Thy benediction on them all this day
And let Thy light of love and mercy shine,
Dear Lord, this day, on all these friends of mine.

Dear Lord, if any weep, wilt Thou be kind?
If any stray in error, wilt Thou find
The way for them and bring them back to Thee,
With gifts of Thy rare love and sympathy?
If any grieve, wilt Thou not bring them cheer
This day, another day and all the year?
Break them the bread of love and pour the wine
Of sympathy for all these friends of mine!

Dear Lord, if some be far from home this day,
If some be wanderers upon the way,
If some shall be in tears, and some shall cry
With bitter pain, wilt Thou not pass me by
And minister to them with tender care?
And what of joy or gladness be my share
Wilt Thou not give to them? Be Thy divine
And glorious peace upon these friends of mine!

Dear Lord, if some be rich, bid Thou them bear
Some joy this day to Sorrow and to Care.

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If some be glad with living, bid them go
Afar or near and minister to Woe.
Bring love to every heart and let it fill
The cup of joy for each, and over-spill,
And let the light of sympathy so shine
That none shall weep of all these friends of mine.

So now when hearts grow kind and Yule-logs burn
When thoughts grow gentler, sweeter, and return
To olden, golden friends, or far or near—
This prayer of mine be hallowed with a tear,
Welled from the fount of love and sympathy,
And sent upon the wintry night to Thee,
Till all the world is warmed with love divine—
Dear Lord, bless all these olden friends of mine!

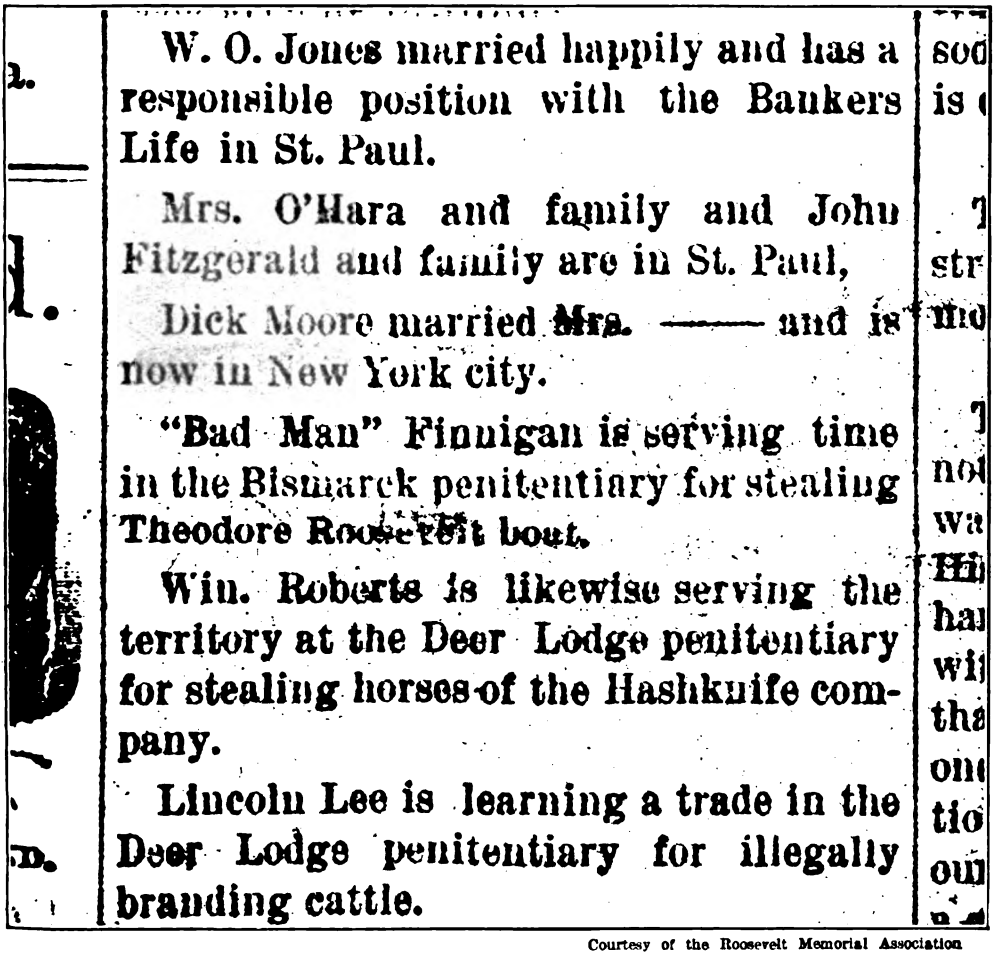
—*James W. Foley, Jr.*

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

The cloistered virtue which timidly shrinks from all contact with the rough world of actual life, and the uneasy, self conscious vanity which misnames itself virtue and which declines to cooperate with whatever does not adopt its own fantastic standard, are rather worse than valueless.—*The Strenuous Life.*

Twenty years later when the homing instinct, the lust for the biting sage brush, the smell of warm cattle on the trail, the stars that sing in the night—they never sing over great cities—became too strong to let me stay chained to a desk, I became a "throw back."

On my return I found that the little cow town of Medora had sunk back almost to its original sage brush and cottonwood jungle. The influence of Roosevelt was, however, yet much in evidence. The Maltese Cross brand



W. O. Jones married happily and has a responsible position with the Bankers Life in St. Paul.

Mrs. O'Hara and family and John Fitzgerald and family are in St. Paul,

Dick Moore married Mrs. ——— and is now in New York city.

"Bad Man" Finnigan is serving time in the Bismarck penitentiary for stealing Theodore Roosevelt bout.

Wm. Roberts is likewise serving the territory at the Deer Lodge penitentiary for stealing horses of the Hashknife company.

Lincoln Lee is learning a trade in the Deer Lodge penitentiary for illegally branding cattle.

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

The Society column of the Bad Lands Cowboy in 1884.

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was still in existence; the remnants of the herd, sold to Ferris and Merrifield, which were scattered among the canyons and coulées, bore the eight-pointed cross of St. George. Successive bitter winters and ruinous prices had practically destroyed the open range industry and the survivors were battling for their lives against the new danger that lay in herds of horses.

A unique situation had developed. Thrown upon their own resources after the collapse of the big ranches, a few of the most thrifty cowboys, mostly foremen or cooks, whose better pay enabled them to save a little from the wreck, had invested in native brood mares, then very cheap. These were branded, turned loose, and the owners scrambled for a living the best they could.

Lucy Elk, a Carlisle graduate, who has gone back to the blanket.

These breeding herds had increased amazingly and to such an extent that in some sections there was serious talk of shooting them to save the range for the surviving cattle. Horses do not winter kill, for they use their hoofs to paw the snow and uncover their winter feed. The result was that ex-foremen, cooks and the better class of cowboys, so poor in money that they actually went in rags, owned herds of horses, which had no money value whatever. The railroad companies would not accept them for their value in freight, and nobody had enough money to prepay.

My visit closely followed an invasion of Englishmen who were frenziedly buying horses for the Boer war. The effect was marvelous. The country was stripped of every available mature horse and the swiftly enriched owners were wandering or sitting about in a semi-dazed condition, still in their ragged and torn chaps and battered old sombreros. Frank Roberts, ex-foreman of the H. T. ranch, said he had $40,000 in the Dickinson bank and did not know what to do with it. One old scout who lived up river on the old Ox Bow ranch, once the property of the Marquis de Mores, celebrated his sudden affluence by driving fifty miles in his buckboard to Dickinson, where he bought an ice-cream freezer. He said he never in his life had had enough ice-cream and henceforth he proposed to live in a perennial ice-cream paradise.

At this time the Bad Lands were in a state of ferment over the depredations of the timber wolves, which, since the almost total destruction of the game, had turned their savagery on the surviving cattle. They were unbelievably fierce and cunning, the broken and frequently impassable country giving them ideal hiding places. It was not what they killed for meat, but their wanton destruction, which threatened total annihilation. A prowling she-wolf would pull down, or hamstring, fifty yearlings in one night. One nip of those fatal poison fangs and death was inevitable, although the victims sometimes lived for months.

The shrewdness of these savage brutes was incredible. They laughed at traps, at poisoned bait, no matter how tempting; they ate only their own kills, ravaged at night and hid out during the day. Ranchmen were in despair and the states of North Dakota and Montana

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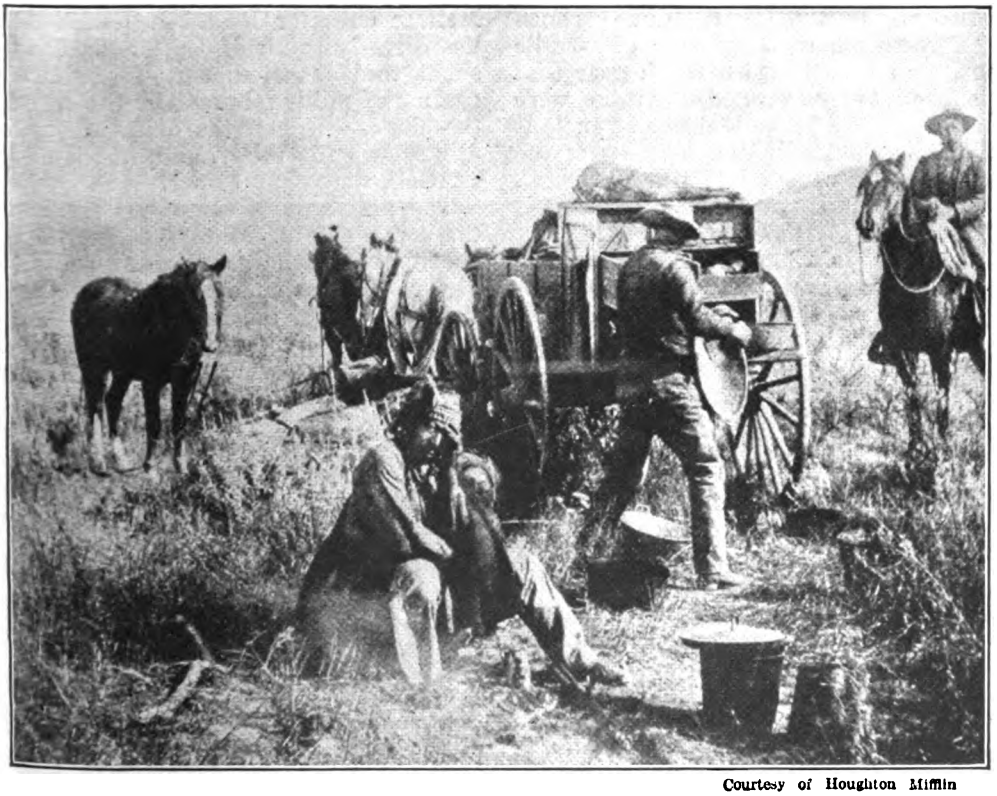
were so alarmed that combined bounties offered reached $30 per scalp. This gave rise to a singular profession, "wolfing," or the organization of skilled trappers with trained dogs to battle the wolf menace.

The very next day after I arrived at Medora, a wolfing party came in with thirty scalps for which they were paid $900 over the county clerk's desk. They had secured these in less than two weeks in the vicinity of Middle Butte, where my old ranch, the Quarter Circle Diamond, was located. But a nearly fatal weakness was disclosed; out of the thirty scalps twenty-eight were puppies, only two were killer-wolves. The party admitted tracking she-killers to their lairs in the breeding season, blowing up the dens with dynamite and so securing entire litters.

It was a thoroughly business-like outfit; two hunters, a cook, eight horses and ponies, mess wagon and gear, with five dogs. Four were mongrel hounds with a dash of bulldog, the fifth a magnificent Russian hound, the finest dog I had ever seen and of a breed then wholly unknown to me. He was larger than the bigger breeds of American foxhounds, short haired and coal black. He had a miracle nose, and on this one dog along rested the secret of the party's entire success in outwitting the almost fiendish cunning of the night killer-wolves.

For the wolves never killed close to their lairs; they were too old and wise for such a fatal error. The raid might be made fifteen or twenty miles from the den. The party encamped in the raided community and when a night attack in pasture or corral was reported—no cattle were then permitted on the open range at night—the hunters saddled their ponies and led the dogs to the scene. With a skill, a patience, and tenacity that seemed unbelievable, the black hound would pick up the hours-old trail which led cunningly over the dryest mesas, the barest scoria and lava wastes, making the most difficult trailing that was possible. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the superhuman hound



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin

Roosevelt's chuck wagon

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would work out the true trail, while the other dogs were held in leash.

The dens were always located in the inaccessible breaks. As these were reached and the trail got hotter the horses were left behind and the broken cliffs taken on foot. When it became evident that the den was near, the black hound was taken up and leashed. He was too valuable to risk in a fight. The other dogs were then turned in and, as a rule, the den was located. Then, if the country was rocky, as was usually the case, dynamite was brought up. The rest was easy.

All the fighting dogs were more or less scarred, as it sometimes happened that the parent wolves, caught outside the den and driven to bay, put up a ferocious fight. Backed against the wall of rock, they would strike savagely with that terrible crunching snap of the timber wolf.

Big Jim Foley was still custodian of the Marquis de Mores' estates at this time and was busy preparing the house on the bluff for the annual visit of the Marquis. The Eatons had just disposed of the Bad Lands "dude" ranch and with their hundreds of saddle ponies and cattle, with ranch gear that would provide a brigade of cavalry, were preparing to trek to their new ranch at Wolf, Wyoming, in the foothills of the Bighorns. From this outfit I bought two saddle horses, one of which I named "Roosevelt." He was a sturdy, bay Texas pony that had drifted north from the lone Star State with a drive of two-year-old Texas bred steers that were to be fattened on the northern range. I bought him for a perishing 600 mile ride due South and he carried me the entire distance without a grain of oats or a shoe on his foot.

The other, used as a trailing pack horse, was a sorrel, also Texas bred, bigger than Roosevelt, which I named "Fairbanks." It had not the bottom or the bulldog tenacity of the bay, however, and was later abandoned among a huge herd of wall-eyed Sioux Indian ponies at the head of White River, just west of the Pine Ridge Indian agency. For all I know, he may be there yet.

This journey was inspired by an unconquerable lust to revisit the Roosevelt country; to reride the Roosevelt trails; to sit in the doors of the shacks of Roosevelt men and talk of the days gone by. Much water had run under the mill in a decade, and our numbers were getting fewer and fewer.

I had left the Custer Trail, or Eaton Ranch, one June morning, riding Roosevelt and leading Fairbanks, who carried a light pack including Winchester rifle and camera. Two months and 600 miles later found me far down near the Colorado line along the route of the Rock Island Railroad. My horses and pack, except my camera and a lot of Indian traps, were gone and at first I was refused admission to a Rock Island dining car, eastward bound, as my appearance, ragged, blistered, unshaven, unkempt, savored, to the fastidious conductor, too much of a combination of a tramp and Nihilist with a touch of Jesse James thrown in. It had been a grueling ride.

But I had found the survivors of a mutual past, rich in reminiscence. In slow speech and with eyes seeing far, they told of the thrilling episodes that had brought them into contact with the man who was now president. The old Maltese Cross or Roosevelt Ranch that lies directly south of Custer Trail was silent and deserted, but I could see again the milling horses in the corral, the clouds of dust, the drifts of cattle filing down the valley, and, in the thick of it all, the young owner.

The first night's camp was made on the south side of Middle Butte, thirty miles out of Medora. It was an uneasy night. Far up on the face of the precipitous butte the she-wolves, whose dens had been raided by the wolfers, mournfully howled and howled, so frightening the horses that I had to get out of my blankets and go to their picket lines more than once. It rained hard, but in the darkness I sensed by some sort of instinct that there was a ranch close by, although none had existed there during Roosevelt's time.

Dawn broke and disclosed, only a few hundred yards away, a comfortable ranch house. On saddling and approaching, I was joyously greeted by the one colored man in the early history of the Bad Lands, John Warn, ex-cook at the H. T. ranch. I found him to be one of the lucky ones who had invested his savings in brood mares, and

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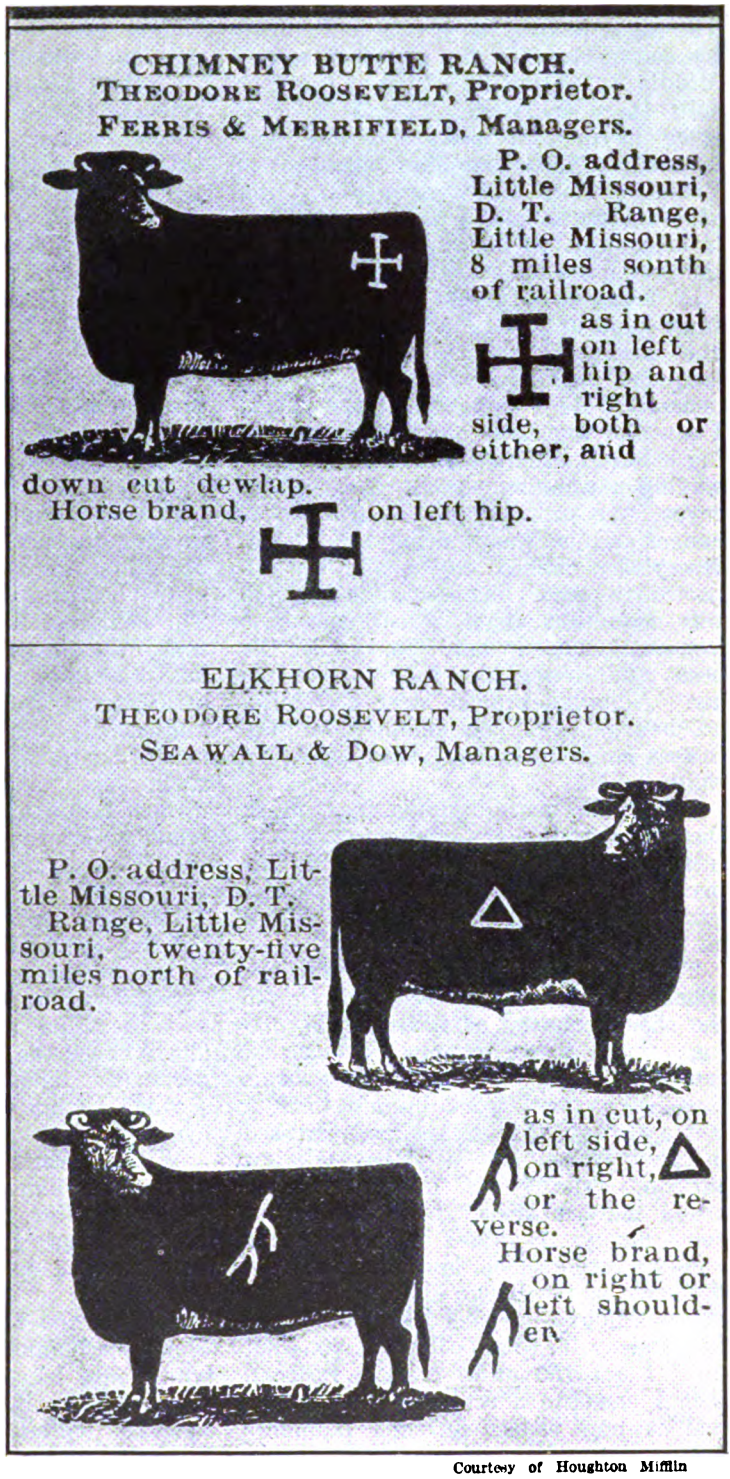
had been made rich by the English buyers.

In good grace John could have taken down his banjo and sung the song, "I Got a White Man Working For Me," but he was far too polite for such expression, although he employed a white man and wife as foreman and housekeeper. This proceeding did not at all appeal to the social amenities of Bad Lands society, but because of John's good record it let the incident slide by.

"Three Seven Bill," long foreman of the once big Three Seven outfit, had married and settled on a ranch of his own at Keogh Crossing. A giant of a man, Texan to the bone, soft voiced, slow of speech, he talked of his close association with Roosevelt when he, as captain of the roundup, was Roosevelt's boss.

But Bill's problems, that began as a two-year old when, strapped to a pony's back and turned loose in the herd, he made the trek with a big drive of cattle from south Texas to Colorado with the migration of the Follis family, had now reached the apex of despair. Hardly had he gotten nicely settled down with a ranch, wife, and family of eight or ten children started, than the wolf menace threatened to engulf all.


CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
FERRIS & MERRIFIELD, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, 8 miles sonth of railroad.
as in cut on left hip and right side, both or either, and
down cut dewlap.
Horse brand, on left hip.
ELKHORN RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
SEAWALL & DOW, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, twenty-five miles north of railroad.
as in cut, on left side, on right, or the reverse.
Horse brand, on right or left shoulder.

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin

The original Roosevelt brands as recorded with the Montana Livestock Association.

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The night before, the brutes had raided his colt pasture on the sawed-off top of Middle Butte, and killed ten of the fifty colts there enclosed. "Three Seven," after having his picture taken, sent a positive and emphatic message to President Roosevelt to drop everything at Washington and come west at once to help clean up the varmints or it was the poorhouse for everybody.

A few miles further south was the snug cabin of "Old Man Lebo," hunter and guide, of whom Roosevelt makes frequent mention in his hunting memoirs. As I approached the shack, I saw the venerable old hunter crouching behind a stump with a rifle in hand, waving a warning signal. A sneaking coyote was prowling about just out of range, and he was waiting for a shot. Everybody ducked, and finally the opportunity came. The aim at long range was good, but about three inches too low, cutting the ground from under the beast and lifting him four feet in the air. Aeroplanes make over 150 miles an hour, but I am doubtful if the fastest could have kept that coyote in sight.

More talk, more reminiscence, much that disclosed new sidelights on the intrepid hunter Roosevelt, notably his invasion of the Bighorns after elk and grizzly; and then the cavalcade moved on to further fields.

The long trail that led first into the Black Hills, home of Seth Bullock; to the sheep country of northern Wyoming; south to Cheyenne. It was all familiar land, yet it was not the same. Reaching a well worn buffalo trail, I met a frowsy, wind-swept lady, dressed in what looked like a yellow window curtain, driving an old ewe-necked brood mare attached to a mail-order house buggy. I pushed on. Next came a cheap frame school house, perched on the bank, so perilously close to the edge of a washout that each rain threatened to eat away its foundations. It was not until I got 150 miles from a railroad that I came to a real cow town, with real cowboys sitting on their haunches in the rear of the single saloon, gambling with real cow money. It was so refreshing, so full of the old dash and spirit of the pioneer Northwest that I remained and visited several days.

On the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian reservations, I saw and talked with Red Cloud, the aged leader of the Cheyenne Sioux and his brother chiefs, veterans of the tragedy of the Bighorn, where Custer died. These two incidents were the only ones of the long journey that vividly recalled the West of the Roosevelt days. In the entire 600 miles, the only four-legged game I saw, outside of swarming jackrabbits, were two miserable coyotes and one lone antelope. Volumes could tell no more.

I rode directly over the old bedding ground, where were uttered the only profane words I ever heard from Roosevelt. Like the preacher, when he did swear, "he swore amazin'." It was a bitter night, late in the fall, and the last beef roundup of 600 steers was nearing the railroad. A driving storm of sleet and rain came, covering the river bottom with half frozen hail. The cold and rain were pitiless and it took every man far into the night to hold the herd rounded up at the foot of Chimney Butte. Half frozen, raw and saddle-sore, Roosevelt and I were permitted to take a brief respite in our turn. The camp fire had long been drowned out and we spread our wet blankets on the least flooded spot we could find in the blackness of the night and storm.

Crawling under, spurs, chaps and all, holding the ends of our night ponies' lariats, we dropped off to sleep in sheer exhaustion, the water soaking about us and becoming warm from our bodies. Then came the slash of a wet lariat across the tarpaulin covering the bed.

"All hands out—cattle breaking away."

With a groan I slipped out the side of my wet blanket bed, groping along the picket line. Suddenly there was a burst of language behind me that would have made a dock walloper green with envy.

"Blank the blankety blank country; blank the blankety blank brainless idiot who would leave a decent man's home to come out into the blankety blank howling wilderness to perish like a blinkety blank heathen Injin; blank the—" but the situation was too painful to dwell on longer.

It seems that my partner in arising had incautiously raised his knees; this had resulted in spilling down the neck

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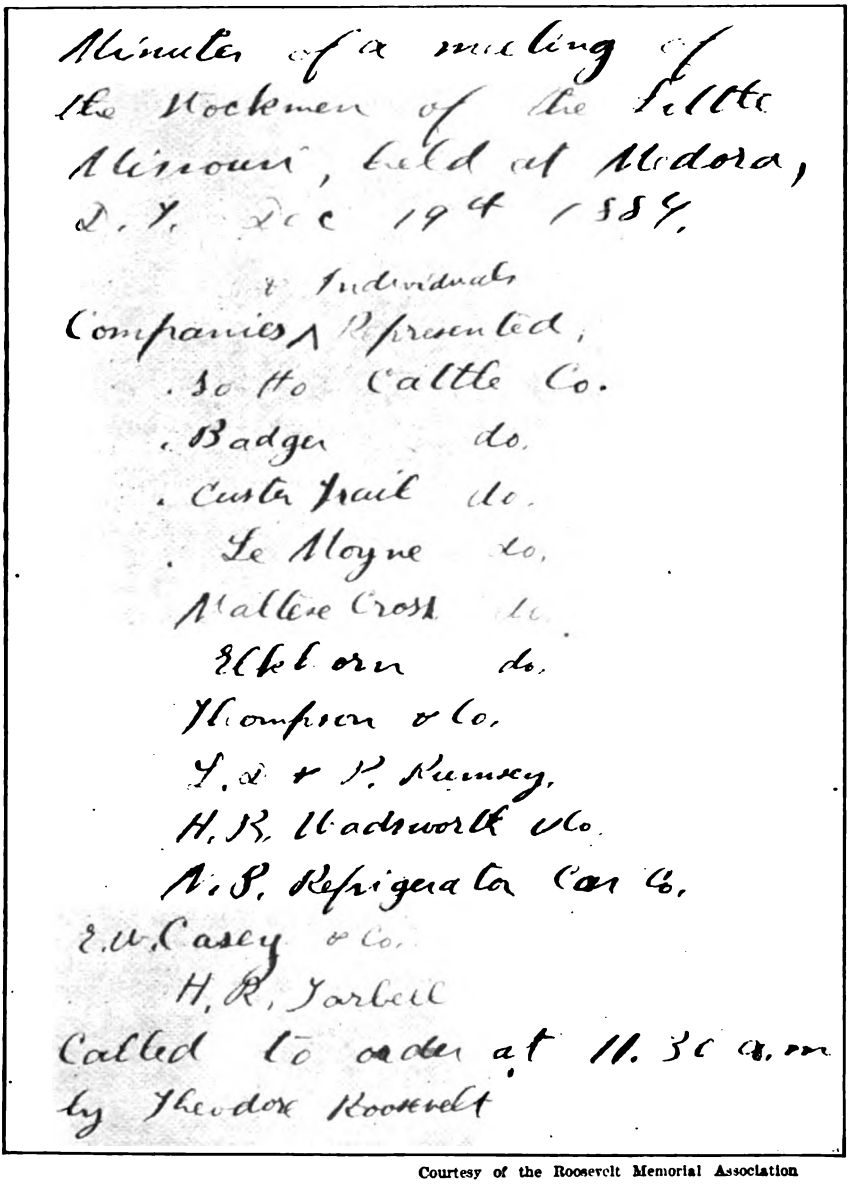
Minutes of a meeting of
the Stockmen of the Little
Missouri, held at Medora,
D. T. Dec 19th 1884.

Companies & Individuals Represented,
So Ho Cattle Co.
Badger do.
Custer Trail do.
Le Moyne do.
Maltese Cross do.
Elkhorn do.
Thompson & Co.
T. & R. Ramsey,
H. R. Wadsworth Co.
N. P. Refrigerator Car Co.
E. W. Casey & Co.
H. R. Isabell
Called to order at 11.30 a.m.
by Theodore Roosevelt

Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

A report in Roosevelt's handwriting. His outfit was the Maltese cross; the Thompson company was the author's.

of his open flannel shirt a good sized tubful of frozen sleet and water that had collected in the depression of the "tarp."

One more story, at the risk of garrulity. Getting well into the Wyoming sheep country at the head of Belle Fourche River, a fourteen year old boy, riding a raw-boned old ranch mare, came galloping up to overtake me on the Sundance trail. He was the most inquisitive, most talkative boy I ever knew. He said he had been sent to a trader's shack about fifteen miles to the west, to do some "storin'" for his father's sheep ranch. His "storin'" was all in a grain sack hung over the horn of his saddle, and he had galloped the old mare a good part of the way. The condition of the supplies may be imagined.

"Whar did you come from?" he asked, eyeing my pack outfit curiously.

"Washington."

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He sniffed suspiciously.

"Ever see Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Oh, yes." The suspicion dwindled.

"Is Washington big as Deadwood?"

"Oh, yes; much larger."

"Ever been to Denver?"

"No, I'm heading that way now."

"Our hired man was in Denver once. He says the houses are four stories high. I knew he was lying, for how could they get the mud on the roofs?"

Always pounding, pounding along at that ceaseless, stiff-legged dog-trot of the cow pony, scorched and blistered by the pitiless heat of the sage brush deserts, often famished for water, but very rarely drenched, for this was a "dry" country, we rounded up at the end of the trail nearly wrecks.

But I was richly paid. From the lips of the old freighters of the Deadwood-Fort Pierre and Cheyenne trails; from the camp fires of the few surviving mess wagons of the open range; from the sheep camps of northern Wyoming; the nesters of the sand hills; the dry farmers of the Colorado mesas; even in Indian land from the stark naked young bucks that rode with me down the valleys of the White River and Wounded Knee, I heard the story of Roosevelt, the mighty hunter, the fearless champion of the West, who knew its ills as did no other.

It was then a transitory period and the loose and shiftless methods of previous administrations were telling hard. The greed of the land-hungry white man was fast driving, or had completely driven, the Indian against the wall. Pot hunters, unrebuked, had stripped the country of game. The struggle of the few surviving open range cattlemen, against the onrushes of the settlers or nesters, was still acute and still bitter. Mixed up in a land rush, I saw 110,000 claimants eagerly register for 28,000 claims, and not a third of them would I have taken for a gift. The pressure for land was incredible and was spilling over the Canadian border, far up under the Arctic circle.

Through Roosevelt's influence as president many of these ills were checked, notably the wasteful and criminal exploitation of the surviving forests and water powers, and the easing up of the land clamor by developing huge irrigation dams and land projects. Predatory land grabbers were rebuked, their illegal fences destroyed, and at least one, and he a ranch neighbor of the President, jailed.

From the observation platform of that Rock Island train, as it crossed the Mississippi eastward, I saw the moon gleaming o'er its rippled surface, and I recalled the lines of Longfellow:

> And I saw them in my vision
> All the secrets of the future;
> I beheld the Western nations,
> Restless, struggling, toiling, striving.

FLAME AND ASHES

Flower gold and harvest gold,
Green fields and dun.
Gardens gay with asters,
And corn ripe in the sun.
Summer idleness is past,
Gone like the rose.
Crimson tips the ivy
Where the west wind blows.

Fire light and candle light,
Cool, starry dusk.
Blue grapes and marigolds
Make a scent of musk.
Whisperings of dry leaves,
Blown along the walk,
Speak of age and winter,
Like an old man's talk.

Rose Henderson

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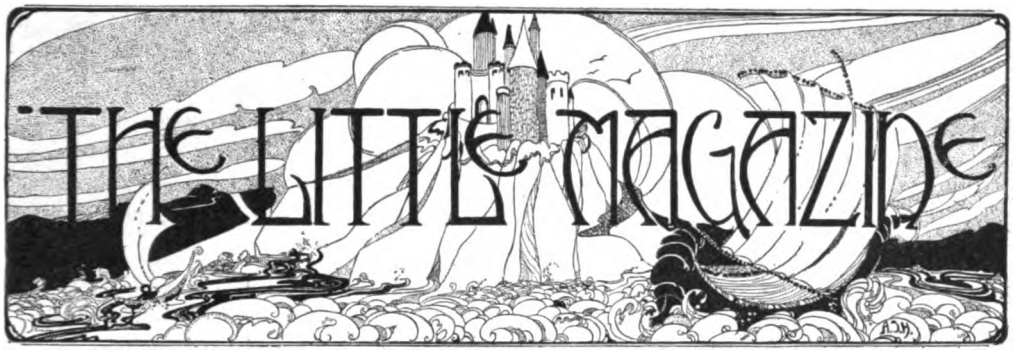

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE

His fame shall never pass away!
  Beside the cottage hearth the hind
  No other theme shall list to find
For many and many a distant day.
When winter nights their gloon begin
  And winter embers ruddy glow,
Round some old gossip closing in,
  They'll beg a tale of long ago—
"For all," they'll say, "he wrought us ill,
  His glorious name shall ne'er grow dim,
The people love, yes, love him still,
  So, grandmother, a tale of him,
A tale of him!"

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One day past here I saw him ride,
A caravan of kings behind;
The time I well can call to mind,
I hadn't then been long a bride;
I gazed out from the open door,
Slowly his charger came this way;
A little hat, I think he wore,
Yes, and his riding coat was gray.
I shook all over as quite near,
Close to this very door he drew—
"Good-day," he cried, "good-day, my dear!"
What, grandmother, he spoke to you,
He spoke to you?

The following year I chanced to be
In Paris; every street was gay.
He'd gone to Notre Dame to pray,
And passed again quite close to me!
The sun shone out in all its pride,
With triumph every bosom swelled;
"Ah, what a glorious scene!" they cried,
"Never has France the like beheld!"
A smile his features seemed to wear
As on the crowds his glance he threw,
For he'd an heir, at last, an heir!—
Ah, grandmother, what times for you,
What times for you!

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Then came for France that dreadful day
When foes swept over all the land;
Undaunted he alone made stand,
As though to keep the world at bay!
One winter's night, as this might be,
I heard a knocking at the door;
I opened it; great heavens! 'twas he!
A couple in his wake—no more;
Then sinking down upon a seat—
Ay, 'twas upon this very chair—
He gasped: "Defeat! Ah, God, defeat!"
What, grandmother, he sat down there,
He sat down there?

He called for food; I quickly brought
The best I happened to have by;
Then, when his dripping clothes were dry,
He seemed to doze a while, methought.
Seeing me weeping when he woke,
"Courage," he cried, "there's still a chance;
I go to Paris; one bold stroke,
And Paris shall deliver France!"
He went; the glass I'd seen him hold,
The glass to which his lips he'd set,
I've treasured since like gold, like gold!
What, grandmother, you have it yet,
You have it yet?

'Tis there. But all, alas! was o'er;
He, whom the Pope himself had crowned,
The mighty hero world-renowned
Died prisoner on a far-off shore.
For long we none believed the tale;
They said that he would reappear,
Across the seas again would sail,
To fill the universe with fear!
But when we found that he was dead,
When all the shameful truth we knew,
The bitter, bitter tears I shed!
Ah, grandmother, God comfort you,
God comfort you!

—*Pierre Jean Béranger.*

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SISTER CINDERELLAS

By STEUART M. EMERY

Maria Gunning, from the portrait by F. Cotes, R. A.

THERE is one story which has never died out, and which probably never will die out. Its popularity is too deeply rooted in the mind of humankind, its glamour is too much a part of the world of make-believe which provides a refuge from the cares and worries of everyday for it to lose its appeal. In the pages of romance it appears in its best-known form as the legend of Cinderella and the prince, but often enough it is translated into reality and gains the front pages of the newspapers.

That the story of the penniless girl who marries the prince or the millionaire—the prince of these more modern days—has its host of still-devoted followers is beyond question. In an earlier generation an entire school of fiction writers, headed by the prolific Laura Jean Libby, made themselves handsome livings by dealing with that one plot alone. Everybody likes to hear about the maiden who is brought from the garret to the palace simply because of her beauty and her virtue. There are no statistics on the subject available, but it is certain that thousands of attractive young women have gone about their humble employment in department stores and shops quite happily in the secret hope that some day the golden coach would draw up in front of the establishment wherein they glorified the counters. The face which means a fortune is still seen in the musical comedy revues which adorn the street known as Broadway. It is elevated, as often as not, to the peerage abroad, and when that happens there is considerable stir.

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But there never has been such a stir as that produced by England's famous twin Cinderellas. They were shining examples of the rewards beauty may obtain. At the outset they were penniless Irish girls, but when they closed their careers one of them was a countess and the other twice a duchess—exactly as an old fortune-teller in a side-street had predicted. Not long ago there was a wedding anniversary in the peerage circles of England, when there was almost as much talk about the two greatest beauties the land had ever known as about the occasion itself. The Earl of Coventry was observing his sixtieth wedding anniversary; he is the great-great-grandson of Maria Gunning, who, with her sister Elizabeth, startled the kingdom by her charms as it had never been startled before. The beautiful Gunnings have a page to themselves in the annals of England.

They are probably the most famous sister-beauties who ever lived. Of course they began their careers among quiet surroundings, or their fame would never have reached such heights. Charming, graceful, fairest of the fair, a crumbling Irish castle sheltered them until their worldly-wise mother launched them on the world of fashion to make or mar their own fortunes. That was in the gay days of George II. The Gunnings first appearance was in Dublin, where they had taken a house in the proper neighborhood, despite an alarming paucity of funds. In fact so critical did the financial situation become at times that their father was forced now and then to slip quietly out of the city in order to be free from the annoyance of creditors. And thence arose one of the many colorful tales related about the two beauties. The famous actress, Georgeanne Bellamy, it seems, was passing their house in Great Britain Street when her ears caught the sound of lamentations mixed with rough voices. Prompted by a spirit of kindliness—or possibly of sheer curiosity—she entered the house, to find Mrs. Gunning surrounded by her fair daughters and her other children, and facing a group of bailiffs who were on the point of evicting the entire family. The heart of Mrs Bellamy was nortoriously large—her purse was always open. The result was that the Gunnings remained in their home.

Then came a visit to the fortune-teller by Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, in company with Mrs. Bellamy who continued to befriend them. The fortune-teller read the pretty palms and predicted that Maria, the somewhat lively elder sister, would wed an earl, and that Elizabeth, the more demure, would twice become a duchess. It was an excellent prediction, calculated to cause a flutter of delight in the feminine bosom, and moreover it proved to be the exact truth. Within a short time Maria and Elizabeth Gunning descended in all their radiance on the Lord Lieutenant's ball, and the gallants of Dublin were at their feet.

So tremendous was their success that Mrs. Gunning, who appears to have been the astutest of mothers in an era when matchmaking had

Elizabeth Gunning, from the portrait by F. Cotes, R. A.

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been raised to an art, decided that London was the only place for her two daughters. But how to get there when the household purse was so deplorably empty? This considerable difficulty was solved by appealing to friends, and in April, 1751, the city of London awoke to find in its midst such a pair of beauties as it had never seen before.

One can picture the thrill of excitement that ran from coffee-house to coffee-house as the gallants gathered and those who had been fortunate enough to meet the two new beauties retailed their charms to a sophisticated audience. Maria Gunning was then 18; her sister Elizabeth was a year younger. They were in the very flush of youth—tall, supple, dark-eyed, and flashing with animation. Even Horace Walpole, wit, statesman and molder of opinion, fell a victim to their charms, if we may credit his writings.

"There are two Irish girls of no fortune who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, and are declared the two handsomest women alive. I think there being two so handsome and such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either."

Elizabeth, Dutchess of Hamilton, by Gavin Hamilton.

The eminent Horace may have been a trifle cautious in his appraisal of the Gunnings, but the town most certainly was not. Its courtiers and gallants descended in droves upon the "fair Hibernians," whose pictures were on sale in scores of shops.

"They can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such mobs follow them that they themselves are driven away," finished Horace amiably. He was only putting down on paper what everybody in London knew. Let the two Gunnings but stroll abroad and immediately the populace came thronging at their heels to obtain a view of them; did they seat themselves in a box for supper the crowd jostled its very rails. More than once their escorts had to draw cold steel to defend them from the encroachments of the mob. They were the rage.

They became a more important topic than any current question of state. The cry "The Gunnings are coming!" was enough to empty coffee-house and shop and

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Maria, Countess of Coventry, by Gavin Hamilton.

line the street with eager onlookers. A unique situation, possibly, from the distant point of view of the twentieth century, but it must be remembered that amusements were few for the populace in those days, and any celebrity who became the fashion was pressed upon by crowds of worshipers. The Gunnings had been presented at court and the royal smile had rested on them. That particular scene must have been most spectacular, inasmuch as we are informed that noblemen climbed upon chairs and tables in order to get a better view of them. A modern parallel might be twin Mary Pickfords, enjoying themselves with a daily promenade along Fifth Avenue. At all events the "fair Hibernians," by the end of their first season in town, were more important than a new war.

They appear to have had a positive genius for accomplishing the startling. It became noised about that the young and gay Duke of Hamilton was in the lead among the suitors of Elizabeth. The gamesters of the coffee-houses—it was a time of enormous wagers—were placing tremendous bets on the outcome of the Duke's suit. The fair Elizabeth

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seemed to temporize, and then one morning the town found a spectacular paragraph in its journals. Elizabeth Gunning and the Duke of Hamilton had been married at a chapel in Mayfair shortly after midnight. The duke had pressed his suit with such vigor that, according to one tale which may or may not have its basis in fact, there had been no time to obtain a wedding ring and a curtain-ring had to be used in the ceremony.

All fashionable London was amazed. What now was going to happen in the affair between Maria Gunning, the other beautiful sister, and the Earl of Coventry, whose courtship had arrived at the ardent stage? The journalism of the day helpfully flung itself into the breach and began to demand more action from the titled suitor. His fellow peers also, on meeting him, urged on his suit. The wedding of Elizabeth may have been the deciding factor for two weeks later she was married to the Earl.

So came the climax to the story of the Sister Cinderellas. They were married; but did they live happy ever after? From now on their paths diverge distinctly. Maria Gunning, the more animated of the pair, developed a positive genius for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, and, according to her critics, displayed herself as a rather silly, madcap beauty. It is certain that she went in for the art of beautifying herself in no slight manner, and there was at least one husband of the Georgian era who objected strenuously to the over-use of cosmetics. In fact one night at a great dinner in Paris, the Earl of Coventry pursued his wife Maria around the table and, catching up to her, wiped the rouge from her face with a napkin. She became a passionate devotee of cards and could be found for hours each day engaged at her favorite game of quadrille. In no way had marriage interfered with her popularity with the crowds, for, some five years later, Maria, Countess of Coventry, appealed to the King for a guard to accompany her in her walks in the Park in order to defend her from the mob. Thereafter the Countess of Coventry and her adoring gallants promenaded in the square with a guard of sergeants in full uniform drawn up in ranks before and behind.

But the reign of Maria Gunning was drawing slowly to a tragic close. Always delicate, she fell a victim to consumption, and the end was not far off. With all the spirit of a true belle, however, she refused to quit the paths of pleasure, and was seen attending a celebrated murder trial only a few days before she was forced to take to her bed. To the close she remained true to her philosophy of life. Under the pillow of her bed she kept concealed a mirror in which she would look daily, to observe the ravages that her fatal disease was working on her loveliness. The day came when Maria Gunning looked no more in the mirror. Her times of triumph were over. She was only twenty-seven when she died, and all London mourned. Ten thousand persons turned out to see her coffin.

While Maria Gunning was pursuing the gayeties of fashion, her sister Elizabeth had turned to a life of domesticity. The young Duke of Hamilton, notorious for his dissipations in a period when dissipation was the rage, appears to have reformed completely under her influence. His death came less than seven years after their wedding, and after a period of mourning Elizabeth married Colonel John Campbell, heir to the Duke of Argyll. She visited York at one time, and seven hundred persons stayed up all night to see her enter her postchaise in the morning. The Irish girl, who, with only her beauty to gain her fame and fortune, had risen to the heights, appears to have been an aristocrat to her finger tips. Practically every honor of the court was showered upon her. She was made a peeress in her own right and Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived in London as the intended bride of George III, Elizabeth Gunning was one of the two duchesses appointed to escort her. She was the mother of four dukes.

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When the Wilkes riots blazed in the city the mob came pouring to the steps of the house of Elizabeth Gunning. They demanded that she illuminate her mansion, and she refused them flatly. Her husband was away, she herself was in poor health, and yet she held the raging throng at bay for hours while they pounded at doors and windows.

Of the two, Elizabeth Gunning was probably the ideal Cinderella. The age of the Georges was not noted for domestic fidelity, yet against the name of Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, there never was directed the breath of scandal. When she died at the age of fifty-six the press of the day, which was not prone to respect the reputations of either dead or living, concurred in the expression that an ideal mother and a blameless duchess had passed away.

No one in London will forget the Gunnings, who are a part of England's national history. They typify mankind's admiration for beauty in the gentler sex and are the living interpretation of a romance that is immortal.

BEAUTY

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE felicities of design in art or in works of nature are shadows or forerunners of that beauty which reaches its perfection in the human form. All men are its lovers. Wherever it goes, it creates joy and hilarity, and everything is permitted to it. It reaches its height in woman. "To Eve," say the Mahometans, "God gave two-thirds of all beauty." A beautiful woman is a practical poet, taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope, and eloquence, in all whom she approaches. Some favors of condition must go with it, since a certain serenity is essential, but we love its reproofs and superiorities. Nature wishes that woman should attract man, yet she often cunningly moulds into her face a little sarcasm, which seems to say, "Yes, I am willing to attract, but to attract a little better kind of a man than any I yet behold."

French *mémoires* of the fifteenth century celebrate the name of Pauline de Viguiere. . . Not less, in England, in the last century, was the fame of the Gunnings, of whom Elizabeth married the Duke of Hamilton, and Maria the Earl of Coventry. Walpole says, "The concourse was so great when the Duchess of Hamilton was presented at court, on Friday, that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room clambered on chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theaters, when it is known they will be there." "Such crowds," he adds elsewhere, "flock to see the Duchess of Hamilton, that seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about an inn, in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise next morning."

But why need we console ourselves with the fame of Helen of Argos, or Corinna, or Pauline of Toulouse, or the Duchess of Hamilton? We all know this magic very well, or can divine it. It does not hurt weak eyes to look into beautiful eyes never so long. Women stand related to beautiful Nature around us, and the enamored youth mixes their form with moon and stars, with woods and waters, and the pomp of summer. We observe their intellectual influence on the most serious student. They refine and clear his mind; teach him to put a pleasing method into what is dry and difficult.

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THE SLEEPING LADY OF TAJ MAHAL

By ARTHUR MEE

YOU may never have heard the name of Ustad Isa; you may never have heard the name of the sleeper under his great domes—Arjumand Banu Bejam—and yet these names have lived while centuries have gone, and perhaps may live as long as men will talk of India, for she is the sleeping lady of Taj Mahal, and he is its builder.

A wondrous thing to look upon is Taj Mahal, the unmatched glory of a dazzling empire. There is nothing more fair on Earth; it rises from a garden as if it were a flower growing there. But wonderful and more lovely yet is the story of the Taj, for this matchless monument, this thing of beauty and this joy forever, was set up for the everlasting glory of a woman, in a land where woman held a very lowly place.

An emperor of India loved a beautiful girl, who saved him from evil and helped him to rule his people well, so that when she died his heart was broken, and, caring nothing how little his people thought of woman, he set up this place for her to sleep in, wishing it to be the loveliest resting-place on earth. And so it is.

By the city of Agra, against a blue sky and a mass of green trees, the dome of Taj Mahal rises amid its minarets. Rows of slim cypresses lead to this loveliest of all the buildings of Hindustan, and between the trees lies a stretch of still water, banked in marble.

All the romance of old Indian life seems to have been built into this pearl-white wonder of art. The Taj Mahal is the grave of a woman, and it stands alike for the glory of the past and the promise of the future of Asia. Far beyond India its influence extends. Men and women on the frontier of China lovingly talk of it. Craftsmen in Samarkand and Teheran draw pride from it. Their fathers helped to build it when Sir Christopher Wren was a boy at school.

It is to a woman of a wild barbaric race that this monument was built. She was a Mongol, and her race—wandering, tent-dwelling, horse-breeding savages of the Asian desert—had made one of their swoops on civilized countries. Under a descendant of Tamerlane they were throned in power in India, and the Mongol girl was taken in marriage in 1612 by a Mongol prince of Agra, who changed her name from Arjumand Banu Bejam to Mumtaz Mahal—the crown of the palace. There was no flattery in this title, for Mumtaz was really the crown of her race. Not only was she a girl of great beauty, but she had a fine mind and character. She guided her husband in his undertakings, and was a working companion to him.

The Mongols were then lords of a great empire. They built their palaces for show, and lived in the open air in gardens. Their women, strong and self-reliant, were determined not to sink to the level of the women about them.

Mumtaz became the leader of these women in the first part of the seventeenth century. At nineteen she was married to the royal prince of Agra, and she set to work to reform him.

One of her aunts was the real ruler of India, being married to a wretched emperor whose soul and body she was trying to save. Mumtaz undertook the same task with the emperor's heir, and never left his side. She went with him on long journeys, and into battle, keeping him charmed with her wit and beauty while she guided his actions. When her husband became emperor of India, under the title of Shah Jehan, Mumtaz took over a large share in the actual work of government, and her influence was used to win the hearts of the people by kindness and good administration. The end of the Mogul Empire began in 1630, when this great woman died in the prime of life, while with her husband on the battlefield.

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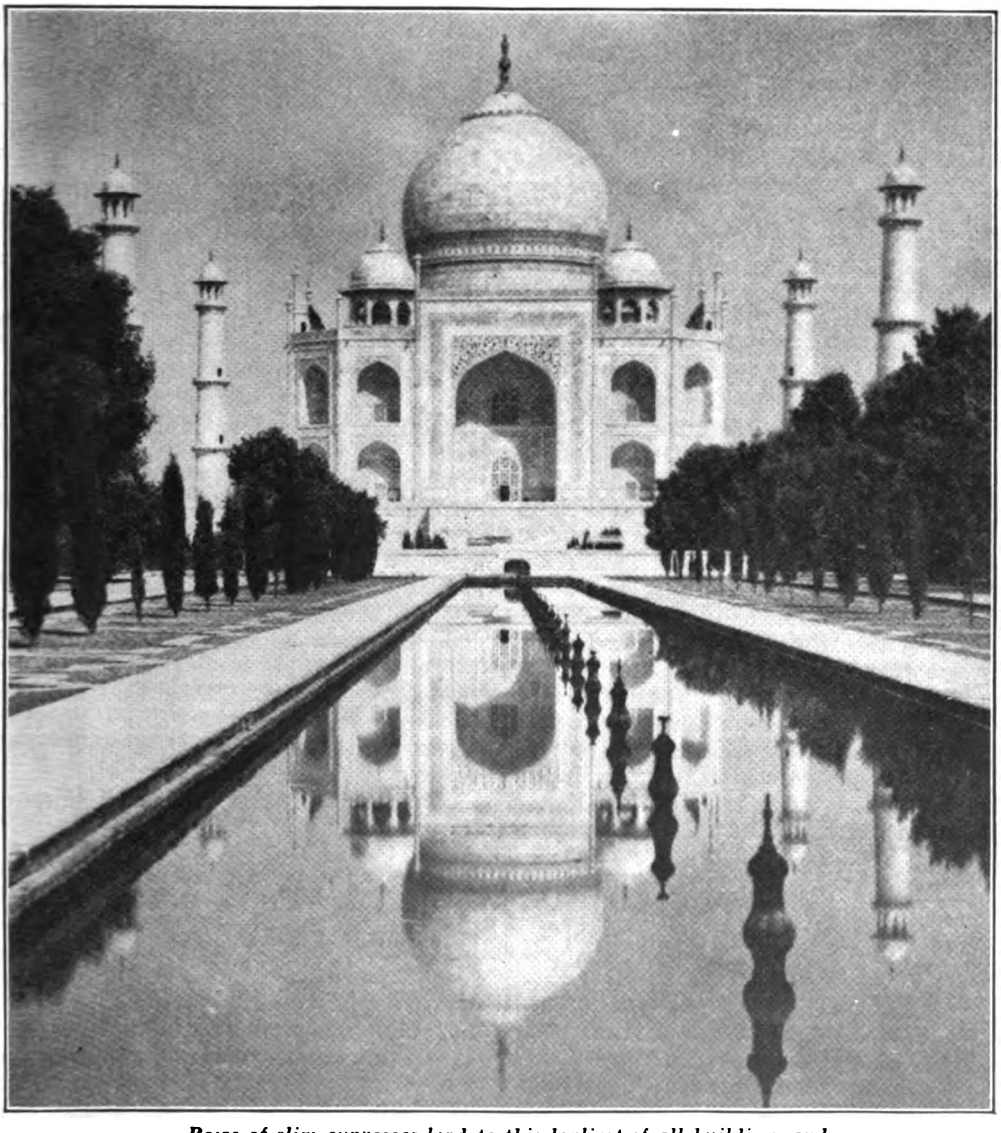
Shah Jehan knew what he had lost. He felt helpless without his wife. He refused to see his ministers or to go on with the war. For two weeks he held out, and at last, when he was induced to resume the power of government, he ordered his court into mourning. No music, no feasts, no fine clothes or jewels were allowed for two years. Jehan was ever ready to break any man or woman who used forbidden luxuries in this sad period. His wife had struggled to help the common people by discouraging the extravagance of the Mongol nobles, and he saw that her wishes were carried out. He saved all he could, but all he saved he resolved to spend on a monument to the woman who had saved himself.

He chose a garden for his wife to



Rows of slim cypresses lead to this loveliest of all buildings and between the trees lies a stretch of still water, banked in marble.

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sleep in, by the river Jumna. He had drawings made of the most famous buildings on the earth. He brought artists from Italy, Constantinople, Mesopotamia, and other lands. A man who seems to have been part Greek, part Turk, and part Persian won the competition. His name was Ustad Isa. Masons came from Bagdad, from the Ganges, and from the Punjab. Builders came from Anatolia and Samarkand, and mosaic workers from Italy and Persia. Twenty thousand men were kept working seventeen years, and precious stones were brought from China, Persia, Tibet, and Arabia. A French silversmith made two silver doors, and a sheet of pearls was designed to cover the tomb. A fortune was spent on rich silk carpets, golden lamps, and jeweled candlesticks, and a gold screen studded with gems was made to enclose the tomb.

All this seemed like the gorgeousness of savage taste. In England, John Milton heard of the building of the Taj, and sang of the Orient showering on her kings barbaric gold and pearl. But the great Mongols had a fineness of mind amid all their magnificence. Perhaps their love of natural beauty kept their sense delicate and true. Jehan, at any rate, had fine taste, and he himself directed the design and decoration of the Taj, so that one of the most barbaric races in the world gave mankind a supreme lesson in art and beauty.

The design is simple, and depends for its effect on spacing and proportion, and on the art of leading the eye by landscape gardening to the appreciation of the great work in stone. All the main lines are broad and simple. From a marble terrace rises the white dome, flanked on both sides by two noble mosques of red sandstone, each inlaid with white marble. Four minarets, like court ladies attending their empress, stand about the dome, and the distant effect is like that of a graceful woman whose bearing and silhouette please the eye before we come near enough to observe her fine features and delicate attire. When the shrine is closely approached, its infinite wealth of decoration captures the mind with a gust of delight. Though the marble seems smooth in the distance, there are cut into it low reliefs of lilies, tulips, and crown imperials. The panels are framed in jasper, coral, turquoise, sardonyx, and other precious stones, set by the greatest craftsmen of the age.

Within the tomb a soft light plays on a screen of marble tracery, which now replaces the original screen of gold. It is one of the most exquisite things in the world, a lacework of fine stone on which artists labored for ten years in a golden age of art. Enclosed in the screen are the tombs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jehan, who sleep in a vault beneath. Everlasting Persian flowers are wrought in the white marble of the tomb of Mumtaz.

Jehan intended that soft melodies and religious chants should echo forever in this great monument. When a loud noise is made in the chamber of the tomb there is no response, but if a few notes are softly sung the music is repeated in echoing harmonies, until it seems as if the choir of heaven were singing from the dome.

Such is Taj Mahal, the loveliest monument on earth.

THE TAJ MAHAL

By B. CHESNEY

ON the banks of the sacred Jumna, one of India's holy rivers, lies an ever-green and flowering garden in seclusion behind a wall. But from a terrace near the river the softly flowing lines of white marble domes and minarets rise like a cloud of ethereal light above this sun-swept land and the majestic river. This wonder of the world is know to all as the Taj Mahal, the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal.

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No Empress in the world has been honored after death with a more heavenly mausoleum than that which covers the earthly remains of Mumtaz Mahal, "Crown of the Palace," as her name would ring in English. Although nigh on three hundred years have passed over this delicate structure, its beauty is as fresh and fragrant as on the day of its completion. The white marble is as radiant, the garden as young, and the waters of the river as abundant as of yore, when the dying Emperor, a captive in the fort of Agra, was taken by his faithful daughter to gaze once more upon the peerless shrine of his immortal love.

Sublime as this vision is in daylight, night alone discloses the secrets of its inner meaning. In hours of night or silent dawn let us approach this jewel of the builder's art. As we cross the dewy park, a young moon or only Indian starlight to guide our footsteps, the great Moghul gate looms out among the trees. Passing through the dark, tall archway, surmounted by the happy symbols of Mahomedan architecture of its time, we become gradually aware of a new presence facing us, remote, yet near; indistinct, yet faintly real. The light of a million stars is reflected from opal-tinted forms and the most feminine lines ever yet charmed into architecture by the hands of man.

No dome in India—yea, in the world—resembles this exquisite edifice, from which the yearning soul of a lovely woman seems forever rising to the heavens above, with lotus flowers blooming at her feet.

One marvels how the human mind could evolve a marvel such as this and is reminded that at least three spiritual conceptions of womanhood are united in this masterpiece. For the design was conceived by an Italian, approved by a Persian and executed by Indian craftsmen, all able to draw upon the manifold spiritual traditions which combined to produce their various civilizations.

Although India owns this unrivaled work of art, it has been left to the British spirit of reverence for beauty and the sublime in religious spheres to preserve the precious building, and declare it a protected monument. Without this intervention the smiling domes would have decayed and the lovely rhythmic lines would be no more. The spirit of India lives in the past, yet shows little appreciation of historical monuments which have no special merit as places of pilgrimage. No Mahomedan would worship in this mosque, as it holds the remains of a woman. To an orthodox Hindu it is equally uninviting. A new spirit is coming to the East, however, and with it a new love and reverence is awakening among the young for India's historic past and the spiritual beauty expressed in her monuments. Thus the wonders of the Taj Mahal will fill all hearts with sacred joy, thrilling the soul with its uplifting rhythm and the memory of its beauty will last forever.

Every year some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teasing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things; and longer stay of time when you are happy and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

—*Ruskin*

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AN EXCURSION TO THE MOON

By J. H. FABRE

IT must be a great moment for the balloonist when the last rope holding the balloon is let go. The aerial machine oscillates throughout its swollen bulk; it is set in motion and starts on its journey. A stone sinks less swiftly into the abysses of the ocean than the balloon rises into the heights of the atmosphere. In a few seconds the crowd of onlookers is like an insignificant lot of ants; houses look ridiculously small, and the town appears like a little heap of white cubes which could easily be held in the hollow of the hand. Here comes a cloud. The balloonist plunges into it and everything vanishes. Another rush, and the balloon emerges

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from the gray depths of the cloud like a marine monster coming to breathe on the surface of the water. It rises into the higher levels, which are always serene and bathed in sunlight. It reaches a height of six miles, the greatest height to which mankind has ever penetrated. At intervals the balloonist sees the earth through holes in the clouds, but it appears vague on account of its distance, and terrifying by its depths. A dozen ropes and a wicker-basket hold him suspended over the abyss. What would happen to him if the frail craft were to be shipwrecked and thrown from a height of six miles? Our hair rises on end if we only think of such a fall. In three-quarters of a minute the unfortunate man would touch the ground at a speed of 140 feet per second, which is nearly the speed of a cannon-ball, and after the shock he would have lost his human form, and would be unrecognizable. We divert our eyes from the horrible spectacle, and if you feel you have courage sufficiently strong not to turn giddy we shall ascend together higher than the balloonist and proceed as far as the moon. And for reasons of prudence and many other reasons we shall only perform the journey in our mind's eye.

On our way we shall find out certain facts concerning the atmosphere. Only the lower layers to the extent of four or five miles contain any clouds. Beyond that the air is too dry, being so free from vapor that no clouds would be able to form. In the upper regions of the atmosphere the weather is therefore perpetually fine. There are no storms and there is no lightning. The temperature falls very rapidly. Even at a few miles, the cold is very intense and the serene heights of the atmosphere have at all seasons a lower temperature than the most severe of our wintry days. The air becomes more and more rarefied, and soon ceases to be sufficient for respiration. The balloonists who have ventured to the greatest height, Glaisher and Coxwell, who reached six miles, said that at the highest level they lost consciousness, blue with cold and suffocated by the lack of air. Between five and six miles above the ground life is so much endangered that it is doubtful whether man can ever reach yet higher levels. It is clear that we should have to renounce our voyage if we were undertaking it in any other way but mentally. We should hardly have left the ground before we were threatened with death by asphyxiation and cold. But as imaginary travelers we have nothing to fear, so let us proceed. What is this? In the middle of the day the sky is getting dark. We left under a magnificent blue sky, and now the blue is turning more and more black. Night seems to be coming in the presence of the sun. The reason for this celestial darkness is easy to see. We have only a small portion of air above us to produce diffused light. The luminous veil of the atmosphere is becoming thinner, and across this light veil we see the space where there is no more daylight because there is no more matter to be illuminated. Let us do this last stage with a rush and emerge above the atmosphere. Turn once more back to the earth. With good eyesight you may see the surface of the aerial ocean swelling in enormous undulations and subsiding on the confines of our world. But we must pass on.

Now we have reached space and the infinite void, where the sun sheds its floods of light without producing daylight. When we look towards the sun, blazing light threatens us with blindness, while in every other direction space is jet black, and stars shine in incomparable splendor. It is night in full daylight, and it is darkness amidst the light. Where there is nothing the sun can illuminate nothing. In vain do its rays traverse the desert immensity. The eye which does not receive them in a direct line regards them as invisible. We have entered the domain of eternal silence, the heavy silence of the void. No noise reaches us from the earth, an explosion which would break up the globe would not trouble our peace, for in the absence of all

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The moon as seen through one of the largest telescopes.

matter there can be no sound. It is also the domain of terrible cold which would kill the earth, but for its atmospheric mantle. Where there is nothing to heat up, the heat of the sun, like its light, remains ineffective. The most moderate computation places the temperature of these extra-terrestrial deserts at 200° below the freezing point, which is three times the most intense cold of the exceptional winter of 1829. Certain delicate researches lead us to believe that the cold descends even to 270° below zero. You will understand I hope, that with such fatal conditions as are presented by the total absence of air at a very low temperature, life is altogether banished from inter-planetary space. But let us pursue our expedition across this terrible void. Why not? Imagination is a marvelous mount which laughs at danger, and takes you where you wish to go; it is apt, indeed, to go astray, and we shall have to be on our guard and control its assertions by the severe pronouncements of science.

We need not prolong our stay in this monotonous space. The moon is our goal, and we will not lose any time. But

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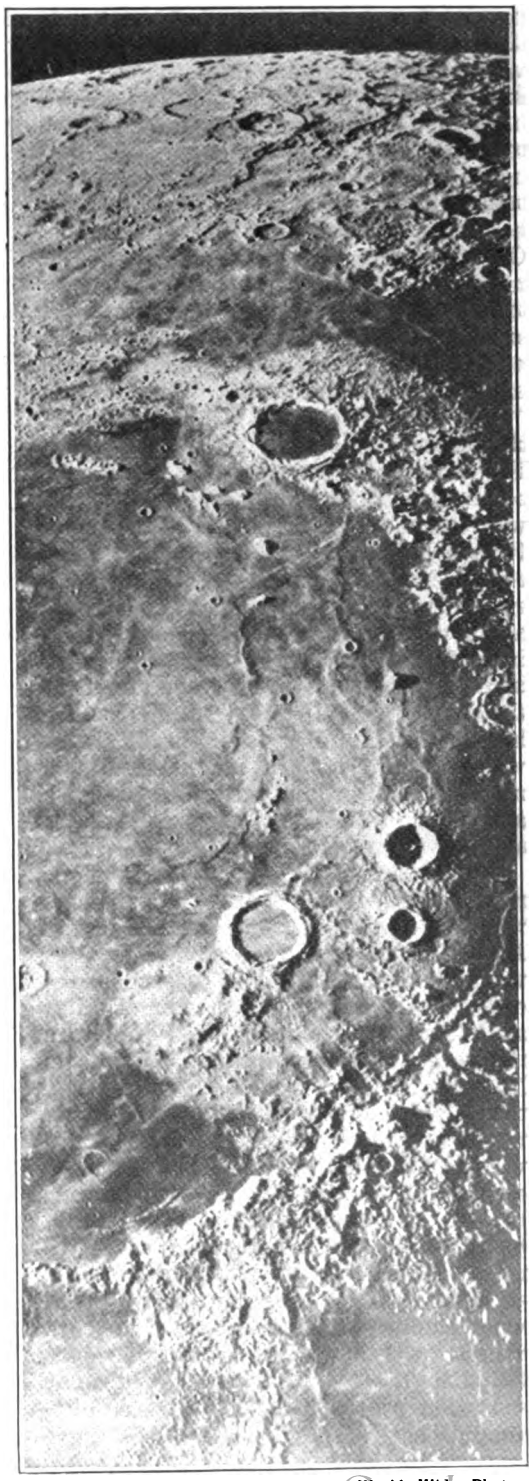
a remarkable station is encountered on our way. On the imaginary line joining the earth to the moon there is a point which limits the respective domains of the two globes as regards attraction. Nothing distinguishes that point from any other point of space, and yet it is worthy of attention. Let me explain. The earth exerts her attraction on surrounding bodies and makes them fall towards her. The moon also attracts them on her part. As the attraction is proportional to the mass, the earth being larger and heavier is superior to the moon when the distances are equal. But on the other hand the attraction diminishes with the square of the distance. Thus, if the body attracted is fairly near the moon, the lesser distance would compensate for the feebleness of the moon, and the smaller heavenly body may exert as great an attraction as the larger body, or even a greater attraction. Thus we have to determine the point where, on account of distance and mass, the lunar attraction balances the earth's attraction, so that any body which happened to be placed there would be equally attracted by the earth and by the moon, and would fall neither towards the one nor towards the other. A calculation proves that such a point is found at nine-tenths of the whole distance of the two bodies, reckoned from the earth, or at one-tenth as reckoned from the moon. On this side of that limit the earth rules supreme, while on the other side it is the moon. Thus, an object situated on a straight line joining the two bodies would fall towards the earth or towards the moon according to its position on this side or the other side of the point of equal attraction.

We have reached that point, the frontier of the two attractions. Until now we have been traveling with our heads pointing upwards to the moon and our feet downwards towards the earth, the mass which attracted us most. That position alone is the normal one, the only position



World Wide Photos.

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proper to our conditions of existence, since a complete reversal, unless it were very short, would be fatal to us. Yet it is strange that at the point where we have just arrived we must, in order not to suffer any inconvenience, turn our heads where our feet would be, and turn our feet where our heads should be. The reason for this is obvious. Once we have passed that limit we do not belong to the earth, but we belong to the moon, whose attraction is now superior. What we call "down" will now be towards the globe which attracts us, and that is the moon. What we call "up" will be towards the attraction of the earth, which we no longer obey. Henceforth the voyage will no longer be an ascent, but a fall. We do not rise, we descend. We fall towards the moon from a height of 24,000 miles. We have no more effort to make to reach our goal, since the moon's attraction carries us along with an increasing velocity which in a few minutes will become terrifying. A little time ago we shuddered at the idea of a balloonist falling from a height of six miles. What will it be when we fall from a height of 24,000 miles? Well, all is over, and we have arrived, but it is just as well that we are only traveling mentally.

Where are we? On a rocky slope resembling those bare escarpments which we find in some of the Swiss Alps. These are real stones we see, veritable rocks heaped in a terrible disorder. All of us have seen similar avalanches of boulders on the torn flanks of earthly mountains. The moon, like the earth, is a globe of stony material. But is stone heavy here? Here we have a block which, according to its volume, should weigh 2 cwt. on the earth, but we can lift it easily in our hands. A similar block of wood would be lifted on earth with less ease. We might almost say it consisted of cork, so light is it. A singular country this, where stones weigh no more than cork weighs with us. But everything participates in this lightness. A strange sensation warns us that, for us also, weight has been lessened. We have hardly any consciousness of our own weight, and our feet seem enveloped in cotton-wool, because we no longer feel the pressure of the ground. We hesitate in our walk because the effort of a step takes us farther than we wish to go; we walk without proper facility or proper equilibrium or proper weight. We are too light for the force used. There is no longer any harmony between the resistance to be overcome and the power brought into play, and this accounts for our pleasing awkwardness in trying to do the simplest thing in the world, viz. walking. Let us hope that habit will come to our rescue, and that we can ascend the slopes which surround us.

The place to which the chances of our fall have brought us is not very reassuring. The soil around us rises in sudden slopes of a bare and mournful appearance, and forms a conical chasm, a sort of large funnel, the bottom of which is lost in a chaos of darkness and rocky boulders. A mile above our heads the orifice of the crater opens with many gaps, like the rim of an immense well in ruins. We cannot doubt that we have fallen into the crater of a volcano. Such a situation would be dangerous on earth, but here there is no danger. Astronomers, at least, have never found any eruption in lunar volcanoes, whose activity, it seems, has ceased for ever. Let us, in any case, get out of the volcanic funnel and look round at the landscape from the summit.

It would be difficult to find a stranger country. We might be on a gigantic cinder. An infinite number of volcanic cones succeed each other to the north and south, to the right and left as far as the eye can reach, larger and smaller, isolated or in groups grafted like warts one upon another. Some of them are like small molehills, and hardly rise above the plain. Others rival in their height the highest peaks on earth, and their funnels are so deep that the sun never reaches the bottom. Some are erected on an excrescence of the soil, while others are planted within

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monotonous enclosures which it would take several days to walk round. And on the flanks of these cones and at their base in the valleys which separate them we see the strangest collection of pinnacles, battlements, broken edges, and excrescences. It requires, no doubt, an enormous power to produce such convulsions of the soil.

What we see from the top of our observatory is repeated all over the moon's surface. Everywhere the dominant aspect of the moon is one of disorder, which reminds us in its enormous proportions of certain cantons of the Auvergne and of the Vivarais which are known to be covered with extinct volcanoes. If the small craters of the moon can reasonably be compared to terrestrial volcanoes, the immense enclosures have a great resemblance to certain circular mountain ranges with crater-shaped valleys which in the Pyrenees are known under the name of *cirques*. These are not eruptive cones like Vesuvius or Etna, but regions where the surface of the moon has risen under the pressure of internal forces within the planet, like bubbles which rise in the surface and whose center collapses, leaving an amphitheater of vertical walls.

And yet what a disproportion between the *cirques* of the moon and those of the earth. That of Heas in the Pyrenees is a gulf more than six miles round. Its walls are never less than 2,500 feet high. Numerous herds roam within these walls, the limits of which can hardly be seen. Three million people would not fill it up, while ten million would find room on the gradients of its ramparts. Yet the majestic *cirque* of the Pyrenees is only a miserable object compared with those lunar *cirques* which are 250 or 400 miles in circumference, and whose walls reach heights of three or four miles.

The volcanic character, so striking in the inequalities of the moon's surface, is matched by another characteristic, which is equally remarkable, viz. their colossal dimensions as compared with the moon itself. Of the 1,095 mountains of the moon whose heights have been measured, six are over 20,000 feet and 22 surpass the height of Mont Blanc, which is 14,000 feet high. The lunar peak Doerfel, with its 25,000 feet of height, is almost the rival of Mount-Everest and Gaurisankar, the two highest mountains of the earth, which are 29,000 feet high. If we consider the small volume of the moon, the exaggerated size of the lunar mountains becomes even more striking. Gaurisankar represents in its height the 740th part of the earth's radius, while Doerfel represents the 227th part of the moon's radius. According to this comparison of the extreme heights, it is seen that the lunar mountains are three times higher in proportion than those of the earth. A very probable cause of this excessive relief on the moon is that gravitation is six times less there. If the mountains of the moon are due, like those of the earth, to central commotions and internal disturbances which have raised them above the general level, it is quite conceivable that the same force should produce more considerable effects where the weight of material lifted presents six times less resistance.

One thing will naturally astonish you. I have told you the size of the lunar craters and the elevation of the lunar peaks in feet. How do I know these numbers? How can we, from the earth, measure the heights of the mountains of the moon?

If we point even a small telescope at the moon, its disk appears strewn with a prodigious number of round or oval patches partly illuminated and partly obscure, and surrounded by walls or ramparts whose crests shine with great brilliancy. At the period of first quarter or last quarter, when the visible portion of the moon is reduced to a crescent, the clearness of those hills is admirable, and we can recognize without any hesitation that the round bodies are cavities or enormous craters. The internal slope of the cavity which faces the sun is brilliantly illuminated, while the opposite slope, which is shaded from the sun's

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rays, is jet black. The peaks of the circular rampart seem to be flaming, and the whole mountain projects its own black shadow into the plains behind. Now it is the length of these shadows when compared with the moon's diameter which guides us in ascertaining the height of the mountain and the depth of its crater.

We proceed as follows: If the moon had a perfectly smooth surface, the line of separation between the part illuminated by the sun and the dark part would be perfectly regular. But if we examine the moon at first quarter we find beyond the line of continuous light a number of luminous irregularities, and particularly a number of isolated points which seem to be detached from the crescent. These points are the tops of mountains which, on account of their elevation, receive the sunlight before it reaches the surrounding plains, and which shine out, while at their feet everything is still plunged into the darkness of night. From the distance of those bright points, reckoned from the line of continuous illumination, we can deduce the heights of the corresponding mountains, for the higher the peak rises the earlier will the sun's rays reach it. But let us not speculate any longer, but leave the unknown its mysteries.

THE GRASS

The grass so little has to do—
  A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
  And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
  The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
  And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like
    pearls,
  And make itself so fine—
A duchess were too common
  For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
  In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
  Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
  And dream the days away—
The grass so little has to do,
  I wish I were the hay!

—*Emily Dickinson*

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THE YOUNG UNITED STATESER

By ETHEL BAILEY

"HEY, Dutch! Cheese it!" Bud Williams' stub nose butted imperiously through a gap in the picket fence that divided his mother's place from the Deitrich's.

"What's the big idea, huh?" Bud's freckles darkened belligerently. Wrenching off another lath, he made commanding, if squeezing, entrance to the Deitrich back-yard.

A shabby tow-headed boy, bent earnestly double over a tin can that covered a small fire-cracker, straightened electrically.

"Ach," be blushed, "you gif me a scare." A piece of punk smoked pungently in his hand. "I made already a little celebration," he smiled. "To-morrow comes once the Fourth of July!"

"Does, hey?" Bud's nose achieved a yet greater angle of ascension. The delicious aroma of the punk assailed his nostrils. He reached forth a freckled, acquisitive hand and secured it. "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs," was his oracular advice, "tell me sunthin' I don't know!"

"Well, you ask me once, not?" ventured Eric Deitrich, relinquishing the punk with regret.

"Yea, I ask you what's given you the right to celebrate *our* Fourth o' July, huh? You ain't an American!"

"Ain't 'Merican!" solemnly echoed a small voice. Bud's three-year-old brother, Acie, appearing via the gaping fence, now advanced upon them.

"I was born here, already," defended Eric.

"Where?" defied Bud.

"To the farm first, by the edge of town."

"Aw," scoffingly, "out to the Dutch Settlement! Say, that don't count."

"Don't tount," pronounced Acie judicially.

"If you had been raised here, along with us," explained Bud, "you might not be so bad; but you Dutchmen herd up alone and act like this was the old country."

"Old tountry!" commented Acie disdainfully.

Eric hung his head. Although accustomed to taunts, they yet possessed the power to wound. He edged towards the shelter of his kitchen porch.

"Hey, Dutch!" It was not Bud's purpose to allow Eric to escape. "Listen here! I'll shoot your cracker for you," he offered regally, "I'm an American, see? And say," he moderated his voice in an approach to affability, "I'll tell you something—a secret! Oh, boy!"

Beguiled by the friendlier tone Eric returned to the fence.

"Mebbe," Bud's small form swelled with pride, "Mebbe, some of these Fourth o' Julys I get to carry the flag myself! The big flag, on parade in the percession! Grandpa said so! Grandpa's a G. A. R." Bud exploded. "When I'm a little older, I'm gonna march along all stiff and stuck-up and carry the flag myself, with the band playin', 'tootle-loo, tootle-loo, tootle-loo!'"

Bud gave a graphic illustration of the dramatic moment, with a picket wrenched from the fence as a flag staff. "I'm an American, I am," he hurled over the picket.

"'Merican, I is," Acie strutted behind, a broken lath at a jaunty angle against his bobbing curls.

"I, too, was born here," ventured Eric under his breath, with gratifying envy.

"Aw," Bud halted his march to stare him out of countenance, "You're Dutch just the same—don't make any odds if you were born here. Your folks came over from Germany, didn't they, huh?"

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"Folks tome over," declaimed Acie, pointing an accusing picket.

"Yes," Eric protested gently, "but you should not blame them yet that they never knew to get themselves born over here."

Ignoring this logic, Bud swept on ruthlessly, "They talk Dutch, too, and cook Dutch and look Dutch, so you're a Hun! Hello, Hun!"

"Hayo, Hun," contributed Acie, "Hayo!"

"Your grandpa wasn't a G. A. R., your dad didn't go to the war, he's just a Dutch farmer. Don't you wish you was me? But," he added illuminatingly, "you ain't! You're just a Hun. Hello, Hun!"

"We ain't Dutch, yet." Eric's methodical mind reverted, with a sense of injustice, to the first point in Bud's charge. "We ain't Dutch," he repeated with a slow dignity. "For they come from Holland and we come——"

"Shucks, I don't care! They're just the same," Bud announced with catholic impartiality. "Dutch and German, ain't no diff. Your're allus havin' your ole Dutch picnics and talkin' Dutch and eating Dutch grub. If you wanta be Americans why don't you act like 'em? What makes you talk so funny, huh? Why don't you talk like anybody else? Why don't you talk like white folks?"

"It's not so easy yet to talk a language you're not mothered to," Eric explained patiently. "My mamma takes shame enough for her English. She won't go where she is all the time laughed at, and when people don't feel so good against us, we know it. So we Germans must get by ourselves together to have once some good little times."

"There you go again," exulted Bud. "Gosh, you talk funny! Anybody could spot you for Dutch a mile off. Hello, Hun! Hello, Hun!" He danced happily about, waving his picket belligerently.

"Hayo, hayo, hayo," Acie joined gleefully, "hayo!"

A tall, stooped figure stepped out on the porch of Bud's house. Grandpa Williams appeared with a coat on his arm. He hung it carefully on the clothes-line and dusted it with a brush that he carried in his pocket. Tomorrow he would march, with the G. A. R. boys, in the parade. He always brushed and aired the old blue military coat the afternoon of July third. He left it, at length, on the line to air and, turning, became conscious of the yelling boys.

"Tut! Tut!" he exclaimed, "Tut! Tut!" He beat a tattoo on the porch with his broad-toed shoe. "What's the fuss!"

Bud looked away guiltily, but little Acie, with the frankness of his years, burst out. "He's no dood, Dranpa," he explained. "Eric Hun, Eric butch! Hayo—" he turned to the small figure drooping against the fence, "Hayo butch!"

"Boche, hey!" Grandpa cupped a thin old ear with a wrinkled hand. "What's all this? That's no way to talk! Come here!" He crooked a finger at the little German and pointed, with his cane, to a seat on the shady steps. "Come here, boys, all of you, I want to talk to you.

"I thought I had taught you better than that, Bud," he began. "Americans aren't small and pestering and little." He eyed his grandsons severely. "Acie, you move over and give Eric a place in the shade. The United States is made up of people from every country. It had to be. Don't you know that?" Bud busied himself with an excavation in the path, ably conducted by a muscular big toe and did not look up, but over Eric's clouded face a gleam shone.

"Don't you know," persisted grandpa, "that the American Indians are the only real natives, if you want to go back far enough?"

Bud conducted the final obsequies of a small beetle, pressing the kicking corpse firmly into his excavation, before lifting his gaze to meet his grandparent's eye.

"Aw," said he, "Injuns don't count! But Eric, here," he slid a belligerent

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glance in Eric's direction, "his folks are Germans and we just finished lickin' them. That's different!"

Grandpa Williams eyed the boys before him in silence for a moment. "Did you ever hear the story of Fighting Bob Evans?" he began. "It was in the harbor of Santiago—he had overwhelmed a Spanish vessel and her deck was lined with fallen men. Our boys were raising a cheer of victory, but Fighting Bob waved them down. 'Don't shout!' said he, 'the poor devils are dying!' That," and the old man eyed the enthralled listeners sternly, "was the speech of an American!"

"America," the old soldier went on, "is too big for malice and meanness—too big to nurse old grudges and carry on hatred from generation to generation. Many of our best, most loyal soldiers both in the Civil and the World War were of German blood. Perhaps our bravest aviator was a naturalized German. Because a man has German blood in his veins is no reason why he may not be fine and loyal and good.

"Eric, here," the old man smiled into the glowing blue eyes that were riveted upon his own, "he can show he is loyal to the old U. S. A. when his time comes. He can do something some day, if he watches his chance. Eh, boy?"

Eric swallowed hard, his eyes gleaming, and nodded his head, speech for the moment beyond him.

"And that's all patriotism is, anyhow," the old man concluded. "Service, just service!" He rose stiffly from his seat on the steps and trudged up the path, his broad-toed shoes slapping the board-walk with a marching rhythm. "Service," he muttered to himself, "to the end."

"I want," suddenly spoke up Eric at his elbow, his rapt eyes visioning something of glory called up by the old man's words, "God-from-the-world," he whispered, "but I want already to be a United Stateser!"

The morning of the Fourth dawned cloudless and hot. Amelia Williams laid out her father-in-law's military suit.

"I do wish, pa," she began, "that you'd give up the idea of marching in the parade. It's going to be awful hot and you know you get those dizzy spells when you get overhet."

"Why, daughter, it ain't much to do." The old man pinned his company badge on his coat. "We had all ought to be willing to exert ourselves once a year, or our patriotism will get as moth-eaten as my old suit, when it isn't used oftener."

"Well, then, seems to me they ought to arrange for the G. A. R. boys to ride, instead of limping along in the dust behind the mayor and town officers and the Chamber of Commerce. Every one of them is better fitted to tramp than you are!"

"Tut, tut, Amelia, 'tain't soldierly to be setting soft. The old boys ain't complaining. Just so they give us time, we'll get along as good as the rest."

"You've got the flag to carry, too, ain't you, pa?"

"Guess so. Ain't missed carrying old glory once since the war. Got so I take a foolish pride in my record. Folks will take a pride in most anything, 'specially when a body gets so old there ain't much to take a pride in except the past. Every year I wonder if I'll be spared to march another time. I'm kinder hankering to last till one of my grandchildren can take up the old flag, when I have to lay her down. But pshaw, that's narrer-minded. It don't make any odds who carries Old Glory, so long as he's a good 'United Stateser,' as the little cuss next door says."

"Nonsense, pa!" Amelia spoke up with sharp cheer to hide the pain his words gave. "You'll be carrying the old flag for years to come. Only I do wish they would fix it so that the G. A. R. boys could ride."

It may have been the hot sun, for it beat down with pitiless ferver. It may have been that one of his poor spells was due to come on. At any rate, just as the long parade, banners flying, band booming, made its first turn at

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Third and Broadway, a grim old blue-clad figure staggered slightly under the flag it was bearing, and quite calmly and gently lay back in a faint.

A drug store occupied the corner where Grandpa Williams fell. Some men lifted and carried him indoors.

"Poor old man," they muttered. "Poor old feller, carrying a flag and tramping this hot day."

"Who has the flag now?" one demanded.

"That's so," Amelia, tear-stained and eager, had just arrived, "who took up the flag when pa fell?"

"Some little tyke in a white suit," volunteered a clerk. "He grabbed it up and hoisted it to the wind. There!" he peered out the window, "there he goes, just turning the corner now."

The old man opened his eyes. "Who," said he, a feeble hand groping beside him for the staff, "who has the colors, boys, now?"

"Little fellow in a white suit, grandpa," comforted the clerk, bending down to the old man. "Unbuckled your sword and fastened it around his shoulders—grabbed up the flag and darted out as spry as a cricket. He's carrying it in the parade right now!"

A sigh of supreme content escaped the old soldier's lips. "Must have been Bud," he smiled. "I've raised him to know the colors have got to fly, no matter what happens."

"Well, pa, that's what I call providential," exulted Amelia. "I let Bud and Acie go with the Stanley's in their new flivver. He must have seen you stumble and been right there when needed. I'm glad now," she reflected with satisfaction, "I made him wear his white suit, so long as he's going on parade."

The little white-clad figure trudged sturdily along. When the band played it was easy enough to carry on. He wished it played all the time, for when the band-men stopped to get their breath the flag got so heavy, try as he would, he could not keep it from wabbling. The sword, too, dragged, unless he hugged it against his body with one elbow, which made it awkward to hold up the flagstaff. But when the music began! Ah, the music *carried* him along. He floated on waves of pure emotion, wordless, in rosy clouds of glory. The silken flag spread to the breeze. He gazed up at the delicious colors—brave, bright red on a gleaming white; blue with its sprinkle of heavenly stars. The throb of the music, like a mighty national heart, beat through his own. It was, to the boy, the very incarnate military spirit of America made audible. It dimmed his eyes, parched his throat, pulsated through all his small being.

A pause—and again the proud, glad glory of the music! His throat ached with it, his eyes brimmed with the joy of it. Everywhere banners waved, people shouted and clapped. Beautiful horses minced daintily by, dancing proudly to the spirited air. He shifted the staff with numb hands, stretched his short legs to keep up with the ranks, lifted a small, determined chin, and trudged sturdily along.

The flag—*his* flag—*America's* flag—caught up its silken glory in a sudden breeze! How beautiful! How he loved it! To die, like a soldier for it, would be joy—pure joy!

On Tenth Street a young soldier slipped up. "I'll relieve you, buddy," he said.

"No, no," the little figure stiffened, "No, no!" He gripped the flagstaff and hitched up his sword straps belligerently, hastening truculently ahead.

"All right, son, carry on," the young fellow grinned. "Guess you're as good a sight for sore eyes as any here on parade."

Some boys, a little larger than himself, waited at a corner. One slipped behind him and tried to jerk away his staff. The other reached out adroitly from behind the folds at the side. He kicked fiercely at the one behind and savagely bit the hand that tried to unclasp his own on the staff.

"Go it, wild-cat," they muttered, as they fell back to nurse their bruises.

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The music burst forth now but rarely. The band-men wiped their faces wearily in the heat, and the sword-straps on the little color bearer began to cut deeply. The sword, too, swung against his legs, bruising them with every stride. The parade, it seemed, traveled miles. Down Fourth to C, across C to Ninth, up Ninth to Union—miles—miles!

The flag flapped sometimes into his face, blinding him, and at every block it got hotter! At M street he lost his hat. The sun, after that, beat down on his bare crown and made it ache with a fierce, throbbing beat. When, at intervals, the music drowned out the aching beat in his head, it carried him for a while; but when it ceased he was conscious only that the flag must go on—on, in spite of weight, pain, weariness—though it was miles—miles——

People were swarming about the flag-draped band-stand that fronted the public square. Here there were to be speeches, music, the oration of the day. The mayor sat in state on the front seat, beside him the city council, the members of the Chamber of Commerce, an orator of renown from the North.

The little white-clad flag-bearer, hot, weary and disheveled, now walking near the end of the procession, dragged slowly into view.

Some one near the stand set up a cry—others took it up—"The Standard bearer—Standard-bearer—Hurrah for the color-boy!"

Before he was well aware that the excitement and clamor were centered about himself, they had half-lifted, half-carried the lad to the platform beside the mayor, and an uproar of laughter and cheering voices arose.

"Now what," said the mayor, beaming kindly upon him, "is your name, my boy?"

The crowd gathering closer fell silent to hear. The flushed little face grew redder still and, for the first time that day, the childish chin trembled. He could not control his voice to speak.

"It's old Williams' grandson," came a voice from the crowd. "He took up the flag when the old man fell down."

"Did you, my son?" The mayor bent down to him. "Is your name Williams, my boy?"

"Ach, no," the small boy mastered his tongue. "My name, it's—— I been Eric Deitrich already."

A surprised murmur ran through the crowd.

"But," he lifted his curly head proudly, "I got the dare fer to show I been loyal to the flag. I—I ain't one fer to let it lie when old Grandpa fell down once! He said, old Grandpa Williams did"—the childish voice rang clear over the crowd—"that fer to be an American we got only to have service. Service, he said, to the end! Ach, mister, the kids all calls me Hun, but I want"—his voice quavered with earnestness—"God-from-the-world, how I want already to be a United Stateser!"

Old Grandpa Williams, as he sat in a rocker in a corner of the drug store, raised a wrinkled hand to his ear.

"Just hear those folks holler, Amelia," he chuckled happily, "They're making racket enough to be greeting the president!"

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THAT FIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S GOLD

By WALTER S. HIATT

GOLD?

July 28, 1914, a German passenger steamer, the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie,* tranquilly put out of New York harbor. A few days later the newspapers carried headlines that she was being pursued by British warships, then that she had on board $10,700,000 of American gold, then that she had gotten into Boston harbor, safe in a safe place.

That was the beginning of the great gold drama, the end of which is not yet. In those days a half dozen financiers told me the war could not last, because there was not enough money in the world to finance it. Nations answered by printing up paper money by the bale, then by the ton. Then they mortgaged their gold, then they sent it to us. These impossible billions and trillions of paper promises have been used up, worn out, and only the gold is left, and now that they want back.

Why? Whether you speak with the tongues of men or of angels, whether you count in sterling, or piastres, lei, roubles, pesos, dinars, marks, dollars, paper, copper or silver, you *pay* in gold.

Is the curtain about to rise on the last act of the great gold drama? This coming year will see a gigantic effort made to smooth the creaking machinery of world commerce by the use of our gold, perhaps partly in reshipments of metal to Europe, partly in international investments of loans, of which one thousand millions were made in 1924. The Dawes plan is a part of this schedule. That act has not been written. No man can write it. Gold moves regardless of the wishes, the plaints, the despair, the hope of men.

The United States is said to hold the key to the solution of new world prosperity because it has so much gold. Is this true? Many claim that we have saved the world from total collapse by our gold; that if we turn it loose we invite that collapse. Anything and everything is said about our gold. Some say that gold itself will, in this last act, disappear from the stage as the prince of money, that it must pass into the markets of men as a commodity like silver or platinum or diamonds or pearls.

Since the mythical Argonauts' search for the Golden Fleece thousands of years before Christ, gold has befuddled the minds of men. Since then, and es-

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Why Does Your Dog Have Better Teeth Than Your Child?

By C. H. WOODWARD

Every decayed tooth is proof of disease, because disease is merely altered function, regardless of the name of the manifestation whether as a decayed tooth or as a boil, or diabetes, or typhoid fever.

Today we are inclined to think that some manifestations of altered function are due to decayed teeth, and that is unquestionably true, but such manifestation is merely *an effect* of an *effect* without disclosing the original cause.

Rheumatism or neuritis (and many other named manifestations of altered function) often disappear when decayed or abscessed teeth are pulled or patched, but pulling or patching the teeth did *not correct the cause of decay.* The neuritis was an incident of the decay—an effect of the decay.

Teeth decay because we fail to obey the law of life. That law demands that we put back into the blood-stream day by day, the exact elements in kind which are used up in the life processes. We get these life-elements *only from natural food,* and *never* from *denatured food.*

Your dog more perfectly complies with the law of life than does your child. That is why the dog has better teeth.

Man assumes to think he can juggle with the law of life and not be punished. He needs but to open his mouth to prove his punishment, evidenced by his decayed and decaying teeth.

The dental offices are filled with suffering humanity having teeth extracted because their rotting presence fills the body with aches and pains. But taking out the teeth is not dealing with the fundamental cause. It is merely removing one effect to relieve another, and the *cause* of the decaying teeth *goes on with its deadly work!*

Should Teeth Be Patched?

Assuredly they should, but not patched, and *patched, and patched.* Have your teeth patched, and *do it at the earliest possible moment,*

A Business Opportunity

exists for the man who wishes to be his own boss and the owner of a permanent, ever-expanding, profitable merchandising service. It may start with $100 capital or $10,000, but it cannot start without capital. The degree of success has no reasonable limit. It has attracted to it, and has today engaged in it, men who are conspicuous successes and of long and wide experience in merchandising with capital abundant for all their requirements; and the other extreme of men and women with limited business experience and qualifications, and very small capital.

No man is too big for the business.

Men of strong professional standing with splendid incomes have given up these incomes and their professional work to engage in this service, with success.

Service is the foundation of all real success, and this service literally enables you to take time from eternity and put it into the life of man, and make legitimate profits in doing so.

Address Whole Grain Wheat Co., 1849 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

but when you have this done stop living on denatured food.

Animals in nature never have decayed teeth, because they never eat denatured food. Animals live eight to ten times their maturity. Man lives twice his maturity.

Food is denatured when some element or part of an element is removed or lost. It may be through milling, refining, or through cooking in the presence of the oxygen of the air, resulting in changing the minerals from their organic form into oxides. This is one of the greatest discoveries of modern times.

Another Case of Pyorrhea Corrected

208 N. 8th St.,
Terre Haute, Ind.

"I am pleased to recommend ***Whole Grain Wheat*** to the public as a corrective for many human ailments; and wish to add another to your list.

"Whole Grain Wheat has absolutely corrected a case of pyorrhea of long standing for me, by replacement of mineral salts.

"I will make affidavit to that effect."

(Signed) H. A. DIXON.

The use of ***Whole Grain Wheat*** reduces cooking and saves much of the drudgery of the kitchen. It makes you feel better every way. But remember you cannot get real results unless you use it regularly. You never tire of bread, nor will you ever tire of ***Whole Grain Wheat.*** It is the natural wheat berry just as it comes from the harvest field with nothing added, nothing lost, and nothing taken away, cooked under a new method of cooking that is protected by the United States and Canadian governments, and is the first wheat that has ever been cooked ready to eat that is identical with the raw ripe grain in its constituent elements. It possesses the minerals and the vitamine effects possessed by the natural grains, and is delicious and sweet as a nut.

It is never sold through grocery stores, but only through authorized distributors or direct from the company, because it is guaranteed to reduce your meat and grocery bill 25 per cent to 50 per cent when used twice daily. It comes in hermetically sealed sanitary 11-ounce tins (ample for four servings) and is sold in packages of not less than one dozen (a 24-day supply because regular use is essential to results) delivered for $2.00 east of Denver; west of Denver $2.25; foreign $3.50.

Used and endorsed by doctors and scientific men of the highest standing. Look in your telephone and city directory for ***Whole Grain Wheat*** distributor or address ***Whole Grain Wheat Co.,*** 1849 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill. Chicago readers telephone orders Ravenswood 4101; Canadian address, 26 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ontario; Toronto readers telephone orders Main 4489.

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pecially since the discovery of America, gold has accumulated until now the visible supply of the world would make a shining tower twenty feet in diameter and some hundred and fifty feet high, as high as our statue of Liberty. And this is nearly all we know about gold. When men talk about it, their speech becomes that of Babel.

Gold is the only true money.

Gold is heavy.

Gold sells at $20.67 an ounce.

Gold costs more to get than it is worth.

Gold is the clock that tells men the worth of the labor of their hands.

Gold is a peace-maker. Gold is a war-maker.

Gold makes men careful. They lock it up in steel vaults. Gold makes men careless. Of the nineteen billion dollars' worth in the world, they know where to find but nine or ten billions.

Gold makes men happy. Gold makes them mad.

Much gold impoverishes nations. Little gold makes them the pariahs among nations.

Much gold moves prices up. Little gold moves prices down.

Gold is most talked about by those who have no gold. Gold is most thought about by those who have gold.

I despise gold. I own four pieces of gold bearing the stamps of four proud empires, the Russian, the German, the Austrian, the Turkish. These empires are gone, because of the madness of men for more power, more gold. Their people are lost, humbled, and poor, because they have no more gold.

I had six pieces of gold. A vile thief stole two of them. The four I have locked in steel vaults. I alone know where they are. With much difficulty I secretly brought them over five frontiers of countries where it is illegal for private persons to possess gold. These countries want gold to put in their treasuries, to steady the output of paper money. I have no use for this gold. I despise gold.

Yes, I have a watch of gold, real gold, which I smuggled out of Russia where the government took gold ornaments from the churches to get gold for foreign trade. Like myself the Bolsheviks despise gold, symbol of capital, of oppression of the poor by the rich. I have seen men tortured, shot because they refused to reveal the hiding place of their gold. I have seen men digging in the ruins of palaces in the Crimea for gold; tapping walls in Moscow, looking for gold. I have seen a man in Baku starve rather than use the gold hidden in his bedposts to buy food.

Gold! Gold! *Gold!*

What is gold? You take a pick; you dig in the earth; you get perhaps five dollars' worth of gold. Because of a convention you may take this to a government mint and have it turned into a coin; then you pass it to the grocer who gives you the equivalent in food, he buys a pair of shoes with it; the shoe man buys an umbrella of the drygoods man.

What is the value of this gold you dug? Its only value comes through its circulation. Men once traded by barter, a slow and uneven method. So they hit on gold, then the rarest of metals. This gold you dug is merely a symbol of the work you did. Had you been splitting fence rails, somebody who wanted those rails would have paid for your time and provided your food, clothes, tools, shelter while working.

Yet the world is beside itself about this honest, simple medium of exchange, because people confuse gold with wealth. Gold continues, dominating man and his trades, making rich and poor bow down. Nobody seems to know anything about gold. Man has filled libraries with books on gold, and thereby added to the confusion about gold.

"What do you know about gold?" I asked an American banker friend.

"It costs too much to get, more than it is worth," he said with a sly double meaning, his eyes twinkling.

I put the same question to an English banker, over in London, another friend. He bristled all over. "The biggest fact about gold is that you Americans have gold in your treasury that might as well be in the bowels of the earth for all the good it is doing. England owes eight thousand million pounds sterling of war debts. She is kept poor because that gold is not in circulation. She needs gold to work with, and she is obliged to pay you gold on her war debt."

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subject of gold, you begin and end with a series of question marks.

Gold is at Armageddon, or is it Golgotha? Never in history has the world faced such complicated international trading problems. Never have there been so many debts, so much paper money. Never has there been such a battle about gold. Many economists want to scrap gold as a medium of exchange. For the first time in history a nation, the United States, has got much gold, more than it wants or needs. It has over half of the nine billions of the world's visible supply. It is conceivable we may get it all.

If we put seven dollars of paper against one of gold, this gold of ours represents a credit power of thirty odd billions. Is our gold serving any useful purpose; will it dynamite our prosperity? Abroad they speak of old Spain; they point to Midas, he of the ass's ears; they say our gold will ruin us and enslave the world. And we are wondering, more and more, how to use our gold abroad, but few have anything to give us in return that we want, and then the world owes us twenty billions.

Is the world mad about gold? Gold is not wealth. Work is wealth. Gold is merely the weight put on the side of the scales balance when you buy a peck of potatoes, or a ship. The wealth of the United States is over 300 billions of dollars, that of the world around 1500. Against this wealth is set some 21,000 tons of gold—an amount equal in size to a three-story house—to fix prices for all men.

Gold has always been right. It has neither country nor creed. It ever seeks its own safety. Men may be foolish; gold never is. At this minute gold is sticking its head out of the window, to judge if it may venture abroad without an umbrella; and when gold reaches such a decision, the greatest war in history may, in some sense, be over.

Why have we so much gold?

That question involves a gold review of the world war that cost perhaps eighty billion dollars net. Until the discovery of America the gold supply of the world was negligible. From the fourth to the fifteenth centuries alchemists flourished, busy trying to transmute base metals into gold. Between 1493 and 1600 the Spaniards obtained in

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Mexico, and Central and South America large quantities, bringing the supply to $501,640,000. After the discovery of gold in California and Australia, in 1849–51, there was a big jump in the world supply, which by 1890 was estimated at $4,806,866,000. Later discoveries in various places, including the Klondyke, Nevada, and the Transvaal, brought the estimated world supply to sixteen billion dollars by 1914, some of which was used in the arts and industry, some in bullion and coin by nations. The double standard of gold and silver had long prevailed, in a haphazard manner, and it was only in 1816, when there was enough gold to meet commercial uses, that England adopted the single or gold standard, followed by Germany in 1871, the United States in 1873, and France in 1876.

The largest producers of gold until 1914 were the United States with 3,913, Australia with 3,261, and Africa with 3,263 billion dollars.

The United States, which had started the mint coinage of gold in 1791, had coined, by 1911, $3,271,514,410. Much of this gold had been sold, however, in the course of trade or to pay balances due Europe. At the beginning of the world war the United States' basic gold metallic stock was roughly 1,866 million dollars, that of Great Britain 1,600, of France 1,200, Russia 1,200 and Germany 1,000. At least another billion was held in Austria and Italy.

If ever there was an age of gold, it was in the period that ended in 1914. There was not only plenty of gold to regulate international commerce, but also enough to be used as coined money for internal circulation in the richer countries. Gold came to be accepted as a basic fact of every day life like bread. And man's life went on peacefully. He was occupied with moral problems no more disturbing than the prevention of cruelty to animals. He had enough food, clothes, enough gold. Paper money was the equivalent of gold in most countries. The people of Switzerland and Austria preferred paper money to gold coin. In England, France, and Germany, gold coin circulated as freely as silver in the United States, where we find gold too heavy, too easy to lose. Among these three na-

(*Continued on page* 474)

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tions there were special pocketbooks to carry gold. The French people in particular love the sight of gold, as do the Asiatic peoples, and their peasants stored their savings in gold coin, in the ground, as the people of India have long done.

Then came the chill suggestion of war. Months before it began France had been buying gold here, shipping it out on her vessels, partly in connection with a loan she was making to Turkey and Serbia. Germany had forestalled the world, however. After the Agadir affair in 1911, when Germany just failed to bluff the world, she began to call in her loans, her paper, adding to her war chest in the Julius Tower of Spandau. Originally this chest held $30,000,000 in gold, spoils from the war with France, in 1870. She added fifty or sixty million dollars to it, and the Reichsbank gold reserve went from $258,000,000 in July, 1911, to $339,000,000 in July, 1914. At the same time Russia had the largest stock in her history, and the largest single stock in Europe—$800,000,000 in the Bank of Russia, and $250,000,000 in the emergency fund of the government treasury.

It had been supposed by banking people and economists,who are so frequently wrong about gold, that the ramifications of world trade would prohibit another war. Yet war came, and with it was smashed all the intricate system of domestic and foreign trade, based on gold. Checks were worthless. Americans traveling in Europe found themselves without credit. Banks were closed. Made wise by other wars, Europeans began to put their gold in the ground, and demanded more gold in payment. Stranded Americans in London were taken care of by Herbert Hoover and Lyndon W. Bates, two engineering partners who, having lived in the East, had kept in their safe an emergency fund of $10,000 in gold. The United States sent over a gold ship with $35,000,000 worth of coins in kegs to be doled out by the various embassies to these Americans, to send them home.

Gold and guns became dual monarchs. Americans going abroad took gold coin in money belts. The gold rushes of our mining days were an afternoon stroll compared to those hundreds of millions of hands clutching, grasping for gold. A French mother with two sons on the front confided to me she had managed to save a dozen pieces of gold, sovereign help in case she had to flee from France. As soon as it became apparent the war would last, the nations made appeals to the patriotism of their citizens to give up their hidden gold, and in return gave them certificate of honor. They placed embargoes on gold leaving their frontiers. A great gold hunt began, and it is still going on.

To get more gold the nations called in their credits here. At that time the United States owed Europe roughly a billion dollars. Our floating debt to London was 580 millions.

Between August 1 and December 31, 1914, we shipped $81,719,000 in gold. These shipments worried us. We were losing our gold! A gold pool of a hundred millions was formed here to guarantee London payments.

Then Europe began to buy goods of us; food, arms, clothes. Europe sold us back some six billions of our investment stocks and bonds. When these were exhausted she had to send us back our gold and her own. Our gold stocks rose from 1,866 millions to 1,973 in 1915, to 3,018 in 1917, and to 3,294 in 1921.

Another payment device of Europe was the placing of loans here which, between 1915 and 1917, totaled three billion dollars. Then the figures outreached the comprehension of men.

The United States was called on even to ship precious metal to India, where the traditional hoarding of gold took on a political aspect. The Indians didn't bother about who won the war, but they did want gold and silver. This nation which during the half century up to the war had absorbed nearly a billion dollars in gold, or 11 per cent of the world supply for that period, became the prize sinkhole for gold and silver. It cleaned out Peru and other countries of silver and by the Pittman Act got at least 271 million silver dollars from us. Canny people those Indians!

The close of the war found gold on top, though able to buy but fifty per cent of its pre-war value. We had double our normal amount of gold, a huge national debt of twenty-six and a half millions, and promises to pay by Europe. Much territory had changed hands, England and France having

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Erratum

In *Studying the Eclipse from the Los Angeles,* in the June number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, the name C. M. Keiss should read C. C. Kiess, Ph.D.

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been the chief takers. All countries had saddled themselves with promises to pay, in bonds and in paper money. France's paper money had jumped from an issue of 1,800 million dollars, in 1914, to 6,000 million, in 1918, and was still soaring. Austria had printed forty times her normal paper circulation in four years, and had only gotten started. Ditto for Germany and Russia.

It had been a grand riot for which nobody wanted to pay, or knew how to pay. Prices had gone out of all proportions to work values. Fanatics raved about the plots of the international bankers to set the world by its ears, particularly the Jewish bankers. Then unkind words were said about the Kaiser. Gold was chased all over the map and refused to be caught. France and England had quite a spat about a billion francs of gold sent as a guarantee by France to London, and the quarrel remains unsettled. Switzerland, which had set by snug sums in gold, as a neutral trading country, couldn't sell anybody anything any more—not an electric lamp or a stove poker—because hers was a gold basis.

Roumania had plenty of paper money but no gold, because in an unhappy moment she had entrusted her gold stock to a train headed for Petrograd, a short time before the glorious revolution, and the Bolos to date have declined to return the gold.

Down in Vienna I witnessed the starting of the new republic. At a consultation of the ministry, where I was present, the vital subject of money came up. "Haven't you got a printing press?" I inquired. "Everybody else has." They took the hint.

The job of a minister of finance in 1919–20 was a sinecure. All he had to do was look solemn and give the printing press another twirl.

There's an old saying that everything that goes up has to come down. Soon this money would buy nothing, especially in terms of foreign exchange. On a trip from Moscow to Odessa, I noted the rouble went from 100,000 to 1,000,000 for a dollar. During an hour's airplane trip that I made from Budapest to Vienna, the dollar went from 100,000 to 150,000 crowns.

In 1919 the dollar became the standard for Europe. The fact that it was of paper didn't matter. It represented gold. In one breath these Europeans damned us, and claimed we had robbed the world; yet they wanted our money.

All these facts are part of history. But neither paper nor gold is wealth. Work is wealth. And that's what they have been trying to do over there ever since, in rare moments of lucidity—get back to work.

Easy to say, hard to do, because the complicated machinery of peace and commerce, working so easily before the war, has been shot to pieces.

This pile of gold still has people hypnotized. It is not being used. First the world waited for the peace to right the war troubles. The Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations came out, and few were satisfied. Then came talk of the reconstruction of Europe. The Bolsheviks had their schemes, the Germans theirs, the French theirs. Business people here and in all these countries thought to increase war profits or recoup war losses in a year or two by selling goods at extraordinary prices. Many wanted these goods, but no one had gold to pay for them, and gold was the only foreign exchange medium.

Then came proposals of settlements of the international debts, a general forgiveness and hand-shaking all around. Then more proposals for international loans, tied up with reparation payments. Then, utterances of threats and hopes that the Americans would be starved by their gold accumulations. Next international thinkers shifted their minds from gold.

"Since we can't get gold, let us have another money standard. Let us have a goods-dollar, a goods-pound-sterling, a mark, a franc that moves up and down with the index of prices. Gold has worn itself out anyway. Let us scrap gold." These and other short-cuts were devised to pay for a war that had cost the world around 350 billions of dollars; a war that will be felt fifty years hence.

But three big constructive things have been done since the war. One of these was the arrangement by England to pay us what she owed us by 1990. One was the attempt of Americans to take advantage of the potentialities of our gold by engaging in foreign trade and investments. This began in 1919–20,

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and went on during the price deflation movement of 1920–21; we promptly and naturally lost a hundred or more million dollars, and quit—a retreat as spectacular as that of Napoleon from Moscow. Another is the Dawes plan. The world is not much farther along than it was in 1919. Each nation is out for itself.

Meanwhile, what has gold been doing? More and more of it is coming here to pay debts, to pay for wheat, cotton, for investment, to escape political and business instability abroad.

Business men, financial authorities, writers, have talked, and written on this question. The libraries are choked with books on it. The daily newspapers carry interviews, columns of discussions about it. One says we must loan it abroad, and save Europe and the world. It took 44,000 words of text to explain the Dawes plan. Another says there is no confidence in Europe, and Europe says it can't establish confidence until it gets gold. Another says there is a plot to rob us of our gold. Always a vicious circle, and the gold keeps coming! All that has been said about gold trails off into paradox. Prices in the United States were sure to rise with more gold. They are falling here, and rising in Russia, for instance, where there is little gold. Is gold in the hands of Chinese mandarins? The paper madness gone, the gold madness is intensified. In South Africa a mine manager protests against the paper currency fallacies, menacing gold mining profits, and in the same breath the socialist government proposes to place an embargo on gold exports. The old delusion—gold is wealth.

One view is pretty sure. Most of our gold will stay here. If Europe wants gold for its treasuries, it will buy it from the new gold mined, as a question of convenience and markets.

Meanwhile our gold is eating its head off. It is money, and money demands interest.

What shall we do with it? One man proposes that we put some of it in circulation as coinage, and retire our greenbacks. It is proposed that we lower our tariffs so Europeans may send in goods, pay us back, and take back their gold. And how about our own factories, already over-producing? Gold is a tool to create wealth. How shall we put ours to work? By foreign loans, whereby the banker gets the first profit? One effect of putting Germany to work may be to make competition for our goods stronger in foreign markets.

Here's a case in point, as to investments by the British. A certain firm owns quebracho and raw dyestuff production plants in the Argentine, and sold to Russia and to Europe in quantity last winter. The money goes to London, and the cost of productive labor to the Argentine.

These Americans arguing for larger investments abroad say we are a twelve-months country, unwilling to wait for long returns; that we are too willing to accept such a solution as Sir John Bradbury put to me. He suggested that we farm out our money to the British, let them make the investment direct and pay us interest.

The American manufacturers and building and railway concerns are pressing these arguments hard this year, pounding the table not infrequently in foreign trade conventions, in gatherings of associations of various sorts. They insist that we are no longer a debtor but a creditor nation; that we are no longer an agricultural country but one with 387,000 factories producing more than we can use; that if we do not go forward into foreign trade we must go backward. They say the flood of gold is coming here in payment for goods and debts, that if the gold is stopped it means we must accept manufactured goods in payment—things we don't want—that the raw materials we import do not come from debtor nations.

Among the answers given is that we now have 8,000 millions in foreign loans and investments, five billions made during or since the war; that we are circumspectly, carefully, pushing out, as fast as they are educated, investors who until now have preferred to keep money at home where they can watch it grow. One banker said to me: "Foreign investments in a country without credit is equivalent to saying 'Loan me the money and I will buy an automobile from you.'"

So the arguments wag. Meanwhile the gold is here, and more of it coming, and the more sound foreign investments we make the more we shall have.

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When the first man finally took his eyes off the book, his traveling companion addressed him. "Pardon me," he said, "if I intrude. I see you're reading *These Charming People* by Michael Arlen. I've been unfortunate this trip. No sooner did I start the book you're reading, when my entire luggage was stolen. Nothing very valuable lost, and I was insured, but all the books I'd taken along for my vacation are gone. It really puts me out."

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NEW SERIES
VOL. I, NO. 4

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER
374

Founded 1893

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IN SEPTEMBER

We Present

MISS IDA M. TARBELL'S DISCUSSION OF THE GARY CODE

And its effect upon the Steel Industry.

In this chapter of her *Life of Judge Gary,* Miss Tarbell tells how some of the directors of the U. S. Steel Corporation protested when Judge Gary insisted *"We must be good if we are to survive."*

These were Judge Gary's points:

1. Full publicity about the condition of the company was given out in quarterly reports.
2. Directors and "insiders" of the corporation who wished to use their position for personal profit in speculation were checkmated.
3. Judge Gary endeavored to work with and not against the government.
4. He backed a definite labor policy, which would convince stockholders and employees that they had points of mutual interest.
5. He insisted on avoiding extremes in price, discouraged unfair advance on booms, unfair drops in depression. Stability was his aim.

Then

WHEN BARNUM WAS MAYOR

P. T. Barnum was once mayor of Bridgeport. The circus magnate, in an honest effort to enforce the Sunday closing liquor law, found himself the object of abusive attacks.

"Before there can be any reform in Bridgeport, there will have to be a few first class funerals," he confided to a friend.

And

JUNIOR MOVIES

The radio has its children's hour; libraries a juvenile department; talking machine companies sell records for youngsters. But, with certain interesting exceptions, there have been no children's movies.

This article describes a significant current effort to separate, once and for all, the youngster and adult into distinct audiences.

FIVE SHORT STORIES OF REAL DISTINCTION

In McClure's Magazine for September

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series,
VOL. I, No. 4

AUGUST, 1925
Founded 1893

Whole Number
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Connie Gilchrist

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JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER
WIT, WASP AND BUTTERFLY

By DON SEITZ

THOUGH electing to spend and end his life abroad, James Abbott McNeill Whistler was essentially an American. While he permitted the impression to prevail that he had been born in Russia, he really saw the light in Lowell, Massachusetts, July 10, 1834. He came of a military line and might

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Courtesy of the New York Public Library

The Scotch Widow

have remained in it, had he not expedited his departure from West Point by failing to remember that silicon was a substance, not a gas. His grandfather, John Whistler, was a soldier in General John Burgoyne's army and was made a prisoner at the Battle of Saratoga. Paroled, he returned to England, but having a scent of the New World in his nostrils he came back to America and enlisted in our small regular army, serving as orderly to General Arthur St. Clair at his defeat by the Northwestern Confederacy of Indian tribes in the Maumee Country, November 4, 1796.

Under a rule of the day that permit-

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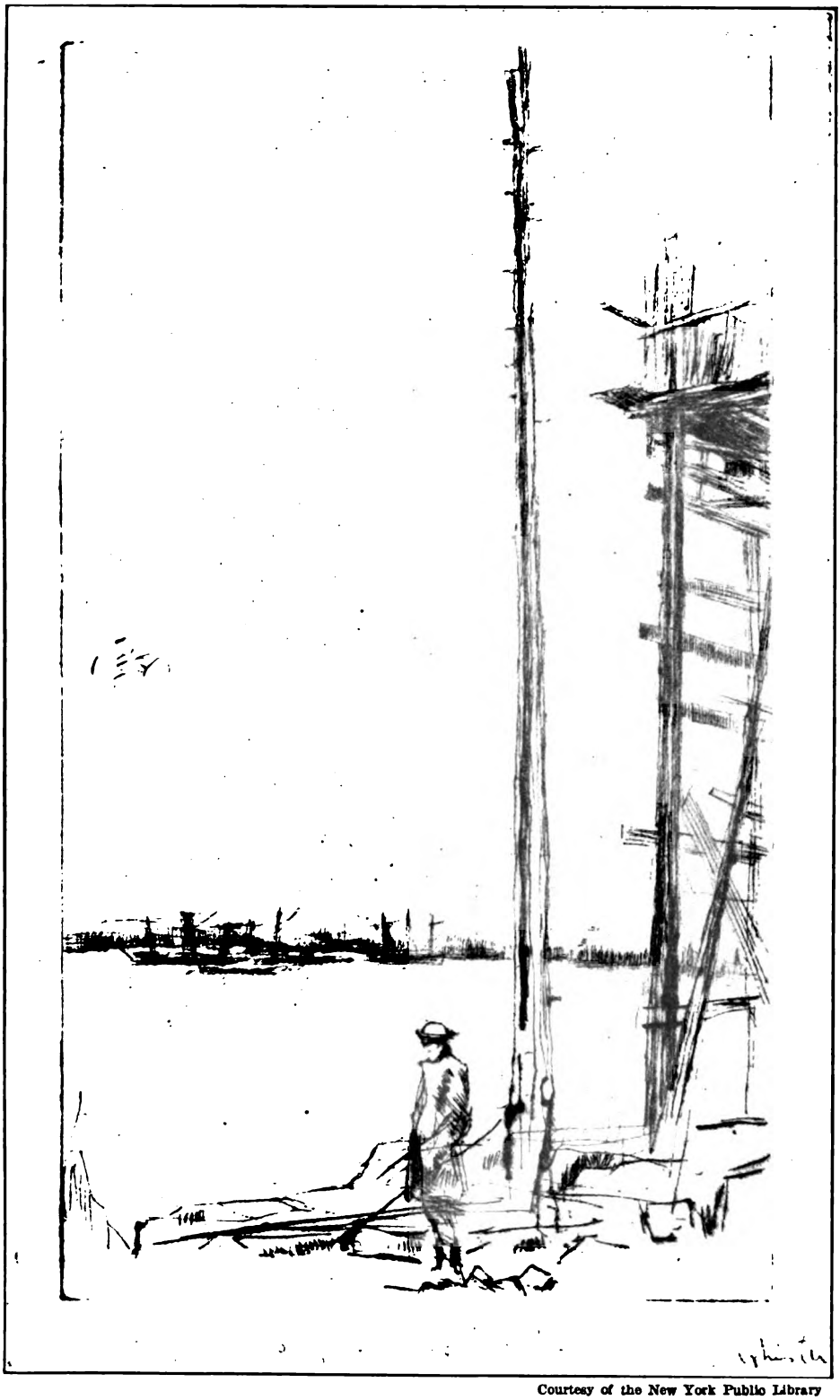

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Ship Builder's Yard

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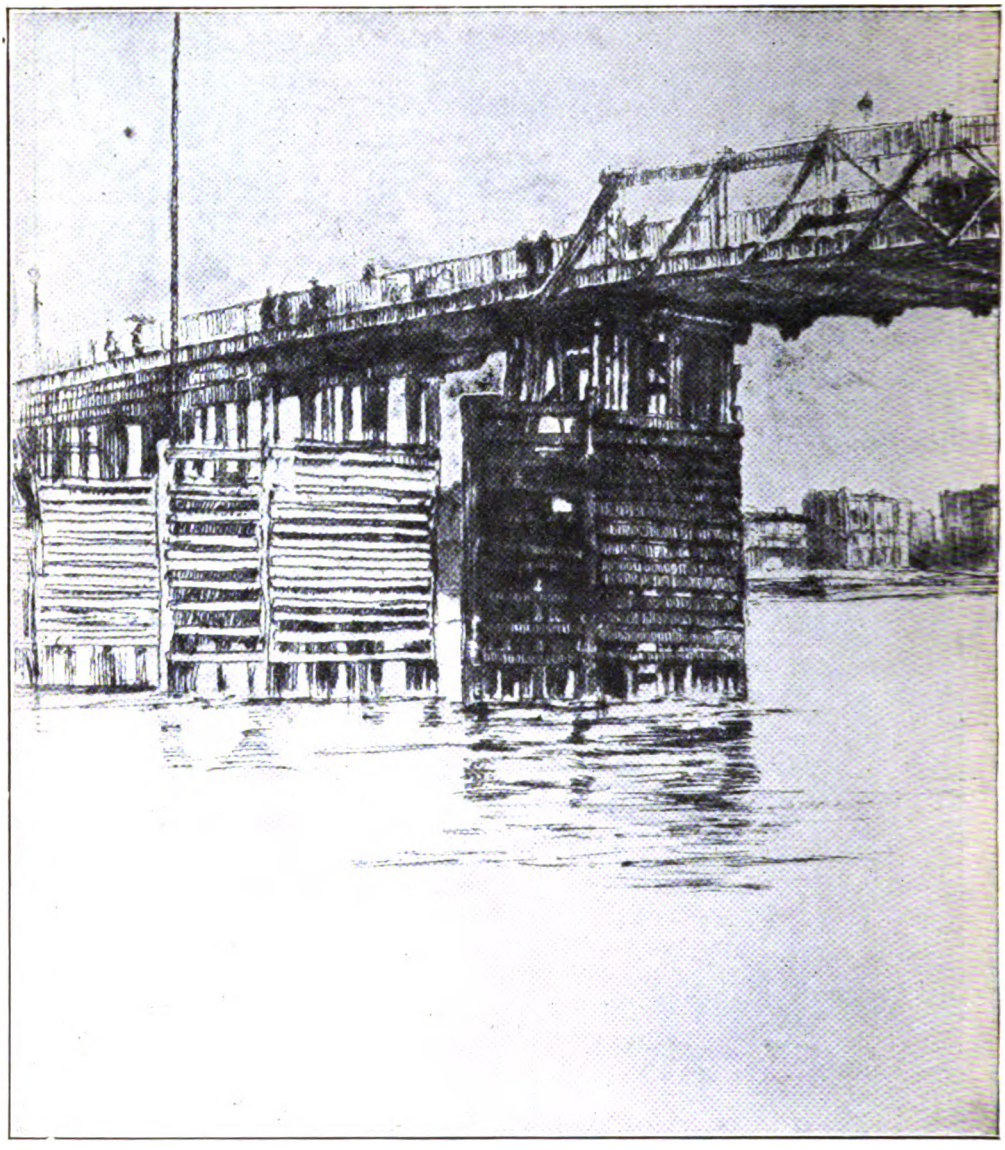

Old Battersea Bridge

ted promotion for successful recruiting, John Whistler was soon captain and at last major. In this latter capacity he built Fort Dearborn and so became responsible for the birth of Chicago. He had no horses; his soldiers cut and hauled the logs, and constructed the stockade. It was said he could attract more men to the colors and get more out of them when in the ranks, than any other officer in the service.

His son, George W. Whistler, James's father, also became a major in the Engineer Corps, being lured therefrom to serve under Czar Nicholas in building the Russian railroads laid out by that powerful potentate.

Through this shift in scene young Whistler saw much of St. Petersburg and created the tradition of his birth beside the Neva.

Art was in his soul. At West Point he was an artist of quality, as his early sketches show. Debarred from a commission he took a turn as draftsman in the Coast Survey and his earliest etching is a map of Anacapa Island, the plate of which, still preserved in the depart-

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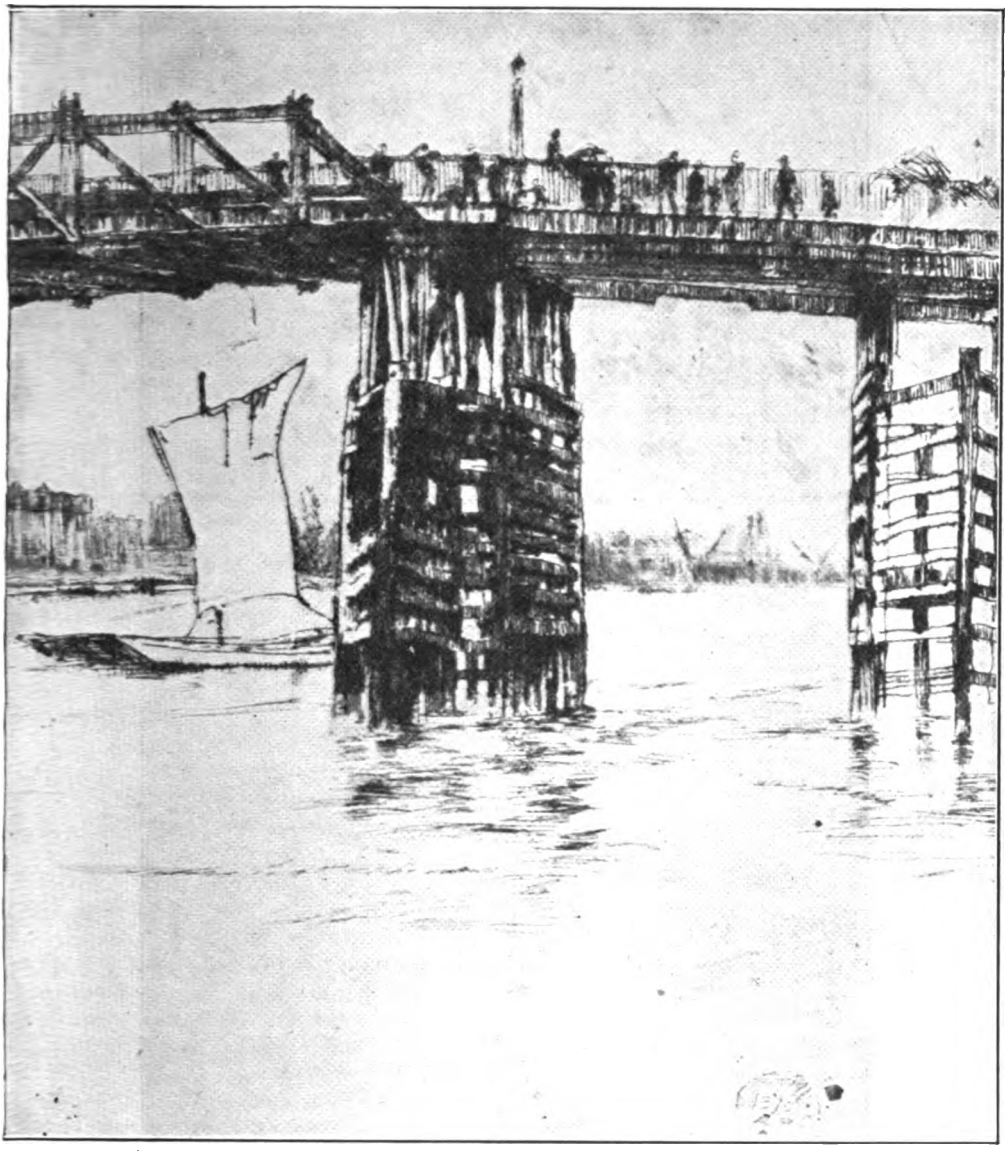

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ment, bears some neat remarks bitten in its edge.

He did not fit into a department so mechanical and in due season found himself an art student in Paris, breaking in on his studies but once, and then to make a voyage around the Horn to Valparaiso, Chile. He lived the life of an art student to the full measure, continuing his etching, begun on the map plates in the Hydrographic office. Here he was to win immortality. He studied in Paris, etched in Venice and finally installed himself in London, there to become a figure of note and a center of controversy for the rest of his years.

The delivery of Mr. Whistler's exordium on art, *Ten O'clock*, in London at that hour on the evening of February 20, 1885, marked his entrance into the higher realm. He spoke at the instance of Mrs. R. D'Oyley Carte to a select and invited few, who, perhaps for the first time in their lives, listened to a true and lofty note. *Ten O'clock* is a threnody, a great chant that might be sung by a chorus of male voices in a Greek stadium. It is worthy of

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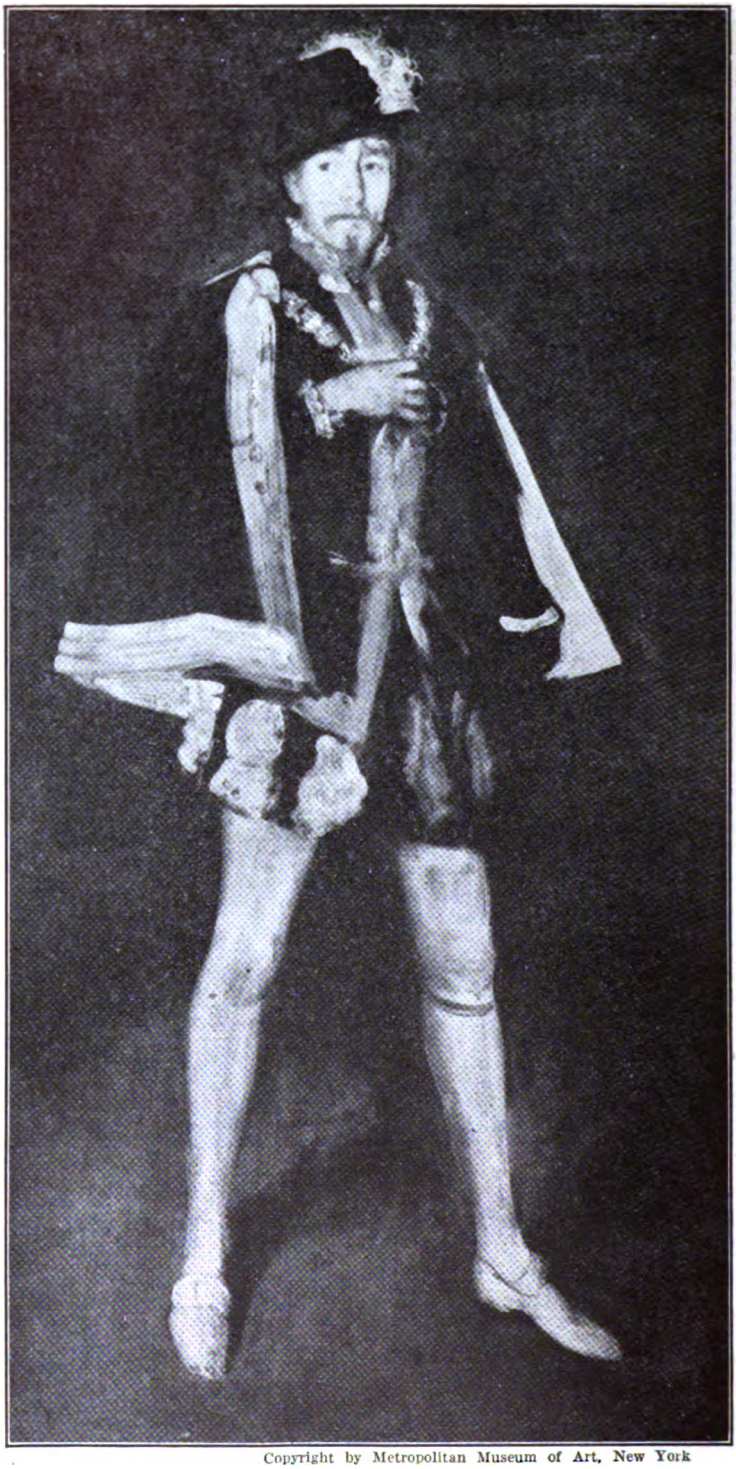

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Portrait of Sir Henry Irving as Philip of Spain

the atmosphere of the Acropolis.

The success of *Ten O'clock* led to the idea that Whistler might visit his native land and repeat the lecture. He half prepared to go and encouraged the gossip with the remark: "This is no

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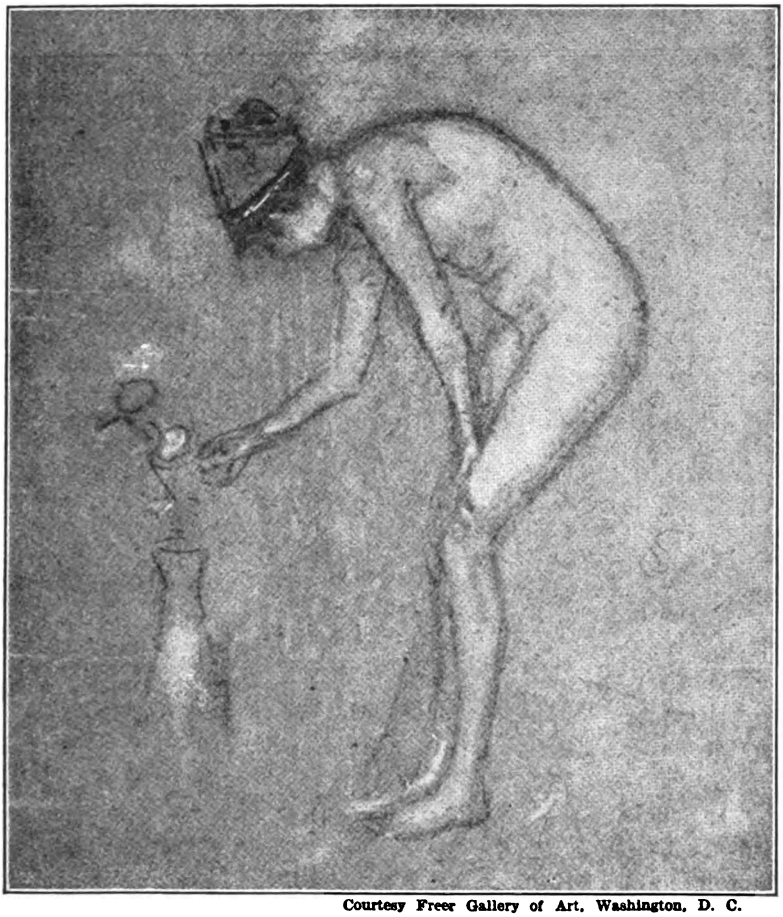

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

A Violet Note

The Little Lady Sophie of Soho

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

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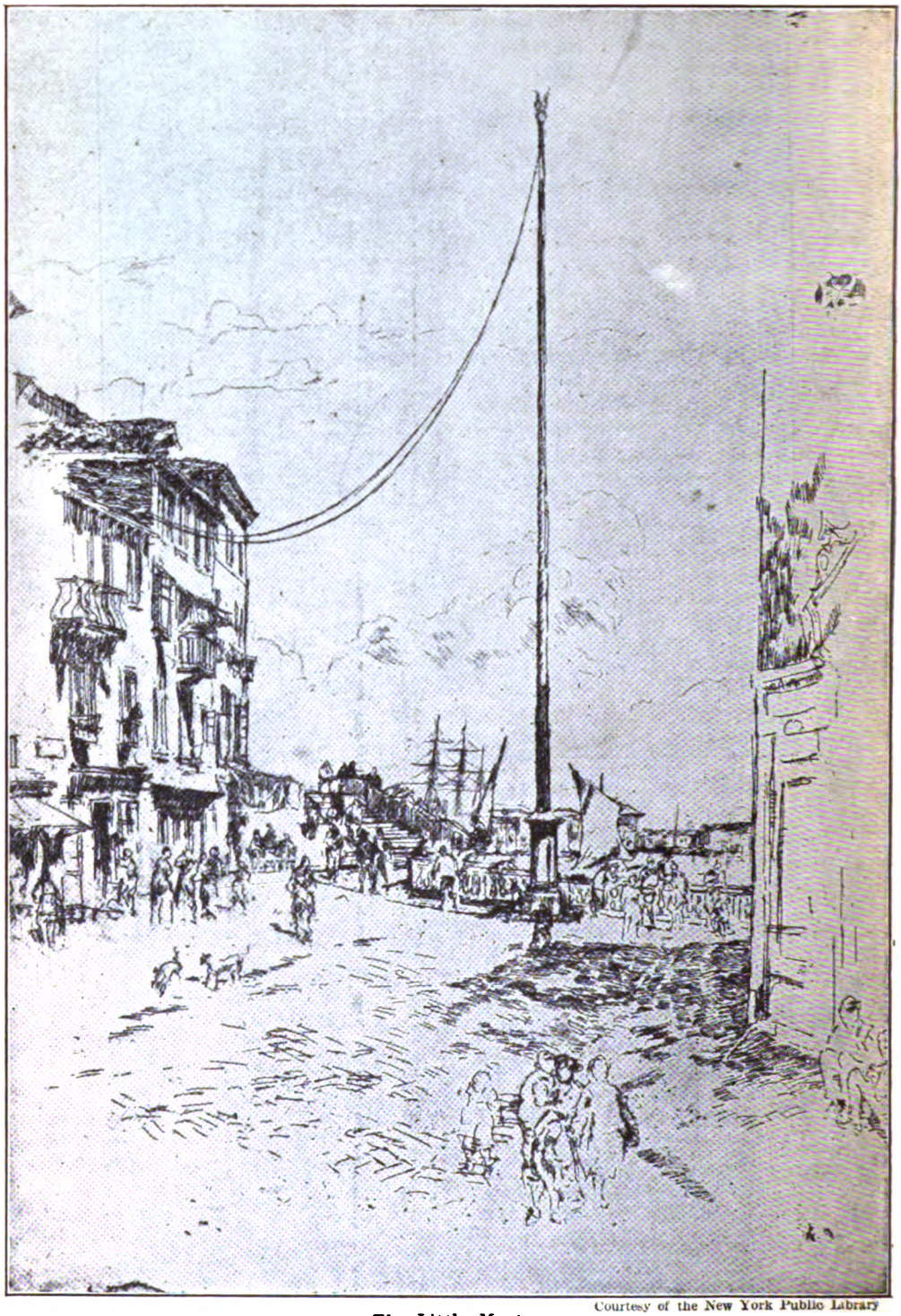

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The Little Mast

time for hesitation—one can not continually disappoint a continent." But in the end he failed to come, and never returned to the land of his birth.

Besides being a master of the brush, pencil, and etching needle, and pretty

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handy with his pen, Mr. Whistler was a master of the great art of attracting attention which is given to a carefully selected few of the earth's millions, by some well-planned scheme that accurately gages the amount the universe can stand. This art he cultivated and practised ardently. From the West Point day, when he neglected to recall that silicon was not a gas, to his last hour he made himself the center of interest in whatever circle he cared to affect, until the world was his stage.

Theatrical, eccentric, and quarrelsome according to the common view, he had, on the other hand, a nice idea of the requirements of advertising, and quite upset the ethics of his profession by his assiduity in keeping himself before the public until his merits as an artist were so clearly recognized as no longer to need what might be called the "playing up" of his personality.

Whatever hardships may have attended his long career, they were the results of temperament rather than obscurity. His was no attic genius shivering in the shade. He lived as he pleased, liked and hated as he pleased, through the many-hued years of the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, and stood long enough on the threshold of the twentieth to be remembered as one of the great figures clustered about its dawn.

The numerous conflicts carried on in the London press, the art societies, and the courts were summed up for all time in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies,* issued in 1890. Neither the idea nor the title was Whistler's, but the material was, and the book is the true starting point in Whistler literature.

This combination of pertness and pasquinade, with clear sense in art, had its origin in the ingenious mind of Mr. Sheridan Ford, a talented American jour-

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

Detail of St. James's Street

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nalist, poet, and critic. While in London writing for the Irving Bacheller Syndicate in the late eighties, he formed the acquaintance of Whistler, and the fortunes of both being at a low ebb, it occurred to Mr. Ford that the letters and talks of the artist might be put together in an interesting book, to their mutual advantage. The inevitable break did not come until Whistler, in going over the completed book, ordered a letter from Oscar Wilde, which replied to the artist's charge of plagiarism, January 9, 1890, page 118, (Ford Edition) omitted. It accused the artist in plain terms of lying. Mr. Ford thought it unfair to omit the letter, and Whistler's sharp refusal to permit its retention led to a violent quarrel, with threatened fisticuffs, which ended in Mr. Ford's departing with the copy, determined to issue it on his own responsibility, though then and there forbidden to do so. It was put in type by Messrs. Field & Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, and plates were made, but no impressions had been taken, when, learning of Whistler's objections, they declined to proceed with its publication. As it was not legally feasible to publish it in London, Mr. Ford took the book in hasty flight to Antwerp. Originally it had borne the commonplace title of *The Correspondence of James McNeill Whistler*. The printer, with a keen eye to the merit of the work, objected to so poor a name and was invited by the compiler to pick a better one if he could. This he very promptly did. Pointing to a paragraph in the introduction, written by Mr. Ford, reading: "This collection of letters and miscellany covers something over a quarter of a century, from 1862 to the present year. It illustrates the gentle art of making enemies, and is in part the record of some unpleasantness between the Brush and Pen"—he said: "There's your title. Don't use this other thing." And "there" it was.

Put into type once more, two thousand copies were printed, when the irate and pursuing artist, with the help of the Procureur du Roi and Sir George Lewis, caused their confiscation.

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

The Muff

Determined not to be thwarted, and burning to defeat his adversary, Mr. Ford retreated to Ghent, where he found another English printer who agreed to compose and print the book in three days. The one thousand francs capital brought from London to Antwerp had been exhausted, but Mr. Ford's watch and jewelry remained, and a friendly *mont-de-piété* furnished five hundred francs, funds enough to insure the printer, so that the book came out on time and eluded "Jimmy." It bore this on its title page: "The Gentle Art of Making Ene-

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Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

The Music Room — A Harmony in Green and Rose

mies. Edited by Sheridan Ford. Paris: Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." It carried this dedication: "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter these pages are peacefully inscribed."

Mr. Ford was quite fair in his introductory note, saying amiably: "As custom would sanction, in a work of this character, a complacent boast touching the sometime soulful intimacy between Mr. Whistler and myself, I may point out that nothing of the kind existed. The reader might otherwise be pardoned a casual inference that we

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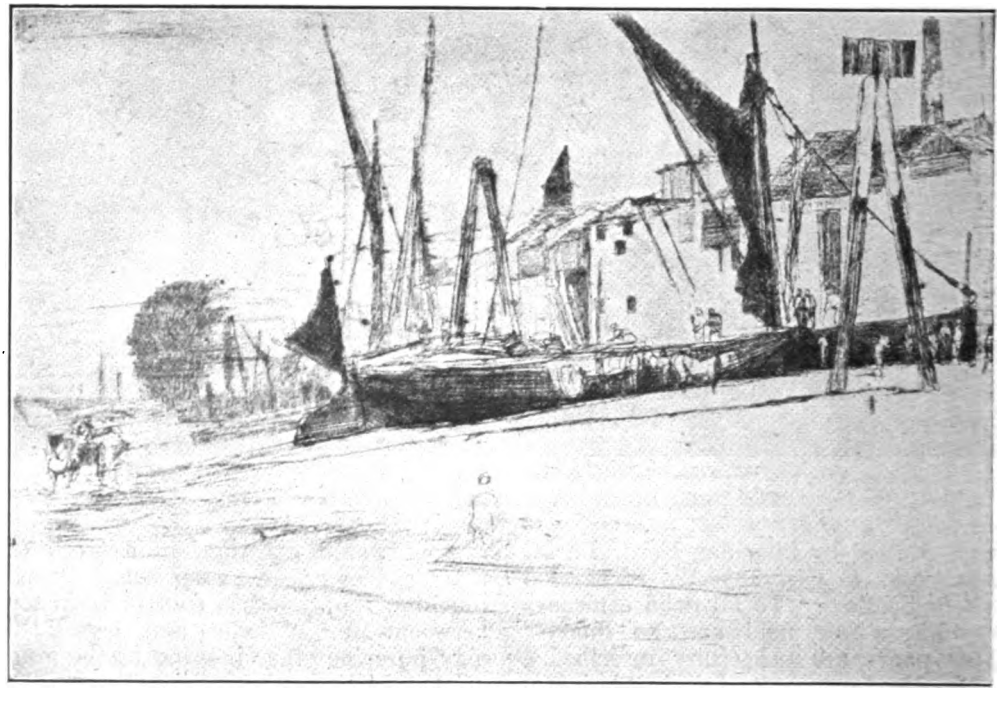
were on terms of commonplace amity and acquiescence. I commend the book to Mr. Whistler's enemies, with the soothing assurance that should each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week."

The little 12mo of two hundred and fifty text pages included also a two-page advertisement of "Art: A Commodity. By Sheridan Ford." It was bound in gray-green paper, with the title but not the imprint on the front cover. Butterflies in silhouette mark the Whistler notes. I have seen but one copy—my own—and have noted but two in the sales. Although four thousand copies were printed, few reached the book stalls. A supply of sheets bearing the New York imprint of "Frederick Stokes & Brothers" was shipped to the United States. The binding was similar to that of the Delabrosse edition, but the cover title was imprinted in red. When a few copies had been sold, the rest of the edition was destroyed by a fire in the Messrs. Stokes' establishment. It is a true rarity.

Whistler's life, if not always pleasant, was never dull. Elevated to the head of the British Society of Artists the controversies engendered finally led to his departure from that body, or, as he put it neatly: "The artists retired; the British remained." Rich sitters were rudely treated and he wore out their patience. Painting a portrait of Lady Leyland, he was not satisfied with the setting provided by the room where it was to hang. Taking possession he decorated it to suit his fancy. Thus it was transferred from a quadrangle of drab leather into the gorgeous "Peacock Room" that now adorns the Freer collection owned by the Government at Washington. He fell out with Leyland —with almost every one except Richard A. Canfield, the eminent American gambler, whose portrait he painted and with gentle irony dubbed *His Reverence*. Canfield was anything but that, save in sleekness and sauvity. The gambler greatly enjoyed his experience. "In spite of all that has been said of him," he observed afterward, "I know that James McNeill Whistler was one of the intensest Americans who ever lived. He was not what you would call an enthusiastic man, but when he reverted to the old days at the military academy, his enthusiasm was infectious. I think he was really prouder of the



Chelsea Wharf

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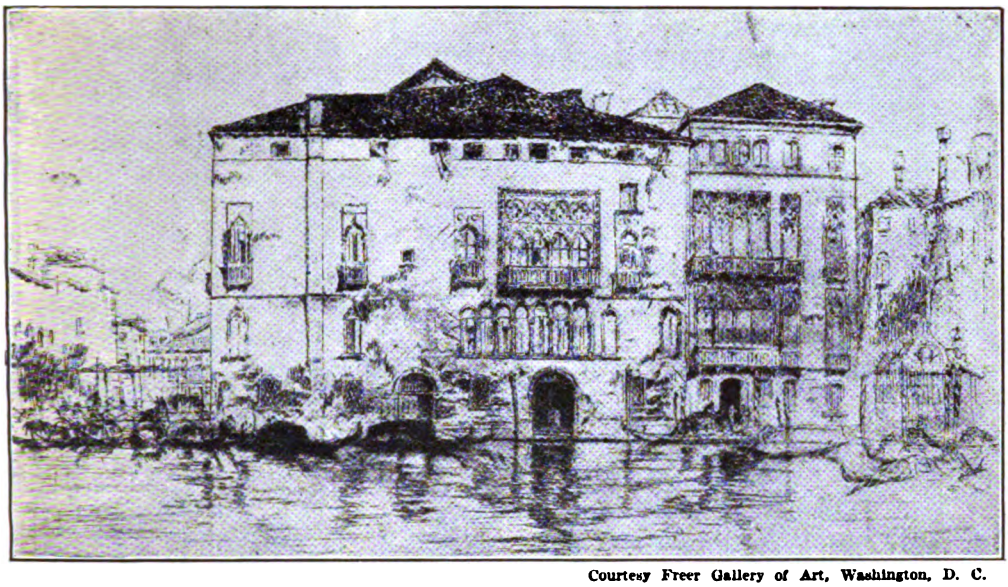

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

The Palaces

years he spent there—three I think they were—than any other years of his life, and he often said to me that the American army officer trained at West Point was the finest specimen of manhood and honor in the world."

Only one person ever really got the best of him. That was Mark Twain.

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

Visiting the studio he put on an air of almost total stupidity and approaching a nearly finished painting observed:

"Not at all bad, Mr. Whistler; not at all bad. Only here in this corner," he added reflectively, with a motion as if to rub the paint, "I'd do away with that cloud."

"Gad, sir," cried the painter. "Do be careful there! Don't you see the paint is not yet dry?"

"Oh, don't mind that," said Mark. "I'm wearing gloves, you see."

They got on after that.

He made his own points usually with such consummate skill as to be unassailable. A certain sitter posed with a cat in her arms. The animal was nervous and yowled continuously. "Madam," he queried, "will you have the cat in the foreground or in the back yard?"

His quips survive in legions. One of the best was his reply to a languishing lady who greeted him with: "I only know two painters in the world—yourself and Velasquez."

"Why," answered Whistler in dulcet tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

William M. Chase once asked him if he said this seriously. "Of course not," he replied. "You don't suppose I couple myself with Velasquez? I only wanted to take her down."

The incident which lingers most prominently in the artist's career was

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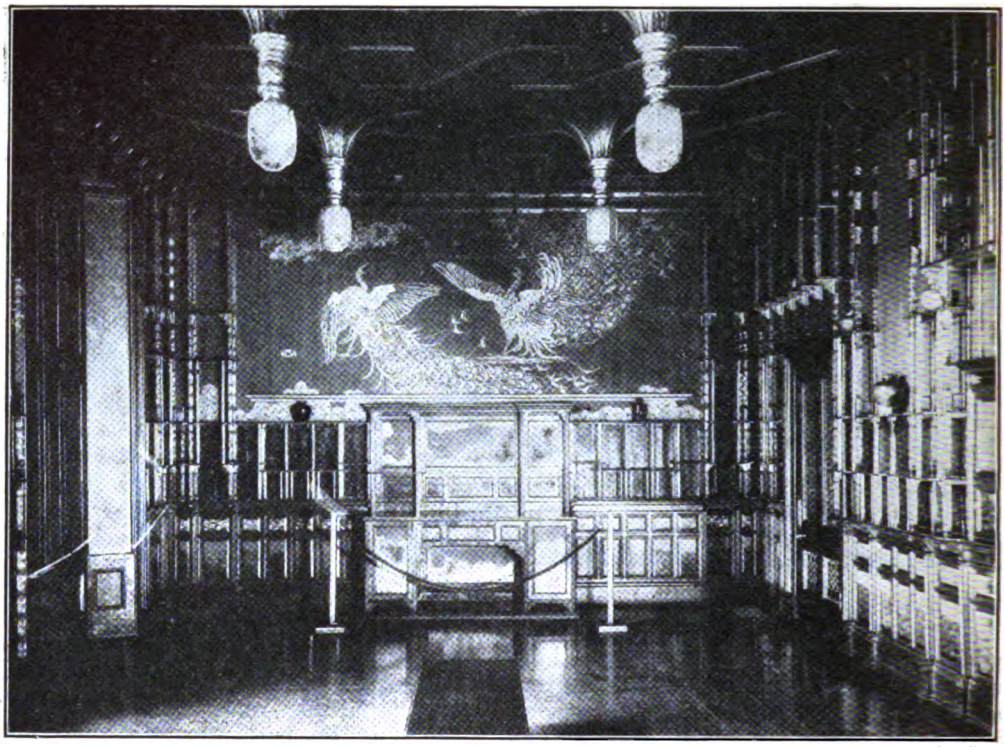

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

South End of the Peacock Room

his clash with Ruskin that ended in a very celebrated libel suit. The critic had written in *Fors Clavigera,* reviewing the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877: "The ill-educated conceit of the artist nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

For this Whistler brought Ruskin to trial in November, 1878. After an amusing contest the jury gave the aggrieved artist a farthing in damages. Whistler made much of the resulting advertising and wore the farthing afterward as an ornament to his watch-chain.

He could be cruelly caustic. Dante Gabriel Rossetti had painted a picture which Whistler had commended in an early state, and inquiring later how it was progressing, Rossetti replied, "All right. I've ordered a stunning frame for it." When he next saw the painting it was beautifully framed.

"You've done nothing to it since I saw it, have you?" he asked.

"No-o," responded Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you'd like to hear it."

He read the lines. They were beautiful and tender.

"Take out the picture," said Whistler, "and frame the sonnet."

He could write with infinite grace and point. The considerable interchange with Oscar Wilde affords some of the best examples, while the latter's replies were classic. Both were accomplished poseurs, but both possessed talent to the nth degree. That Wilde became degenerate and an outcast is one of the great tragedies in the high realm of merit. They bickered with each other privately and in public, to the huge entertainment of both. When Whistler began to lecture on Art, Oscar set a danger signal: "There were two painters, called Benjamin West and Paul Delaroche, who lectured upon Art. As of their works nothing at all remains, I conclude that they explained themselves away. Be warned in time, James; and remain as I do, incompre-

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hensible. To be great is to be misunderstood."

Whistler said something especially bright. "I wish I had said that," ejaculated Wilde.

"You will, Oscar, you will," was the acid reply.

After a long and very Bohemian bachelorhood Whistler married the widow of Godwin, the architect, who made his last years happy. His fame was secure and his commissions brought in high returns. His etchings grew to be precious; one New York collection in time sold for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Strong American friends like Howard Mansfield and Charles L. Freer came to his support. But as threescore and ten came nigh his strength left him; invalidism prevented much exertion and nipped the point of his pen. Now and then a flash of the old spirit showed as in a letter to the London *Morning Post*, August 6, 1902. The paper had made an error in alluding to the "rejection" of the *Little White Girl* by the Paris Salon, but coupled the mistake with some kind words. Whistler, after correcting the slip, added: "I ask you again to contradict it, and appeal to your own sense of kind sympathy, when I tell you that I have lurking in London still a friend, though for the life of me I can not remember his name."

Whistler's accomplishments in art remain supreme; his dictums unshaken. Combining the methods of Velasquez with those of the Japanese, he produced paintings supreme in color and delightful in composition. Call them "nocturnes" or what you will, they remain unique as achievements, while as an etcher he continues unsurpassed.

He died at No. 74 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, July 17, 1903. They buried him in Chiswick Churchyard, with Hogarth and Joe Miller, the jester, as comrades in his sleep.

Courtesy Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Panel from the Peacock Room

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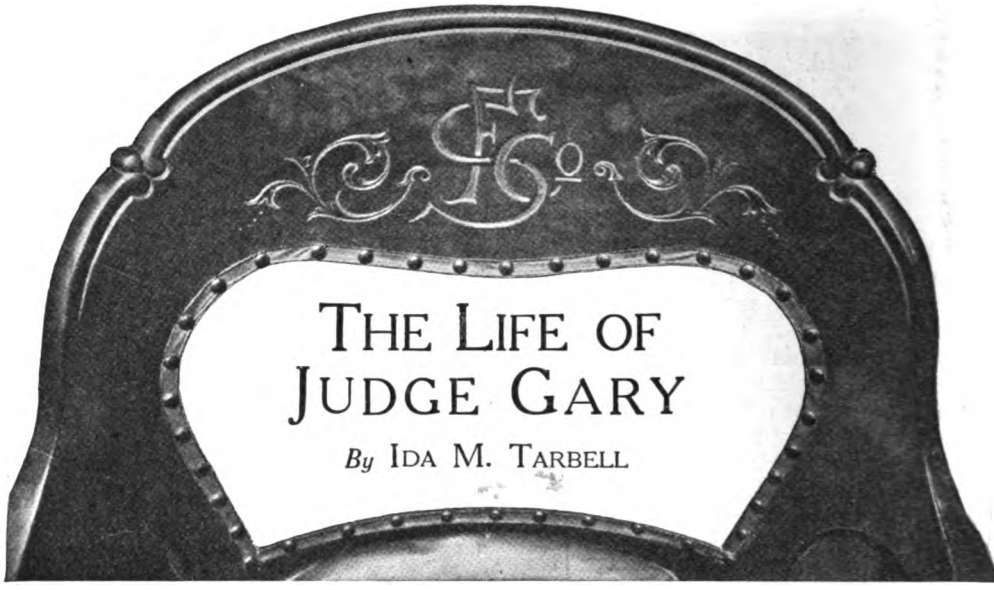

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

One of Judge Gary's office chairs. The initials are those of the Federal Steel Company.

STEEL is the world's master building material. Revolution has followed revolution in construction, since the discovery, fifty years ago, that it could be made in commercial quantities. It has replaced iron on the tracks of the railroads; wood and iron in ships, in cars, in buildings, in bridges.

The realization of the possibilities of steel set the country calling for enormous quantities. Men rushed to meet the demand. Industrial chaos followed. Combination was the method adopted to turn this disorder into order. The end of the nineteenth century saw the units in every field of steel merging. Then came a great consolidation of these combinations — the United States Steel Corporation, with greater potentialities for evil than any combination ever formed in this country.

The leader chosen for this corporation by J. Pierpont Morgan, who had dared to finance it, was Elbert H. Gary.

Miss Tarbell is telling here the story of this man's rise and achievement. In the chapters already published, she has pictured his background and education; his rise in the law until he was the leading corporation lawyer in Chicago; the spread of his legal work to New York, where he so impressed Mr. Morgan by the way he put together the Federal Steel Company—the first big steel combination the banker financed—that he insisted the Judge become its head.

Judge Gary, accordingly, left the law and became the president of what, at that time (1898), was the highest capitalized combination which Mr. Morgan or anybody else had undertaken in this country.

This chapter traces the steps from the Federal Steel to the "Billion Dollar Corporation."—*Editor's Note.*

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Photograph by Aimé Dupont

Judge Gary in 1900, when he was making ready for the formation of the Billion Dollar Corporation.

CHAPTER V

The Billion Dollar Corporation

IT WAS in October of 1898 that Judge Gary, having put Chicago and the law behind him, appeared in New York City as the President of the Federal Steel Company—the most highly capitalized concern the country had ever seen. The first question the leaders in the iron and steel trade naturally asked was, What did this Western lawyer know about business? It behooved them to find out. Even Andrew Carnegie wanted to know what he had to expect in the way of competition or coöperation from the husky-looking young rival. It was he who took the first step towards friendly acquaintance by inviting Judge Gary with Henry Frick and H. H. Porter to lunch at his

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New York home. If Judge Gary is in a reminiscent mood when he tells you of this, his first meeting with Mr. Carnegie, he will probably drop in the remark that they had canvas-back duck!

However, it was not to discuss canvas-back duck that Andrew Carnegie had invited the gentlemen to lunch. He began his probing of Judge Gary's business ability and attitude by suggesting a pooling arrangement in rails with the Federal; the two concerns should not be cutting each other's throats, he said.

"I am willing, Mr. Carnegie," said Judge Gary, "*if we can do it on an equal basis.*" Carnegie threw up his hands. He had been so long the master in the steel and iron business that it was hard for him to consider that anybody could be on a par.

"You have had the major part in the business up to date," the Judge told him, "but I don't think you have it now. We have $100,000,000 in stock and we have $100,000,000 that we can turn into cash; any contract that we make with you will have to be on a fifty-fifty basis."

The discussion which followed apparently convinced the great iron master that he had an equal in the trade at last, for he, along with his guests, signed then and there a paper which Judge Gary drew up. It provided, in substance, that they would recommend to the Federal and Carnegie steel companies that they divide the total standard rail tonnage which they were able to secure on a fifty per cent basis. The recommendation was adopted and the two companions lived up to it until events so changed the relationship that they no longer needed a pool.

One may fairly ask, Was this not an illegal arrangement? It was not so considered at the moment. The courts at this time had not pronounced on the legality of pools, and Judge Gary was basing his contention that they were necessary to life under existing competitive conditions on a written interpretation of the Sherman Act which had been given in 1891 by its author, Senator George F. Hoar, to an inquiry as to their status under that law.

The following quotations from that opinion, now nearly thirty-five years old, has a singularly contemporary ring.

> "It seems to me," wrote Senator Hoar, "that a contract, although in partial restraint of trade, which is reasonable and reasonably limited in point of time, which has for its object merely the saving the parties from a destructive competition with each other, is not prohibited by the statute above referred to. . . . .
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> "No manufacture can be established in this country without the prospect of reasonable permanence. To engage in the manufacture contemplated by these parties requires an expensive plant, large outlay for machinery, material, and supplies, and the gathering together of a sufficient number of artisans skilled in this particular manufacture. It is for the interest of the public that such enterprises shall be undertaken. They will not be undertaken without a prospect of reasonable permanence in prices, and they will not be undertaken by new and small establishments in competition with old and powerful ones, if they are to be exposed to what is commonly called the cut-throat or 'cutting under' process.
>
> "The opinion of courts, like the opinion of the rest of the community, may vary in different generations as to what is reasonable. But the question of reasonableness will be a question of law for the courts, to be determined upon all the facts and in the light of experience, the business habits, and the public opinion of the present time. . . .
>
> "I cannot see the distinction in principle between a contract of workingmen not to work for less than a stipulated sum as wages, and a contract of employers not to sell their product for less than a stipulated sum. Both these, being intended for their legitimate protection, and not accompanied with any stipulation for unlawful, oppressive or fraudulent methods, seem to me to be lawful within the policy of the law as it now exists, and not to be in restraint of trade, but in advancement thereof."

Andrew Carnegie had sounded out his

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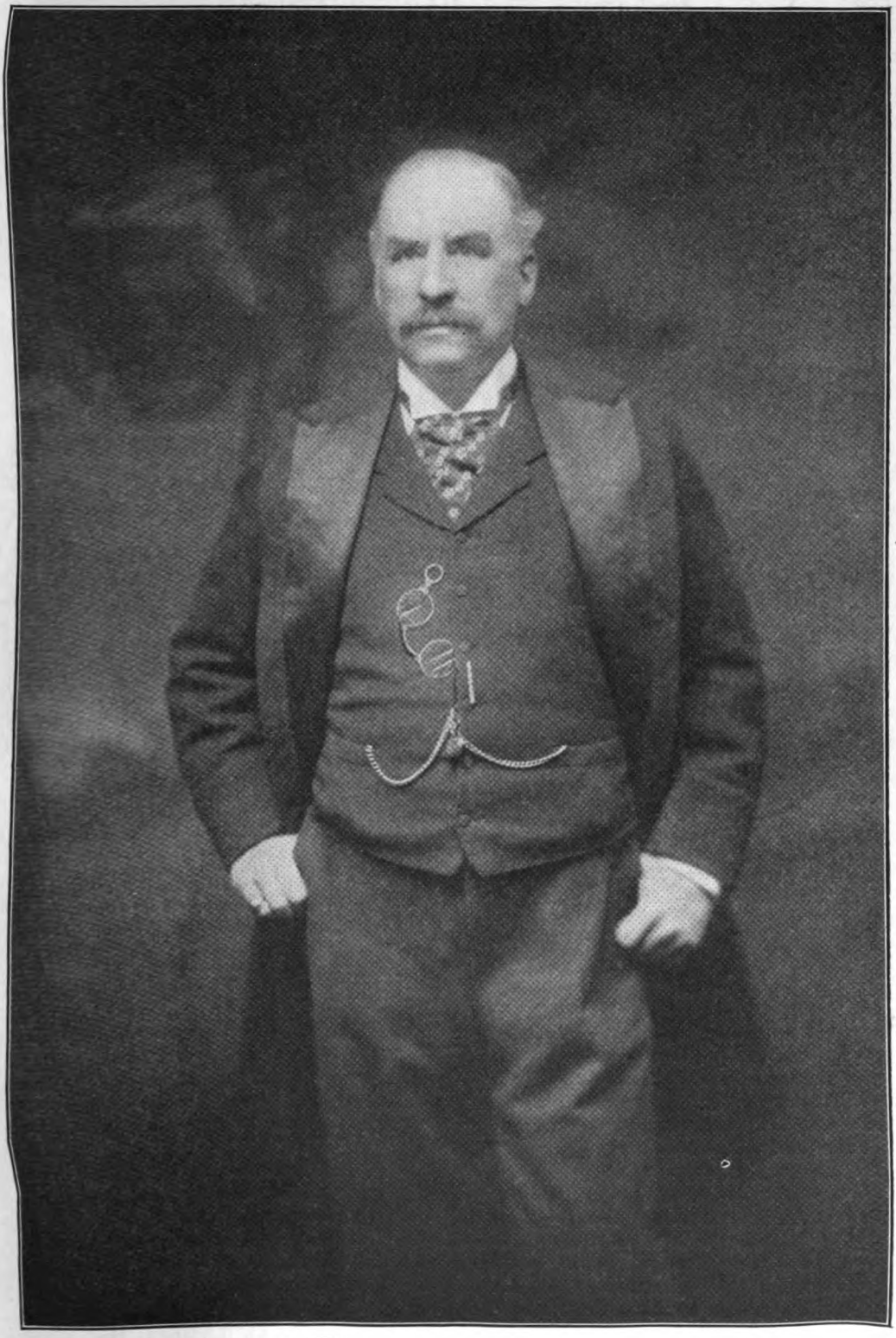

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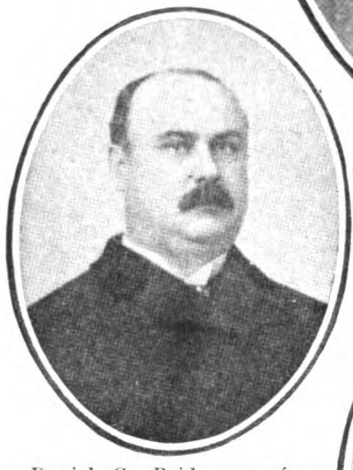
The Officers and Executive Committee

Charles M. Schwab
President



Daniel G. Reid, one of the organizers and President of the American Tin Plate Company.

William H. Moore, Promoter of the Diamond Match Company, National Biscuit Company, American Tin Plate Company, and many others.

William Edenborn, president St. Louis Wire Mill Company, Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, and others.

big new rival and had been able to make a coöperative arrangement with him, but that arrangement did not end his competitive problems. Indeed, his, as well as Judge Gary's, were enormously increased in the winter of 1898 and 1899 and the months following by a veritable avalanche of steel combinations. It might be said of the coming of all of these as Dan Reid said of the Tin Plate Trust in which he was so important a figure, when a witness in 1912 in the government's suit against the United States Steel: "It came like that!" (snapping his fingers).

The sudden appearance of the Tin Plate Company was due to the adroit work of the chief trust promoters of the period—the Moore Brothers. Judge Moore, the elder of these two men, was known as the founder of the Diamond Match Company, a concern launched in 1889—not alarming for its capitalization but very alarming from the proportion of the industry which it controlled—fully eighty-five per cent! From matches the Moores had gone into biscuits, forming the National Biscuit Company, and from there to iron and steel. It was not

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United States Steel Corporation

Elbert H. Gary
Chairman

Arthur F. Luke, Treasurer of the U. S. Steel Corporation. Before that he was Treasurer of the National Tube Company.

Percival Roberts Jr. of the Pencoyd Iron Works, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

E. C. Converse, a director of the National Tube Works Company.

strange that, with their experience and the conditions in the tin plate industry, they should have been able quickly to emerge with practically all the mills in the country (265) in their combination.

But it was not Judge Moore's Tin Plate Company that worried the iron and steel trade as much as the one that followed immediately on its heels—the American Steel & Wire Company. It looks a little as if John W. Gates, being refused by J. Pierpont Morgan an official place in the Federal Steel Company, saw his chance to let them know he was still in their world, for in January he suddenly launched the American Steel & Wire Company.

It was not a difficult thing to do. He had in his hands the bargains and the plans of organization which Judge Gary had prepared in the fall and winter of 1897-98 for the combine which Mr. Morgan was looking on with favor but which blew up with the Maine. With this material, Gates quickly brought the trade together. All the $15,000,000 worth of common stock which, according to the original contract, was to be

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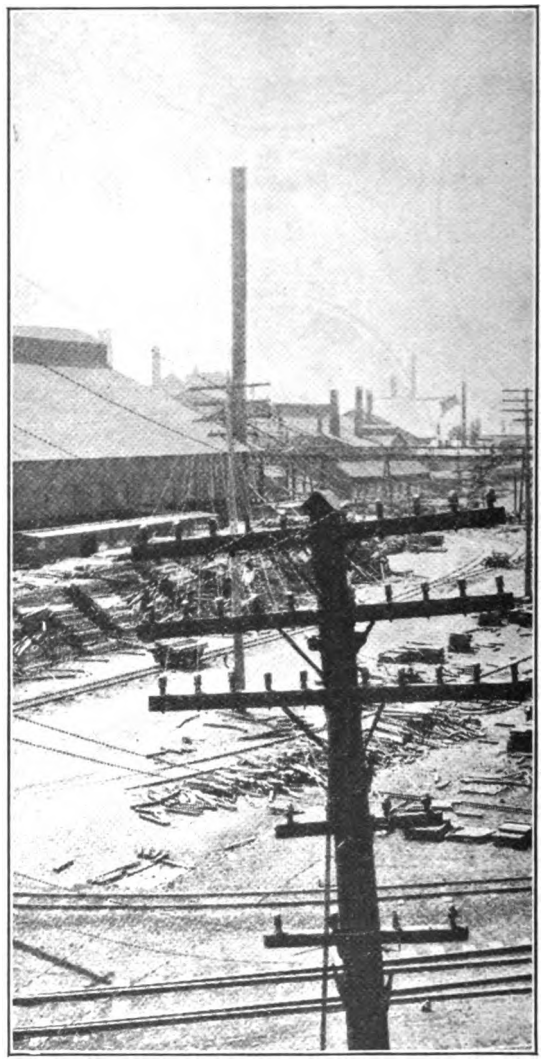
divided between the promoters of the undertaking—i. e., between Gary, Gates and certain associates—probably went to Gates; that is, Gary never got any return for the months of strenuous labor he had put in on the original wire concern.

On top of Steel and Wire others came tumbling—the National Tube Company, the American Steel Hoop Company, the American Sheet Steel Company, the National Steel Company, the American Bridge Company.

It is not to be supposed that these consolidations which followed so rapidly were simply sudden runnings to cover of scared interests, or that they were forced by some superior sinister individual determined that a particular business should belong to him. For many years now, the almost daily changes in the making of steel and its products, the enormous amount of fresh capital incessantly in demand, the lawless methods of competition, the indifference to contracts, as well as a growing feeling that demand could only be met with economy and regularity by larger units had grown almost unconsciously on men in the trade. They were yielding to forces greater than any man or group of men could cope with.

No better presentation of the reasons which were behind these consolidations has ever been made, and none more authoritative, than that by Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., on his examination in 1912 in the suit against the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Roberts was one of the few men in the United States who at that time looked on steel making as an art. He had been trained in the Pencoyd Iron Works near Philadelphia, established by his grandfather in 1852, and had learned there the importance of adapting iron and steel operations to every new invention—every changing process. He had risen to the presidency of the original company and by 1900 had become convinced that it was no longer possible for it to live as an independent unit.



"Manufacturing requires an expensive plant"—Senator Hoar. Joliet Works, Illinois Steel Company.

Mr. Roberts based this judgment on the rapid and revolutionary changes which, in the preceding years, had been going on in the metallurgical art. When his grandfather had established his iron works in the 50's a small plant could operate successfully, so simple was the process, and the country was dotted with them; but when men learned to make steel in commercial quantities, the little old wrought iron plant became at once useless. It either had to make itself over

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Andrew Carnegie, the "Steel Master," about 1896.

or to go out of business. Making itself over was so elaborate and expensive a matter that obviously very few of the original furnaces and forges could be expected to develop into steel-making plants. Frequently, however, a group of these units combined their resources and equipped themselves for making steel; individually they were not large enough to operate, but combined they could do so.

Moreover, as Mr. Roberts explained, in the days of wrought iron one man had the ore, another the blast furnace and another produced puddled iron. There

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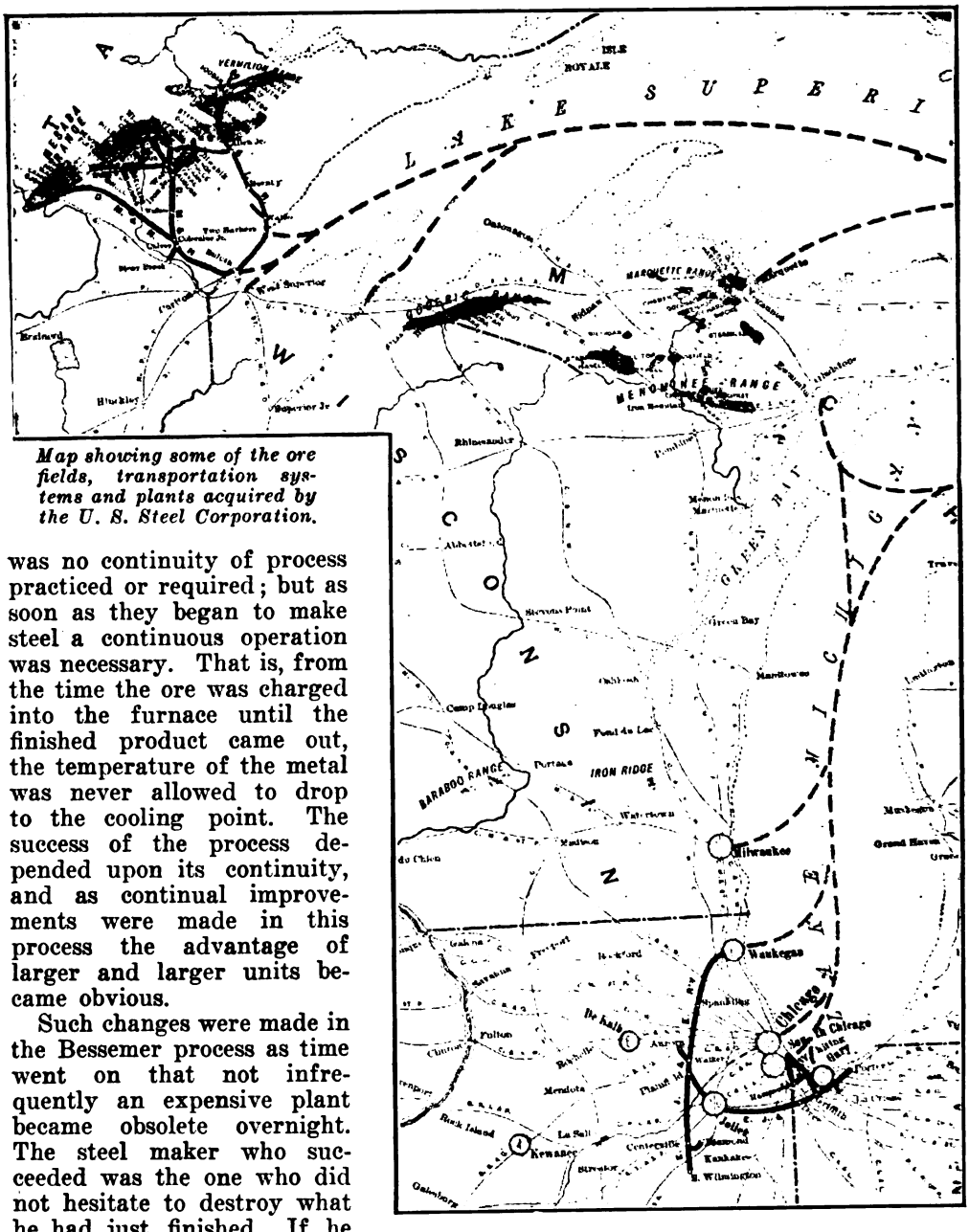

Map showing some of the ore fields, transportation systems and plants acquired by the U. S. Steel Corporation.

was no continuity of process practiced or required; but as soon as they began to make steel a continuous operation was necessary. That is, from the time the ore was charged into the furnace until the finished product came out, the temperature of the metal was never allowed to drop to the cooling point. The success of the process depended upon its continuity, and as continual improvements were made in this process the advantage of larger and larger units became obvious.

Such changes were made in the Bessemer process as time went on that not infrequently an expensive plant became obsolete overnight. The steel maker who succeeded was the one who did not hesitate to destroy what he had just finished. If he did not do this he soon found himself out of the race. Then came the "Open Hearth" process, revolutionizing still further the industry. When electricity was adopted as a motive power in the steel plants, works had to be practically rebuilt, and this again meant more money.

It was a succession of changes and improvements, all calling for vast expenditure, and the only way the money for these expenditures could be obtained was by combining forces.

Another disadvantage under which independent units like the Pencoyd Iron Works labored was inability to control their supplies. A combination like the Federal owned its ore, its transportation—the smaller concern did not; and, because supplies were not always dependable, the individual unit frequently found itself unable to satisfy the most

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important factor in practically ninety per cent of all its contracts—the time of delivery. Failing to deliver on time, you stood little chance of a second contract from the party you had disappointed.

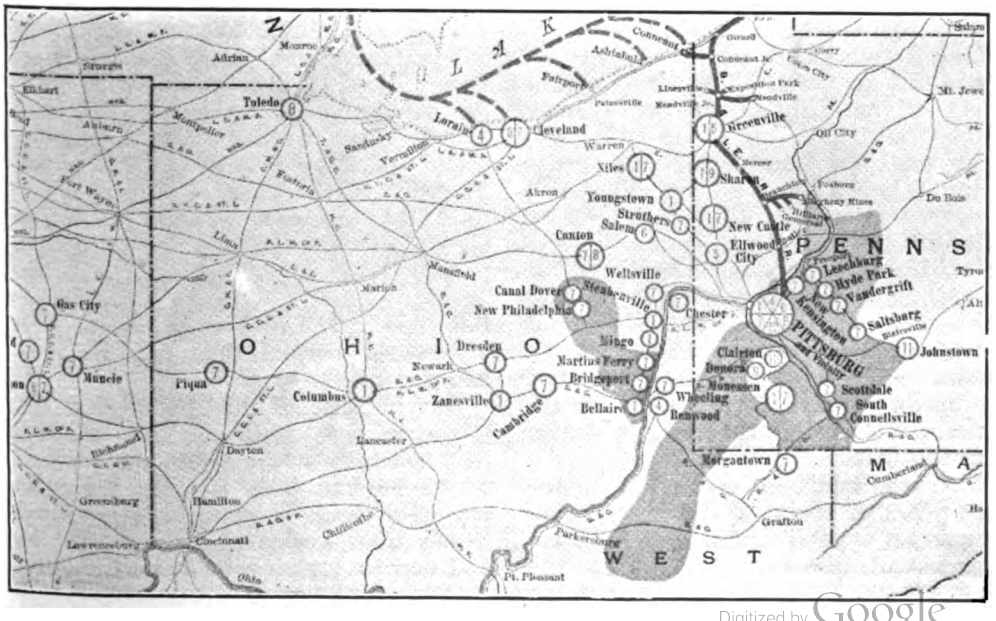
Still another handicap which embarrassed and sometimes ruined the independent concern was inability to secure sufficient working capital to finance the contracts which in these days were growing rapidly in size. One has but to trace the story of the use of iron and steel beams, girders, etc., in walls, bridges, structures of all kinds, to understand the seriousness of the position in which a small concern bidding for a contract frequently found itself. In 1890 only a few tons of iron and steel went into what was then a big building, a big bridge, but with every year the quantity increased. By 1900 it had grown to thousands of tons and by 1910 to tens of thousands. An independent steel plant usually depended on the plant which made its steel billets for financing, its paper being renewed every four months. The cost of all this financing was excessive, for sometimes the final settlement was not made until two or three years after the order was placed.

These difficulties increased. There was no way of escaping them except through the command of almost unlimited capital. The combination offered the capital, and there were very few men in any branch of the iron and steel industry in 1900 that hesitated at taking one or other of the alternatives—combine or sell.

But while the steel and iron manufacturers were more or less the puppets of things for which they were not responsible, the conduct of many under this pressure was like that of most human beings in such circumstances—fear, greed, speculation, irresponsibility, hope of a big advantage which would save them from future struggle and effort—all of these human propensities worked at their highest capacity, although with them worked also farsightedness and knowledge, courage and steadiness and a passion for the upbuilding of the country, often greater than desire for personal profit.

The public watched these hurried and, as they seemed then, gigantic combinations with the suspicion and anxiety that ignorance of causes naturally produces. Their feelings were not shared by the combiners. With them all was confidence. Not for years had there been such profits in the industry. At the close of the Federal's first year of business, Judge Gary had been able to pay dividends on both preferred and

Plants in and around Pittsburgh.



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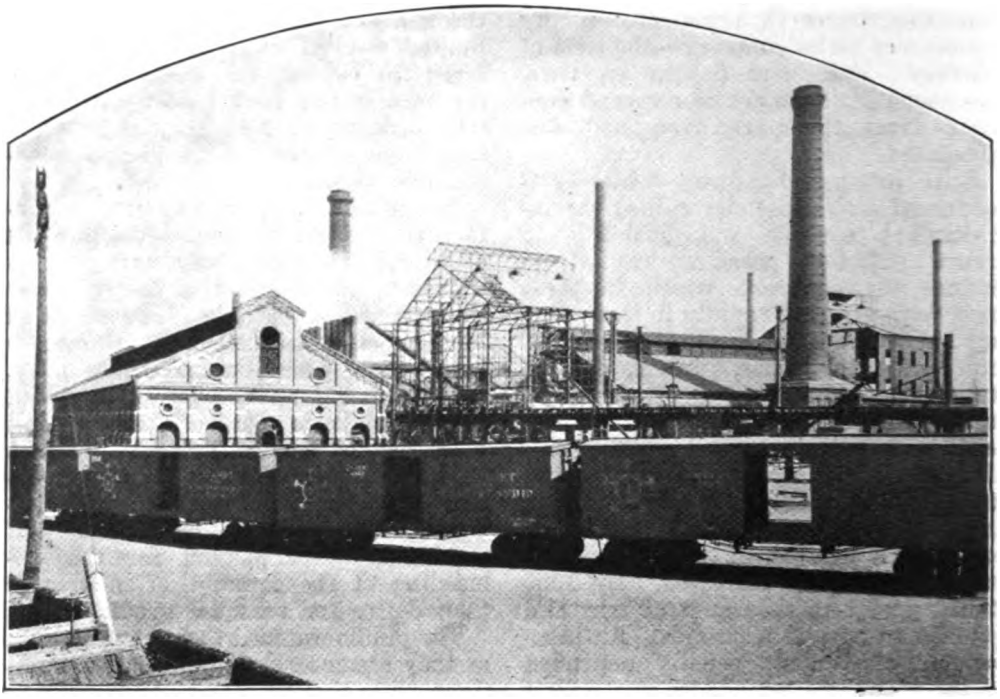

"When men learned to make steel in commercial quantities, the little old wrought iron plants became useless." Rail Mill, South Works, Illinois Steel Company

common and to show a three million dollar surplus. In making his report his outlook for the future was most optimistic. Their books were overloaded with orders, he said. They had "nothing to sell."

This prosperity extended through all the trade. In February of 1900, the American Steel and Wire Company paid a seven per cent dividend, and Mr. Carnegie was said to have made in 1899 at least $20,000,000 and to have declared that in 1900 he would make $40,000,000.

It was not combination that was doing this. Prosperity had returned after seven lean years. War—the Boer War—had turned English workmen to making cannon instead of plows or had drawn them out of the factories and put them in the battlefield, and America got her orders, those of South Africa and those of the disturbed European countries fearing, as always when war is on, that they may be drawn into the fracas.

Men who had been holding on in the past years of the steel industry, losing money yet expanding daringly with the changes of processes, felt that the doubling of prices which had come, the trebling of orders, was only what was due to them. One of the ablest and most experienced men in the business, Abram Hewitt, said at this time, when there was criticism of Mr. Carnegie's profits:

"From 1893 to 1899 there was no money in the steel business. Now we are back to a fair average price. At our works in Trenton we had a furnace lying idle for five years, with fifty thousand tons of pig iron stored near by. Our money was tied up in that ore. Then came the prosperous times, and we started the disused furnace and used up the ore. That's what we bought the ore for—to use it up at a profit. Why should there be any wonderment at Mr. Carnegie's profits at this time? The present prices for steel are nearer normal than any we have had for many years."

But in spite of his prosperity Mr. Carnegie was restless. The changes that had come rushing into the business where he had been so long the most powerful figure seem to have increased rather than weakened a desire that he had been nourishing for some time, and

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that was to get out from under. He was a very rich man. When he died he wanted to leave behind him a reputation not of being the greatest iron master in America but the greatest philanthropist. Three years before this, in 1897, he had tried to sell to Standard Oil interests, and failed. After the Federal Steel Company was organized he seemed to feel that here was a possible purchaser.

The first important overture was

Photo by courtesy of Frank W. Skinner, Consulting Engineer.

Blackwell's Island Span, Queensboro Bridge

The first bridges, except single sticks of timber, were stone or timber arches. The Romans invented these, making them in some instances about 150 feet long. These were not improved upon until the nineteenth century when modern trussed wood bridges were invented. Some of these had a 200 foot span. The first recorded cast iron bridge was built in England about 1850. Rapid development of construction principles was due to the successive use of wrought iron bars and rods for the "tension members" in wooden bridges; the substitution of cast iron for wood in the "compression members," then the use of wrought iron for all parts of the structure. This increased the maximum span to about 500 feet. Finally wrought iron was replaced by structural steel and its special alloys which have enabled engineers to construct spans now in service up to 1,800 feet; with designs, mechanical, commercial and financial possibilities for spans double that length.

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made in the spring of 1899 when Mr. Frick, Mr. Carnegie's chief partner, came to Judge Gary to discuss amalgamation, and the two went over the properties, putting a tentative value on them. This paper, with the values that Frick and Gary assigned in the spring of 1899, is still in existence. There was much discussion between the interested parties, but when it was finally discovered that Mr. Frick would not agree that the whole Carnegie organization, himself included, would remain with the Company and coöperate in carrying on business, the Federal negotiators dropped the proposition. They did not consider the Carnegie properties, they told Mr. Frick, anything like as valuable without as with the organization, nor would they agree to consider them without, and so for a time the matter was dropped.

In May of this same year (1899), the newspapers announced that Judge W. H. Moore, who had put together the Tin Plate Trust, was with Mr. Frick at the Holland House and that they had an option on the Carnegie properties in their pockets. It was rumored that they were pushing a bigger combination than the world had yet heard of. John W. Gates who hovered around the negotiators talked about a billion-dollar combination. But nothing came of the Frick-Moore option.

Mr. Carnegie was not idle. If he could not sell, at least the new combinations should be made to feel his power. His letters of instruction to his buyers and associates in these years were full of virile competitive counsel. For instance, this written to his board of managers just after the avalanche was loosened:

"In the case of this Tin Plate Company as in the case of the American Wire Company, if our President steps forward at the right time and in the right way, informs these people that we do not propose to be injured, on the contrary, we expect to reap great gains from it; that we will observe an *'armed neutrality'* as long as it is made to our interest to do so, but that we require this arrangement—then specify what is advantageous for us, very advantageous, more advantageous than existed before the combination, and he will get it. If they decline to give us what we want, then there must be no bluff. We must accept the situation and prove that if it is fight they want, here we are 'always ready.' Here is a historic situation for the Managers to study—Richelieu's advice: 'First, all means to conciliate; failing that, all means to crush.' Shakespeare has it: 'First in your right hand carry gentle peace'; but after Peace is gone the worst policy in the world is 'gentle war.'

"We should look with favor upon every combination of every kind upon the part of our competitors; the bigger they grow the more vulnerable they become. It is with firms as with nations; 'Scattered possessions' are not in it with a solid, compact, concentrated force."

While Mr. Carnegie was threatening his competitors in this robust fashion, he was, and had been for some time, carrying on with his principal partner, Henry Frick, probably the most exciting fight of the business annals of the period, peppered as they are with bitter personal struggles between powerful and ambitious money-makers.

Mr. Frick had been associated with Mr. Carnegie for some eleven years. He had brought into the combination the splendid Frick Coke and Coal Companies of Westmoreland County—his own creation. He had brought tremendous business ability, but gradually that ability, his own ambitions, the differences of temperament between the two men, had created an intolerable tension. The fight developed in intensity and culminated early in 1900 by Frick's bringing a suit against his partner. Judge Gary has an interesting story to tell of an experience of his with Mr. Carnegie while this trouble was at boiling point.

It was in the spring of 1900. He was going West on a night train on which he found Mr. Carnegie, and the two men fell to talking. "I have something to show you," Mr. Carnegie said to the Judge. "Frick has filed an abusive bill against me, and here is the reply which I want you to read."

"I did so at once," Judge Gary says, "and found that Mr. Carnegie had excoriated Frick in violent language. 'I would not file that reply, Mr. Carnegie,' I said, 'it's too abusive.'

"'Well,' he said, 'he deserves it. His

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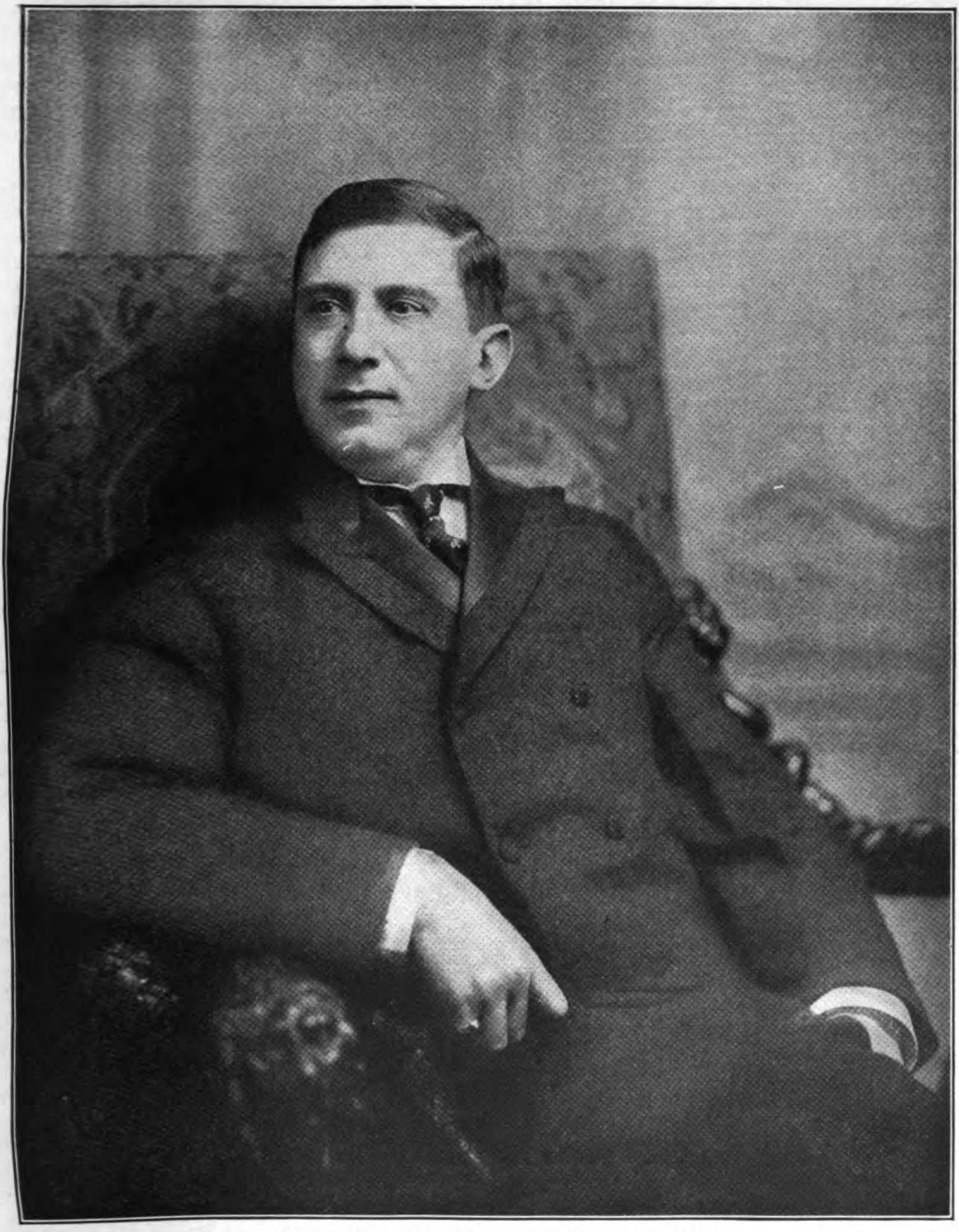

Charles M. Schwab in 1901 — "A fine product of Mr. Carnegie's system of making a man."

lawyers have abused me in their bill.'

"'This paper won't do you any good, in court; it will hurt you. The judge will think less of you than if you used dignified language. Your lawyers will tell you just what I am telling you.' Mr. Carnegie was plainly disappointed, for he believed he had done a fine thing, but he agreed to show the paper to his counsel. It was never filed in that form.

The results of this quarrel were that Mr. Frick severed his partnership with Mr. Carnegie, and a new company was

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organized in the spring of 1900—the Carnegie Steel Company, and at the head of this company was put his favorite—Charles M. Schwab. He had grown up in the steel plants—a fine product of Mr. Carnegie's system of making a man, by a vigorous application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—a product who not only had proved himself a great steel-maker but an extraordinarily likeable human being.

The reorganization of the Carnegie interests in the spring of 1900 did not check Mr. Carnegie's desire to sell. One of Mr. Schwab's duties, indeed, seems to have been to continue to sound out possible buyers—preferably the Morgan interests. And soon after the new company was formed he appeared in the Federal office. "You ought to take over the Carnegie properties," he told the Judge, "ought to buy them." After considerable discussion Gary agreed to talk to Mr. Morgan.

The two men went over the proposition carefully, the Judge urging the purchase. He had a strong case, for the Federal Steel Company was not developing into the symmetrical business which both he and Mr. Morgan had in mind when it was formed. In the first place it had not been able to get the money which was needed for new developments. Mr. Morgan had been exceedingly cautious in the matter. "Why do you not have money?" he would ask; and it took hard arguing to convince him. Not having money Judge Gary had been unable to carry out his original plan of establishing iron and steel depots in Europe—a plan which had attracted much attention when it was announced in 1898, had, as a matter of fact, thrown the German trade interests into an excitement which was reflected back here in our newspapers.

"Now, if we can buy the Carnegie Company, we will immediately have the capacity we need to develop a systematic foreign trade," Judge Gary argued, "as well as to extend our domestic territory." But Mr. Morgan could not see it. "I would not think of it," he finally replied, "I don't believe I could raise the money."

All through the summer of 1900 the discussion of the possible sale of the Carnegie interest to somebody went on. But Mr. Morgan was still obdurate. He was still obdurate in December of 1900 when invited to a dinner—famous in the history of steel and iron—given by Mr. Edward Simmons, a New York banker, and Mr. Charles Stuart Smith, a New York financier, to Mr. Schwab—ostensibly in recognition of courtesies shown to them by Mr. Schwab, on the occasion of a visit of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Morgan, as the most important person at the dinner, was placed beside Mr. Schwab, and it was noted that through the dinner the energetic young

Before the "Steel Age" only one type of building construction was known. Massive walls of brick or stone supported "I" beams, that carried the floors. These "I" beams were of wrought iron. This is known as "wall bearing construction."

With the advent of commercial structural steel in the '90's, the metallic framework, called the steel "cage," was made to carry the walls themselves as well as that part of the floor load previously supported by the walls.

Thus it was possible, as the photograph on the opposite page shows, for the walls to be built on the fifth and sixth floors before they were laid below. They are merely curtains, supported by a mass of steel.

This was one of the explanations of the astounding growth of the steel industry. One thousand tons of "I" beams, once a huge order for one building, became a thing of the past and fifty thousand tons was not considered unusual.

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man talked busily to the great banker. When the hour for speeches came, Mr. Simmons stated that he would call upon only one person to talk —the guest of honor.

"Mr. Schwab started out," Judge J. H. Reed, Mr. Carnegie's chief counsel, who was present, told the examiners in 1913 in the suit against the Steel Corporation, "by saying that he could not talk about anything but steel. I remember that," Judge Reed said, "because he always starts every speech that way."

The only trustworthy report of what Mr. Schwab said on this important occasion is the one that he himself gave in his testimony in this same suit.

"What did you talk about?" the examiner asked, and Mr. Schwab replied, "I talked about the advantages that might be derived from doing a manufacturing business on a larger scale than had then been attempted.

"Instead of having one mill make ten, twenty or fifty products," Mr. Schwab told Mr. Morgan, we may say, for it was to him in reality that he was speaking, "the greatest economy would result from having one mill make one product, and make that product continuously." He talked of metallurgical, mechanical, transportation economies that could be effected by large scale production and a better location of markets. He talked of the possibilities of expanding the export business.

What caught Mr. Morgan's imagination in Mr. Schwab's talk, however, was what he said about steel cars, of which, curiously enough, the banker knew little or nothing. There were a few companies in the United States, Mr. Schwab said, who were

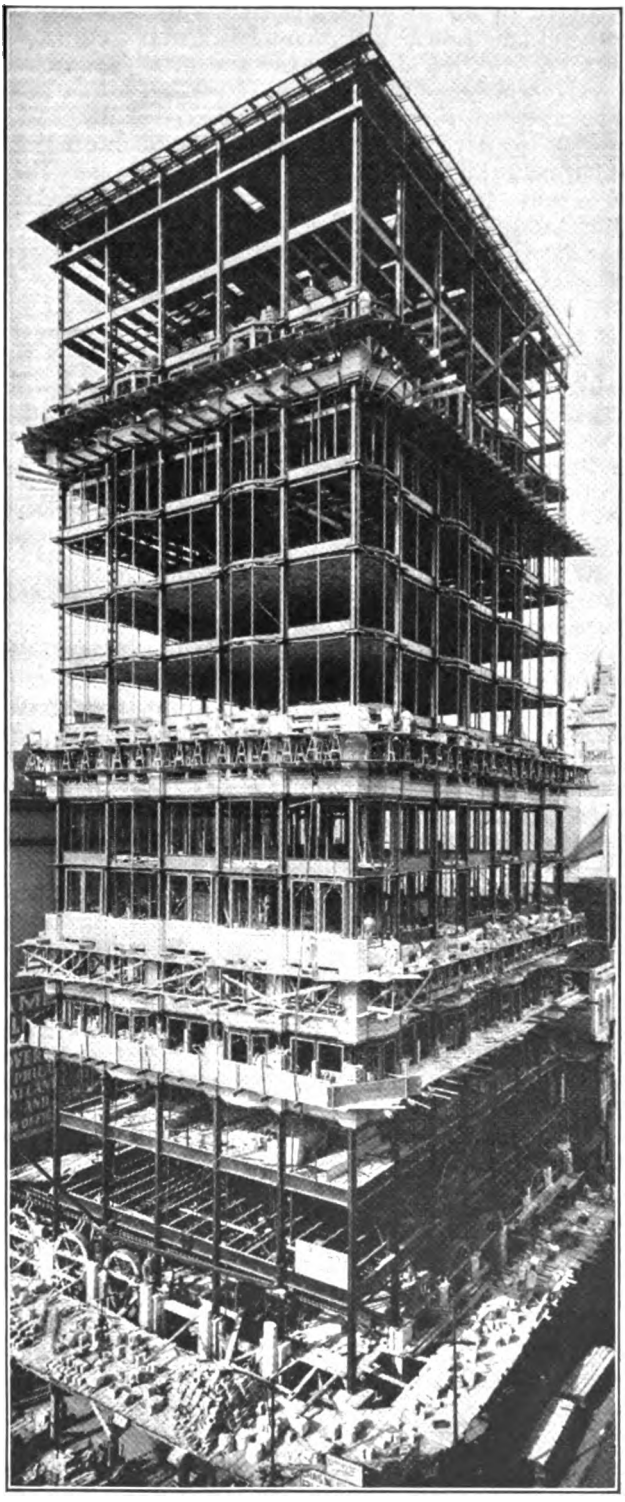

Photo by courtesy of Frank W. Skinner, Consulting Engineer.

Land Title Building, Philadelphia; made possible by the enormous development of the steel industry.

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engaged in the manufacture of bridges and other fabricated materials, who were attempting to manufacture steel cars, but they could never be successful. The successful way was for some one works to devote itself exclusively to their manufacture.

When the dinner was over, Mr. Morgan did not go away immediately as was his custom, but he took Mr. Schwab into a corner to talk matters over. A few days later he had another long interview with him, the upshot of which was that he asked Mr. Schwab if an option could be secured on the Carnegie properties. Mr. Carnegie refused a written option, but he penciled his price on a slip of paper and sent it to the banker. The price and terms on that memorandum were those afterwards accepted and carried out.

Why should Mr. Morgan, after two years of resistence to Mr. Carnegie's overtures, have changed his mind? Mr. Schwab's contagious eloquence, his prophetic picture of the future of steel and iron, are not a sufficient explanation. It was the water that had run under the bridge.

Mr. Morgan had already a highly successful steel corporation in hand and he had found for its head a man in whom he had a thorough and growing confidence, but he was realizing what that man had been telling him for months now, that the Federal Steel Company, profitable as it was, was not the rounded proposition which they both had had in mind at the start. If he controlled the Carnegie interests he might develop what the Federal had not had the capacity to do.

But even stronger, possibly, was Mr. Morgan's anxiety over what might happen in the industry if Mr. Carnegie, determined as he was to sell, should allow his great property to get into hands which he considered unsafe—John W. Gates' hands, for instance.

In his two years' experience with steel he had been reminded more than once that this powerful and daring individual had not been sobered by the great responsibility he had assumed in putting together the wire interests of the country. That he still loved speculation more than stability had been demonstrated in April of this very year when suddenly, at a moment of real prosperity in iron and steel, he had precipitated a panic which an indignant press and industry declared was worse than anything that had ever been done by Fisk and Gould. Mr. Morgan had seen his own steel and iron undertakings for the moment seriously disturbed by Gates' wanton performance. He must not be allowed to get a hand on the Carnegie interests.

And then there were still at large the bitter antagonisms and trade hates born of the fierce competition that Mr. Carnegie had waged in the past two years and which he was still threatening. In certain hands these antagonisms might continue, force disastrous trade wars. Now, J. Pierpont Morgan had a sincere, if domineering, sense of responsibility towards doing his part to keep business steady, and there can be no doubt that in considering Mr. Carnegie's offer he was influenced by what might happen in the business if he did not see that the great Carnegie property was in hands that he regarded safe.

All this was certainly in his mind when, one Sunday morning, some three weeks after the Simmons' dinner and after Mr. Carnegie's penciled offer had been put into his hand, he sent his partner, Mr. Robert Bacon, to the Plaza, where Judge Gary was then living to ask him if he thought there was anything practical, from a business standpoint, in buying out Carnegie.

"Can it be done?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bacon, "Schwab has brought a proposition from Carnegie, and Mr. Morgan wants to know your opinion."

"Bring the proposition to me," replied Gary, "and I will look it over."

He spent all that afternoon and until one o'clock the next morning blocking out a plan by which, in his judgment, the purchase would be justified; and the next morning, at the bank, laid it before Mr. Morgan.

"How shall we start?" the banker asked.

"With Federal Steel."

"Will they agree to it?"

"We can get them together and find out."

Mr. Porter, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Mills, Mr. Ream, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer were all in New York, and Judge Gary saw them that morning. Marshall Field

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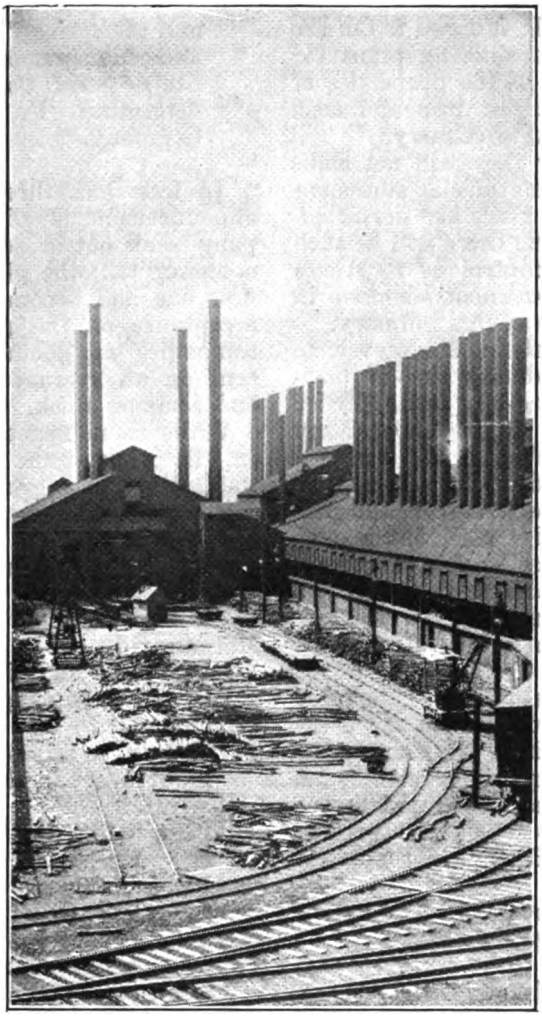
was in Chicago and he talked with him on the telephone. Their general answer was, "Whatever you say goes."

It was late in the afternoon before the matter was settled, and, as he was leaving, Mr. Morgan said to Judge Gary:

"Now, there's one thing I want understood: *if I go into this you are to go with me, not only as my lawyer but as my friend—that is, you are to stand by me.*

The plan which the Judge had laid before Mr. Morgan and which he was now directed to go ahead and carry out was, in principle, what he had had in mind when the Federal Steel Company was organized—the rounded out proposition that would enable them to make, at the lowest cost, all the principal forms of finished steel for sale in all parts of the world. Judge Gary insisted at the time, and has repeatedly insisted at various governmental investigations and suits, as have others connected with the organization, notably Mr. Robert Bacon, that there was no thought in the minds of any one concerned in the proposed organization to secure a monopoly or to restrain trade. "Our intention and our effort," he has repeatedly said, "was to sustain trade and to foster competition."

The way he proposed to do this was to add to the Federal Steel Company not only the Carnegie but a half dozen of the new combinations engaged in finishing products, such as the National Tube Company, Mr. Gates' American Steel & Wire Company, the Tin Plate, Steel Hoop, and Sheet Steel companies. This would give them, he believed, all that they needed. But would they go in?



"With the Boer War, prosperity returned to the steel mills." Illinois Steel Company at Joliet.

For the next four weeks the offices of Mr. Morgan were the scene of as nearly exciting activities as was possible in that dignified and controlled quarter. Judge Gary set up his headquarters there, giving only his afternoons to the running of the Federal. The Morgan lawyers and partners were there, Mr. Carnegie's counsel, the officers and directors of the various corporations which had been approached—men came and went from morning until night, and the newspapers were soon agog with curiosity.

The public became anxious. Early in February it became necessary for Judge Gary—who "directed it all," as Robert Bacon, at that time the Morgan partner chiefly interested in steel, said in the government suit in 1913—it became necessary for Judge Gary to make to the public press some kind of an announcement as to what was contemplated. Here is what he said:

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"Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. are undoubtedly considering plans for the acquisition of the properties of some of the largest iron and steel companies of this country.

"Presumably they will not make or authorize any official statement until after the plans are perfected.

"It is probable there will be such ownership or control as to *secure perfect and permanent harmony* in the larger lines of this industry.

"It is not intended, however, to obtain control of any line of business or to create any monopoly or trust, or in any way *antagonize* any principle or *policy of the law.*

"The method to be adopted in acquiring properties will not permit any minority stock interest to interfere if such stockholder were so disposed, which is not probable, as his pecuniary interest will influence him otherwise. He will be fully protected in any event.

"The success of the enterprise will result in great benefit to the investor in securities, the consumers, and the workingmen or employees. Little, if any, new cash will be required, and therefore the present financial condition will not be disturbed.

"This statement is made solely on my own responsibility."

About three weeks later, March 2, came the promised official statement. It was the famous circular of J. P. Morgan & Company, announcing the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, the formation of a syndicate of $200,000,000 of which they were to be the managers, which should exchange the preferred and common stock as well as the bonds of the new concern, for the stocks of the chosen companies. The terms of the transfer in each case were set down and all the provisions carefully detailed. The capital stock of the new company was announced as $850,000,000. An all-important point in this circular was the following paragraph:

"The forms of the new Bonds and of the Indenture securing the same and of the certificates of the new Preferred and Common Shares, and the entire Plan of Organization and Management of the United States Steel Corporation, shall be determined by J. P. Morgan & Company."

In less than three weeks after this announcement, J. P. Morgan & Company sent out a second circular, announcing that the plan proposed in the first one had become operative by the acceptance on the part of the chosen companies of about ninety-seven per cent on an average of both preferred and common stock.

While these negotiations were going on, the plans of the managers, large as they were, had grown larger. Judge Gary, particularly, was anxious about ores.

"We ought to have the Rockefeller ores."

"We have got all we can attend to," Morgan growled.

Judge Gary told him what he thought.

"How are we going to get them," Mr. Morgan asked.

"You are to talk to Mr. Rockefeller."

"I would not think of it."

"Why?"

"I don't like him."

"Mr. Morgan," said the Judge, "when a business proposition of so great importance to the Steel Corporation is involved, would you let a personal prejudice interfere with its success?"

"I don't know," he replied.

The next morning, however, he came in excitedly, throwing up his arms in exultation and shouting, "I have done it!"

"Done what?"

"I have seen Rockefeller."

"How did he treat you?"

"All right."

"Did you get the ore lands?"

"No. I just told him that we ought to have them, and asked him if he would not make a proposition. How much do you think we ought to pay?"

"I am not prepared to say. It would take me a week to figure out what I would consider a reasonable price."

"Well, tell me offhand what you think we ought to pay."

The Judge worked for half an hour, and finally announced, "there's an *outside* figure—so many millions."

"To my surprise," Judge Gary says

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in telling the story, "Mr. Frick brought in a figure from Mr. Rockefeller a few days later. He would sell the ore lands for so much—$5,000,000 more than my outside figure. 'That is a prohibitive proposition,' I said.

"'Judge Gary,' exclaimed Mr. Morgan, "in a business proposition as great as this would you let a matter of $5,000,000 stand in the way of success?"

"But I told you, Mr. Morgan, that mine was the outside."

"Well, put it this way: Would you let these properties go?"

"No," I said.

"Well, write out an acceptance."

And so it happened that when on April 2 another circular came out, addressed to the stockholders, the Lake Superior Consolidated Ore Mines were included in the amalgamation, also the American Bridge Company. And here, again, there was no difficulty in making the exchange. There was one further important announcement in the new circular and that was that the capital stock which in March had been placed at $850,000,000 was raised to $1,100,000,000—Mr. Gates' "billion-dollar corporation" had been realized.

In the course of the two months' negotiations there had been of course some interesting incidents. One of the most entertaining—the most illustrative of the casual way in which a pivotal thing in a great enterprise may be treated by even a man like Pierpont Morgan—is an incident which Judge J. H. Read of Pittsburgh, then Mr. Carnegie's chief counsel, tells. It was some time after the negotiation with the various companies to be taken in were well under way that Mr. Morgan one day hurriedly summoned Judge Read and one of his own lawyers. "Do you know what I have done?" he said. "I have sold myself short. I have agreed to take over, and I am taking over, the stock of all these companies, and I have not got a scratch of the pen from Mr. Carnegie which would hold him or his estate if he died."

They hurried up to Mr. Carnegie's house on the "L" and explained what they were after. "Of course Pierpont ought to have a letter," Mr. Carnegie said. Judge Read is very likely to remark that Mr. Morgan always winced when Carnegie called him "Pierpont." "Of course he ought to have a letter." And summoning a stenographer he dictated a document satisfactory to the gentlemen, and, apparently, a great relief to Mr. Morgan when it was laid before him.

Altogether the most exciting episode in the negotiations—the only hitch that occasioned any trouble came, as was to be expected, with the American Steel & Wire Company—or, more truthfully perhaps, with John W. Gates. Gates was determined, as was to be expected, to get a whacking price for his organization—a price that Mr. Morgan thought unreasonable. Unable to bring the wire men to his terms, he hurriedly summoned Judge Gary. "I'm through," Mr. Morgan told the Judge, "I cannot settle with them. I want you to take it up. They are all in the other room."

"'Mr. Morgan sent me in to trade with you,' I said to them when I went in," Judge Gary says, in telling the story. "'Luckily, I know the wire game as well as you do. You have been offered all your property is worth, and it is all you are going to get.' We wrangled for several hours, and gradually I was whittling away their points when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Morgan—whose habit it was to go home at three—sent in word that he was going home. I sent word back, 'Don't go—wait another half hour.' At the end of the half hour, word came a second time that he was leaving for home. I sent back the same word. Along about five o'clock, when I found he was determined to leave, I went in. 'Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'I want you to come in and tell those men that the offer that you made will not be changed, that they can take it or leave it, but that if they have not taken it in ten minutes it will be withdrawn and the Steel Corporation will build its own wire plant.'

"'All right,' Mr. Morgan said. In a moment he came in—big and fierce, his eyes like coals of fire. 'Gentlemen,' he said pounding the desk, 'I am going to leave this building in ten minutes. If by that time you have not accepted our offer, the matter will be closed. We will build our own wire plant.' And he turned and left the room.

"John W. Gates scratched the top of his head and turning to Edenborn said,

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'Well, William, I don't know whether the old man means that or not.'

"'You can depend upon it he does,' I said.

"'Then,' said Gates, 'I guess we will have to give up.'

"I sent for Mr. Morgan. 'The gentlemen have accepted your proposition,' I told him when he came in.

"'Is that right?' Mr. Morgan snapped.

"'Yes,' they all said.

"Never have I seen Mr. Morgan more elated. 'Now,' he said, 'let's go home.' We went up on the Elevated to 50th Street, where his old electric car met him. He was like a boy going home from a foot-ball game."

When the bargains had all been made and the Corporation was ready to be launched, Mr. Morgan called in the big group of lawyers that had been concerned and said to them:

"Gentlemen, this is a very large undertaking. So far as the finances of the company are concerned, I have no reasonable doubt it will be successful. As to the legal features, I must rely upon the advice of lawyers, and I should like to inquire if it is the unanimous opinion that the organization is legal and not opposed to any of the existing laws."

With one exception, the lawyers expressed an opinion that the organization was legal and would be sustained by the courts in case of contest. Judge Gary was the exception:

"I believe, Mr. Morgan," he said, "that if there should be a direct attack by the Attorney General against the new corporation at the beginning of its business career, the attack would probably be successful for the reason that so large a percentage of the iron and steel business is included in the new company; as the intentions of the organization have not been demonstrated, the Corporation is liable to be held to be a monopoly in opposition to the Sherman Law. But I also think that if the Corporation and the business of the Corporation is properly managed and it is allowed to continue in business until it has been proven that the intentions of the managers are good, that there is no disposition to exercise a monopoly or to restrain legitimate trade, that in that case, if there is a contest, the company will be held to be legal."

This little speech to Mr. Morgan is vastly more important than it may look to the general reader. It is the first announcement so far as I know of a classification of trusts which was to become famous in the next few years—good and bad trusts. It was also the first intimation that Judge Gary, president of the Federal Steel Company, who had been Mr. Morgan's confidential man in the preparing of the new organization, had ideas in his head about running such organizations which might not be in harmony with those of the body of his co-officials—possibly might not be in harmony with the ideas of Mr. Morgan himself, who had said to him, "You are not only to be my counsel, you are to be my friend in this enterprise."

But what it meant was all a matter of the future. The matter of the present was that on April 1, 1901, the organization was announced as beginning business and its announcement met with such a cry of alarm as has never greeted any business enterprise in this country.

And it was not surprising. The "billion dollar corporation" came on a country that, though it had learned to talk in millions, since the Civil War, had not yet become familiar with hundred of millions, and could not say billions at all. It was a country that for twenty years had been seeing and feeling the abuses of monopoly. It could not believe that anything so gigantic as this new concern seemed to be could be handled without oppression. It was a country that for a dozen years now had been trying to learn how to control and regulate big aggregations and so far had failed. It feared size. That which to Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary and their associates seemed inevitable, reasonable and capable of being handled for what they regarded as the general good, to the public was fearful, a sinister thing.

The next chapter in this series will take up the struggle for leadership in the United States Steel Company as soon as it began to do business; as well as the immediate opposition to what were soon to be known as *The Gray Policies.*

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"ONE LITTLE MINUTE"

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

MR. RITTNER put his big strong hand over his wife's thin fingers. "I've a kind of feeling that we're going to get on his track *this* time," he shouted, in what she felt to be a falsely cheerful voice. He had to shout, for the taxi driver was working his hooter all the time as they motored dangerously fast through the narrow eighteenth-century streets of what has become the heart of business Paris. Now and again they seemed just to escape a bad accident, but Mrs. Rittner was past caring about what might happen to either of them, on this hot July morning.

In the days of her youth, when she and the man who had just shouted those lying comforting words had been hard-working young married folk, she had longed intensely to see Paris, and, being one of those people blessed or cursed with great mental activity, she had actually taught herself to read and even to write French, though she never ventured to speak it. That being so her good husband, Karl Rittner, had promised her that one day, when their two little sons, Fritz and George, were grown up, maybe, she should go to Paris, and with plenty of money to spend too!

Ah me—how fortunate that the future is hidden from us poor mortals. How would Annie Rittner have fared through life's journey had it been revealed to her that George would be killed by soldiers of his father's race, flying—*flying*—in defence of the country which she had always thought of as the embodiment of light-hearted mirth, beauty and charm? And further, that she, herself, would finally come to Paris only because Paris was a kind of half-way house to that part of war-scarred France which seemed to hold so urgent, compelling, and to her so mysterious, an appeal to her remaining son. The only promise which had been redeemed by fate was that she had plenty of money to spend.

The husband and wife had only landed in France four days before, and already Mrs. Rittner felt that she hated Paris. For one thing she had expected to find a cool, beautifully clean city, and she found Paris in July stiflingly hot, and lamentably dirty. It was even a real trial to this refined, elderly American woman to go into the odorous, grimy post-offices from which her husband despatched to Fritz the urgent telegrams to which there had as yet been no answer. Every one they applied to for information agreed that Fritz Rittner was an active and well-known member of the Fraternité Franco-Américaine, but none of those who ought to have known could tell them where he was—exactly.

This morning, almost, she felt, as a last hope, they were on their way to see a woman of whom a kindly, intelligent man in the American Consulate had said: "If Madame Couteau can't help you to find out where your son is just now—then nobody can! The best time to find her? Well, she's in her office from eight in the morning."

Couteau? Knife? What a queer name she thought to herself.

The ramshackle open taxi pulled up with a jerk. Could so important a person's office be in such a dingy, dismal looking house? Yes, for the ill-tempered looking concierge, after glancing at the piece of paper held out to her, pointed her finger skywards, and after what seemed a very long climb they saw the name "Madame Couteau," affixed to a door painted dark brown.

The door was opened by a wizened-faced little girl who led them silently through an unfurnished antechamber into what was evidently Madame Couteau's office, and, as Mrs. Rittner followed the child into the shabby room, she looked about her with an air of discouragement and disappointment. On a flat deal writing-table lay an ink-

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soaked piece of gray blotting-paper, a coverless railway guide, and a telephone. Mr. Rittner's heart sank also. They had evidently been sent on yet one more wild-goose chase, but he wasn't so resentful of that for himself as he was for his wife.

"Makes me tired the way we're treated. I don't anticipate much good from——"

"Ssh!" murmured Mrs. Rittner.

She had seen a door behind him opening slowly, and a moment later Madame Couteau came through it. A spare tall woman, with a mass of gray hair done up anyhow; her pallid face might have been a dead face, but for the curiously bright eyes which were the windows to her soul.

She bowed stiffly, and slipped behind her writing-table; then she held out a claw-like hand for the piece of paper on which their friend of the Consulate had put down the particulars of their anxious quest.

"Rittner?" She spelt out the name, and then in fair English she asked, "And F— what does it say?"

It was Mrs. Rittner who answered her. For all her quiet look and old-fashioned, rather heavy, appearance she had a far more eager, imaginative, and even determined, nature than her husband.

"My son's name is Fritz." Defiantly she added, "His grandfather was a German."

"But yes, I comprehend now." The voice had softened, wonderfully.

"Fritz came over with the first American draft," went on the mother quickly. "He was wounded at St. Mihiel. His right arm and hand were pretty badly hurt, and so he came right home. But after the war was over a short while he said he must go back to France to help in some way, and he's been here ever since. At first he wrote us every mail, but now he writes us only now and again. We feel anxious about him, so we've come, and—and we don't seem able to find him. He was at place called Sourire."

"*Now* Sourire is a geographical expression," said Madame Couteau, staring straight before her. "There may be a few huts, but there is no post-office there—as yet."

"We wirelessed from the ship," went on Mrs. Rittner in a toneless voice, "and we have telegraphed since we arrived in France eight times—or is it nine, father?"

"Nine," he said briefly, "and yesterday we were told as a sort of last forlorn hope that if there's any one in Paris who could find out where our boy is, you can, madame."

There broke a curious wintry smile over the Frenchwoman's pinched face.

"I am very—what word is it?—yes, very perseverant," she exclaimed. "Rest assured that I will do of my best to find this brave boy."

Mrs. Rittner liked to hear her Fritz called a brave boy. He was that—no doubt about it!

Madame Couteau took the receiver off the telephone. Then she looked over at them both and muttered, "One little minute!" and called out, "'Ullo, 'ullo," in a cross tone and hissed out a double number.

Nervously she drummed her thin fingers on the table. Then suddenly she spoke again into the phone. "Some weeks ago you asked for some American volunteers for Rheims? I want to know if among those who responded you have the name of Rittner?" She spelt out the name.

There followed what seemed a long wait. Now and again Madame Couteau would murmur encouragingly, "Just one little minute!" But at last she looked straight at Mrs. Rittner, and her face was so altered, so enlivened with joy, that, for a moment, even Mr. Rittner saw as in a flash what a charming, happy-natured creature she must have been when young.

"Your son *is* at Rheims!" she exclaimed. "I cannot say his address exact, but they will have it 'ere." Bending down she wrote something quickly on a bit of paper, and then she drew towards her the dirty-looking unbound railway guide which lay on the table before her.

Hurriedly she turned over the dog-eared pages. "There is a rapid train at ten o'clock. This afternoon you will see that brave boy!"

Mrs. Rittner ran round the table impulsively and took the Frenchwoman's hand. "I don't know how to thank you!" she said chokingly. And Madame Couteau, gazing down into the flus-

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tered face and misty eyes, asserted, rather than asked: "You had another son, madame?"

"My other son was in Paris studying to be an artist when the war broke out. He joined the Lafayette Air Squadron, and—and he was killed in February, 1915."

Very quietly the Frenchwoman said: "*I* had three sons—I 'ave not one now. But no—I must not say that—*'Les morts sont des invisibles—ils ne sont pas des disparus.'*"

And now, three hours later, they stood in the blinding sunshine outside the railway station at Rheims, a bewildered, helpless-looking pair.

Mrs. Rittner's mind was working busily. She was asking herself, with a kind of amazed surprise, whether this could really be the town of which she had read quite recently, so pitiful an account.

With an instinctive knowledge of what impresses the stranger bent on business, the Frenchmen who planned the reconstruction of Rheims have seen to it that the great space in front of the railway station should look imposingly prosperous—so great stone houses with fine ironwork balconies rise above the public garden which, on this particular July day, made a deliciously cool oasis of greenery and vivid coloring.

The square between the station and the garden was full of automobiles plying for hire, and Mr. Rittner was hesitating which one to hail when suddenly an ancient-looking little horse-drawn open carriage came towards them. There was something about the driver that seemed to mark him out from the people round him, and sure enough—"English?" he asked. And then with a sudden quickening of interest—"American, I guess?"

Mr. Rittner laughed aloud for the first time since he had been in France. "No need to ask what you are," he said drily.

And the other exclaimed: "Same as you, sir!"

Then the man went on: "My wife's a Rheims girl. She wanted to stay right on here, so I kind of felt I had to. There was plenty to do, too—not a street you could get along all through '19! But though the place is practically re-built now—we still have lots of folk sight-seeing."

He was already helping the American lady up into his queer little carriage. "Shall we begin with the Cathedral, ma'am?" he asked insinuatingly.

She shook her head. "We want to go to 10 Place d'Epinay," she said.

As they settled themselves down on the hard seat the unspoken thought in each eager, longing heart was that it didn't look as if there could be any of the sort of work their boy's heart had been so set on doing in *this* prosperous-looking town. Husband and wife also felt just a slight pang of disappointment—while in the train they had secretly looked forward to seeing something of the awful aftermath of war.

The light carriage slithered along a broad thoroughfare lined with high substantial houses across which were emblazoned, in thick gold letters, the names of the famous champagnes of the world. And then——

A sudden turn at right angles brought them to something so extraordinarily fantastic and unexpected that Mrs. Rittner clutched her husband's arm in sheer amaze. They were in a rut-scarred street, lined with skeleton buildings and lamentable, desolate-looking ruins which seemed to lift gaunt arms heavenwards in voiceless lamentation. Here a rough shack had been erected within the crumbling walls of a once fair dwelling-house, and there people were evidently camping out in the heat and dust. Mrs. Rittner silently pointed to where some trick of the wind had taken an acorn, or maybe a tiny sapling, up onto the sill of a second-floor window, for green leaved branches sprawled across a long room of which the ceiling was open to the sky.

The driver turned round at last. "They began rebuilding the week of the Armistice," he exclaimed, a note of apology in his voice. "But these were only houses where folk lived—so no one can afford to build *them* up again yet. But the business part of the town is all right—smarter, I reckon, than before the war!"

And they saw that he spoke the truth when yet another turn brought them once more into a thoroughfare full of large new houses and of eager, bustling animation.

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At last they drew up before a building on which was written "Fraternité Franco-Américaine."

"You stay here, mother, and I'll just go in and find out where the boy *is* just now."

There was something in his voice which made her feel she could not ask him to let her get down too, as she longed to do.

He was away so long that dreadful fears—menacing shapes she would not face—assailed her, but when at last he came out she saw by his face that it was "all right."

"16 Rue Varenne," he called out, and then as he slowly hitched himself up into the carriage again, Mrs. Rittner felt that her husband had suddenly become an old man, and even in the midst of her almost painful joy there came a pang of sharp secret pain.

"He's doing splendid work, Annie," —there was a choke in his voice—"looking after the youngsters here. Most of 'em are war orphans, and they ran wild till Fritz came along and took 'em in hand."

He said nothing more for a while, and then suddenly he turned to her again. "The chap in there seemed scared lest we'd want to take Fritz away."

"I hope we *will* take him away," said his wife, in the quiet yet determined voice of which he had learnt to read the meaning in their thirty-three years of married life.

They were again going through scenes of terrible arid destruction, but such was the joy singing in their hearts that they saw without seeing. It was an outlying part of the city, where as yet no real reconstruction work had been begun, though here and there a one-story building, hastily erected with a view to some poor trade, seemed to make the desolation more desolate.

Mr. Rittner stood up and touched the driver. "Sure it's this way?"

"The Rue de Varenne is this way," called out the driver sulkily.

He couldn't make these people out. The old man had some of the ways and the outward appearance of prosperity; the brooch which pinned the old lady's silk cloak was set with real diamonds, and yet here they were—neglecting the one sight of Rheims, the Cathedral, which still brought opulent strangers to the city.

At last the carriage stopped before the shell of what had been one of those villas which are to be found on the outskirts of every French country town, built of strong enduring brick and stone with no thought of beauty, yet achieving that air of solid worth and secretive, self-respecting security, which has always been the French ideal of life. Now each wrecked room belched open to the sky and to the street, though the *porte-cochère,* through which could be seen the walled garden of what had been a snug little property, had escaped all injury.

"Fritz can't live here," exclaimed the two simultaneously to each other.

The driver slipped off his seat; he disappeared through the arch of the *porte-cochère* for a moment and then he hurried back. "There's somebody living in a shanty in the garden, marm. See the smoke coming from the chimney? Like me to go through and ask if it's the place you want?"

"No," said Mr. Rittner, "we'll just get down ourselves and investigate."

"Best hurry through that archway. There have been some bad accidents through walls suddenly giving way around here."

But neither of them heeded the warning and, as she walked under the vaulted way, Mrs. Rittner looked with painful curiosity to her left and right. Through a huge hole in the parquet floor of one of the ground-floor rooms grass was growing, and over by a shattered window were the splintered remains of what must have been a large marble-topped sideboard.

But nature had done her best to cause what man had done to be forgotten. The once formal, carefully-tended garden was now a glorious riot of color—poppies, hollyhocks, nasturtiums, roses, and geraniums struggled for mastery with one another. A corner had survived as a small kitchen-garden, and over by that one neat little patch was the cottage of lath and plaster from whose chimney was rising, straight up through the hot still air, a thread of white smoke.

There swept over the two strangers a feeling of bitter disappointment. That tiny homestead lost in this desolate

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quarter of the town was not a place in which their son could possibly be living. Mrs. Rittner told herself she had been a fool to let her husband go in and make the inquiry alone, and then—as she stepped up the path leading to the door of the cottage, relief, surprise, and yes, fear, clutched at her heart, for, framed in a widely open window to the left of the closed, green-painted door, an attractive-looking girl sat darning one of Fritz's winter stockings!

Mrs. Rittner knew it was Fritz's stocking for the good reason that she herself had knitted it, and as she gazed at the dark-haired darner, and noted the delicate, somber charm of the oval face, she remembered how years before her boy had said to her once, half laughing, half defiant, "Why, mum, I could never like a *fair* girl!"

Yet there was a fair girl of whom he had grown very fond during that long convalescence of his at home. Her name was Rosy Wiggins, and—and his mother felt sure that Rosy was just quietly waiting for him. But girls get tired of waiting——

Suddenly the stocking-mender saw the two strangers slowly walking up her brick path, and Fritz Rittner's mother, already jealous, saw a look of apprehension come over the sensitive, piquant-looking little face. She left the window hastily, and ran to open the door, and Mr. Rittner, at the sight of what he would have called to himself "a very pleasant-looking young woman" said eagerly:

"Does Mr. Fritz Rittner live here?"

As for Fritz Rittner's mother, she had already stepped up into the bare little passage now filled with a delicious smell of something tasty which made her suddenly aware that she was *very* hungry!

For perhaps as long as half a minute the Frenchwoman remained quite silent in answer to the question, and Mrs. Rittner saw, with an almost cruel satisfaction, that this was no girl, as she had first thought, but a woman who had suffered. Even so, a dangerously attractive, alluring-looking woman.

Again, and this time impatiently, Fritz's father repeated his question, and at last she nodded, and turning, brought a slate out of the kitchen. Deeply scratched across the top of the slate was the name "Frederic Rittner." How strange the "Frederic" looked!

Mrs. Rittner took the slate and wrote on it in French: "I am his mother." The young woman silently opened a door and, stepping back, motioned her unknown guests to pass through into a sitting-room—the only cosy place she had seen in France, said Mrs. Rittner to herself.

An armchair was drawn up to a writing-table covered with papers, and on the brick floor lay part of what had once been a beautiful carpet. The window was open to the garden, and on the ledge of the window was a queer home-made wasp-trap.

All at once Mrs. Rittner seized her husband's arm. "Just look there, father!"

On the narrow mantelpiece was propped up a snapshot of herself and her husband standing on the porch of their home—that house which seemed so much too big for two lonely old folks. Flanking that queer little picture was a French color-print of Niagara Falls.

It was so hot, and they were so tired, that it was with a feeling of deep relief that they both sat down, while the Frenchwoman, framed by the door, and the stocking still in her hand, stared at them in what seemed to Mrs. Rittner a heavy, ominous silence.

At last Carl Rittner got up and began walking round the room. "Looks as if Fritz spent a good deal of his time here," he said casually.

To that his wife made no answer, and presently he spoke again: "Funny sort of place for Fritz to have settled himself into, eh, mother?"

She was wondering what to say in answer to that when all at once the French girl—she did look a girl after all—turned and shut the door quickly and Mrs. Rittner, led by some mother instinct, jumped up and went over to the window. Then her heart gave a great leap, for Fritz was striding up the path, looking like a fair giant after the small wiry dark Frenchmen they had been seeing.

The young woman had run to meet him, and the mother could have called out, so great was her relief when she saw the change that came over his face. He didn't wait to answer the giver of the good news, he just leaped forward.

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"Mother! Dad!" he cried, "why did you ever come without letting me know——?"

And then he was in the room—the room that suddenly looked the smaller for his big presence. There couldn't be any doubt about it—he was glad, glad, *glad* to have them there. And when they all sat down he was still holding a hand of each of them in what, before September, 1914, her husband would have called "the good old German fashion."

But he seemed to take their coming for granted and asked no questions about home, till at last his father said: "What's the matter with you, Fritz? They told me at that office of yours that you weren't well."

"Oh, I'm all right. After I've had dinner you'd best come out and see my little *parlez-vous*—if it isn't too hot?" He turned to his mother, and looked at her solicitously.

But it was she who said suddenly: "I don't think you *are* all right, boy."

"I've felt a bit queer lately—at times." He was reluctant to admit it. "We've got a Scotch doctor here and he wants me to go home. But somehow—well if I go home I don't feel as if I shall ever come over again!"

"Aren't you through roaming?" asked his mother wistfully, and his father added abruptly:

"You can't live and die in France, boy."

"I suppose I can't," he said a thought sadly.

Then he roused himself. "Tell me all about everything. And I say! Have you had anything to eat yet?"

They shook their heads smiling.

"Why, snakes—you *must* be hungry! He jumped up. "There's no dining-room in this little place," he exclaimed, "but Madame Louis keeps the kitchen in apple-pie order."

"*Madame* Louis!" Then she was a married woman? That was a good thing anyway.

The kitchen was the biggest room in the cottage, and Mrs. Rittner looked round it with eager curiosity. Across one end of it had been built in, apparently recently, an old stove far too big for the room. On the stove stood a brown earthenware pot. In the center of the brick floor stood a round table, and on the wall, opposite the window, rows and rows of copper saucepans gleamed brightly. There were three chairs; a gilt armchair upholstered in pink brocade might have come out of a palace, the other two were straw-bottomed, and very roughly finished off.

Fritz Rittner grinned. "Everything in this house has been what we used to call 'won'—you'd just call it 'stolen.' But the poor devils to whom all these things belonged studied 'safety first' when the shelling grew too hot, and they've never come back."

"D'you mean your"—his mother waited a moment then said the word—"landlady just took all these things out of deserted houses?" There was deep disapproval in her voice.

Fritz Rittner laughed. "Well—*no*. Some one else saved us that trouble! *We* paid for the things."

"Us?"—"We?"—what odd words to use of this stranger woman and himself, thought his mother uncomfortably.

And then Fritz Rittner called out: "Madame Louis?" And the young woman came in, took the earthenware pot off the stove and put it on the table. Then she slipped silently out of the kitchen as they sat down.

Mr. Rittner looked at his son with a curious, measuring, thoughtful look. "Been here long?" he asked. And as the other, who was busy ladling out, did not answer at once, he added: "Funny little place, boy, this, how did you find it?"

Fritz Rittner glanced across at his father, and his mother, watching him, felt as if he had been dreaming and had just waked up.

"I don't live here," he said abruptly. "I'm living at the hostel. But I fixed up this place just for an office, and to have my meals in peace and quiet."

There was a touch of slight constraint in his manner, and he became very busy over Madame Louis' savory stew. Though the earthenware pot was large, there wasn't much in it, barely enough for the three of them.

Suddenly Mr. Rittner again spoke out thoughts they were in his wife's heart. "How about *her?*" he asked. "Doesn't she want any dinner?"

Fritz reddened deeply. His mother looked at him—then looked away.

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"She had hers hours ago," he said at last. "I come in at any odd time."

Then, almost as if the words were being dragged out of him, he went on: "That house yonder and this garden belonged to some cousins of Madame Louis. They wouldn't leave when others did, and they were all killed, three of them, as well as their two servants, in the last bombardment. But this shanty wasn't touched—it often happened so. And when she got the news that the place was hers now, she came along and settled in here. A big bit of luck for me!"

There was a touch of defiance in his voice, and "Yes, it was," agreed his mother soothingly.

"It's the women who rule France—fortunately for France," he said slowly. Then, "But mind you—their men are bonny fighters, as our Scotch medico says."

He got up, took their plates off the table and brought over a big bowlful of golden pears.

"For all that parts of the town look so prosperous, there's a lot of food shortage," he said apologetically. "No flour lately, or else we'd have had a pudding."

And then all of a sudden he turned to his mother. "Left your luggage at the station?" he asked.

"We didn't bring any luggage," interposed his father. "We're just here for the day."

"I'm not going to leave him now that I've just found him, so don't you think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Rittner.

The old man laughed. "'Tisn't only in France that what a woman says goes —" he observed. "I suppose we can get some one here to go to Paris and get our luggage, eh, Fritz?"

The young man hesitated. "I don't know that I can get anybody to go to-day." He spoke doubtfully. "Folks are pretty busy here. There's no one left over in France now to do odd jobs."

"I guess money talks more in France than in most places," interjected his father dryly.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far even as to say that." A slow reluctant smile came over Fritz's face, then he became dead serious. "Kill a million and a half able-bodied men, and maim as many so that they'll never work again, and you'll have plenty to do for every one that's left." He waited a moment, then brought out with a certain effort, "Let's see what Madame Louis says." He got up, opened the door into the passage, and shut it behind him.

The two left behind looked at one another uneasily. Mrs. Rittner got up from her chair and walked over to the window. She felt the atmosphere stifling.

The door opened. "She doesn't think we can get anybody to go to Paris to-day, but she says she can lend you night things, mother, and she wants you to stay right *here*. There's a second room upstairs, and father could come along with me to the hostel. Will that be all right?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Rittner slowly, "it sounds all right. But perhaps we'd better see what sort of room it is upstairs."

Fritz Rittner took his mother's hand, and it made her feel as if he were a little boy again. But at the bottom of the narrow, steep, ladder-like staircase he had to drop it, and start up the narrow stair alone two steps at a time.

Did he know the way—? she wondered, and then she felt horribly ashamed of her secret self-questioning when she saw him blocking up the whole of the little landing, and hesitating perceptibly as to which of the two doors to open.

"Madame Louis?" he called out at last, evidently thinking her to be downstairs.

And then, to the surprise of both mother and son, the door to the right opened, and the Frenchwoman coming through it, uttered the three words to which Mrs. Rittner was now becoming accustomed. "*Une petite minute!*" she exclaimed, and then she unlocked the other door giving on to the landing, and preceded them into a room evidently just above the kitchen. There was the same kind of brick floor here as there and the simple furnishings included a comfortable-looking low bed.

Fitz Rittner looked round him a trifle dubiously. "Will this be all right for you, mother? Of course there's no bathroom, but she'll make you plenty of hot water. She's a wonder at getting what one asks for."

He was speaking, or so his mother fancied, not quite naturally.

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"Can she talk anything but French?" asked Mrs. Rittner in a rather hard voice.

He shook his head decidedly. "Not one word! But you can practice your French on her—same as I do. Don't I remember the French books that used to pour into the house when I was a child!"

And then they heard Mr. Rittner's hearty voice. He had come up to see what was happening, for he had felt lonely in that queer-looking kitchen. "Your mother can read French and she can write French, but she won't *speak* French," he cried. "I can't read it and I can't write it—but I do make a try at speaking it!"

"He had a teacher four evenings a week for three months before we left home," said his wife, "and it's perfectly true that he does *try* to talk at any rate. I simply feel I *can't*!"

While this was going on their hostess —somehow they all looked upon her as their hostess—was looking at them with such a curious look. Even to Fritz's mother it was a look that told no tales, though the pain in Madame Louis' eyes was apparent enough.

Mrs. Rittner looked quickly across at her husband. She hadn't seen him look so pleased, so—so happy, well, for years. Her husband's face made up her mind for her—quite suddenly.

"Look here, Fritz. You go along with father. I'm tired, so I'll just stay here in that comfortable room of yours downstairs, and try and get a bit of sleep. I didn't sleep much last night." She couldn't help adding, "Why on earth didn't you let us know where you were, boy?"

He looked hurt. "I cabled when I came here. But I don't expect the cable got far."

They went downstairs, and as he put her in his armchair, he lowered his voice, "You musn't mind if Madame Louis goes about the house singing, it's a way she's got into lately."

"A war-widow?" asked Mrs. Rittner, in a voice which was not as kindly as she would have liked it to be.

He shook his head. "No, worse than that."

"Worse than that?" She wondered what he could mean.

"I'll tell you some time. The truth is she hates being talked over. She told me so just after I got fixed up here."

Again she felt the touch of awkwardness, of something being held back, in his voice, and yet he was looking at her quite frankly, and a moment later when he had shut the door behind him she heard him utter laughing words to his father in the passage.

She got up and from the window looked at them as they hurried down that strange treeless garden. The broad, rather bowed figure, and the tall slim, finely-built young man. She wondered whether Madame Louis was looking at them too from her kitchen window. She surmised she was.

And then Mrs. Rittner fell asleep, and there came no sound of singing to disturb her.

At five o'clock the door opened and the Frenchwoman came in with a tray. She had made tea in a big china teapot, and cut some rough slices of bread and butter. The tea was very strong, and Fritz's mother could not help hoping to herself that Fritz didn't have his tea like that! But still she was grateful for the stimulant for, in spite of her long refreshing sleep, she felt tired—tired and infinitely sad. There had come over her, in a rush, the memory of her other boy. She felt as if George were nearer to her now than Fritz seemed to be.

She looked at Madame Louis. Her trim figure, her beautifully dressed dark hair, the delicate color in her cheeks and her bright eyes reminded Fritz's mother of a picture she had once seen called "The French Coquette." Yet perhaps the half fears and half suspicions, the painful sensations of jealously with which he was assailed, were all fancy. Fritz didn't seem to worry much about his landlady anyway.

She tried to smile pleasantly into the face that was looking down at her with so curiously pathetic an expression, and in answer there did flit a smile over it, but Mrs. Rittner told herself that it was more like a grimace than a smile.

And then Madame Louis suddenly turned and ran into the kitchen. "*Une petite minute!*" she cried, and came back with the slate which bore that unfamiliar-looking name "Frederic Rittner" deeply graven in its shiny gray surface.

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She wrote on it in French: "Does Madame prefer coffee in the morning?" and the other wrote quickly the word "Coffee," spelling it in the French way.

Deep in her heart Mrs. Rittner longed to cover the slate with eager questions about Fritz and his work, but she felt as if there were an invisible barrier between herself and this young woman.

Suddenly Madame Louis bent down and wrote something again on the slate. "You have come to fetch Monsieur Frederic? You want him to return with you?"

And slowly, painfully, searching for the right word, "Monsieur Frederic's" mother answered by another question: "Don't you think, Madame, that my son has spent enough of his life away from his own country?"

And at once the other wrote down: "It is truly time he thinks of his own affairs. I tell him so sometimes."

Mrs. Rittner, still without looking up, wrote down laboriously the words, the supplication, "Tell it him again—now."

"It will to me be hard—he is such a brave boy."

What importance the French people attached to courage! Even without ever having seen Fritz, Madame Couteau had used the same term of praise, of commendation.

Mrs. Rittner looked up. Madame Louis was staring out of the window; then, with a quick movement, she poured a few drops of the hot water she had brought with the tea on to the slate, and wiped off with a corner of her apron what had been written there.

She put her fingers to her lips, and then, catching up the tray, went off just as Mrs. Rittner heard her son's voice close to the window: "We've come to fetch you, mother. You're going to have a first-class dinner. Trust the French to put up a restaurant of what they call the *première classe* where anybody's likely to come along! I am told there's no such good cooking in Paris now, as there is at the place I'm going to take you to——"

Fritz was smiling broadly into his mother's face. Yet it was as if behind his smile there was a feeling of constraint.

Mr. Rittner, who was standing by him, asked: "But how about *her*—I mean your landlady, boy? Hadn't she better come too? Seems unkind to leave her out."

"I don't think she'll come to-night," said Fritz hesitatingly. "French people—well they think a lot of a father and mother, you know. She'd feel she was intruding."

He did not see the mute inquiry in his mother's eye—"and wouldn't she be intruding?"

"All the same I'll ask her," he went on, and ran forward into the house.

Mrs. Rittner went out into the passage. Through the half-open kitchen door she saw Fritz standing very close to Madame Louis. He turned as if he had sensed that she was there, and the mother felt as if she had been caught eavesdropping.

"She says she doesn't care to come to-night. She's got a lot of things to do. I expect she wants to have everything fixed up nicely for you, mother."

And now, three hours later, Mrs. Rittner was slowly taking off the thin black silk cloak which had been made at home after her own pattern just before she had started on this trip to France.

It was years and years since she had undressed by the light of a candle, and she was thinking how queer it was to be doing so, while straining her ears to know whether Fritz was still downstairs, talking to "that person." They had left Mr. Rittner to make friends with the people at the hostel and so, for the first time, mother and son had been alone together. But the car had seemed to fly through the night air, and though he had come right up to her bedroom to see if everything was "O. K." he had kissed her good night hurriedly, obviously disinclined for any talk, and then, shutting the door firmly, he had gone down the flight of stairs.

She stood still and listened intently while there floated up a murmur of voices—low, intimate murmurs. Madame Louis was doing most of the talking, though every now and then the mother could hear her boy's deep voice throwing in a few words.

At last the murmur of voices ceased, and Mrs. Rittner saw her son's figure looming up darkly as he hurried through the eerie moonlit garden

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towards the far more eerie-looking moonlit ruin of what had once been a human habitation.

Slowly she finished undressing herself. She knelt down, but no words would come, and she got into bed feeling more wide awake than she had ever felt in her life.

Would Fritz come home? Would he? *Would he?* She wondered what the real relations between her boy and Madame Louis had been, and were now—— She resented not having seen her husband alone, and yet, if he were here now, what could she say to him? Nothing that could satisfy her uneasy, suspicious, jealous heart.

At last she heard the younger woman come up the narrow creaking stairs, and it seemed to her that Madame Louis listened for a while on the landing before going into her room.

And there, perhaps because it was so uncannily quiet, she found it impossible to go to sleep. For one thing she felt so lonely in the big low soft bed. During her long married life she had hardly ever been separated, even for so long as a night, from her Karl.

She looked back over the evening she had spent at the restaurant. Her husband had enjoyed the excellent food set before them. But, though outwardly placid, she had been inwardly too excited, too questioning, to eat, and now, in the hot darkness, she tried to remember what they had talked about. Fritz had asked a few questions about home, but not as if he really cared to have answers to them.

And then, as she lay turning uneasily this way and that, trying for coolness as sleep was denied her, she suddenly heard the sounds of low, bitter, hopeless sobbing.

She sat up, feeling at once irritated and, yes, distressed. But what could she do? Why, just nothing. Madame Louis had no business to be so—so upset. After all she was a married woman. Mrs. Rittner remembered suddenly a French novel that had made a great impression on her years and years ago. The woman's name had been Emma—Emma Bovary. Perhaps this Madame Louis was like that.

But as the minutes slipped by, and still the piteous sounds continued, she felt that she *must* do something! So at last she got up, and lit the guttering candle. Taking up the slate which had been put by her bedside, she went and opened her door. Then, slowly, she turned the handle of the other door, and stepped into Madame Louis' room.

Holding up her candle she gazed at the narrow bed and its occupant. Madame Louis' hair was down, and, though her face was blotched and disfigured with crying, she looked far younger than she did in the day-time.

Slowly, after they had gazed at one another in silence for what seemed a long time, Mrs. Rittner came close to the bed. She patted the Frenchwoman on the shoulder. "Come," she said, "come, don't cry! What's the matter?"

Madame Louis almost snatched the slate from her hand. "I cry because he's going away," she wrote. And then she looked up at "his" mother, while a queer wavering smile came over her face.

Again she bent over the slate, and the words she wrote down were: "I love him—but he does not know it."

It was as if a great load were suddenly lifted from the heart of Fritz Rittner's mother. Perhaps she showed too clearly the joy, the relief she felt, in her face, for there came an angry look into Madame Louis' eyes.

"He was beginning to love me, even if he did not know it," she wrote quickly.

There was a challenge, something of a threat in the dark bright eyes.

Then Mrs. Rittner, slowly, hesitatingly, wrote what she knew was an appeal to this strange woman who had been so startlingly frank. She, too, would be frank—it seemed to be the only thing to be.

"You are good to let him go away. I know you could keep him."

Madame Louis stretched out her hand; she took a small towel, dipped it into the ewer, and then effaced all the words that were written on the slate.

And after she had done that, she began crying again bitterly, "Oh! la, la!" she cried, rocking herself backward and forward, and then again, "Oh! la, la!"

Mrs. Rittner bent down and, putting her arm round the younger woman's shoulders, kissed her. Then she went

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back to bed and slept heavily, soundly, till the hot sun, streaming on her face, woke her. Then she got up, washed as well as she could manage in the tiny basin, dressed, and went downstairs.

What had happened in the night seemed like a dream, for there was Madame Louis bustling about her kitchen, and with no trace of the woe which had filled her night, while from behind the closed door of the sitting-room there came sounds of Fritz and his father talking together.

After she had finished her breakfast she went in to them, and Fritz, giving her a hasty kiss, left her with his father and, going into the kitchen, shut the door behind him.

"Well," she said, "well, Karl? Is he coming?"

"He is. It's all fixed up! That Scotch doctor actually got through to Paris last night, while the boy was bringing you back here, and some one's coming to-day to take over Fritz's job."

She could see that he was immeasurably relieved, immeasurably glad—but somehow she herself felt just a little ashamed of her own gladness.

She went up quite close to him. "Has Fritz said anything about Rosy Wiggam?" she asked.

He answered gruffly, "Not a word. Why should he?" and then as he caught the look of disappointment on her face, he exclaimed: "Guess it will come all right when they're once more together." And as if following the same train of thought he went on: "I'm thinking we ought to do something for that—that person out there. She's been very kind to the boy. He won't talk about her, but he did admit that she's not well off—comes from what they call the devastated districts."

He was taking out his pocket-book. She saw him count out very carefully ten 1000-franc notes. Looking round he took a bright blue envelope off Fritz's writing-table and placed the notes in it.

"Here, mother, you give her this. Fritz says she won't take anything, but I guess you can make her. She's going back to her old home as soon as we're gone—so she told Fritz last night. He's advised her not to sell this house for a bit. These tumble-down ruins aren't worth much. There isn't the man-power to build the dwelling-houses up again—that's the truth."

"When are we going back to Paris?" she asked eagerly.

"We're starting pretty soon—for, now that he's *got* to go, the boy seems to be in——"

And then he stopped, for the door opened. Mrs. Rittner was glad that she was standing with her back to the window so that she could look at her son. But Fritz's face was not one that gave away much.

"Madame Louis says that she'll pack up everything here, and send it on to me in Paris," he said abruptly. "So there's nothing to wait for, and there's a good train at twelve." He looked at his wrist. "Just ten to eleven, so there's plenty of time. Madame Louis says it would be awful to come to Rheims and not see the Cathedral. I guess she'll come along too."

"You two go and wait in the car, and she and I will follow in five minutes," Mrs. Rittner said and watched them go down the path. She went upstairs and put on her outdoor things. Then she came down and went straight into the kitchen.

Madame Louis said something quickly, but seeing that Mrs. Rittner looked puzzled, she took the slate from where it was hanging, and on it she wrote: "All is arranged."

The older woman nodded, while her hand was feeling down to the pocket where she had put the blue envelope containing those ten thousand franc notes.

She took up the pencil which was tied to the slate, and wrote laboriously: "You have been very good to our son. We want to give you——" Now, what was the French word for present? And then, all at once she remembered, and with a look full of relief she wrote down the word.

The color flew up into Madame Louis' looking at her with bright puzzled eyes. *"Cadeau?"*

And then Mrs. Rittner took the envelope out of her bag. She handed it to the younger woman, patting her hand affectionately as she did so.

The color flew up into Madame Louis' face, but just a little to Mrs. Rittner's disappointment she did not reject the

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gift. She simply said: "You are very amiable."

Well, French people were fond of money—that was a fact—and after all they all knew only too well that the franc was about twenty to the dollar. Still she had not thought Madame Louis would take the money in so quiet and composed a way, just slipping the envelope into her black apron pocket. Of course she didn't know what a lot of money the envelope contained—a lot of money to her—though not very much money to Karl Rittner.

She went into her son's room and sat down in the mahogany and gilt-encrusted chair. She heard the Frenchwoman go upstairs, and then when Madame Louis came down again and opened the door Mrs. Rittner felt as if it was a stranger who stood there. Dressed for going out in a long thin black cloak and wearing on her head a wide yellow straw hat with a bit of blue ribbon tied round it, Madame Louis looked like a lovely picture.

While she was thinking this Fritz suddenly opened the door.

"Now, then, mother, are you ready?" He spoke in a rasped, preoccupied tone, and Mrs. Rittner thought he avoided looking at Madame Louis. "We haven't long!"

She wondered if he knew how light-hearted she felt now that he was coming with them. Light-hearted, yet, for no reason, again just a little ashamed of her light-heartedness.

He stood aside for the two women to go into the passage.

It was an old-fashioned heavy car, with place for three at the back, and two in front. Madame Louis put herself between the two older people, and Fritz sat by the driver.

The car started, and his mother kept her eyes fixed on Fritz's back. She noticed that he just stared fixedly in front of him, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

All at once Mr. Rittner exclaimed, "Here we are!" and the car drew up under the statue of Joan of Arc which once more stands, as if breasting the world, on the great space in front of the mutilated miracle of beauty where Joan saw the king she had saved crowned.

"There doesn't seem anything so very much wrong with the towers," said Mr. Rittner hesitatingly.

"You wait till you've got out," called out his son brusquely.

They all stepped down out of the car, and sure enough, after he had looked for a while Mr. Rittner felt that he had been mistaken. He did not put the thought into words, but his thought was that Rheims Cathedral was now like a beautiful woman who has become not only poverty-stricken, humiliated, and abashed, but also, what is so far worse, degraded.

"I suppose there's more to see than this?" he said.

"You can't go inside—it isn't safe," said Fritz harshly. He pushed open a roughly made new door. "Just stand here, mother."

And she did stand there, and saw the vast desecrated nave open to the sky, with jagged rock-like broken pillars surrounded by loose-looking masses of wood scaffolding.

Madame Louis said something to Fritz. "She wants you to see the tapestries," he exclaimed. "They've fixed up a chapel and hung the tapestries that were hidden away during the bombardment."

The four of them walked silently round the Cathedral till they came to a small leather-covered door. This Fritz pushed open; they found themselves in what was like a tiny country church fashioned out of what had been a side aisle of the Cathedral. Against a boarding, which had been put up to hide the ruined nave, were hung the tapestries.

Slowly they all walked up towards the little altar. There were people kneeling on low chairs, perhaps a dozen altogether—no tourists, no strangers there—only humble folk who had come to say their prayers. On either side of the altar-rail was a large box where visitors were asked to place offerings for the restoration of the Cathedral. In one of the boxes Mr. Rittner put a thousand-franc note.

Soon Fritz whispered to them that it was time to go, and obediently his father and mother began walking back towards the leather-covered door. Madame Louis lingered behind for just a moment and then she hurried after them.

And then, when close to the door,

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Mrs. Rittner suddenly told herself she would like to join her husband in making an offering. After all it wouldn't take a minute! She turned back, and almost ran the few steps leading to the nearest collecting box. Opening her bag she took out a wad of hundred-franc notes and then, as she was going to push them through the square opening, she suddenly caught sight of something, sticking up just within that opening, which made her pause, for it was the flap of the blue envelope which contained the ten thousand francs she had given to Madame Louis.

Well, now! Wasn't that strange And just a little careless, too, for any ill-disposed person could have pulled out the blue envelope and appropriated its contents.

She thrust her offering so that it pushed the blue envelope and its contents right down out of sight. Then she joined the others, and they motored off in the same order as they had come.

All too soon, or so it seemed to Mr. Rittner, they were in the station. Already a crowd was waiting for the Paris train. Fritz seemed a long time getting his single ticket, but at last they were all gathered together on the platform, a little silent group in the surging, talkative crowd. The long, dirty-looking train came into the station, and a great many people got out of it, adding to the confusion.

Madame Louis had become very pale; she no longer looked a pretty, or even a young, woman. She held out her hand, and then impulsively kissed Fritz Rittner's mother. Then she shook hands stiffly with Mr. Rittner. Fritz, meanwhile, was looking for an empty first-class carriage. At last, when he had found one, hoisted his mother up into it, and seen his father settled, too, in the further corner, he turned round.

"Madame Louis!" he called out.

She came forward, and Mrs. Rittner, peering out of the side window, saw with surprise that he did not take Madame Louis' hand. He simply went up very close to her, and began saying something to her in a quick, urgent tone. His mother surmised that he was telling the Frenchwoman that if ever she was in any trouble she must write and tell him.

There came the cry, "*En voiture! En voiture, s'il vous plait!*" And Fritz turned round and swung himself up into the railway carriage.

The train began to move—slowly—slowly, and he leaned out dangerously far.

"Madame Louis!" There was something wild, despairing, beckoning, in his cry.

Mrs. Rittner saw the French woman rush forward. She heard her exclaim breathlessly, "*Une petite minute!*" as she thrust herself through the crowd. Then she leaped up on the footboard of the slowly moving train. Fritz leant out still further, seized Madame Louis' left hand, and suddenly their lips met and clung together, while the mother watched them in agonized silence.

The train began to get up speed and Mr. Rittner, who had been looking out of the further window, turned round and shouted: "Boy, what *are* you doing?"

But it was Madame Louis who tore herself away from him at last.

Mrs. Rittner covered her eyes for a moment. She thought that her son was going to leap down, out of the train. But when she looked again the French woman was standing on the platform, and Fritz was sitting by his father, his hands on his knees, staring before him.

Mr. Rittner spoke first. He had seen nothing of that piteous, passionate embrace. "A chapter closed, my boy, a good chapter closed," he said feelingly. But to that Fritz said nothing and after a while Mr. Rittner again spoke. "A war-widow I assume—that Madame Louis, I mean?"

Fritz answered somberly, "She doesn't know, father, what she is. Her husband was one of those deported pretty early in the occupation into Germany. She has never heard what happened to him."

"Does she want him back?" asked Mrs. Rittner in a hard voice.

Her son looked at her strangely. "She did—for quite a time. And I can tell you one thing for sure, mother——"

He waited a moment. "She would like to have back," he said very deliberately, "the sister of eighteen whom they took a little later, and of whom I've never been able to get any news either, though I think General Allen did what he could."

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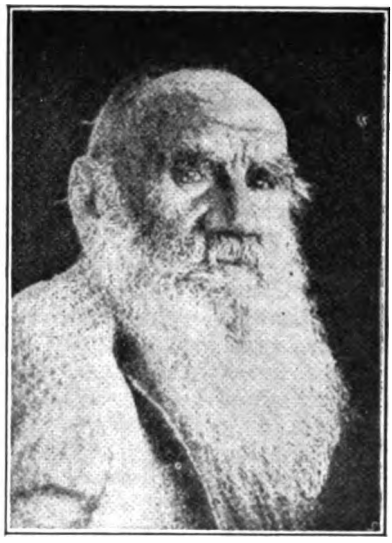

Tchertkov's photograph of Count Tolstoy.

THE TRAGEDY OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

V. Bulgakov's Diary Rendered into English by Mrs. Juliet M. Soskice

Introduction by N. V. Makeev

IN the last days of October, 1910, the whole world resounded with startling news: Count Leo Nicholaevitch Tolstoy had left his home in Yasnaya Polyana secretly, in the dead of night. A few days later Tolstoy's admirers and followers were staggered by the announcement of his death. In his wanderings the Grand Old Man had fallen ill at the little railway halt of Astapovo, had contracted inflammation of the lungs, and died in a small bare room of the station.

The mystery of the great Teacher's sudden disappearance from home, followed by his death, greatly puzzled the world. Only a stupendous drama in the life of Tolstoy could have compelled him, in his great age, to leave his home and the wife with whom he had lived for forty-eight years. For more than thirty years, however, he had been possessed with the idea of withdrawing from his home surroundings of ease and luxury and worldly interests, of isolating himself and devoting the last days of his life to reflections upon God and Truth. The contrast between his inward convictions and the surroundings in which he lived caused him again and again to return to the thought of retiring from the empty vanities of worldly life at Yasnaya Polyana into solitude. But year after year passed and he still refrained from following the deepest yearnings of his soul. In 1897 he seems to have made up his mind and writes a letter to his wife which, however, he never gave her:

" . . . And the principal thing is that, just as an Indian, when he approaches his sixtieth year, goes away to the forest, so every old and religious man wishes to consecrate the last years of his life to God . . . So I, too, entering my seventieth year, long with all

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the strength of my soul for quiet solitude and for an agreement, which, though perhaps not complete, would replace the present crying disagreement between my life, and my beliefs and conscience." And yet Tolstoy still remained. He remained because he feared that his going might be wrongly interpreted, and his wife blamed for it. He preferred to suffer himself rather than make his wife suffer by leaving her.

But the clouds overhanging Tolstoy's life became, as years went by, heavier and blacker. His wife, who felt that spiritually Tolstoy was becoming more and more estranged from her, developed a morbid animosity towards Tchertkov, Tolstoy's intimate friend and dogmatic follower. Frequent conflicts resulted, in which Tolstoy himself inevitably became the innocent victim. His favorite daughter, influenced by Tchertkov, was also gradually involved in those conflicts. Around the great writer sprang up an atmosphere of intrigue, untruth, deception, and secrecy to which his very nature was passionately averse.

"It is difficult with all of them. . . . I cannot help wishing for death."

Thus the idea of retiring into solitude became more and more fixed in Tolstoy's mind under the workings of all these religious, psychological, and domestic motives.

The last act of the tragedy began when Tolstoy and his daughter, Alexandra Lvovna, in June, 1910, were staying as guests with Tchertkov in the latter's house in the village of Meschersкoe, whence they were suddenly called back to Yasnaya Polyana by two frantic telegrams from Madame Tolstoy, that she was suffering from nervous breakdown. During the five months that ensued Tolstoy's spiritual tragedy became more and more intolerable and finally caused his fateful disappearance from home.

The events of this last period of Tolstoy's life were faithfully chronicled by V. Bulgakov.

He was an unbiased witness of the events of the family drama and the discreet recipient of the confidences of the various people who took part in it.

YASNAYA POLYANA,

June 23rd, 1910.

WE arrived at Yasnaya between ten and eleven at night.

I heard the details of what had happened in the house during our absence. It appears that the Countess Tolstoy was displeased that Tchertkov had not invited her to Meschersкoe, and that had aroused in her a hysterical feeling of irritation.

June 27th.

The arrival of Tchertkov has aroused the jealousy of Madame Tolstoy, who has been for some time past in a morbidly excitable condition, and she is now terrified lest intimate contact with Tchertkov should augment his "influence" over her husband.

I told Tolstoy of the arrival of Tchertkov and his mother, just when he was playing chess.

When he heard the news he gave a scarcely perceptible smile. The Countess did not seem able to remain in her seat for more than a moment at a time. She kept jumping up excitedly, going out of the room and then returning.

I asked about her health.

"I'm in a fever . . . I can't breathe!" she said, and went out again.

"You see how it agitates her," said he.

During his morning walk in the park Tolstoy met and talked with Tchertkov, who is temporarily prevented from visiting at the house because of the coldness of relations between himself and Madame Tolstoy.

Yesterday, before showing his new story, *By Accident*, to the Countess, Tolstoy changed one of the details in it: the wife, whom he had represented as an unpleasant, tall brunette with shining eyes, (she might have been thought

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From the Life of Tolstoy by Nathan Haskell Dole, published by Thomas J. Crowell Co.

Yasnaya Polyana—the chateau of Tolstoy's estate.

to resemble his own wife) was transformed into a short, blue-eyed blond.

July 1st.

A dispute has arisen between Countess Tolstoy and Tchertkov as to who shall have possession of Tolstoy's diaries. If the diaries are given to her she may erase all the places in them which are displeasing to her.

July 11th.

I passed the night at Yasnaya. When I got up in the morning I learned that Madame Tolstoy had had a fit of hysterics in the night, that her husband had got up to quiet her, that she had run out into the park, etc.

July 12th.

The famous Baptist preacher Fetler has come to visit Tchertkov's mother in Telyatinki. She invited Countess Tolstoy to come to Telyatinki to hear Fetler preach. We went in the carriage with the fast trotters. Madame Tolstoy was wearing an elegant black silk dress. She was in tears the whole way. She was exceedingly pitiable, and kept beseeching me to tell Tchertkov to return her the manuscripts of her husband's ies.

"Let them write them out again, copy them," she said, "and give me only the original manuscripts! I have his former diaries! Tell Tchertkov that if he will give me the manuscripts I will be calm . . . I'll restore him to my friendship; he can come to us as before, and we'll work together for the Teacher and serve him. . . . Will you tell him that? For God's sake tell him!" For some reason she did not believe that I would give her message to Tchertkov, and she begged me again and again to do so.

I could not look at the unhappy, weeping woman without feelings of the deepest sympathy. I shall never forget the short time I passed with her in the carriage.

July 14th.

The situation in Yasnaya has become alarming. Madame Tolstoy has been categorically demanding her husband's diaries for the last ten years, and now threatens, in case of their being withheld from her, to poison or drown herself.

Tolstoy is tormented on her account. He is ready to make any concessions to calm his wife. Of course, general peace and agreement are of immeasurably

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greater importance for him than any papers whatsoever.

To-day he wrote her a long, touching letter in which he said that he would take the dairies away from Tchertkov and keep them himself, and that, if Tchertkov was objectionable to her, he was ready for the present to give up seeing him; but that on his part he must ask her to control herself and alter her behaviour, or otherwise he would take back the promise he had given her not to leave Yasnaya Polyana, and would go away.

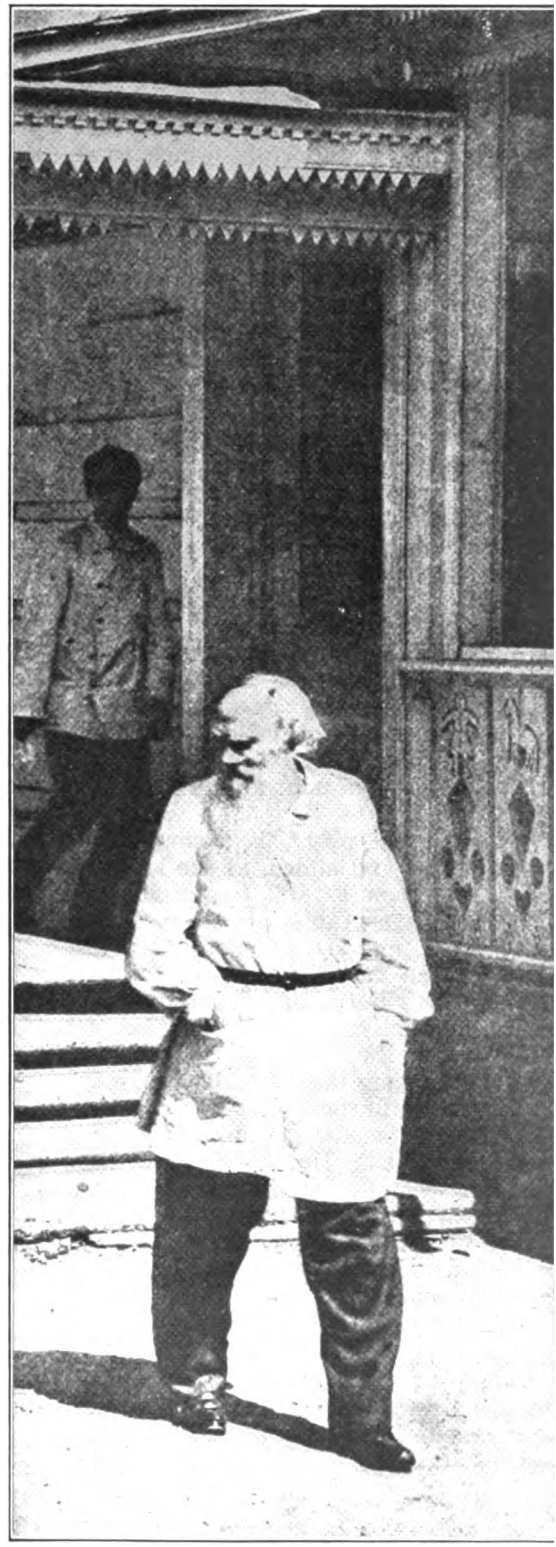
The letter (it was published by C. A. Tolstoy in 1905) concluded with the following words:

"I could continue to live in this way if I could peacefully bear your pain, but I cannot. Yesterday you left me distracted and suffering. I wanted to lie down and sleep, but I began not so much to think of you as to feel you; and I could not sleep, but listened until one, until two, then fell asleep and listened again, and saw you in a dream."

"Think things over camly, dear friend; listen to your own heart, examine your own feelings and you will come to the right decision. As regards myself, I have decided that I cannot act, and could not have acted otherwise. Cease, my darling, to torment not others, but yourself, because you suffer a hundred times more than anybody. That is all."

Alexandra Lvovna went to Telyatinki for the diaries. They set to work hastily to arrange and copy out those places in the diaries which were compromising to Madame Tolstoy, and which she might have destroyed. After that the diaries were packed up, and Tchertkov himself, standing on the threshold of the Telyatinki house, taking leave of Alexandra Lvovna, made the sign of the cross three times in the air over her, in solemn jest, with the parcel containing the diaries. It was difficult for him to part with them.

And with what excitement and impatience the Countess was await-



Tolstoy on his way to lunch at Yasnaya Polyana.

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ing them. She threw herself upon the diaries with such impetuosity, when Alexandra Lvovna brought them, that they were obliged to call for help to M. S. Sukhotina, to prevent her from damaging the manuscripts, which were finally taken from her and sealed up.

July 19th.

The Count is using the "Remington" room (the secretary's room) because of the heat in his study which looks towards the south. I had a talk with him there about different business matters.

Madame Tolstoy came in as we were talking and, seeing the conclusion of a story in her husband's hands, asked what was written on the sheet of paper. He began to explain it to her, but she didn't understand.

"Is it a letter to Tchertkov?" she asked. "Why to Tchertkov? May I copy it? Why should you send this to Tchertkov and not the copy that I'll make of it?"—and so on and so forth. She poured out her questions. And in the end she said:

"I don't understand anything about it."

"It's a great pity," he answered in a tired voice, and added, as she left the room, "as soon as it's a question of Tchertkov, everything grows confused in her head, and she understands nothing. Heaven knows what it is!"

Dr. D. V. Nikitin, and Rossolimo, the mental specialist, came from Moscow to-day to see the Countess Tolstoy.

Tolstoy hopes that the doctors may have some influence on the Countess, and may persuade her to submit to their directions. He thinks that her attention should be turned to controlling her own bad impulses.

The doctors did not arrive at any definite conclusions to-day, and are staying till to-morrow.

July 21st.

To-day the doctors went away. Her condition was diagnosed by them as one of paranoia. They found nothing very seriously wrong.

July 22nd.

I showed the Count one of the long letters I had written at his instruction. He was sitting on the balcony, very weak and exhausted. I knew later that he had been signing in the wood a secret will, making all his works public property, and appointing A. L. Tolstoy as his executor.

The Countess appeared to scent some misfortune in the air. She seemed again displeased, and kept the whole house in a state of continual strain. It was like an effervescence, about to explode and burst out into something terrible and unexpected. It was intolerable—I felt it particularly so to-day—on account of Tolstoy.

July 26th.

Yesterday and the day before Count Tolstoy was not well.

Yesterday the Countess (excited, as always) decided that she would go alone from Yasnaya to Moscow, "perhaps for ever," she said. She then seemed to grow calmer, packed her boxes, took leave of her husband and the rest of the household in the most scrupulous manner, and went by carriage to Tula, to catch the express train there.

To-day, however, she returned unexpectedly from Tula, in company with Andrei Lvovitch, who was in a somewhat aggressive mood, and, as usual, ready to take his mother's side in her conflicts with his father. He is a source of great suffering to Tolstoy.

It seems that both mother and son had some suspicions with regard to the will.

July 30th.

"Everything is quiet with us to-day," said the Count as I sat with him in his study. "A little while ago I began to understand how important it is, in my position, to be passive, that is, to do nothing, and undertake nothing. To answer every provocation that I receive, or may receive—by silence. Silence—means such strength! I have tested it on myself. You imagine a man to be full of mighty arguments, and it suddenly appears that he is nothing of the sort . . . that is, the man who is silent. You imagine that he is gathering together the most weighty objections and he—says nothing at all! At any rate, that's the way silence always acts upon me. What is necessary is to reach that condition in which, as the gospel says, you love those that hate you—love

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your enemies. But I have not reached that yet, by a long way."

"Probably, Count Tolstoy, you look upon all this as a trial and make use of it for working on yourself?"

"Just so. Just so! I have thought over many things during this time! But in my situation I am still far from acting like St. Francis. You know what he says?—that if you should learn all languages and possess all wisdom, perfect happiness does not lie in that; perfect happiness is in this—in being submissive when men curse you and cast you forth, and in saying to yourself that it must be thus, and hating nobody. I am still very, very far from such a condition."

August 1st.

In the morning Tolstoy said to me: "To-day Madame is . . . (moving his hands from the wrists). "She doesn't say anything bad, but—she's restless——"

After dinner I went to his study on a matter of business. I knew that just previously he had had an unpleasant conversation with his wife.

I had left the room when I heard his bell and turned back.

He was sitting as before, deep in his armchair, in the corner.

"It's you? I thought Sasha would have come. Well, it's all the same . . ."

He asked me to shut the door leading to the balcony; the weather was continuously bad, and it was already cold. Then I placed candles on his little work-table, and went to another little table for matches.

"Ah, how good it is!" I heard him exclaim behind my back.

"What is good?" I asked, turning to him.

"What are you smiling at?"

"At your saying that something is good."

"Yes. I'm thinking how good it is! How, when you are living a spiritual life, even to a small extent, it transforms everything! When you feel unkindly, and yet behave rightly—you know, as St. Francis said—how good it is, what joy! If you succeed in making yourself behave as you should, the thing that has seemed to you evil is transformed into good."

He was silent a moment.

"That seems like a paradox, and many people don't understand it. But it is the truth!"

August 3rd.

This evening more painful scenes, like nightmares. The Countess overstepped all limits in offending her husband, and said the maddest things to him in justification of her hatred of Tchertkov.

After the scene Tolstoy walked quickly to his room, erect, with his hands thrust into his belt, his face pale, and as though frozen with horror and indignation at what he had been hearing.

The click of a key was heard; he had locked his bedroom door. Then he went from the bedroom to his study and locked the door from the study to the drawing room, thus intrenching himself in his rooms as in a fortress.

His unhappy wife ran from one door to the other, imploring him to forgive her—"Levushka, I'll never do it again!"—and to open the door, but the Count did not answer.

What he went through behind those doors, outraged in his deepest feelings of human dignity, God knows!

August 5th.

I was sitting with Tolstoy in his study.

"Madame Tolstoy is not well," said he. "If only Tchertkov could see her now, as she is to-day!—one can't help feeling sympathy for her. When people are as severe to her as Tchertkov and many others are—as I am—— And yet all her suffering is without the slightest reason! If she had any reason she wouldn't be able to silence it, she would have revealed it. She simply feels oppressed here; she can't breathe. I can't help pitying her, and I'm glad when I'm able to feel that. I've even put down some thoughts about it."

The Count took his notebook from his pocket and began to read. This is what he read:

"Every man is in a process of growth, and that is why we should not give him up. But there are people living in a state of mind so strange to you and so far removed from you that it is impossible to treat them otherwise than as children—that is, loving, respecting and guarding them, but not putting one's-self on the same plane, not requiring

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August 7.

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After the scene Tolstoy went quickly to his room, and with his hands thrust into his belt, he began to walk and as though frozen with horror and indignation at what he had heard.

The click of a key was heard. He locked his bedroom door. Then from the bedroom to his study he locked the door from the study into the drawing room, then another door in his room as in a fortress.

His unhappy wife went from door to the other, imploring him to open to her—"Lev Nikolaevich, I'll never do it again!"—and to each of these the Count did not answer.

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I was in his study.

"Masha, he

Tchertkov and Madame Tolstoy, die in a railroad station. Tolstoy y. Overtures of peace, made by death, were scoffed at by Tchertkov.

of Tchertkov's unkind and sometimes even rough behaviour to her.

Once he had said to Tolstoy in her presence:

"If I had such a wife I would shoot myself!"

At another time he had told her, "If I wished to I could do much damage to you and your family! But I won't!"

September 18th.

M. M. Klechkovsky, a close friend of Tolstoy and of Tchertkov, a barrister by education, but a teacher in the conservatoire by profession, came to-day to see him, but did not find him at home.

Just as he arrived he met Counte

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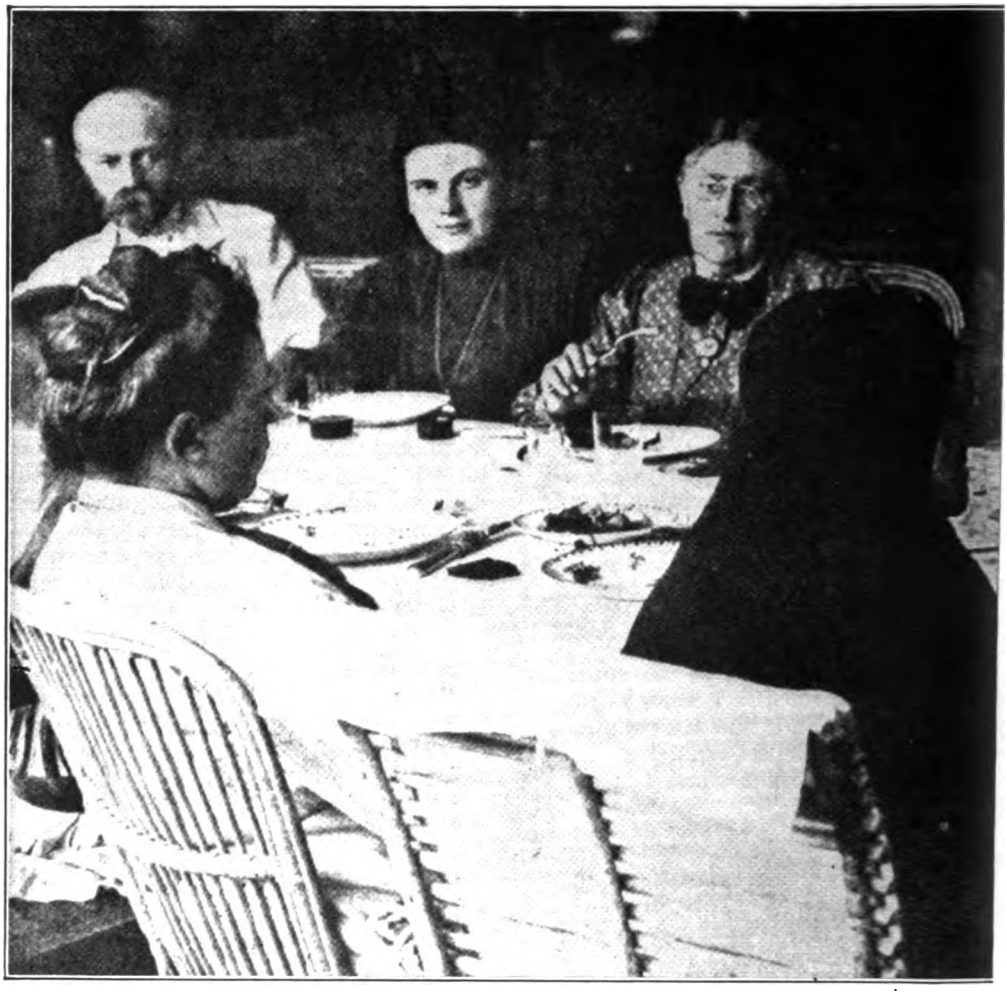

Tea at Yasnaya Polyana. Facing the camera, left to right—Dr. Dushan Makovitski, Tolstoy's physician; Alexandra Tolstoy, his daughter; Mlle. Igoumnova, his assistant secretary. Facing the table, left, Princess Obolenski, Tolstoy's daughter, and right, Sister Marie Nicolaevna, a religious, and Tolstoy's sister.

from them that they should understand their limitations. There is one difficulty, however, in treating them like that, because, instead of a desire to learn, the sincerity of childhood, these children show indifference, and deny what they can't understand, and chiefly they are possessed with overwhelming self-assurance."

"How many such children there are near us," he added, pointing to the door, "among those who surround us!"

August 12th.

At dinner Count Tolstoy said:

"What a lucky day for the Reading Circle. There's Maupassant's story, *Loneliness*. The foundation of it is a beautiful and true idea, but it is not carried through to the end.

"As Schopenhauer said: 'When you are alone, you should know who that being is within yourself, with whom you are left.' Maupassant had not got that. He was still in the period of inward growth; the process had not finished in him. But there are people with whom it never even begins. All children are like that, and how many grown-up and old people!"

September 14th.

Among other things the Countess (quite mad) wanted to show me a cer-

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Tea at Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoy is sitting between Tchertkov and Madame Tolstoy, whose endless quarrels drove him from his home to die in a railroad station. Tolstoy attempted to placate them in every possible way. Overtures of peace, made by Madame Tolstoy a few days before her husband's death, were scoffed at by Tchertkov.

tain place in a former diary of Tolstoy's upon which she based her abnormal jealousy of Tchertkov. But I refused to read the passage, saying that I could not do so—it would be painful for me. I love and respect him too much to allow myself, without his permission, to examine his diary, for the purpose of seeking out anything in it derogatory to himself. She took my refusal very well and said that she understood me. But she thinks that I merely wish to preserve for myself an illusion, while I know that I cherish no illusions; I have a deep conviction of this great man's moral integrity and purity.

As usual Madame Tolstoy complained of Tchertkov's unkind and sometimes even rough behaviour to her.

Once he had said to Tolstoy in her presence:

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Tolstoy. She, according to her custom, decided to enlighten the guest on all the events of Yasnaya, and began to tell him things about Tchertkov, heaping such an amount of dirt on him that poor Klechkovsky was horrified. He burst into tears in her presence, and ran out of the house as though he had been scalded. He rushed to the wood and wandered about there nearly the whole day, appearing finally at Tchertkov's in Telyatinki.

Klechkovsky is a very sensitive man, and devotedly attached to Tolstoy. He had no idea of what the Count was made to suffer in Yasnaya until he realized it through his interview with Madame Tolstoy.

Probably he imagined that he would find solace for his soul at Tchertkov's. But here he came on Mme. Tchertkov, and Tchertkov himself, who on their side said such abominable things about the Countess and gave him such accounts of their struggle with her that Klechkovsky became still more beside himself. He nearly went out of his mind that evening.

Klechkovsky did not stay at Telyatinki for the night, but went back the same evening to Moscow.

It happened that I too was going to Moscow on business of my own and we drove in the same carriage to the station. (In the train we traveled by different classes.) On the way to the station Klechkovsky was silent nearly the whole time and complained of headache. We only exchanged one or two sentences.

"My God, how little care they take of that marvelous man! How little care!" exclaimed Klechkovsky, breaking the silence.

His words were heard by Musha Zaytsev, a country fellow who worked for Tchertkov, and was a friend of Dima's, Tchertkov's son, who was driving us to the station.

"Ye-es! Countess Tolstoy is certainly not careful," he said in answer to Klechkovsky's words.

"It's not only the Countess who is not careful," answered Klechkovsky.

"And who else?" Musha asked, perplexedly, turning to us on the box.

"He knows who else," said Klechkovsky, nodding towards me.

He had been dumbfounded at the atmosphere of hatred and malice which surrounded the old age of one who stood so much in need of peace. Coming into it unexpectedly he had been appalled, and felt the most sincere anxiety for the great Tolstoy, natural in one so devoted to him.

In both Yasnaya and Telyatinki, for a long time after his departure, they said of him with condescending disdain,

"He's a queer one!"

September 22nd.

I had been to Moscow on business of my own. I returned in the evening to Yasnaya Polyana to await Count Tolstoy, who had been visiting his daughter at Kochety. The Countess was in a highly excited condition. This time she was aroused not only against Tchertkov, as formerly, but against Tolstoy himself.

She said aloud that she loved him no longer and that he was "more than half a stranger" to her. She was expecting him, she said, without the usual feeling of joy.

"And it's all—Tchertkov! Whose fault is it? He interferes with our family life! Imagine; before he came it was quite different," said she.

The Count, Alexandra Lvovna, and Dushan arrived at half-past twelve at night. It was cold and Tolstoy was wrapped in an enormous bear-skin coat sent to the station by his wife, but only on being reminded by a servant.

To my questions as to his health he replied that he felt very well.

"Was it not cold?" asked the Countess, coming slowly down the stairs and greeting her husband when he was divested of all his outer clothing.

"No. I've counted that I've been wearing seven coats!"

Her meeting with her husband was very cold. She welcomed him indifferently, almost unwillingly.

Tolstoy went upstairs alone with his wife. The rest of us went to Alexandra Lvovna's room.

September 23rd.

To-day is the 48th anniversary of the marriage of the Tolstoys.

Countess Tolstoy, contrary to her usual custom, got up very early and putting on an elegant white dress went for a walk in the park. She said that she had gone to bed at 4 o'clock in the morning and had not slept at all.

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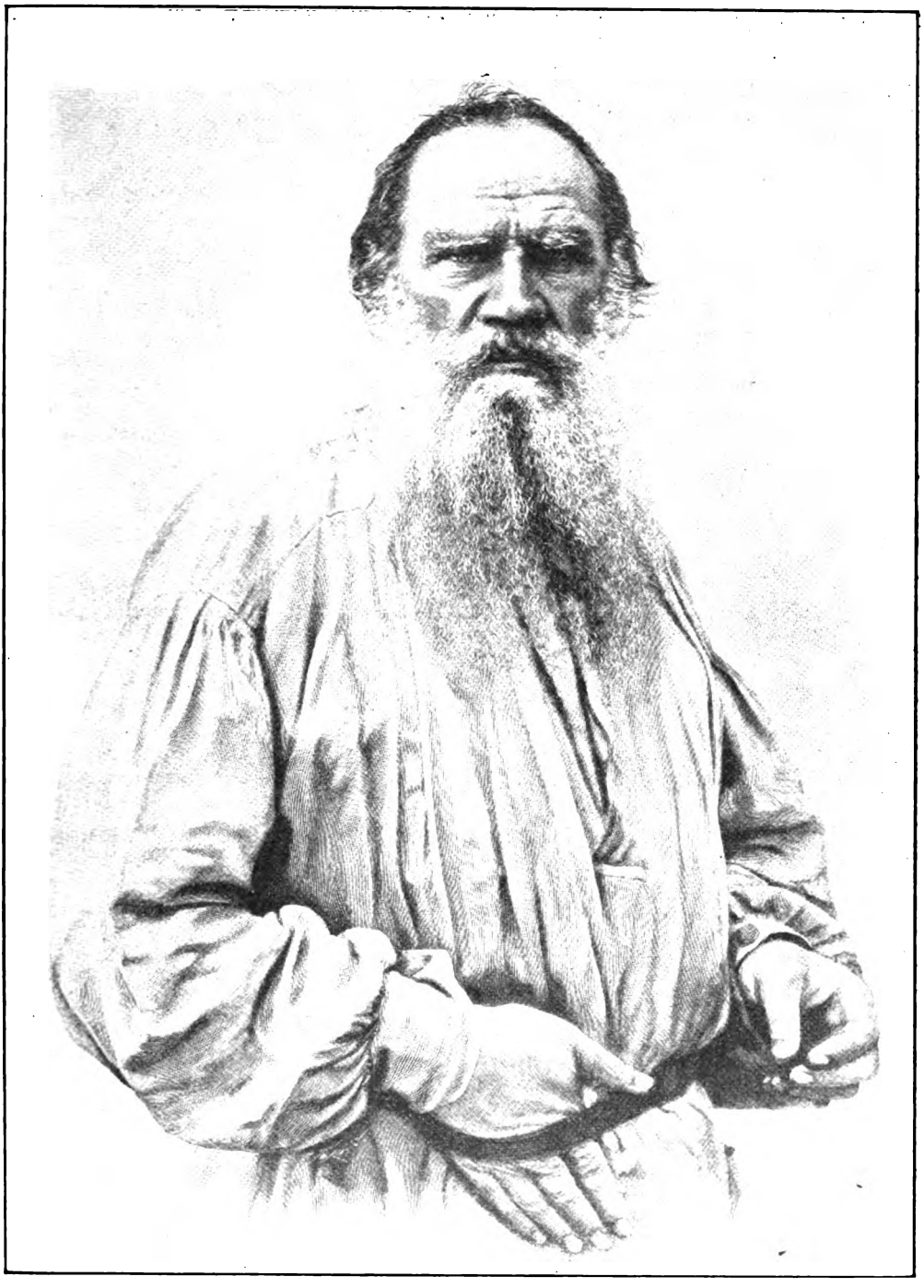

Tolstoy—"Silence means strength. I have tested it upon myself."

"Allow me to congratulate you," I said, when I greeted her.

"Upon what?" she asked, stretching out her hand to me.

She said no more, but went away weeping and covering her face with her hand.

After breakfast I took a photo of Madame Tolstoy with her husband.

She had persuaded him to be photo-

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graphed with her on the occasion of the anniversary. The process was distressing. The Countess, evidently anxious not to annoy her husband, grew hurried and nervous, and at the same time asked him repeatedly to change his pose. Knowing Tolstoy's dislike of being photographed, I easily guessed what he was suffering. It distressed me to look at them, and I mechanically pressed the rubber ball, counting aloud according to her instructions.

"One—two—three!"

I had to repeat it four times.

But afterwards it appeared that I had not held the exposure long enough; there had not been enough light in the room and all four attempts were extremely unsuccessful. Also, Madame Tolstoy had placed the camera wrongly.

September 24th.

This morning Count Tolstoy told me that yesterday he had put his notebook, his "most intimate" one, somewhere, in order to hide it and had forgotten where it was.

"You know, in one note-book I write the thoughts that are afterwards copied into my diary. My diaries are read by Tchertkov, by Sasha, but this little note-book was absolutely private. I let nobody read it. I have looked everywhere for it and can't find it. It may be that it has fallen into Madame Tolstoy's hands."

"Was there anything particular in it?"

"Yes, of course. I wrote frankly. Well, never mind! Thus it must be. Perhaps it may turn to good."

September 25th.

Madame Tolstoy again began to ask her husband to be photographed with her. It was necessary, she said, to eternalize the jubilee of the 48th anniversary of their wedding, and last time, on account of my lack of experience, the negatives had been spoilt. He agreed.

The photographing again fell to me, this time in the open air, opposite the steps under the hall windows. The Countess marked with pegs where she and Tolstoy were to stand. She counted the steps beforehand between the place and the camera.

While walking down to the spot the Count looked at me and smiled. Then he took up his position in the appointed place, thrusting his hands into his belt. His wife took his arm. I took two snapshots. This time they succeeded, and as fate would have it, they were the last ones taken of the great teacher during his lifetime.

September 26th.

Another day of distressing events, which, this time, led to particularly serious consequences.

Madame Schmidt and I were sitting in the "Remington." Suddenly Madame Tolstoy, in high excitement, rushed in and declared that she had burned the portrait of Tchertkov.

"The old man wants to kill me! My health has been quite good for the last few days, but he intentionally puts Tchertkov's portrait back in its old place, and he himself has gone for a ride!"

A minute later she came in again, and said that she had not burned Tchertkov's portrait, but "had prepared it" for burning. And again still later she came in, carrying a handful of tiny fragments of the torn picture which she so detested.

Marya Alexandrovna and I suddenly heard a shot from Madame Tolstoy's room. (She used to keep a harmless pistol for frightening birds.) Marya Alexandrovna hurried to the Countess's room. The latter declared to the terrified old lady that she had fired—at whom it was not known—but had "missed," and only deafened her own ears. Later on she came to our room and said she had only "tried" to shoot.

Tolstoy returned. We told him what had happened. Later when he was preparing to lie down and rest in his own room another shot was heard from his wife's bedroom. Dushan, who was dressing the Count's bad leg, told us that he had heard the shot but had remained in his room. It appeared that Madame Tolstoy had again "tried" to fire, and had shot at her wardrobe. After the shooting, seeing that nobody came to implore her to calm herself, she went out into the park. Evening was approaching; it was getting dark and chilly.

Half an hour passed. First Dushan went out to try to induce the Countess to return to the house. He found her

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walking to and fro in the avenue of old lindens near the house. She had no coat on and her head was bare.

Dushan's mission was without success. She would not put on a coat and refused to return to the house. My attempt, too, was in vain. I went out at the request of Madame Schmidt, against my will, since I did not wish to take part in the comedy played by the Countess. I didn't even know what to say to her; it would have been better in my opinion not to speak to her at all. She returned to the house only after old Madame Schmidt, bowed, weak, and ailing, went to her, leaning on her stick. Anybody should have been ashamed to keep her out in the cold.

After we had separated I remained late alone at work in the "Remington."

September 29th.

Tolstoy is very well to-day. He is strong and cheerful, both physically and mentally.

At lunch, Madame Tolstoy, contrary to her usual custom, took something to eat.

"Ah! you are lunching!" exclaimed her husband. "That is right!"

The Countess spoke of her doubts as to whether she should or should not publish the 3rd volume of the collection of her husband's works, "The Combination, Translation, and Investigation of the Four Gospels." Competent people had advised her differently. Tolstoy remarked that, since it was known that the text would not be passed by the censor, it would be best to publish the whole volume in dots alone!

The Count has been very kind and attentive to her to-day. This has shown itself in many trifling incidents. As she herself expressed it, he has been "bringing pears to her." He even questioned her about various things to do with the management of the estate, in which he never interests himself, considering it a matter apart from him, which he had given up. Since 1881, when Tolstoy divided all his property among his heirs, "as if he were dead," the management of all affairs of the estate has fallen on the Countess.

At dinner he ordered her kvass. In the evening he advised her to go to bed early. Her equableness, undisturbed during the last two days, has given rise to an unconstrainedly affectionate attitude towards her on the part of her husband. The absence, too, of Alexandra Lvovna has caused him to forget the tactics of "strictness" and "inflexibility" recommended, but obviously not natural to him.

When, after lunch and the reading, he retired to his room, Madame Tolstoy passing through the "Remington," stopped for a moment at the door and said to me:

"Your presence among us is a great blessing."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's not so tedious when you are here, and Count Tolstoy is not dull. You are very tactful. And when I ask you something you answer tactfully, even when evasively. And I understand you. You say what you ought to say. I know that your only object is to pacify everybody. Can't I see that? Thank God I have not lived for sixty-five years without learning to understand people a little."

Her words reminded me of the only reproach she had ever addressed to me: that I carried letters backward and forwards between Tolstoy and Tchertkov. "A walking post!" she had exclaimed, unable to refrain from the temptation of pricking me. But I openly declared at the time that whatever Count Tolstoy might tell me to do, whether it were to deliver letters or anything else, I should always obey. I could never refuse any request of his. She had made no answer to this.

October 3rd.

The Count had been in excellent spirits from the morning. He went riding with Dushan, and there was absolutely nothing to foretell what happened in the evening.

He had slept longer than usual before dinner after his ride. We waited for him till seven and then sat down without him. Madame Tolstoy, when she had served the soup, went to see once more if she could hear him moving. When she came back she told us that just at the moment when she reached the bedroom door she heard the striking of a match against the box. She went in to him. He was sitting on the bed, and asked what time it was and whether we were at dinner. But some-

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From The Life of Tolstoy by Nathan Haskell Dole, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Chekoff, the novelist, and Tolstoy, during a visit to the Crimea.

thing seemed wrong. His eyes looked strange to her.

"His eyes looked vacant—that means a fit. He falls into unconsciousness."

Tolstoy had three or four such alarming seizures during his old age, generally brought on by some great emotion or over-fatigue. Since I came, in the beginning of 1910, he had not had one.

She took a little soup. Then, rustling her dress and pushing back her chair, she got up and went into the study again.

Her children exchanged displeased glances, as though asking why she need disturb their father.

But when she came back her face was terror-stricken.

"Dushan Petrovitch, go to him at once! He is unconscious! He's lying down and muttering something. God knows what!"

We all sprang to our feet. Dushan rushed through the drawing-room and study into the bedroom and the rest followed.

In the bedroom it was dark. Tolstoy was lying on the bed. He was moving his jaws and making strange low, moaning sounds.

Terror and despair descended upon those in the room.

They lit the candle on the little table near the head of the bed, took off the sick man's boots, and drew a blanket over him.

Lying on his back and pressing the fingers of his right hand as though he were holding a pen, he began to move his hand feebly over the blanket. His eyes were shut, his brows drawn together; his lips moved as though he were chewing something in his mouth.

He began to speak in delirium.

"Write," he said.

Biriukov gave him a pencil and a writing block. The Count covered the block with his handkerchief and moved the pencil across the handkerchief. His face was clouded as before.

"I must read it through," he said, and several times repeated "wisdom . . . wisdom . . . wisdom . . . ."

"Levotchka, darling, stop! It's a handkerchief! Give it to me," said his wife, trying to take the block out of his hand. But he silently shook his head and continued to move the pencil over the handkerchief.

The Countess fell on her knees, embracing his feet, bowed her head upon them and remained for a long time in that position.

She made a pitiable impression. She raised her eyes, hastily signed the cross

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upon her forehead and whispered:

"Oh, my God, let it only not be this time! Not this time!"

She did not do this before the others. I found her praying like that when I went by chance into the "Remington" room.

She said to Alexandra Lvovna, who had been hastily summoned by a note from me:

"I suffer more than you! You are losing a father, but I am losing a husband of whose death I am guilty!

Alexandra Lvovna appeared outwardly calm and only said that her heart was beating terribly. Her thin white lips were pressed resolutely together.

But here a strange incident occurred. Madame Tolstoy, notwithstanding her agitation, abstracted a small portfolio with papers from the Count's desk and hid it. Her children noticed this. Sergei Lvovitch hastily took up and concealed his father's note book, while Tatyana Lvovna hid the key of his desk.

After the fifth attack the patient grew quiet, but was still delirious.

Late in the evening he regained consciousness.

"How did you come here?" he asked Dushan, and was surprised to find that he was ill.

In the night, seizing the opportunity when Tolstoy was asleep and we had all separated, the Countess took the portfolio out of the drawing-room cupboard where she had hidden it and carried it to her room. Tatyana Lvovna met her.

"Mama, why are you taking the portfolio away?"

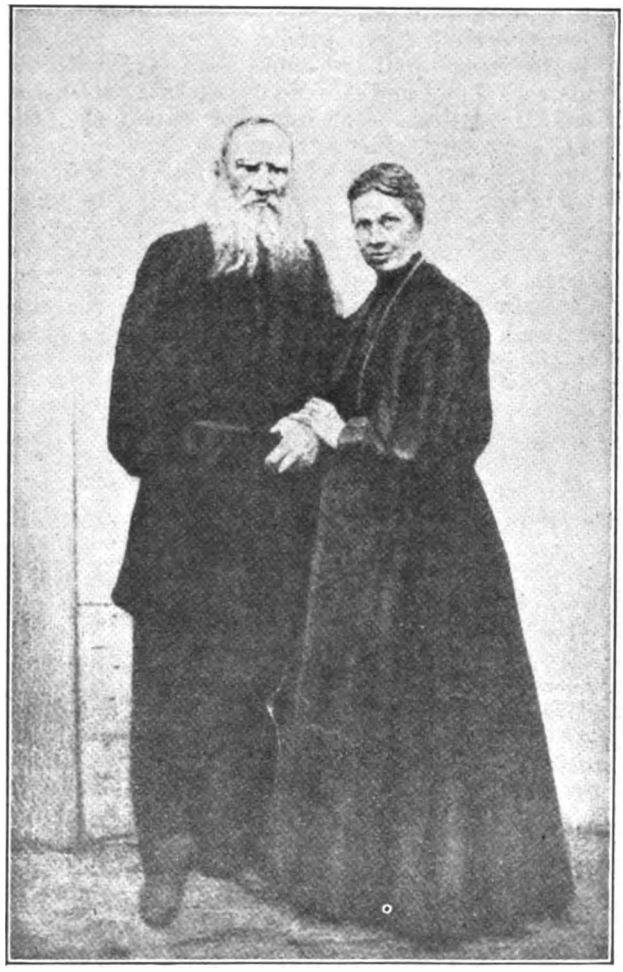
"So that Tchertkov should not have it."

She gave the portfolio to Tatyana Lvovna at her request.

Tolstoy's illness produced a strong impression on me. Wherever I went that evening there arose before me that terrible, deathly-white, frowning face, with the expression of stubborn resolution on it. When I did not look at the face but saw only the body, stricken, dying, it was not so terrible, even when it was struggling in convulsions. But when I looked at the face, I was seized with unbearable awe; a mystery was imprinted on it, the mystery of that great upheaval, that mighty struggle, when the soul is parting from the body.

October 4th.

Things are settling down again. Tolstoy slept in the night and awoke this morning conscious. When Biriukov told him of the words he had uttered in



From The Life of Tolstoy by Nathan Haskell Dole, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Count and Countess Tolstoy. This photograph was taken in 1895, before their lives were clouded by the Countess's insane jealousy of Tchertkov.

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his delirium, "soul," "wisdom," "Commonwealth," he was pleased.

The Countess says that Tolstoy's illness will be a lesson to her, and acknowledges that one reason for it may have been her own state of health.

Tatyana Lvovna told me that when she went into her father's room this morning he said that he was going to "fight your mother with love," that he hopes for success and already sees a ray of light.

At his request Alexandra Lvovna read him to-day's letters. He rang for me (not forgetting to ring twice as agreed) and, bidding me answer one of the letters, gave me the necessary directions.

He was lying perfectly tranquil, reasonable, clear-minded.

To-day a happy event occurred ("there is no evil without good"): Madame Tolstoy and Alexandra Lvovna became reconciled. The initiative came from the mother. She was awaiting her daughter a long time, when the latter went to her father before leaving for Telyatinki. But she missed her and went out on the steps, and stood there, without a coat, bent, pitiful, lonely. Alexandra Lvovna, who, in the meantime, had gone out by the back steps, was obliged to pass near her mother. The countess stopped her daughter, called her to her, began to kiss and embrace her and beg her forgiveness, sobbing and shaking as though in a fever. Alexandra Lvovna wept too, begged her mother's forgiveness in return, and promised to come back to the house this very day. Madame Tolstoy said she desired Varvara Michailovna's return as well, and sent her a message that she loves her and is not angry with her, and asks her pardon if she has offended her. She vowed not to disturb her husband's peace by any action. Both mother and daughter were deeply touched.

In the evening Tolstoy asked the Countess to call me. On leaving the room she begged him not to fatigue himself.

Just as terrible as was yesterday's fear of Tolstoy's death is to-day's joy great at his recovery.

October 26th.

Unhappily Madame Tolstoy, even under the threat of another seizure to her husband, has broken her promise not to disturb his peace. Again jealousy of Tchertkov, scenes with Tolstoy, conflicts with her daughter. And even worse—persistent questions to her husband as to whether he had made a will, demands for a special memorandum assigning to her property rights over his artistic works—suspicions, spying, listening at doors. The atmosphere of the house is oppressive and uncertain. (There is talk among those nearest the Count as to the possibility of his leaving Yasnaya Polyana in the near future.) With great secrecy Alexandra Lvovna showed me the text of the following letter, sent by her father a few days ago to the peasant, Novikov, in Borovko, a village in the province of Tula. (Novikov had visited Tolstoy not long before, and had a long conversation with him.)

"Michail Petrovitch, I am addressing the following request to you with regard to what I said before your departure; if it should really happen that I come to you, could you not find for me in your village a little hut, no matter how small, but separate and warm; so that I should disturb you and your family for only a very short time.

"I must tell you, too, that if it is necessary for me to telegraph you I shall do so not in my own name, but in the name of T. Nikolaeva.

"I await your answer, and warmly press your hand. Leo Tolstoy.

"Remember that this is to be known to nobody besides yourself."

How touchingly is expressed in this letter the real desire, amounting to a longing on Tolstoy's part, for the village and the "little hut, no matter how small," but "separate and warm."

October 28th.

I passed last night at Telyatinki. In the morning Tchertkov called me into the dining-room. He was sitting on a bench, leaning with his back against the dining-table, and in his hand was a note. His face was agitated and joyful.

"Listen, Bulgakov," he said, "you must go at once to Yasnaya Polyana. Alexandra Lvovna sends for you. Last night Count Tolstoy went away from Yasnaya with Dushan, it is not known where."

It had come! That of which so much had been spoken of late, which

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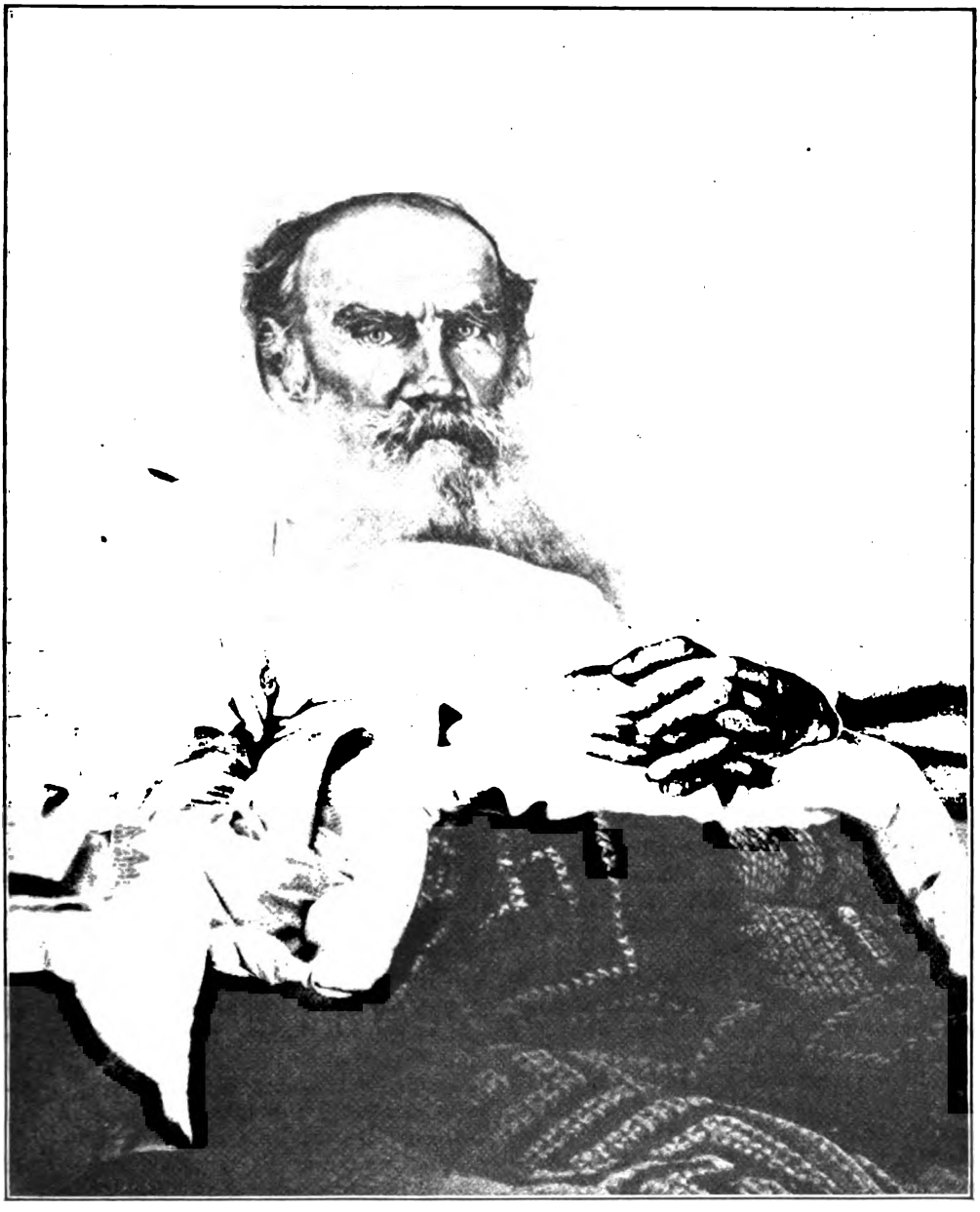

Tolstoy ill and tortured by the brawls between his wife and his best-loved disciple.

had been expected almost any day, and which so many had desired for Tolstoy's sake, had happened: He had left Yasnaya Polyana, and certainly forever.

Although the news was not entirely unexpected, it stirred and excited us deeply and joyfully.

This was how he went.

On the evening of the 27th an unusually ominous and oppressive atmosphere reigned in the house at Yasnaya.

It was nearly midnight when the Count, lying in bed, noticed a light in his study through a crack in the door, and heard the rustling of papers. It was Madame Tolstoy hunting for proof of things which haunted her suspicions —the drawing up of a will, etc. This

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night visit of hers was the last drop in Tolstoy's cup, already filled to overflowing. He was seized with a sudden unalterable resolution to go away.

In the middle of the night came a knocking at the door of the room occupied by Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, your father."

Alexandra Lvovna opened her door. He was standing on the threshold with a lighted candle in his hand.

"I am going away at once—forever. Come and help me pack my things."

Alexandra Lvovna said afterwards that her father's face wore at that moment a strange and beautiful expression of resoluteness, of inward inspiration.

Looking in his face she knew that this was not the time to argue, to oppose or seek to detain him—but simply to submit and obey his word.

Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna dressed themselves quickly and hurried upstairs to the study, where they found Dushan all ready to put together Tolstoy's clothes and manuscripts. He himself took part in the packing. He wished to take nothing which he did not consider absolutely essential. They had to use all their persuasion to make him include certain medical necessities, without which he found it difficult to manage, his fur coat, and electric torch.

The Count had written a letter to his wife, which he left with Alexandra Lvovna to give to her mother.

In the letter he said:

"My departure will grieve you and I am sorry for that, but understand and believe that I could not have acted otherwise. My position in the house was becoming — had become — intolerable. Among other things I cannot continue to live in these conditions of luxury, and I am doing what is usual for men of my age—withdrawing from wordly life to live my last days in solitude and peace. Please understand this and do not follow me if you discover where I am. For you to do so would only make my, and your own, position worse and would not alter my decision.

"I thank you for your forty-eight years of honest life with me and ask you to forgive me for everything in which I have been guilty towards you, as I with all my soul forgive you for everything in which you have been guilty towards me. I advise you to reconcile yourself to the new position in which my departure will leave you and not to cherish unkindly feelings towards me. If you want to communicate something to me tell it to Sasha. She will know where I am and will send me what is necessary. She cannot say where I am because I have taken a promise from her to tell nobody. Leo Tolstoy."

To Alexandra Lvovna he only said that he would probably go first to his sister Marie Nicholaevna, a nun in the Shamardinsky convent, Province of Kaluga. He had kept up a great friendship with his sister, in spite of his disagreements with her on questions of belief.

When the packing was finished Tolstoy set out himself for the stables to give orders for horses to be harnessed. But he missed his way in the dark, lost his hat somewhere among the bushes, and returned with a bare head.

Then they remembered the electric torch. They all went out together, carrying his luggage. Varvara Michailovna told me that even at that moment he displayed a feature characteristic of him, his care for the product of the labor of others; he only pressed the button of the torch from time to time, to avoid making continuous use of the electric energy.

The coachman Adrian was harnessing a pair of horses to the old four-wheeled carriage; his hands trembled and the sweat ran down his face. The Count was disquieted, and began to help, himself fastening the bridle on one of the horses. He was in a hurry to start.

The postilion lit a torch, the night being exceptionally dark, and prepared to escort the travelers on horseback. They were two; Count Tolstoy had taken his old friend, Dushan Makovitski, with him.

At half-past five the carriage drove out of the courtyard. Adrian deposited the Count and his friend at the Yasenki station—the Moscow-Kursk Line—where they took the eight o'clock train for the south.

When I reached Yasnaya at eleven o'clock in the morning Madame Tolstoy had only just awakened and dressed.

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She ran into the "Remington." Alexandra Lvovna hurried from the drawing-room to meet her. I was just mounting the stairs. We all met together on the landing.

"Where is Papa?" cried the Countess, rushing to Alexandra Lvovna.

"He has gone."

"Gone? When?"

"In the night."

"It can't be! Sasha, my dearest—"

"Well, what can I do? I only tell you a fact."

"Gone altogether?"

"Probably altogether."

"Alone?"

"No. With Dushan."

"Sasha, my dear, my darling! Tell me—where?"

Madame Tolstoy clasped her hands imploringly, her legs shook, she leaned against the door.

"I don't know where," answered Alexandra Lvovna. "He told me nothing. He only left this letter for you."

"My God!" she whispered.

She tore open the envelope and read the first line:

"My departure will grieve you!" She could not continue, but threw the letter on the table in the library and ran into her room, murmuring;

"My God! What is he doing to me!"

"Read through the letter. Perhaps there is something in it," Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna advised her, but she did not hear them.

Immediately afterwards one of the servants rushed in and cried that the Countess Tolstoy was running through the park towards the lake.

"Follow her—you are in your top-boots," exclaimed Alexandra Lvovna to me, and ran to put on her snow-shoes.

I hastened through the courtyard into the park. I caught glimpses of the Countess's gray dress among the trees, as she hurried through the linden avenue down towards the lake. Hiding behind the trees I followed. At last I began to run.

"Don't run so fast," cried Alexandra Lvovna behind me.

I looked back. Several people were already following; Semyon Nicholaevitch, the chef, Vanya, the footman, and others.

Madame Tolstoy turned straight to the lake. She vanished behind the bushes. Alexandra Lvovna passed me like a steam-engine, her skirts making a rushing sound.

I ran after her at full speed. There was no time to lose; she had reached the lake.

As we ran down the slope the Countess glanced back and saw us. She had already passed the slope. There were planks leading to the little bridge (near the bathing place) on which the washer-women wash the linen. She was evidently making for that spot. She suddenly slipped, and fell with a crash on her back on the bridge.

Holding to the planks and crawling on all fours, she clambered to the nearest side of the little bridge, and rolled into the water.

Alexandra Lvovna was already on the bridge. She also fell on the slippery spot. I, too, came on the bridge.

Flinging off the warm knitted coat she was wearing, Alexandra Lvovna sprang into the water. I did the same.

From the bridge I could see Madame Tolstoy's figure. Her face was turned upwards. It was pale, with a senseless expression and an open mouth, which must already have been filled with water. The water covered her entirely.

Happily Alexandra Lvovna and I felt the ground beneath our feet. It was lucky for the Countess that she had slipped and fallen. Had she thrown herself straight from the bridge she could not have touched the bottom. The middle lake at Yasnaya is very deep and people have been drowned in it. Near the bank it reached our chests, above our waists.

We raised Madame Tolstoy to the surface, rested her against a joist of the bridge, and afterwards got her on the bridge itself.

Vanya, the footman, reached us. Together with him, we lifted her, heavy and dripping, from the bridge and led her to the bank.

Alexandra Lvovna ran off quickly to change her clothes, urged by Varvara Michailovna who had come from the house after her.

Vanya and I and the chef supported the Countess slowly towards the house. She lamented our having taken her from the water. It was difficult for her to walk. At length she sank powerless to the ground.

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"I will only rest a moment," she murmured. "Let me sit still."

But of course it was not to be thought of. It was necessary for her to change her things as soon as possible.

Vanya and I clasped hands to make a seat, and, with the aid of the chef and others, she was lifted on it and carried. But soon she begged to be set down.

At the door of the house the Countess stopped and ordered Vanya to drive to the station and find out to what place Tolstoy had taken his tickets.

She changed her things with the help of Varvara Michailovna and the housekeeper, and then went downstairs again, fearing that Vanya had not come. She sent a telegram with him to follow train No. 9, by which her husband had traveled, saying, "Return at once. Sasha." Vanya showed this telegram to Alexandra Lvovna, not from a servant's servility, but from honest sympathy and attachment to the Count. The servants generally did not like Madame Tolstoy. Alexandra Lvovna sent another telegram together with the first, asking her father to believe only in telegrams signed "Alexandra," and not by her pet name, "Sasha."

The Countess kept repeating that she would find another means of doing away with herself. We took opium from her by force, as well as a penknife and heavy objects, with which she began to strike herself upon the breast.

Sister Marie Nicholaevna, a religious in the Shamardinsky convent and Tolstoy's sister. Although the two differed upon belief, Tolstoy loved her and his first stop on the journey that ended in his death was to pay a final visit to her, at the convent.

Scarcely an hour had passed when somebody rushed in to say that Madame Tolstoy was making for the lake again. I caught her up in the park and brought her back almost by force.

On the way she burst into tears.

"You are like a son to me, a real son," she said, embracing and kissing me.

October 29th.

I did not sleep the whole night through, but kept watch in the "Remington" room. Varvara Michailovna went to bed at three in the morning. Madame Tolstoy could not be left alone.

She was not in her room, but in the Count's, on his bed. She hardly slept at all. She walked about the room complaining against him, saying that she could not live without him and would die. Towards morning she told me that nobody could be so wretched as she; that she felt her guilt towards her husband and her helplessness to do anything.

Sergei, Ilya and Michael Tolstoy came during the day, also Tatyana Lvovna. The whole day long Tolstoy's children have been taking counsel together. They placed the chief responsibility for their father's fate upon

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the shoulders of Alexandra Lvovna.

Sergei wrote a short letter to his father saying that he fully understood him and regretted only one thing: that he had not left Yasnaya Polyana thirty years ago. (Tolstoy was deeply touched by this letter.)

In the evening there appeared an old acquaintance of the Tolstoys, Prince D. Obolensky. He said at once that he had not come as a correspondent (he writes in *Russkoe Slovo*) but as one near to the family. After a few minutes, however, he began to ask to be allowed to write in detail to the papers about everything that had taken place in Yasnaya Polyana.

"All Tula is speaking of it," he said, and, to prove the fact, communicated the events of yesterday fairly accurately.

The Countess told him the contents of Tolstoy's farewell letter and gave her own interpretation of what had happened.

One trifling detail is that, it being unpleasant to her to reveal to the world the fact that her husband's letter began without any greeting, she placed dots at the beginning of it, as though withholding the intimate part of the letter, considering it inappropriate for publication—in the following manner: ". . . My departure may grieve you." And so on.

Doubtless now will begin a noise in the papers which there will be no stopping.

The Countess's attitude towards Tolstoy seems to bear a double character. On one hand she clings to his little pillow, pressing it to her breast, covering it with kisses and pouring forth a lament, something like this: "Levotchka, dearest, where is thy feeble little head lying now? Listen to me! Distance means nothing."

On the other hand she speaks of her husband with anger, and utters such exclamations as: "He is a beast; he could not have acted more cruelly! He wanted to kill me."

I think she has no direct pity for him. Neither is her grief at his departure very deep. I think that Madame Tolstoy has really grown colder towards him. At first I had a higher opinion of her and of her feelings towards her celebrated husband. But her terrible behaviour of the last months has been enough to alienate everybody from her. I think she is consumed with an immense vanity—apart from the mercenary impulses which have certainly played a considerable part in her frame of mind. She has been spoiled by fame and honor. She believes that in the consideration of everybody she is placed inseparably side by side with Tolstoy himself. And that place beside him she does not wish to relinquish. She wants to go down to history as Tolstoy's presiding genius.

But his departure has destroyed all hope of that.

Every one can say to her now, "You could not take care of him. You drove him out of the house." She will be covered with shame. Hence her tears and anger and her passionate, though unattainable, desire to bring him back.

October 30th.

Last night at 12 o'clock Alexandra Lvovna and Varvara Michailovna set out to go to Tolstoy by a roundabout route, so as to cover up their traces. Only Tatyana Lvovna, Madame Schmidt, and I knew of the proposed journey.

Tolstoy

To-day Sergei Lvovitch went to Moscow. Of Tolstoy's children only Tatyana Lvovna and Andrei Lvovitch remain in Yasnaya.

Correspondents from the various papers begin to arrive, but Andrei Lvovitch literally turns them out, nearly falling on them with his fists.

During the day I went to Telyatinki. I learned that Alexei

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Sergeyenko had, at the instruction of Alexandra Lvovna and Tchertkov, been to Tolstoy in the monastery in the Optina Pustinia on the road to Shamardino. He returned to-day. He said that the Count was well and cheerful. He had seen his sister who entirely sympathized with his decision to leave Yasnaya. The news from Yasnaya which Sergeyenko brought him had greatly distressed him, but under no circumstances did he wish to return home.

"If somebody ought to drown himself, it is not she but I," he said, concerning Madame Tolstoy's attempt at suicide.

During the day the Countess implored me to go with her to seek out her husband, but I, of course, declined.

This evening she asked me to send for a priest to-morrow, that she might confess and take communion. She asked me also, if I go to Telyatinki to-morrow, to ask Tchertkov to come to her, as she wished to be reconciled to him "before death," and ask his pardon for everything in which she has been guilty towards him.

October 31st.

An unsigned telegram has been received from Gorbachev, evidently from Tolstoy: "We are leaving. Don't seek for me. I will write."

Another telegram from Paris from Tolstoy's son, Lev Lvovitch Tolstoy: "Disturbed by news in Paris papers. Please wire!"

The Moscow papers received to-day contain the news of the Count's departure and even some details regarding it.

Dr. Berkenheim, the mental-doctor Rastegayev, and also a sick nurse have come for Madame Tolstoy. The arrival of Dr. Berkenheim is particularly welcome; he is an experienced doctor and an intelligent, conscientious man, well acquainted with the family affairs of the Tolstoys and thoroughly understanding them.

The Countess has eaten nothing since Tolstoy left; she is growing weaker and declares that she wishes to die like that. She threatens, if the doctors resort to forcible injection for artificial feeding, that she will stab herself with a knife—"only one gesture"—or kill herself in some other way.

I forgot to write how she exclaimed a few days ago, while speaking of her husband, "Where will he find butter, poor dear!"

She regards his deepest spiritual yearnings from the point of view of butter.

Ilya Vassilitch gave me another interesting detail concerning Madame Tolstoy which he alone knows, asking me to tell nobody about it for the time being. A long time ago she fastened a sacred image in an unnoticeable position at the foot of the Count's bed. After his departure she removed it; it seemed that the influence of the saint had been in direct opposition to what she had desired.

The Countess again asked me to tell Tchertkov of her wish that he should come to her. She asked me to say that she was summoning him "without any thoughts," and again, as on the 12th of July, when she had asked him for return of the manuscript and an interview, I went to Tchertkov with the secret hope that reconciliation at last would be effected. But alas, I was again disappointed in my expectations!

When Tchertkov heard Madame Tolstoy's request, he seemed at first to be willing to go to Yasnaya, but afterwards he changed his mind.

"Why should I go?" he asked. "For her to humiliate herself before me by asking my pardon? That is a trick for getting me to send a telegram for her to Count Tolstoy."

Evidently with the intention of smoothing over the impression produced by his refusal to come to Yasnaya, Tchertkov asked me to inform the Countess that he was not angry with her, that his attitude towards her was one of good-will and that he would send her in the evening a detailed letter in answer to her invitation. These were mere words, unsupported by the only step which he might and should have taken under the circumstances.

"A dry moralist!" declared Madame Tolstoy after reading that letter, and perhaps she was right.

She immediately wrote an answer to Tchertkov and ordered it to be sent to him. That was in the evening.

It was characteristic, too, that during the day she had composed the following telegram to be sent to her husband:

"I have taken communion. I am

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reconciled to Tchertkov. I am growing weaker. Forgive me, and good-bye."

Although the Countess has repeated her desire to summon a priest to-morrow, she could not send the telegram, since a reconciliation with Tchertkov had not been accomplished.

November 1st.

In the morning came Brio, assistant editor of *Russkoe Slovo*. Madame Tolstoy received him herself. She showed him this favor because in the number of *Russkoe Slovo* which came by to-day's post she had read a foolish article in praise of herself by Doroshevitch. In conversation with Brio she told him her view of the affair in all its sordidness. But that was not all. In other papers she read things, in praise of Tolstoy's action and in condemnation of herself, which infuriated her. I was right in pointing out her insane vanity. In Brio's presence a disgraceful scene took place, with hysterical shrieks and reproaches to Count Tolstoy and Tchertkov. There is no need to describe this scene.

Last evening an alarming telegram was received at Tchertkov's. The Count was feverish and drowsy. His temperature was 39.8° (Celsius, or 103.6° Fahrenheit). He feared the coming of Madame Tolstoy, but wished for Tchertkov.

It seemed that Tolstoy had left Shamardino and set out on the road to Rostov-on-the-Don. He had proposed to stop at Novocherkassk with the Denisenkos, relatives of his. But he had fallen ill and been obliged to leave the train at Astapovo Station, on the Riazan-Ural line.

Tchertkov decided to go to him today. Meanwhile the Countess Tolstoy had again been requesting him to come this evening to Yasnaya Polyana. Tchertkov declined on the ground that he was "leaving for Tula on urgent business." He assumed that he was not sinning against the truth, since he had to pass through Tula with Alexei Sergeyenko on the way to Astapovo.

Some of the Tolstoy brothers have come again to Yasnaya Polyana.

November 2nd.

Tchertkov sent a telegram to Telyatinki that Count Tolstoy has bronchitis, and that the conditions in which he is are favorable. But later on he sent another telegram, announcing that he is suffering from inflammation of the lungs.

Yasnaya is completely empty. A telegram arrived for the Countess from the editor of *Russkoe Slovo*, revealing the whereabouts of Tolstoy. A correspondent from the paper had discovered him.

At nine o'clock in the morning the whole family, which again assembled at Yasnaya, Madame Tolstoy among them, also the mental-doctor and a nurse, set out for Tula, to take a specially ordered express train to Astapovo.

November 4th.

When the Tolstoys left Yasnaya I went to Telyatinki. When Tchertkov left for Astapovo he had asked me to do him a friendly service: to remain with his sick wife, who was greatly agitated by everything that had occurred, and to help he rin any way that I could, Thus I was glued to the spot, while I knew that many of Tolstoy's friends were assembled in Astapovo, and longed to go myself and see the beloved Teacher once more, though only for an instant. A favorable occasion arose unexpectedly. It was necessary to send warm clothing and other things to the sick man. Madame Tchertkov decided that I should take them. My departure was fixed for this evening. I was happy at the thought of seeing my beloved friend so soon.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning I was sitting with Madame Tchertkov in the study, reading aloud to her. The door opened and Dima Tchertkov came in. He ran quickly to his mother, stretching out his arms to her:

"Mamotchka—darling," he cried in broken tones, evidently unable to find words. "What can one do—it has to be—it will come to every one—Mamotchka!"

I heard, but I could not understand.

Madame Tchertkov rose from her chair, gazed at her son, gave a low cry, and fell into his arms. Her face was as white as paper. Her eyes were shut. She had lost consciousness.

I ran into the corridor to seek help, and only then I understood:

Tolstoy—was dead.

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CHILDREN OF THE RICH

By LAURETTA FANCHER

VAN

VAN could always be counted upon to send any aircraft of our imagination crashing to earth with the deadly shafts of his literal mindedness. He was so practical it was pathetic. The class would be listening in a delight-filled silence, broken by appreciative giggles, to the adventures of the Elephant's Child, when Van's voice would startle us.

"Oh, but Miss Ross, that couldn't be true! How could that be true?"

I used to wonder what he would be when he grew up. Stocky, hardy, brusque and matter-of-fact, he missed so much. The children felt this, dimly, for when he cut into a poem of particular beauty with his "But it couldn't be true!" Sally turned on him.

"You spoil it, Van," she said. "What if it couldn't be true? Why don't you pretend that it could?"

He went regularly to Sunday School and knew most of the Bible stories. I wondered how long it would be before his mind would turn the test of reality on these marvelous tales. I understood what had happened in that case. He had accepted the fact that everything in the Bible was true; the rest followed. I shall not forget his version of the first Christmas. Before telling the children the carefully thought out Christmas story, I asked a question.

"Who knows why we have Christmas?"

Up shot Van's hand.

"Well, Van?"

"I know. I learned it at Sunday School," he said, beginning to talk before he was fairly out of his seat. "You see, once there was a lady named Mary and she and Joseph were living together and she wanted a baby and they told her if she would go to Bethlehem she would get a baby, so she went to Bethlehem and got the baby and called him Jesus!"

He sat down triumphantly.

Sally spoke.

"Oh, Miss Ross, he left out the angels!"

He always did.

Van hated to concentrate on any real work. His enthusiasms were for reading, art and gym; settling down to writing or working problems seemed to rouse a vast irritation within him which I could not at first understand. I knew that he was strictly disciplined at home, that a rigid system of rewards and punishments held sway. For every A on his report card, Van received five dollars; for a certain percentage of A's in a month, he was given an expensive radio set, another month, a pony. Of his punishments too, we heard; of the night when, because he was noisy after going to bed, his father pulled him out and whipped him "with a whip they use on the slaves in Mexico"; of how, when he had sobbed himself quiet, his small brother in the next bed had whispered, "Daddy's a big fool!"

"I think it would be a good idea to have a spanking machine at our house," Van announced one day. "Then they could just put me in it and the machine would spank me!"

I decided that he was made to do so many things against his will at home that he rebelled against anything of the kind at school. Yet he had an immense pride in his Dutch blood and in the mighty deeds done by his forefathers in New Amsterdam.

His parents were not the roving kind—Florida, Europe, South America, with sprinkles of home. They seemed to take parenthood seriously and kept closely in touch with Van. His nurse was a convenient nonentity, without authority.

Of his mother, Van remarked that she wrote poetry. "She keeps it in her bureau drawer. It's all about love and stuff."

I met her only once—a tall, languid woman in sport clothes. But I talked

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with her often over the phone. She was fond of calling me in the midst of school, and because her husband was a trustee, I was allowed to leave my class and talk with her so long as she chose. She was chiefly concerned in Vans getting high marks, that his father might be pleased.

The real power in the family was the grandmother. She was a frequent visitor at school, walking in at any moment, and accepting homage from all. Society considered her a most successful mother; she had married off three daughters, each in her first season, to wealthy men. After knowing the dowager I could readily believe that she played a dominant part in the romances!

White hair marcelled, heavy body strongly corseted, affecting light colored clothes, she always made me think of a fat poodle as she came into the room. Her voice was coarse and heavy. I had the feeling that she was apt to tell an off-color story and slap the hearer on the back as she laughed boisterously. I never knew her history, but she reminded me of an Idaho social leader who in her girlhood days was a barmaid and danced, barefooted, for the miners. They were exactly the same type. Van's mother and the other two daughters seemed of a different stock.

Van was a favorite with his grandmother. Her knowledge of educational methods was vague, but it seemed to be a part of her creed to visit the school. One morning I was called to the office. Before I opened the door, I could hear her familiar tones.

She was characterizing, in no uncertain tones, a benefactress of the school, a woman known the world over for her wealth and charities. "I always thought she was a fool. Last night I sat near her at dinner and now I know it!"

Seeing me, she re-directed her fire.

"What book did you tell Van to get?"

"Why, I don't recall telling him to get any book."

"Yes you did! You told him to get some book. What was it?"

I was not afraid of her. I stopped to think.

"I told the class to read some parts of *Hiawatha,*" I recalled.

"That's it. He forgot."

The next day a beautifully bound copy of the Songs of Hiawatha was delivered to me, with the compliments of Van's grandmother.

In spite of the constant home stimulus, Van was not a good worker. There was nothing spontaneous in what he did, for he had no incentive within himself. I found it very difficult to gain his confidence, to break down his wall of brusque reserves; but the path to understanding between us was unexpectedly opened. In the history story, one morning, the question arose of succession to the throne.

"If the king didn't have any children, who would be king?" inquired Van.

I told them, adding, unwisely, that kings usually have children.

"But people can't have children just when they want them!" protested Van.

"Yes they can," said Sally firmly. "My mother can have a baby any time she wants one!"

This statement silenced even Van for a moment, then he retorted, feebly, "Yes, adopt one."

"No," triumphed Sally, "ask the doctor for one!"

Van was not utterly satisfied. "Does the doctor really bring babies?" he asked. "I know that's what they say, but is it true?"

The children were looking at me expectantly. In that moment Van's search for truth seemed a beautiful thing; something I must not hurt. I had intended to lead up to this story at some other time, but the hour seemed psychological.

"That is a very beautiful story," I said. "Shall I tell you about it?"

"O yes, Miss Ross."

So I told them, very gently, sitting in the midst of the circle, feeling for the right word, just the phrase to use for this first impression. It was not a complete story, but in so far as it went, it was true. Brown eyes and blue never left my face as I recalled their nature lessons, their stories of flowers and birds, tracing the growth of mother love and father care.

"For just a mother isn't enough. Every family must have a mother and a father to care for it."

"Our kittens haven't any father," re-

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marked Dick-with-a-lisp triumphantly.

"Neither have ours," agreed Agnes May. "They have a mother, but no father."

"The father cat does not love his kittens or stay with them as the mother does, but somewhere they have a father. Every family must have a father and a mother. That is the way God planned it."

They listened gravely to the end of the story, making very few comments. I wondered what was going on in the little minds.

A week later Van came into the room and made straight for the corner where I was putting up pictures.

"I want to tell you something, Miss Ross," he said, putting up his short, chubby arms in an unwonted gesture. I bent over until his arms rested about my neck and he could put his lips to my ear.

"My rabbit is going to have some baby rabbits," came the excited whisper, "and I wont let anybody touch her because you know she's keeping her babies safe and warm right under her heart and I'm going to take care of her. Don't tell anybody, will you, Miss Ross?"

"Indeed I will not, Van. I think it is a beautiful secret."

After that we were good friends, Van and I; we shared a secret. He began to trust me with many small confidences, and it was in this way that I stumbled on the cause for his indifference to school. He lingered one recess as I was marking the arithmetic books. Sorrowfully I showed him his own.

"But Miss Ross!" he cried, in a burst of confidence, "I'm going to be a cowboy! What does a cowboy need of writing and arithmetic?"

In a flash I realized that this secret ambition had been holding him back; it was the very thing I had been searching for, and desperately trying to meet the situation, I grasped at the first thought.

"Did your father go to school, Van?"

"O yes! He went to Harvard and the law school, too."

"Of course you don't care to know as much as he does."

Van was struck silent.

"Gee!" he said, at length, "I will have to go to school, won't I?" His tone was one of determination, edged with regret. I could almost hear the cowboy, galloping—galloping away.

AGNES MAY AND THE PARTY

Agnes May was one of those children who are dragged about the country by their parents, from New York to Long Island, from Long Island to Florida or California, back to the city, then Europe for the summer. Three or four different teachers each year had Agnes May, she attended two or three schools with their varying methods. I have heard the mothers of such children declare that the travel furnished a broader education than school could give, which may be true, but judging from the children I have known, the experience is hard for the child.

We had Agnes May in our group in the fall. After Christmas she went South, returning for a few weeks in the spring before she was taken out of school early to sail for Europe with her family and a private tutor. She was always making up work, behind in one subject or ahead in another, and this was harder for her because Agnes May was not an exceptionally bright child. Slow and awkward, always stumbling over her own fat legs, she was not a favorite with our group. The children were impatient of her clumsiness, her delay in grasping ideas, her lack of any charm. Beside breezy Sally, or winsome little Janice, Agnes May was like a tug boat, chugging in the wake of a group of jaunty yachts. She had a fairly good mind of the following type, with not the slightest evidence of initiative.

"What shall I do now?" was her constant cry. "I don't know what to do. You tell me, Miss Ross."

Her mother had secured a divorce some years before and had married a man of great wealth, yet gossip whispered that the second union had brought even less happiness than the first. They lived in one of the show places, a castle-like mansion of pillars and white chimneys, of gingerbread turrets and unused balconies, with large grounds planted with rare shrubs and trees and huge

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spaces of shady greensward where the children never romped. The place was thick with servants; butlers, footmen, maids, gardeners, chauffeurs, white-clad nurses for the four small children of the second marriage; sixty men were employed on the place, keeping up the gardens and greenhouses, mowing the acres of lawn and caring for the flowers.

The teacher of this class of children does not have the invitations to the homes which the public school teacher receives. Very rarely, perhaps once or twice a year, she is asked to some house for luncheon—always for luncheon. I was never in Agnes May's home and never met her mother, but from her governess, a sensible, clear-skinned Englishwoman, I had a little insight into her environment. The mother I sometimes saw out in one of the big cars—a pale creature, worn out by much child-bearing. She loved her children devotedly but was physically unable to take the responsibility of their care. To fat little Agnes May, the only child of her first marriage, she seemed to cling and always took her with her.

Agnes May told us one day that her father had helped her with her reading.

"Every time I didn't know a word, he slapped me," she reported; yet so stolid, so complacent and self-satisfied was she, that this tale did not move me as it might have done otherwise. I was even willing to admit that his method produced results! Once when the child referred to "the man who was my mother's husband," it took me a second to realize that she was speaking of her own father.

Agnes May had just returned from the South for her few weeks with us, and some of the children were asking about her school down there.

"Who was the teacher?" inquired Dick-with-a-lisp.

"Oh, he was the cunningest thing!" said Agnes May. "He was only twenty-one and he had little curls all over his head — the cunningest thing!"

Her tone was an unconscious imitation of some bored grown-up. She broke off to ask the old question, "What shall I do now? Shall I study my spelling or do my arithmetic?"

"Which do you need the more, Agnes May?" It was the hour when they had free time for study.

"Oh, I don't know, Miss Ross. You tell me."

"One of my maids is so stupid," she told us one day, adding importantly, "I have three, you know. Well, she was walking along the road, never looking to see what was behind her, and a truck came along and knocked her down."

"Did it hurt her?" asked Sally.

"Oh, yes. She's in bed. But she's really too stupid."

And this child, already a bit of a snob, slow in body and mind, will inherit great wealth, probably marry riches. I could see her, a fat and important matron, playing bridge and talking about her servants.

We were discussing the party when Agnes May came back that spring. They had never had a party. It was not that kind of a school. So I was especially eager for one, anticipating the delight of working with children given a new experience. We began talking about it two weeks before Easter, in that too short fifteen minutes at the beginning of school, when I had them quite to myself, the small lifted faces grouped about me, the plastic minds wax to my impression. I had told them first of an Easter party of the year before. The response was instantaneous.

"Oh, Miss Ross, couldn't we have an Easter party?" asked Dick-with-a-lisp.

"Would you like to give one?"

"O-o-oh yes, Miss Ross," in rapturous chorus.

So we talked it over carefully and appointed two committees, a decoration committee and an entertainment committee. When they chose Agnes May as the chairman of the decoration committee, a deed engineered by Sally, I was dismayed; nor were my misgivings as to the efficiency of the committee allayed when Agnes May chose, as one of her helpers, Ward, the dullest boy in the group. But it is often the teacher who must learn. The morning following the election, Agnes May arrived early. She drew me into a corner.

"Miss Ross," she said impressively, "am I head of the decoration committee?"

"Why, yes, Agnes May, you are the chairman."

"I am really the head of it?" she insisted.

"Yes."

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"All right," in satisfaction. "I wanted to be sure. Now, Miss Ross, you needn't think another thing about the decorations. I'll attend to everything. Of course, I'll tell you about them, but you need not worry one bit."

Every morning during the following two weeks, there were whispered conferences in the corners of the sunny room. Agnes May's committee bristled with plans, their air of excitement so infecting the others that Sally, the head of the entertainment committee, was incited to greater endeavors. I was daily amused and astonished at the manner in which the inexperienced group went about their plans. They decided that, inasmuch as the party would occur during the last two periods of school, just before the lunch hour, refreshments would be quite out of place. Sally, indeed, relinquished the idea slowly.

"Our cook could make a big cake and a freezer of ice cream." She offered.

But the majority ruled that ice cream and cake before lunch would never do. In spite of the full greenhouses, the children did not seem free to bring flowers to school. For this reason, as well as to give them experience in buying, the decoration committee was allowed two dollars for expenses. They decided to trim the room after school on the day before the party; soon after lunch they began to come. Agnes May arrived in a limousine with Miss Drake, her governess, and both had full arms. Agnes May was all business.

"We will put up the crepe paper first," she directed. "Ward, you unroll it. Do you like it, Miss Ross?"

"It is lovely, Agnes May!" And it was. Bunnies and yellow chickens and Easter flowers! How it glorified the room — what a party air it gave when the gay lengths were unrolled and pinned over all the blackboards. Agnes May was busy revealing her treasures.

"Miss Drake colored these eggs for me. May we use your desk, Miss Ross? The plant would look so pretty there."

"What a beautiful hyacinth, Agnes May. How did you have money enough for all of this?"

"Well, the plant was really seventy-five cents," she replied, "but I told the man that we had only two dollars to spend for all the decorations, so he let me have it for fifty cents."

This from Agnes May, the stolid follower in the footsteps of others!

Stripped of its prosaic burdens — books, pencils, and work-a-day things carefully put away — the desk bloomed forth with huge colored eggs, with rabbits and bright, laden baskets, a brilliant spot in the corner of the room.

In the midst of it all entered Sally, nonchalant, sure of herself, eight years old. An imposing, uniformed chauffeur towered behind her, his arms full of parcels.

"I thought we had better have something to eat at a party," she announced, "so I brought these. We can take them home and not eat them until after lunch. Put them here, Jackson."

She had a large egg-shaped box filled with candy for each child.

"The candy is all right," she added. "It won't hurt us. Mother chose it."

She surveyed the decorations critically and found no fault, high praise from Sally. The committee themselves viewed their completed labors with unconcealed satisfaction.

"It looks pretty nice," said Ward, the dull one, his eyes shining.

"Yes, it certainly does!" agreed Agnes May emphatically, her round face red with excitement and exertion.

Reluctantly they left, and contentedly I closed the door on the gay, silent room, brimming with its promise of happiness.

Children's faces are always fascinating, and the morning of the party provided studies in expressions of wonder and joy which filled great spaces in my mental picture-galleries. The familiar room was a new, strangely lovely place. They were still too young to be immune from the thrill of parties; excitement flooded the room. Yet they held to regular periods of work the first half of the morning with a self control which some grown-ups lack under similar conditions.

At eleven o'clock the party began. Books were put away, desks moved back to give floor space, and Sally, as the head of the entertainment committee, took charge. I found myself a guest at the festivities. Hunting for eggs, pinning the ear on the bunny, egg races, all of the Easter games they played; Sally and Agnes May watching to see that no one cheated.

"It's not fair to push the egg against your shoe, Russel," they cried.

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The principal came and went, the fun mounted higher and then — the party was almost spoiled. Russel became utterly unruly. He had been mean in little ways from the beginning. I had been watching him, but now he deliberately tried to break up the party. He shouted and yelled, he pushed the chairs where they were not wanted, he put himself in the way of the others, was he trying to trip little Jane? Quietly starting toward him, I was halted by Agnes May's voice.

"Russel can't play!" she was saying decisively. "He's spoiling the party."

"Yes, he is!" chorused the others. "Russel can't play with us. You will have to sit down, Russel."

Russel sat down in a corner, sullen, but subdued by the disapproval of his group, and the party went on. Perhaps the glance from my eye had something to do with his submission, but I liked to think of the children judging and convicting, justly, by themselves.

So soon it was time to go home. They filed out, each with a full basket to take home.

"Good-bye, Miss Ross. It was a lovely party, wasn't it?"

With small, moist hands they shook mine, dropped their curtseys and made their bows. Small feet clattering down the stairs, eager voices in the hall telling nurse and governess about the "lovely party," the hum of departing motors — the party was over. I was alone. It had been a noisy party — Russel had been so bad — but they were dear children — and so happy about it—and Agnes May! More strangely than ever I realized the hidden possibilities in every child. No more would Agnes May follow tamely in set paths. She had felt the thrill of responsibility.

She was awake.

PETER — HIS PRESENT

Peter ought not to have been in school. Excitable, high-strung, nervously unstable, he needed fresh air, and good times — relaxing, steadying influences that would give to him self-control and make of him a normal child, not the repression and restraint which the average school room imposes. But his parents wished him to be in school while they were at Palm Beach.

His mother came to see me before she left for the South, and I needed no further explanation for Peter's nervousness. Small and restless was Peter's mother. With her bobbed curls tucked under a close hat, in her sport coat redolent of smoke, she looked like a wilful child roaming about the room, speaking in staccato tones.

"Be very severe with Peter, Miss Ross. There is no reason why he should not do as well as the rest of the class. Of course, he has been ill a great deal, but the doctor says he is perfectly well now, so don't hesitate to be severe. I have an excellent governess for him. Just speak to her if Peter makes any trouble for you."

Perfectly well! Peter, who could not hold himself to any task for more than five minutes; who, half a dozen times during the morning would jump from his seat to hop up and down from sheer nervous tension, whose hand shook so that he never had a passable paper in writing, no matter how hard he tried.

I saw a picture of Peter's mother in a fashionable magazine not long after this — Peter's mother, demure and nunlike in a plain velvet gown — and I thought of the picture of his mother which Peter had given us. He had shocked the entire group by exclaiming "Oh, my God!" when a drop of ink fell on his page. After I had explained, gravely, the enormity of his offense, he looked up at me, unimpressed, and remarked, "Oh, I guess it can't be so very bad. My mother says it all the time!"

When the children were dismissed one morning, I went down with them to the cloak room to see Peter's governess. A dozen women were hovering over the children, urging them into coats, pulling on rubbers, jerking hats straight; a shabby, pathetic lot of females for the most part, these foreign discards who bring up the children of the rich. Peter's governess was younger than the usual type — French, vivacious, hard.

"Look at this child, Miss Ross," she said, jerking Peter to her side and speaking rapidly in a high-pitched voice. "The last day his parents are to be at home, when I wished him to look well, what happens? He does not

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go to sleep when he is put to bed last night and to-day — look at him! Paleface! I am so angry! But he has not had one pleasure to-day, not one, as punishment! Does Peter behave in school, Miss Ross?" she asked suddenly. "If he does not, just tell me and I will see that he does!" With a swift movement she turned the child's face toward her; grasping his chin she held a warning finger close to his face.

"You will be a good boy in school, Peter!" she warned. "You understand! If you are not good I shall punish you! Do you hear me?"

She added a few rapid words of French.

"*Oui Mademoiselle,*" answered Peter, his big brown eyes chained to her menacing face.

She released him and turned to me smilingly.

"Peter has not been well?" I suggested.

"Oh, Peter is perfectly well!" she declared airily.

The child's father I never saw. The fathers rarely visit school. Polo, Europe, business—in these connections the children mention fathers, but the teacher's contact with the family is through the nurse or governess and an occasional mother.

Peter was a problem in the schoolroom. Home and school were two distinct worlds; the child had to adjust himself daily to the change from one to the other, and back again. From a world of submission to a world of cooperation was a change too hard for Peter to make easily. He lived in the world of submission for twenty hours, school claimed but four. The school world suffered. It was not fair to expect him to follow a routine schedule, neither was it just to allow him to misuse his freedom. He must be governed to some extent by the rules of his group. He annoyed us chiefly by talking loudly when the class wished to work. The children all made allowances for Peter, but toward his talking they were unrelenting. We talked it over one morning when he had been especially boisterous.

"What shall we do with Peter?" I inquired gravely.

The children stopped work to consider.

"Put him in the closet!" suggested Russel.

"Send him to the principal!" said Sally.

"I think it might be a good idea to move his seat away from us," spoke up Dick-with-a-lisp, "and make him sit all by himself in that corner by the window."

When this course was finally decided upon, Peter was furious. That the suggestion should have come from Dick, his best friend, was an added insult; but after he had sat by himself for a few minutes, he quieted down and began to work. The next day he came to me, asking that his desk might stay in the corner.

"I seem to work better by myself," said Peter.

Sweet and lovable, too, was the boy, in spite of his nervous movements bordering on awkwardness; fond of bringing me presents — a wad of short-stemmed violets, limp from the close grasp of his little fist, a new pencil, cookies from his lunch. I used often to wish that Peter might be in some modern country day-school, where his nervous energy could spend itself in some legitimate activity, where he could live all day in a healthful environment, with some chance for self-expression. The great majority of children from wealthy homes are put into schools of the conservative, repressive type.

Whatever the school, the primary children find the weeks before Christmas a period of ecstasy. First there is the Christmas story to tell, the story of the Christ-child. All children thrill to it. Often, as I have stood before them or sat in their midst, telling them some tale which is so old, so well known to us grown-ups that we have no feeling for it — the beauty which made it a tale worth the frequent re-telling lost to us — as I have looked into the rapt little faces, the active bodies quiet under the spell, and have felt the original charm of the story striking responsively their unspoiled emotions, I have thought of the lines,

> Children's faces looking up
> Holding wonder like a cup,

and thanked God that I was a primary teacher.

Then there are the Christmas songs

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to learn and the Christmas entertainment to practise for, and the Christmas decorations for the room, to be made and hung. It is all so exciting. There was talk in our room of parties, of parents returning for the holidays, of the mysterious half-believed-in Santa Claus. Sally was giving a party and was having a Punch and Judy show out from the city to entertain them. Anticipation became an absorbing emotion. There was a little talk of presents.

"What do you want for Christmas, Sally?" asked Russel.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "I don't really want anything. I have everything."

The day of the entertainment, the last day of school before the Christmas vacation, found each teacher arriving with an empty suitcase. Experience had proved it necessary. Nor did this always prove large enough for the gifts which presently began to pour in. As each excited child came in, a tissue-wrapped, ribbon-decked parcel was added to the pile on my desk. The room grew full of little figures being dressed in gay costumes; a nurse with her mouth full of pins was hastily finishing a frilled paper dress; all was excited confusion. Then, swiftly, the hour was upon us; the play that had taken so many hours to learn was quickly over; a few mothers came up to talk with the teachers, some charmingly simple, others with a tinge of patronage.

"Such a delightful play!" "The children were so cunning." "I hope you will have a pleasant vacation, Miss Ross."

The waiting chauffeurs began to drive up outside; the mothers, the rare and conspicuous fathers, left; the nurses, governesses and children followed; the last big car purred away—it was over.

The teachers gathered in one room to open their presents. There was much laughter and exclaiming as the packages were opened—imported perfumes, vanity boxes, fanciful trifles from expensive shops, an order on a well-known firm for a pair of gloves; presents not so welcome, also—a gaudy dish, a queer bag. A tooled leather book cover I resolved to exchange, and later did, transferring its value—twenty-five dollars—to a kodak.

"What is that small square box?" asked one of the teachers, as the piles of tissue on the floor increased and the last boxes were being opened.

"It's from the Smiths," I replied. "I am saving it for the last. It is from Barbara and Buster together."

"It looks like jewelry!" said the kindergarten teacher. "Hurry up and open it."

The name of this family adorns the door of one of New York's most famous stores, so our expectations were high. The box contained a tiny flower to wear on my coat — the price mark on the box had not been removed — fifty cents. Our astonishment was exceeded only by our laughter!

It was not until I was packing the gifts into my suitcase that I realized that Peter had not given me a present. If it had been any of the others — but Peter; who loved to give! I recalled then his unhappy eyes as the gay pile on my desk had grown higher. I wondered. Was Mademoiselle punishing him by allowing him no gifts? Was he afraid to ask for a present? I never knew.

On the day after New Year's, the first day of school after the long vacation, when Christmas is a forgotten joy and the work of the winter stretches ahead, Peter came into the schoolroom smiling.

"Here is your Christmas present, Miss Ross," he said, and thrust a package into my hand.

At recess I took it out of my desk —a curious little bundle wrapped in creased paper, tied with a string. I opened it. A bottle of perfume with a French label. But how queer — the seal was broken—— Instinctively I removed the cork and lifted the bottle. Then I set it down. Poor little rich child. The bottle was filled with water.

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THE LAST CHOICE OF CRUSTY DICK

By WILLIAM D. WILLIAMS

IT was a very commonplace, uninteresting spot, which one would be sure to forget within a single day. There are a million such places, more or less, in the arid Southwest. All around, as far as the eye could reach, the level plain was set with sparse clumps of prickly-pear and grease weed, but such things really count for nothing in such a country. A mile or more to the east, a barren red hill had, once upon a time, wakened to life and heaved itself aloft; but that was long, long ago—so very long the hill itself appeared to have forgotten about it. The heat waves that flickered in the air distorted the rugged outlines, and set them in seeming motion, as though the hill were about to move again. But all the desert knew better, for, in all the ages since it had possessed itself of that country, that hill had continually threatened to move, notwithstanding which, it had not once changed its position. So the thin, dry grass twisted and curled back upon itself, and tried, in every other way, to withdraw itself from the terrible heat of the sun, and had not even a languid apprehension that anything would happen.

To the west, right at hand, as one might say, a red granite rock, big as a house, had in other ages burst the bonds of the earth, and stuck its head out in the air. But so hot did it find it, and so dull, it was plainly sorry of its reckless irruption; it drooped repentantly, as if promising never to do it again.

In all that commonplace of desolation, absolutely the only thing worth looking at was a slender trickle of water, which perseveringly pushed itself up, along the break in the earth made by the protruding rock. In any other country, if anybody had ever noticed its existence, it would have been called a seep, and it would have been set about thickly with waving flags and nodding ferns. In the desert, it was a spring, known and honored by every lonesome, wandering man and beast on one side of the great range, and it was ornamented by a straggling fringe of dry white bones, which lay upon its bosom like a string of pearls adorning the neck of a bride.

If it be true that every landscape has a story of its own, which can be read in the expression of its features, then one looking at that spot would be justified in believing himself able to see, as plainly as if it had been written in the palm of his hand, these words, "Since the dawn of creation nothing whatever has happened here." Yet, within the memory of men still living, that rock has looked down upon at least one ambush and massacre, as dreary as the scene surrounding it, and God alone knows what other horrors it has witnessed.

It was in the morning, with the sun part way up the sky, when all around the eastern side of the rock a swirling tangle of men and horses, of wagons and harness, an intricate and confused current of disorder, set slowly toward the spring. Along the edges, the sparse bunches of grease weed and prickly-pear were exploding rapidly, going pop, pop, pop, as if the surface of the desert were breaking out in a noisy eruption. Out of the popping there rose curls of white smoke, ascending vertically through the dead air, climbing steadily, as though set upon some lofty, common errand.

The Apaches had ambushed a wagon-train, and the teamsters were driving for the shelter of the rock, there to make such stand as they could. "Hai, whoop," each man was shouting to his horses, leaning far forward over the tails of the wheelers, seeming by the inclination of his body to add speed to his flight. "Hai, whoop! Get up, Jim! Go on, Kate! Out of this, boys, out of this!" The horses went with a rush, surging evenly against their collars,

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their bodies glistening with an ooze of perspiration. The wagons bumped and swayed over the inequalities of the surface, the timbers of each groaning beneath its heavy load. Dust sprang up in the air and hung about them, until only vague outlines loomed through, uncertainly discerned, as if seen through a dense fog.

The Indians had abandoned concealment. They stood up, leaning forward with eagerness, shooting with the calm rapidity of an expert hunter killing game. At times they screamed, clapping one hand to the mouth and removing it rapidly, repeating this frequently, producing a broken, wailing cry, that seemed wonderfully feeble in the open vastness which surrounded them.

The whole affair had a singular appearance of unreality, event after event occurring as if each one had been rehearsed with a masterful patience. No third rate painter of cheap scenery could have produced a more commonplace, uninteresting desert. The rifles continued to explode theatrically, the white puffs of smoke rising with stiff deliberation, each exactly like every other, as if they were being lifted by machinery which could not be made to move fast enough to produce the proper effect. The Indians yelled "Yow, yow, yow" with such precision that they seemed to have been trained from infancy. The drivers cracked their whips and swore at their horses with an appearance of merely perfunctory zeal. The interest they displayed looked to have been drilled into them by persistent effort.

When Gold Finch was shot through the lungs with a soft bullet that drilled a hole through which one could have run a stick, you would have said he was very far from being surprised. The froth of blood filling his throat precluded his speech. With a gentle motion of his hand, he turned over the lines to Crusty Dick, who sat at his side, and, lying down uncomfortably over the back of the narrow seat, went to sleep without a word, and passed out of the play and out of the world. And the rock of their refuge was still a quarter of a mile away.

Dick frowned, and said, "Damn it." He stuck the barrel of his smoking gun beneath his thigh, gathered the four leather straps awkwardly in his fingers, two in each hand, and turned his attention to driving, like a man giving himself, with a world of enthusiasm, to the acquisition of a new trade.

"Here, you, Buck Howard," he yelled to the driver on his left, "don't you keep a-crowdin' on me. Don't you do it." He mumbled to himself inaudible complaints.

An arrow struck his near wheeler in the ribs, sticking out like a leafless weed, and, as the horse plunged under the pain, another appeared, grown fast to the shoulder.

"They'll make a damn porcupine out of that Jim horse," he growled. "I reckon it's my turn now." He leaned over the dead body of the teamster, balancing himself precariously, looking backward through the dust, along the wagon cover. He drew the revolver from his belt, and, in a listless, casual manner, discharged one chamber. An Indian who had been running in pursuit, holding an arrow drawn to its head in his bow, let the tip slip from between his fingers, stood for an instant, with one leg lifted in its stride, and then plunged, head first, like a diver, into a bunch of prickly-pear, where he lay, moving his arms and legs jerkily, as if he were swimming.

"I wish I could drive that good," complained Dick. The wagon bumped against a ridge of dirt, throwing him down on Gold Finch's body, and, when he had slipped along to his own end of the seat, he was all dabbled with blood. But the rock was visibly nearer at hand.

Suddenly, one of Howard's leaders staggered and fell to its knees. The driver lashed out tremendously with his whip, the horse lifted itself, plunged heavily against its collar, and fell in a heap. The wheeler stumbled over the leader, the team swung around, locking the wheels, and Howard cursed frantically, calling Heaven to witness that, if he had ever dreamed of such luck, he would have stayed at home with his mother.

Dick was out in an instant, cutting loose the traces, slashing into the gear, loosing the dying animal, with a composure so unruffled and effective it had the appearance of calm deliberation, as

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if he had been expecting this from before his birth, as if he were prepared for it by ages of forethought.

"Now, look at that damn tongue," cried Howard, spitting disgustedly, and pointing with one finger extended.

The broken tongue was stuck in the ground, anchoring the wagon in the desert. Bullets were singing mournfully overhead, as if filled with melancholy regret for their deadly errand. Others, passing, more dangerously near, buzzed like angry bumble-bees. Arrows passed through the air, splitting it with spiteful, hissing noises.

Dick looked a moment at the ruin. "Hell," he exploded. "Git in with me. I'm a-needin' a driver a whole lot."

"I don't like to leave my horses," protested Howard.

"Git in," Dick ordered. "Git in. Git right in." His voice was tense and emphatic, his eyes blazed with anger, he seemed ready to spring upon the driver and tear him to pieces.

Howard took a step toward Dick's wagon. All at once he sat down on the ground, and looked around him, amazement showing in his face. "Lordy," he muttered, "I'm afraid I've gone an' done it now." He turned his eyes sheepishly toward Dick. He tried to stand up, he raised himself with one leg in position, dragged the other after him until he was upright, balanced himself a moment with outstretched arms, and sat down on the ground again. He felt of his leg, withdrew his fingers dripping blood, gazed at them shrewdly, and looked again toward Dick, very deprecating, obviously ashamed.

Dick was facing to the rear, shooting slowly and methodically, like a man bored by too long practice at a target. So wonderful was his execution that, in a moment, not an Indian was to be seen, and the vegetation once more began to explode, where hostile marksmen lay concealed.

He glanced over his shoulder toward Howard. "Git in," he complained. "Why the hell don't you git in? D'ye expect me to hold 'em off forever?"

"They got me," apologized Howard, and he began to excuse himself, explaining how it happened. "They broke my leg, an' I couldn't help it. The bone's a-stickin' clean out. You git in."

The vegetation was breaking out in puffs of smoke at close range. The last of the other wagons whirled by in a great cloud of dust. At the rock the drivers were calling back to them: "Git in. Git in, an' drive on. Come on, you damn fools." Bullets, going both ways, passed them, singing mournfully—singing to them of their danger and of the black sorrow of approaching death.

It was done with a rush, a mob of Indians yelling and shooting at their heels. Howard fell into the seat with a groan, dropping heavily on Gold Finch's dead body. Dick took his old place, firing backward along the edges of the wagon cover. At the rock, the drivers yelled their triumph. The whip cracked, the horses pulled against their collars, the wagon labored over the inequalities of the surface, groaning as if in mortal anguish. They drove in, completing the little half circle of wagons drawn up around the spring, but Dick was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh, and an arrow was sticking out of Howard's shoulder, the feathers swishing about through the air with the pull of the muscles.

It was the sad beginning of a notable tragedy. When the first shot was fired and the ambush opened itself to its victims, there had been in the train seven wagons and eleven men. In the half-moon that defended the spring there were four wagons left and seven men, all of whom were wounded. But the retreat was at an end, and no one thought of surrender. In fact, there has never lived a man so brave that he would willingly surrender himself alive into the hands of the Apache.

At noon the barricade had been made as effective as possible. A few Indians were annoying the camp with an intermittent fire, which appeared to threaten no harm. The main body was at a safe distance, stripping the abandoned wagons, and scattering their contents. Blue smoke rose lazily from a fire, which was being fed with lumber from broken packages. Within the barricade the teamsters huddled together under the shade of a projecting spur of rock. The squealing of a horse in pain was borne on the air into their midst.

"What's that?" inquired a gigantic teamster, who had a bloody bandage bound round his long black hair.

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"That?" answered Dick. "Why, that's them Injuns a-tormentin' of them horses."

The drivers looked at each other with gloomy, foreboding eyes.

"I wish I hadn't left mine," complained Buck Howard, attempting to rise. His shattered leg twisted under him helplessly, and he sat down again with a groan.

While Dick was lifting him to an easier position, some of the drivers looked out cautiously over the wagon top, and saw that which set them shivering with horror.

"I'd kill myself first," said the black-haired giant, turning back toward his companions and moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

Singularly enough, the others appeared to understand, and nodded their heads, gravely approving. Meanwhile, their ears were distracted with the nickering of the tortured horse.

In the middle of the afternoon, an Indian secretly surmounted the rock, and began shooting down into the camp, as it lay below him, open and defenseless. Dick turned away from the wagons, and, looking up, saw curls of white powder smoke, projected horizontally, lying upon the air motionless and hard of outline, like some rigid substance which had been violently ejected. The dull gleam of a gun barrel shone indistinctly, and a brown hand and arm, almost indistinguishable in the shadow, lay along a ragged edge. Dick fired so quickly it seemed as though his gun had been discharged by accident. The line of light reflected from the steel leaped up like a live thing, the gun came clattering down the rock, the brown arm, limply distorted, waved in the air; two savage eyes, points of glittering light, looked over the edge, seeming very bright against the dull background. Then Dick fired again, and a naked savage came tumbling down, falling inertly from one projection to another, lodging at last, the head and shoulders strained violently downward, the arms extended full length, seeming to stretch and reach for something which lay far below, to stretch and reach, forever, for something they might never grasp.

It was as theatrical and unreal as if it had been done for stage effect alone. The shots were fired too quickly; Dick's skill was too great; the Apache died too promptly; the effort was too small for the effect produced; actors and spectators were too wooden, too uninterested, for it to be reality at which they were playing. One would not have been surprised to hear an audience clap its hands and shout its approval, to see the Indian, who, with the tragic intensity of genius, stretched and strained to grasp that which he could never reach, rise and bow and lay his hand upon his heart, in mimic acknowledgment of the applause.

"You sure gunned him damn quick," praised Buck Howard; while Bartow Johnny and Charley Rudd grinned deprecatingly, as if at some joke which they could not entirely approve. Crusty Dick was sheepish and downcast, having the look of a man caught, redhanded, in some shameful meanness.

At that moment Buck's eye caught sight of a prostrate, gigantic figure, sprawled in the dust beside one of the wagons, its long, black hair bound around with a dirty bandage, spotted with blood. He stared at it idiotically, apparently unable to comprehend. He blew out his breath between his teeth, producing a low, whistling noise, as if he had received an unexpected, painful injury. He glanced from the dead body to Dick, and from Dick to the body, which seemed so appalling in the intensity of its quietude.

"Why, I didn't know that damn Injun had got Black Bill," he groaned. His voice was like a wail.

Black Bill lay in the dust, his face stiffening into an unchangeable expression of pain, as if death brought to him no relief, as if he were doomed to suffer forever the pangs of dissolution. Out in front of the wagons, the tortured horse was still nickering and shrieking.

"Won't that horse never die?" complained Charley. "It gits onto my nerves."

"I never saw another feller so lucky as that there Black Bill," mused Dick, looking down very gravely at the dead driver.

"That's so," agreed Buck. "He's surely drawed all the good cards this time."

There was no one among them willing to dispute the proposition.

Burning as they were with fever,

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half crazed with the pain of ill-tended wounds, it was weary work wearing out the hours of that long hot afternoon. Out in front, rifles held by unseen foes exploded mysteriously at long intervals in unlikely spots in the sparse surrounding vegetation. The abandoned wagons, gaunt wrecks in an ocean of sand, stood around, unsheeted and empty, silently dejected. In one, a naked figure, erect upon the driver's seat, duskily outlined against the fierce, harsh sky, called out in a loud voice, making insulting, derisive gestures at the besieged. One after another the drivers elevated their sights, using rests and aiming with the utmost care, making wasteful, ineffective shots at the distant mark.

When the sun hung right at the crest of the rock, blinding all who looked that way, another Indian scaled it from the opposite side, perching himself at the very summit, from which point he opened fire. When he was finally driven off, there were two more dead in the camp. In the assault that came and was repelled at sunset, another passed away, and Howard was again wounded. That night he was delirious and did himself great harm, dragging himself about on his wounded leg, and forcing the bone further through the flesh and skin.

It appears to be the belief of an Apache that, if he be killed during the night, his shade will dwell forever in the dark, where it will be tormented beyond his own wicked imagination, by beings that can see better than he. Therefore, it is only in the greatest need that he will fight when there is no light. With the deepening of twilight the rifle popping ceased, a vast and lonely silence possessed the desert.

Morning came, and every floating wisp of vapor caught the rays of the rising sun and trailed across the sky, its tattered rags gorgeous with orient colors. From before the barricade came again the noise of lonesome, infrequent shots, and the bullets went moaning sorrowfully through the camp. Curling puffs of powder smoke, dark blue in the faint light, lay flat upon the air, and soared heavily.

At a little distance some Indians stood about a fire which they were evidently feeding with unseasoned fuel, for dense smoke rose from it, in a slender column, and sailed aloft, so high the eye could scarcely discern its summit. They passed a blanket over the fire, holding down the smoke, which they loosed at irregular intervals, letting it go in puffs, so that the column was broken by clear spaces of varying lengths. As the sun rose higher one could see, in the east and in the north, other smoke columns, broken also, which were rising at a great distance. The columns, built up of smoke puffs, varingly separated, rose to the sky with something of the rhythm and cadence of spoken words, as if unimaginable intelligences were answering one another, as if they were speaking together across infinite gulfs.

Dark figures, yelling lugubriously, rolled a wagon wheel across the sand, and dropped it by the fire. The sun, looking red and awful, hung a moment, cut half in two, on the edge of the world, and long shadows, wildly distorted, went capering across the earth. The desert, which appeared so commonplace by the full light of day, bore now a sinister look as if some dreadful tragedy, which it had been concealing in its bosom, were struggling to the light, as if it were opening itself to the light to reveal some soul-sickening horror.

Within the camp, Crusty Dick, red-eyed and wan, climbed upon a wagon and looked out, shivering as if the air had grown cold. Instantly the rifles, concealed so mysteriously by insufficient bunches of vegetation, exploded more rapidly. Bullets struck, sounding dull and heavy, and others whined droningly, as they passed through the air.

"Come down out of there," commanded Bartow Johnny angrily. "Reckon if you git hurt, what'll become of the rest of us?"

Then, as Dick, answering nothing, shaded his eyes with one hand and looked out more intently, Johnny raised himself cautiously and peeped over the top of the wagon.

"What's that they're doin', out by the fire?" he demanded.

"Oh, that," answered Dick, speaking as if it were something he saw then for the first time. "Why, that's where they're a-fixin' to cook us. They'll tie us to a wagon wheel an' throw us on the fire. An' they'll have some other amoosin' features, before the cookin' begins."

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Johnny shivered, as if he, too, were chilled by an uncommon coolness of the air.

"Well, by God," he said.

After all, profanity is no more than a habit. If ever there was a prayer in a voice, it was in Johnny's, as he shivered and cursed.

Dick came down from the wagon. They looked at one another stealthily, those two men, who seemed now so lonely and helpless; they looked at one another as men do who have in mind the same shameful thing, each knowing the thought of the other, both aware of his mutual knowledge. Their eyes were shifty and timid; they wet their lips with the tips of their tongues.

Over by the granite wall, Buck, bound and helpless, moaned and cursed continually, in his delirium.

"You do it," said Johnny. The same horror that had been shining in his eyes spoke now in his voice.

"D'ye think I'm a damn dog?" answered Dick, resentfully. "You do it for yourself, an' I'll do it for me."

"I'm afraid I can't," whined Johnny.

"Besides, who's goin' to do it for him?" he asked, nodding toward Buck.

"Well, I'll tend to Buck, but you've got to do your part."

Out in front, the Indians were closing in from clump to clump. Their fire was slack and infrequent. They were gathering for a final assault. The two drivers walked back toward a small, roughly built barricade, which was intended for their final stand. As they neared it, several Apaches began firing at them from the top of the rock. They rushed under the protecting ledge, which formed the rear wall of this inner defenses.

Dick stumbled, threw out his hands, ineffectually trying to regain his balance, and fell forward upon his face. He lifted himself upon his arms, struggling a moment and looking anxiously toward his legs, and began crawling slowly over the ground, laboriously dragging the lower part of his body, as if it were some unnatural burden, from which he could not separate himself.

Johnny turned instantly to work, rapidly filling the broken front breast high with sacks of flour, gaudily branded in large blue and red letters, "Pride of the West." Now and then he would covertly glance at Dick, looking out of the corners of his eyes. When the barricade had been completed to his notion, he lifted a rifle and began firing it furiously; then, observing that there were no answering shots from outside, he put it down and stood at one side.

Meantime Dick who had drawn himself to a sitting position, his back against the rock, was conducting a series of experiments, which seemed of absorbing interest. He pinched the flesh of his legs, one after the other, shaking his head solemnly at each test. He tore the skin with his nails, and watched the blood ooze and flow. He pounded with the hammer of his revolver. He stuck in the point of his knife, trying himself, place by place, from the waist down. At last he desisted, sighing wearily.

"They have surely played hell with me," he muttered. "I wisht I had the devil that done it," and his eyes glittered with an inhuman lust of cruelty.

In another corner, not a dozen feet away, Buck Howard lay against the wall, tormented by a cloud of flies, raving and cursing insanely.

"I can't do it," cried out Johnny, as if some one were urging him against his will. He lowered his eyes, looking down upon the floor, sullen and ashamed.

"You've just got to," answered Dick, his instant comprehension showing that he, too, had the same subject close to the surface of his mind.

"It's a-comin', damn quick, an' you've just got to," he continued.

"They'll just have to burn me. I can't do it," Johnny lifted his hands, palms outward, and turned away his face, repelled with horror.

Dick looked up, eyeing his companion curiously, unable to comprehend his reluctance in the face of a supreme necessity. At the last moment of life, how far apart those two were, how little could either understand the other. They spoke together, face to face, and it was as if the inhabitants of alien worlds signaled unintelligibly across the great gulfs of the universe.

"I'll do it," said Dick at last. Perhaps ten seconds had elapsed, but it seemed to him that a lifetime of solemn reflection had preceded the words; it seemed to him he had grown old in thought before he spoke. "I'll do it,

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an' may God have mercy on my soul."

Johnny licked his lips and swallowed, avid with greed, breathless with the joy of gain.

"Let 'em come on now, damn 'em," he said, "I'm tired of waitin'."

"You won't have long to wait," observed Dick. "Set me a full gun, where I can reach it."

The silence was deadly. It weighed down the heart with nameless threats, with the vast oppression of a final evil.

There was a yell outside, a mad and fatal cry, diabolically brutal, that seemed to pour out upon the earth an overwhelming flood of insanity and disaster. Naked red bodies rushed from place to place with incredible swiftness, figures that flitted before the eyes half seen, as ghosts might flit from shadow to shadow, avoiding the painful light of the day. Nearer and nearer they came, disclosing faces bestial and monstrous, eyes gleaming hatefully from cavernous, shadowy orbits, features painted to distortion, infinitely repulsive in their faint remaining likeness to humanity.

Johnny, standing upright, exposed himself without fear, shooting rapidly. Dick, with his back broken, paralyzed from the waist down, was driven to concealment by his condition, and could use his weapon less frequently, firing quickly at vanishing figures, at heads and arms and infrequent bodies that came within the range of his vision and disappeared instantly, as if by magic. He was counting downward, as the Indians swarmed over the barricade.

"Five." He called the numbers aloud with each shot.

Buck Howard, unconscious in his corner, was moaning softly, like one who, sleeping, suffers still in his dreams.

"Don't you forget to do it," cried Johnny over his shoulder.

"Four."

"Don't you dare forget."

"Three."

"Now, Buck. Poor Buck."

So close were they together, the muzzle almost touched the driver when the cartridge exploded. The groaning ceased upon the instant. The sleeper slept more profoundly.

"Two," counted Dick, numbering his remaining cartridges.

Johnny was struggling with a painted, sweating savage, who had seized the barrel of his revolver and was pulling at it desperately. Dick aimed in that direction and touched the trigger. Click went the hammer, but there was no report. The cartridge was defective, and failed to explode.

"It's a damn shame," he muttered.

Johnny jerked loose and fired, and the Indian gave way at the knees, threw out his arms, his fingers closing tightly upon his palms, and sank to the earth, with that awkward looseness of the joints that comes of sudden death. But another took his place instantly, springing from the barricade upon the driver's shoulders, forcing him to the ground.

"Hurry, Dick," appealed Johnny, "You're a-goin' to let me be took."

"Well, I'm more'n half dead now," said Dick, reasoning with himself against the fear of the torture which had taken him by the heart.

An Indian stooped over and caught him firmly by the shoulder.

"An' it's the part that hurts worst that's dead," he thought.

"Hurry, Dick," implored Johnny.

"An' Johnny, he's alive all over," reflected Dick, "he'll hurt all over."

The Indian slipped his hand down the white man's arm, from the shoulder to the elbow.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," Johnny pleaded.

"An' I promised to do it," reasoned Dick.

The Indian grasped his arm so tightly he could not move it. The barrel of his revolver pointed in the right direction. He looked at it, and then at Johnny.

"Hope to God this shell's all right."

Down came the hammer, and the explosion followed so closely it seemed to him simultaneous with the pulling of the trigger. The Indian dropped his hand to the smoking barrel, and struggled for the possession of the gun.

"That's good, Dick," gasped Johnny, speaking in a low voice, looking curiously out of the corners of his eyes, as if he were saying something unbecoming, as if he were saying something weak and womanish. "Thank you, Dick." He flattened out under the weight of his captor and lay still.

As Dick lay back against the rock, he could not get it out of his mind how very long the tortured horse had been dying.

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SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT UPON LIVING THINGS

By C. C. LITTLE

President of the University of Maine

RADIANT energy—such as ultra violet light—in its very name carries to the scientist something of that vivid appeal that references to the somewhat mystical figures of mythology have to the lover of poetry.

To have caught a glimpse of one of these silent, invisible, but powerful physical agents at work, is to have seen

> Immortal Pan dance secret in a glade,
> And dancing, roll his eyes; these, where they fell,
> Shed glee, and through the congregated oaks
> A flying horror winged.

Again and again, in the course of modern biological investigation, one comes to glimpses of future developments of that field as alluring to the scientific imagination as the sight of a hitherto unknown Holbein to a museum curator.

These things bring out forcibly and insistently the close relationship between the investigator in the natural sciences and the creative artist. They are as alike as the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady when the skin of conventional habit is suddenly removed by the sweep of a new uncontrolled and unanalyzed problem. Their inner beings rejoice and they hurl themselves into the pursuit with the instinctive enthusiasm of Mr. Alfred Tingle on the trail of the fair Miss Wardle. Only I suspect that their sentiment is deeper than his and the object of their affection far more subtle in her tactics.

In order, however, to catch a glimpse of this particular ultra-violet nymph, we shall have to part cautiously and with some considerable labor certain general undergrowth such as radiant energy and the relation of heat and visible light to ultra-violet.

Radiant energy originates from vibrating waves of that basic form of matter known as ether. The various forms of radiant energy differ from each other according to the length of the waves set up in the ether.

In fact it is intensely interesting to see in even a rough diagram, such as that shown below, the relation of these wave lengths so vastly different from one another.

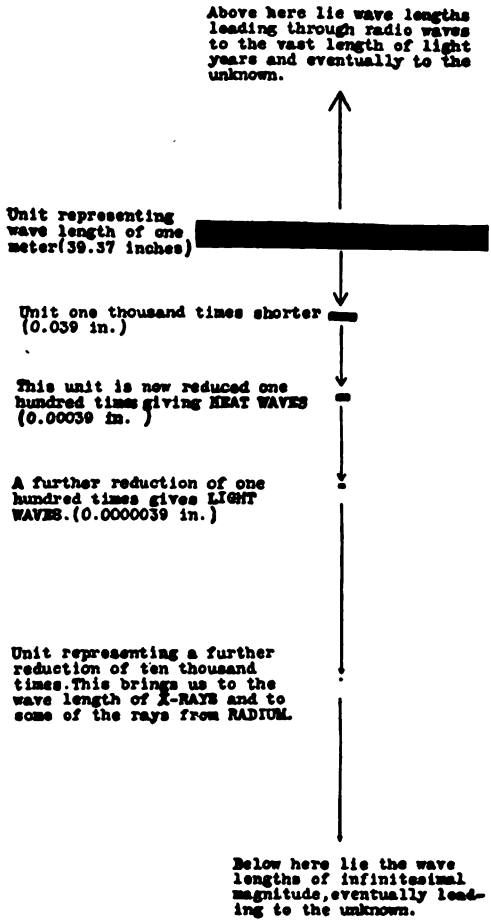
Above here lie wave lengths leading through radio waves to the vast length of light years and eventually to the unknown.
Unit representing wave length of one meter(39.37 inches)
Unit one thousand times shorter (0.039 in.)
This unit is now reduced one hundred times giving HEAT WAVES (0.00039 in.)
A further reduction of one hundred times gives LIGHT WAVES.(0.0000039 in.)
Unit representing a further reduction of ten thousand times.This brings us to the wave length of X-RAYS and to some of the rays from RADIUM.
Below here lie the wave lengths of infinitesimal magnitude,eventually leading to the unknown.

Diagram I

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It is well to bear in mind at the outset that diagrams are dangerous, because of their too great definiteness in an attempt to depict a general situation, and also that our information concerning the longest and the shortest possible wave lengths still is at the zero point. Thus we find that if we focus our attention upon the largest rectangle in diagram I, we must visualize to ourselves a wave length of one meter—a little over a yard—in length.

Of the vastly longer wave lengths lying above and extending out through the various magnitudes of radio waves to the awe-inspiring length of light years and light centuries, we shall have little to say. Our journey leads us in the other direction, down through a process of diminution in size which will tax our imagination to the utmost.

We may first proceed to a unit one thousandth of a meter, or thirty-nine one thousandths of an inch in length. This is just a little stopping place to get our breath and when we have done so we may continue.

The next step is to imagine this tiny wave length reduced one hundred times. This gives us a wave of thirty-nine one hundred thousandths, or roughly one two thousand five hundred sixtieths of an inch in length.

Waves of this length are what we call *heat*. They have a market effect on chemical reactions and on certain very important life processes. Many life processes are stimulated by mild degrees of heat up to a point of maximum efficiency. If then heat is increased, the stimulative effect diminishes, finally ceases and is replaced by a harmful or even fatal result.

But heat is only part of our journey —only one station along the road; we shall have to go much further. We shall have to imagine a heat wave made smaller again by one hundred times—down to one two hundred and fifty-six thousandths of an inch. When we have reached this point we enter the wave lengths of *light*.

Living things are intensely sensitive to light. We have but to recall the dependence of birds upon its presence. As I write this we are approaching the date for a total eclipse of the sun. Those who are fortunate enough to be in the path of its totality will possibly have a chance to see chickens and sparrows going to roost, and possibly cattle in the field acting as though night was approaching. The rest-seeking reactions of these creatures are called into play mechanically and instinctively by the disappearance of light.

We all know how dependent plants are upon light. There is a grim and silent battle for light constantly being waged in our forests and fields. The absence of growing seedlings on the floor of the deep woods is a silent tribute to the need of light for the support of life.

With visible light we are all familiar. Our eyes with their wonderful image-forming capacity represent one of the most beautiful light-adapted structures imaginable. So delicate is this ability of ours that we can recognize a certain range or order of different colors which we speak of as the spectrum.

The rainbow gives us one of the most striking opportunities to test out our range of color vision rapidly and effectively—demonstrating, as it does, the full spectrum. At one end of the scale, that of the longest wave lengths, most closely approaching heat waves, lies red; and at the other end, that of the shortest wave lengths, lies violet. Between the two, as we all know, stretches a beautiful and varied series of easily distinguishable colors.

We need not, however, for the purposes of this discussion, spend much of our time on the visible light, but move directly to a consideration of what lies beyond the visible at the violet end of the spectrum. The *invisible* region lying beyond the violet is called ultra-violet.

Light waves in this region have a very interesting property. They are absorbed by, and therefore cannot pass through, ordinary window glass. Those who work extensively with ultra-violet light utilize this information and protect their eyes from the ultra-violet rays by wearing goggles of ordinary glass. While unable to pass through glass, the ultra-violet rays pass readily through the transparent mineral substance known as quartz. Recently improved methods of fusing and working this substance, developed by Dr. E. R. Berry of the General Electric Com-

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pany, have made much more practicable the production of quartz tubes to serve in the utilization of ultra-violet light.

One of the commonest commercial sources of ultra-violet light for experimental purposes is the vapor of ordinary mercury. When an electric current is passed through mercury it heats, vaporizes and gives off ultra-violet rays. This process may be carried on in a carefully sealed quartz tube. The lamp thus formed is known as a mercury-vapor arc, and is one of the most popular methods of producing ultra-violet rays.

Among the first interesting bits of information concerning the action of ultra-violet light was the observation of the fact that it could coagulate the white of an egg—cooking it quite successfully. Dr. W. T. Bovie of Harvard University who did this work also assures me that a thin layer of milk exposed to prolonged ultra-violet radiation will take on quite as characteristic and objectionable a "burnt" odor as can be produced by the most casual amateur cook under the very unpoetic stimulus of too direct heat.

The effect of ultra-violet upon living tissue is also at times startling. Dr. Bovie had, in his laboratory, a microscope particularly constructed so that observation of the effects of a very fine beam of ultra-violet light was possible. The living objects chosen for study were relatively simple animals of microscopic size—the single-celled creatures known as paramecia.

I have said that paramecia are small—they are also cigar-shaped and they move through the water steadily, rotating as they go. They can be procured in quantity if ordinary hay is allowed to begin decomposition in a pan or jar of water. When one of these animals, in the course of its swimming, passed through the beam of ultra-violet light, the effect was, as I have before intimated, surprising and startling. For a moment it would hesitate and then without further preliminary it would burst open in as complete a state of disorganization as though it were a whale hit by a torpedo.

By limiting the amount of ultra-violet, Dr. Bovie was able to obtain exposures that were not fatal. He then started a series of experiments to prove that the effect of the light was in the nature of a chemical change in the substance of the paramecium.

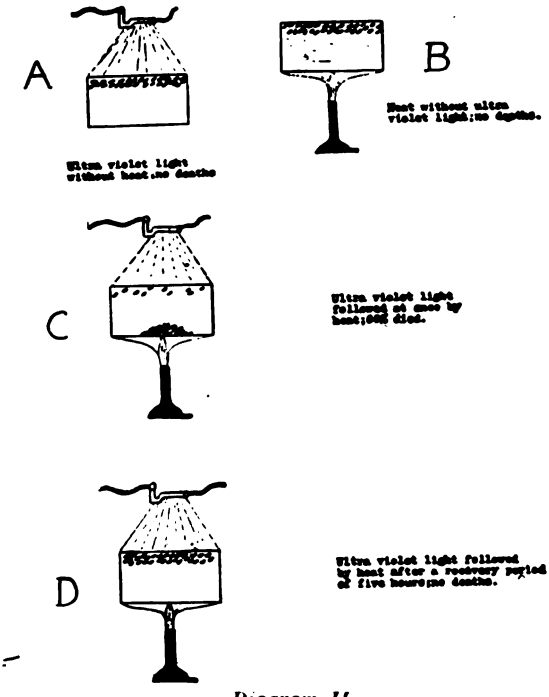

Diagram II

A diagram to show how this was demonstrated is given above.

A. shows a dish containing a number of paramecia. They were exposed for four seconds to weak ultra-violet light. None of them died. B. shows another dish containing a similar number of paramecia subjected to a certain degree of heat. None of them died.

C., however, shows that the exposure to ultra-violet, although not fatal when given alone, had had a marked effect on the animal, for when the four-second exposure was followed at once by the same amount of heat which previously had not hurt them, sixty-six per cent of the animals died.

Recovery from the effect of ultra-violet is shown in D. Here, five hours were allowed to elapse between the exposure to ultra-violet and the treatment with heat. In this case none of the animals died. This showed that the chemical change produced by the light had

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worn off and that no signs of exposure to the ultra-violet remained.

Microscopic animals are not as interesting to the casual reader as are the higher animals or man; and it is worth while, therefore, to show how well adapted man is to take care of the ordinary amount of ultra-violet light which he will encounter in the course of exposure to sunlight.

There is a considerable body of experimental evidence to show that sunburn and tanning are normal reactions of the skin to the ultra-violet rays of ordinary sunlight. There is also evidence obtained by Finsen and others that ultra-violet rays try to penetrate the skin in much the same way that troops in attack try to penetrate a line of defense.

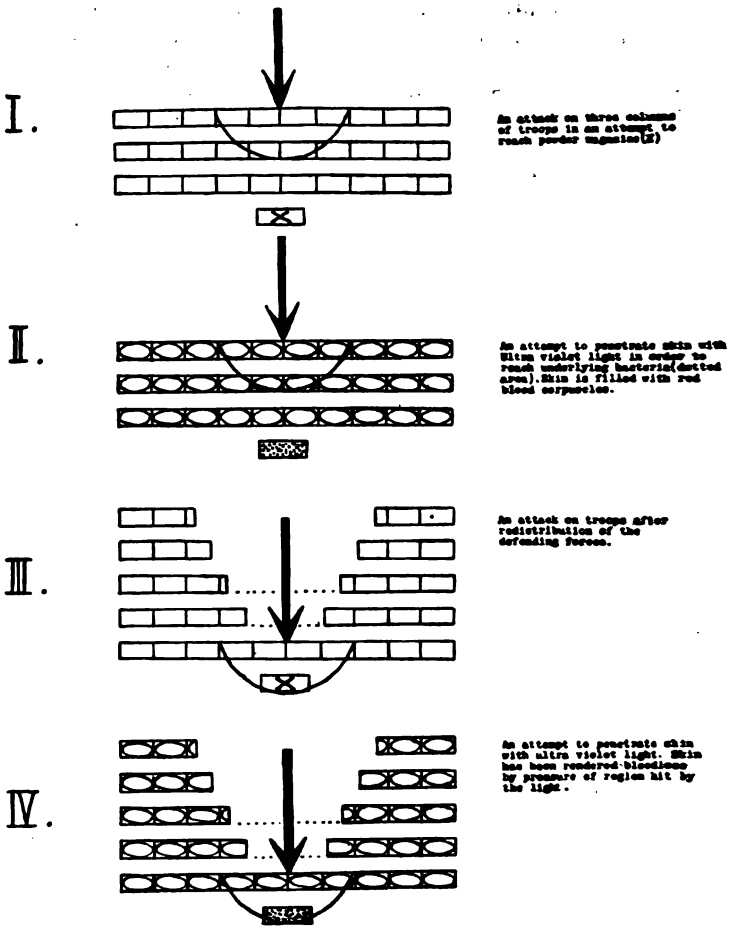

Diagram III

Diagram III attempts to show four conditions. In number I an attack is shown hitting three lines of troops drawn up shoulder to shoulder to protect a particularly vulnerable spot X which we may assume is a powder magazine. Because of the way in which the troops are distributed, the attack, which has a power of penetration indicated by the semicircular line, falls short of its objective.

Number II shows a diagrammatic representation of red blood corpuscles drawn up in the skin to defend some vulnerable material—that is, bacteria. The point of attack of the ultra-violet rays and their power of penetration are shown as above. The attack falls short—the rays being absorbed by the blood cells, just as the attacking troops in number I were absorbed by the first two lines of defense.

In number III, however, there has been a redistribution of the troops in the lines of defense. The attack hits a weakened point, and although its penetrating power is no greater than before, it is sufficient to break through the single line and reach its objective. The powder magazine will, if it be desired, explode.

IV shows a condition in which the red blood corpuscles have been driven out—redistributed by pressure. The line of defense to the ultra-violet is weakened. The result is that the rays penetrate the weakened defense—bloodless skin—reach and kill the bacteria.

The analogy, though presented in shortened and condensed form, will, I believe, hold.

Up to this time we have been dealing with generalities. I now want to de-

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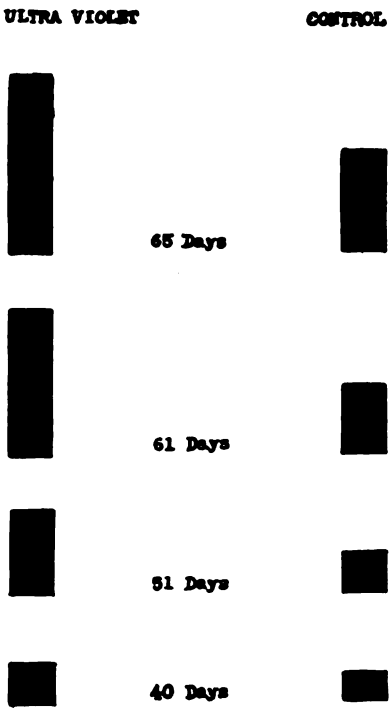
scribe very briefly the results of a series of experiments on chickens to show how ultra-violet light may act as a highly useful and beneficial agent, in some cases at least.

There occurs in chickens raised either on deficient diet or under adverse housing conditions a disease known as "weak-leg." The chickens gradually lose the use of their legs and become progressively weaker and more undernourished. Digestive disturbances may result—curved, knobby or twisted growth of the leg bones may also be found, and eventally the affected chick dies. There are many points of similarity between this disease in chicks and a disease of human infants called rickets. Both diseases may—to a considerable degree—be benefited by proper modifications of the diet.

Last year a problem was given to Mr. J. M. Murray, now a senior at the University of Maine, in which it was planned to test the effect of ultra-violet light as a corrective for the condition which produces weak-leg in chicks.

The test was carefully controlled. A large number of chicks, all hatched at the same time, were divided into two groups. One group was kept in a greenhouse under glass, and was *not* treated with ultra-violet. The other group was kept in the same greenhouse and *was* treated daily with ultra violet. All were given the same food.

The untreated birds developed many cases of weak-leg. Mortality was heavy, while gain in weight was slow. The treated birds developed no cases of weak-leg. Mortality was negligible and the growth rate is shown in comparison with that of the untreated animals in diagram IV.



Columns show average increase in weight of chicks treated with ultra violet light compared with untreated controls at various ages. In every case the treated chicks show a clearly greater gain.

Diagram IV

It it clear that the treated birds were vastly superior to those that were untreated. The superiority has held long after exposure has ceased, for within the past few weeks the egg production of both groups has begun and has been observed from its start. The treated birds started to lay earlier and have produced more eggs than the untreated.

Of course the object of an article of this kind can only be to hint at phases of a broad subject. In no way can one hope to do more than to bring out one or two points.

If we were to sum up and to try to carry away a few important facts we should first of all recognize the invisibility and energy-bearing properties of ultra-violet. We should then want to recognize its ability to cause chemical changes in living substance as shown by the experiments with paramecium.

We should want to recognize the powers as a corrective and preventive against a nutritional disease in chickens. In this connection we might fairly hope for an extension of these powers to rickets in human beings.

Finally it will be well to return once more to the first diagram and, beginning at the infinitessimal light wave, go down to vastly greater depth.

We should find wave lengths ten thousand times shorter than light in the phenomenon known as X-rays and close to this the active rays from radium. In this field is included attempts to modify the inherited characteristics of animals and plants—a new and entirely absorbing phrase of biological experimentation.

And still below these lie wave lengths so short that they baffle our power of description, even our imagination, and stretch away into the unknown.

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THOMAS LURTING

An Able Minded Seaman

By MOLLIE BEST

Introductory Note by the Author

MANY years ago Charles Lamb wrote: "Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend, above all church narratives, to read Sewel's *History of the Quakers.*" The early history of the Quakers is much more than a church narrative; it is the story of one of the most remarkable non-violent revolutions in our history. The Magna Charta was merely the readjustment of power between the nobles and the crown; the Protestant reformation was a fight to transfer power from one group to another; the Quaker struggle was a fight for toleration for all men everywhere, and was won without the spilling of any blood but their own. In its time the Quaker uprising was regarded as extreme left wing radicalism, subversive of law and order, threatening the overthrow of government, and it was therefore regarded as a pious and patriotic duty to suppress it by fair means or foul.

The Quakers trekked the whole wide world, challenging all the autocratic powers and potentates of their time. They sailed the seven seas in leaky tubs, and ran afoul the Algerian pirates before Commodore Decatur was born or thought of; met the enemy and he was theirs without violence or epigram. Laying the foundations for a mighty nation, they established great states and administered them, without once making the Sermon on the Mount a scrap of paper. To the enrichment of their queen and their enterprising fellow countrymen, they were sold as slaves into the Barbadoes, where those who survived the terrors of the transport were fattened for sale in stockades. Slaves in Africa, their lot as bondmen among the heathen was less bitter than as freeman in England. Too frequently their sufferings were relieved by a martyr's death, and the history of their adventurous lives reads like an invasion of Teutonic legendary tales.

To succeeding generations, heirs of their victory, some of their war cries seem trivial, or even absurd, but if they had been hampered by the delusion that God willed them to be nourished on a diet of dried prunes, it would not have altered the objective of their dogged march toward free speech, free assembly, and the complete separation of church and state.

Says Masson, in his *Life of Milton:* "No other denomination so amazed and perplexed the authorities by their obstinacy as the Quakers. It was their boast that their worship, from its very nature, could not be stopped by 'men or devils.' From a meeting of Roman Catholics, they said, you have but to take away the Mass book, or the chalice or the priest's garments, or even but to spill the water or blow out the candles, and the meeting is over. So in a meeting of Presbyterians or Independents, or Baptists or Socinians, there is always some implement or set of implements upon which all depends, be it the liturgy, the gown or surplice, the Bible or the hour glass; remove these and

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make noise enough and there can be no service. No so with a Quaker meeting. There men and women worship with their hearts, without implements, in silence as well as by speech. You may break in upon them, roar at them, drag them about; the meeting, if it be of any size, essentially still goes on till all the component individuals are murdered. Throw them out at the doors in twos and threes and they but re-enter at the window and quietly resume their places. Pull their meeting-house down, and they reassemble next day most punctually amid the broken walls and rafters. Shovel sand and dirt down upon them, and there they sit, a sight to see, musing immoveably among the rubbish. This is no description from fancy; it was the actual practice of the Quakers all over the country. They held their meetings regularly, perservingly, and without the least concealment, keeping the doors of their meeting-house purposely open that all might enter, informers, constables or soldiers, and do whatever they chose. In fact the Quakers behaved magnificently. By their peculiar method of open violation of the law and passive resistance only, they rendered a service to the common cause of all Non-conformist sects which has never been sufficiently acknowledged. The authorities had begun to fear them as a kind of a supernatural folk, and knew not what to do with them, but cram them into jails and let them lie there. In fact the jails of those days were less places of punishment for criminals than receptacles for a great proportion of what was bravest and most excellent in the manhood and womanhood of England."

Says Brooks Adams in *The Emancipation of Massachusetts:* "We owe to their heroic devotion the most priceless of our treasures, our perfect liberty of thought and speech; and all who love their country's freedom may well reverence the memory of those martyred Quakers by whose death and agony the battle in New England has been won."

William Dean Howells said: "The Quaker testimony against bloodshed was practical, as such testimony can still be when men will. Their principle of equality, as well as their practice of it, was their legacy to our people, and now remains all that differences us from other nations. It was not Thomas Jefferson who imagined the first of the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, but George Fox."

THOMAS LURTING'S unique exploits were undertaken without the orchestral accompaniment of cannon; he had no support from the pomp and panoply of war. In this generation, even among Quakers, his name is unfamiliar. Under the title *A Fighting Sailor Turned Peaceable Christian* the Quakers of his own time published a tract recording the sensational incidents of his career. To his ultimate peaceableness must be attributed Lurting's obscurity, for, as the historian of *The Decline of Rome* points out, "Men are ever more ready to glorify their destroyers than their benefactors."

At a time when aged women and young girls were done to death for the crime of holding a religious meeting, this bold sailor-man, "in obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit," opposed his individual conscience to the might and majesty of the English navy, declared a strike on war on the eve of battle, took pirates captive, rebuked his king, and, in spite of all, continued to live happily ever after.

Curiosity as to the secret of this disarming personality will find little gratification in the Quaker records, which ascribe all victories to the Lord. We infer, however, that this human agent of the Lord must have been a likely creature physically, for he was only fourteen when he arrested the appraising

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eye of the press gang, and remained ever after the victim of their flattering approval, and a justification of their efficiency. Impressment was the synonym for shanghaing men into the army and navy for involuntary servitude, often without pay, and under armed guards. The old Pagans frankly called such service slavery, a word abhorrent to Christians, and embarrassing to men boasting that they "never, never, never shall be slaves."

In time the boy was shifted from the army to the navy, and we learn that when the celebrated Admiral Blake "ruined the Admiral and Vice Admiral of the Spanish Galleons," Lurting was chosen for the perilous honor of firing the enemy ships. In a pinnace with seven men he passed under the fire of the Spanish fort, turned his trick neatly, and returned unhurt, though two of his men were killed and one was shot in the back. The pamphlet published by the Society of Friends at the time of his "convincement" puts the soft pedal on the prowess of Thomas the fighter, and emphasizes the valor of Thomas the Christian. Friend Sewel got hold of Thomas, and succeeded in extracting from him further details of his adventures, which he preserved in his *History of the Quakers*. Both narratives have the stamp of truth, the simplicity of the gospels, and the fantastic unreality of fairy tales; by reinforcing one with the other, we come at the whole story.

The courage of the youth had brought him to the rank of boatswain's mate of the frigate Bristol, with two hundred men under his command. Among other duties it fell to him to enforce attendance on divine worship, as by law established. "I was diligent in the performance of that service," he says, "and when any refused to obey my command I endeavored by force to compel them. But then neither was I a Quaker, nor were there any of the people so-called on board our ship. Now I shall hint at the first rise of the Quakers in our ship." It fell to the Bristol to transport a company of soldiers, among them a young lad who had been infected with Quaker principles in Scotland. With the racial passion for proselyting, the young Scot communicated the infection to the sailors of the Bristol; the first symptoms were refusal to attend compulsory worship, or to doff caps to officers. A few were ripe for the disease and it spread, to the consternation of the captain, and the increased severity of discipline. The captain, in his leisure moments a Baptist preacher, was just then commander of a battleship, and naturally "he was sore troubled." Bluff and blustering, but not ill disposed, he commissioned the chaplain, "a cruel and bitter man," to put matters right with the assistance of the sturdy boatswain's mate.

The good man appealed to Thomas: "Oh, Thomas, an honest man and a good Christian, here is a dangerous people, a blasphemous people, denying the ordinances and word of God." With a mandate from both law and gospel to go the limit, Thomas admits that he was as cruel and bitter as the priest: "I gave them many a heavy blow, and I was violent upon them. But the Lord so wrought upon me that in a little time I could no more beat any of the Quakers. And very soon the Lord gave me a true sight of the priest, for, when I could not do his work, and beat and abuse them, I was accounted neither an honest man nor a good Christian. So I separated myself from all sorts of professors (Christians) except one Roger Denis whom I entirely loved. In all my cruelty I never struck him, *for he had a check upon me, though he spoke never a word.*" The quiet wordless Quaker, Roger Denis, possessed the mysterious force which arrests violence in man or beast. In later life Thomas wrote that, "as silence is the first word of command in martial discipline, so it is in spiritual; for until that is come unto, the will and mind of God concerning us cannot be known, much less done."

The silent power which Thomas could not subdue was conquering him; his sympathy for the Quakers made him an object of derision among his mates of the Bristol, and jeering parties from sister ships of the fleet came aboard to ridicule him. He still retained the shape of a man, they assured him, but he looked like a dumb saint. Now Thomas was a social creature, a good mixer, an upstanding and outstanding figure. The man who had faced the gunfire of the Spanish fort flinched before ridicule; fervently he besought the Lord that it might not be required

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of him to cast in his lot with a despised sect, mocked of all men. "What, to such a people that both priests and professors are against? What, to such a people that I have been so long beating and abusing, and that without just cause? Death would be more welcome." Alas for his peace of mind, Thomas already belonged with the minority, and his conscience was putting pressure on him to make a public acknowledgment.

Finally, "after many a bitter sigh, I took up this resolution by the assistance of the Lord, whether Quaker or no Quaker, peace with God I am for .... I could contain no longer but gave up, and went to my friend Roger Denis and said, 'I would speak with thee' .... He spake only a few words, but they were in great humility and tenderness toward me, hitting the mark to a hair's breadth. I had great satisfaction, being quiet in my mind, and we parted in great love."

There was no quiet for the captain's mind; twelve boys aboard that fighting frigate were now meeting unmolested by the mate, to meditate on those things which are eternal. The captain and the priest called Thomas aloft to reason with him, "and when they had done I went to my Friends in great peace, telling them that when I went to the captain I was scarce half a Quaker, they have made me almost a whole one."

These unruly Christians, it would seem, enjoyed the good will of their shipmates, for the captain impressed men from other ships to flog them. Even these strangers balked before the patient obstinacy of their victims, and, at this acute stage of hostilities, Providence interposed an armistice in the form of an epidemic. "About this time we had a great sickness on board. We took great care of one another, so that nothing was wanting amongst us; but what one had was free for all of us. I have heard men say when upon a languishing pillow and death bed, "Oh carry me to the Quakers for they take great care of one another, and they will take some care of me."

The missionary soldier from Scotland had left the Bristol sailors in ignorance of the full program of the Quakers; they knew nothing of the war on war, nor had they as yet fully grasped the implications of the Quaker principles. They had got as far as to interpret the command, "Thou shalt not steal," to mean that they could take none of the plunder of war, which left their share to be divided among their mates, and gave them some popularity. The captain grew calmer as he discovered no abatement of their fighting spirit, and fell into the habit of saying, "'Thomas, take thy friends and do so and so,' and I took my Friends and did it far beyond his expectation, by which he got great credit. As yet we were not brought to testify against fighting, but we would take none of the plunder, and in all our desperate attempts we received no hurt, though others were killed and wounded. .... The captain would often say to other captains, he cared not if all his men were Quakers for they were the hardiest men on his ship."

The captain's boast was premature; Thomas felt in his bones that a storm was brewing. "For what was done in pretended friendship was but to serve their own ends. I expected a time would come to try all our foundations, which it accordingly did, and drove every man to his own." That time came when Thomas got to the point of interpreting another command, "Thou shalt do no murder."

The Bristol was ordered to demolish a castle in Spain, a very substantial one, "and we Quakers fought with as much courage as any, we seeing then no further. I was stripped to the waist, and every one of us being in fighting habit, we went at it in earnest." The Scotch soldier had started the Bristol sailors with the fundamental and most subversive of Quaker principles, that in every one of His creatures the Creator has implanted the Divine spark; to this extent all men are equal. That premise inevitably led to the question—dare any man by violence snuff out a life which shelters that spark?

The answer came to Thomas at this very inopportune moment; the ship was in action, and with all diligence he was sighting the guns, when "He that hath all men's hearts in His hand so far changed my heart, that, whilst a minute before I was setting all my strength to kill and destroy men's lives, but a minute after I could not kill a man if it were to gain the whole world. As I was coming out the forecastle door to

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see where the shot fell, the word of the Lord ran through me, how if I had killed a man, and it was with such power that for some time I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it. I turned and put on my clothes and walked on deck in great exercise of mind. Some one asked me if I was hurt. I answered, 'No,' but under some scruple of conscience on account of fighting, *although I had not then heard that Quakers refused to fight.*"

The sudden defection of the mate escaped the watchful eye of authority, the naval engagement ended; but the battle in the soul of Thomas continued to rage. "Full well ye reject the commandments of God that ye may keep your own tradition," was the accusation of the most subversive of great teachers. Tradition had not sterilized the mind of Thomas; after a period of gestation an idea had been born to him, and he was not the man to strangle it. He called a Quaker meeting and presented his idea to his Friends. All expressed profound disgust with the atrocities of war, and delivered themselves of the ancient and honored platitude that, if the Lord got them well out of this one, they would never go to it again. This was not enough for the mate, in whom belief was immediately converted into action. "If I stood honest to that which is of God in my own conscience," he told his Friends, "and if we came to it to-morrow, I would bear my testimony against it, for inasmuch as we had been so great actors in it, now we must bear our testimony against fighting." Courage begets courage; one of the young comrades immediately sought out the captain to acquaint him with the weight on his conscience. "He that denies to fight in the time of engagement," roared the exasperated officer, "I will put my sword in his guts." More calmly the Quaker came back, "Thou wilt be a manslayer, and guilty of innocent blood."

As a Baptist preacher, the captain doubtless had a disturbing fear that these troublesome Quakers interpreted the Christian teaching correctly, though inconveniently; as a naval officer, loving enemies was an absurdity. In his mental conflict he hit upon an ingenious scheme for reducing the friction on his conscience while performing his whole duty as commander of a warship. Notices were posted up giving any of his crew the privilege of killing a shipmate who proved delinquent in time of battle. For all his blustering this Cromwellian captain showed no eagerness to plant his own sword in the bowels of a fellow Christian.

And now, says Thomas, came a time "to prove every one's foundation." A strange ship was sighted and the Bristol cleared for action; for Thomas the time had come to stand honest to that which was of God in his own conscience, and he told his Friends so; "but I lay not this as an injunction upon any, but leave you to the Lord." Those who were prepared to stand with him, however, must take no devious course which would leave the captain in the lurch: "I must tell you that the captain puts great confidence in you. All that are of my mind let us meet in the most public place upon the deck in full view of the captain, that he may not say we deceived him in not telling him that we would not fight, so that he might have put others in our place.

To a man the twelve Quakers followed their leader; the distracted captain, when he saw them, drew his sword "in as much fury and indignation as ever I saw a sword drawn. No sooner was his sword drawn than the word of the Lord ran through me like fire; 'If he will have a sacrifice proffer it him,'" and Thomas, advancing "in great dread of the Lord," "fixed his eye with great seriousness" on his chief. It was not the mutineer but the captain who flinched; "his countenance changed pale," and he passed his sword to his man.

At this moment of high tension the stranger ship was discovered to be no enemy but a friend. When the captain had cooled off, he sent the chaplain to Thomas to ask forgiveness for his passion, "but I bid him tell the captain to have a care of such passion, for if he had killed a man in his passion, he might seek for a place of repentance and not find it. Ever after this the captain was very kind and respectful to me."

To this preacher captain, an infusible mixture of warrior and Christian, the Lord was as real as to the Quakers. If the rebels had been cowards, he could, and probably would, have killed

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them. But he knew these followers of his Lord to be men of intrepid courage, the most engaging and disarming of human attributes. We are not told what disposition he made of the mutineers; as he was unable to cure them, and loathe to kill them, in all probability he relieved his ship and his conscience of the impossible crew at the first opportunity.

Thomas's life was now filled with "exercises" and "concerns." His pacifist protestations were unheeded by his admirers, the ubiquitous press gang; he was "a powerful man" they said, and into the navy he must go. He was repeatedly captured and forcibly installed on various ships of the line. Any of the captains with whom he debated might have sent him to join the noble army of martyrs, but he led a charmed life. He was reasoned with, cajoled, bribed with offers of command, and threatened with death, but not a hair of his head was injured.

Even Captain Jeremiah Smith, "a loose and wicked man, a very furious man and frequently in drink," fell under his spell. Thomas turned a deaf ear to the captain's offer of a command, and of various occupations which would involve no actual killing. The captain had a brilliant idea, an employment "which will be a great piece of charity; thou shalt be with the doctor, and when a man comes down that hath lost an arm or a leg, to hold him while the doctor cuts it off. This is not killing, but saving men's lives."

"But I will not do that," said the inflexible Thomas, "for it is all an assistance." Then said the loose and furious captain, "I will send thee ashore to prison."

"I answered, 'I am in thy hands. Thou may do with me what thou pleases.'"

The captain pleased to accuse Thomas of an attempt to starve himself, for he had eaten no food for five days. "'Not so,' said I 'for I have money in my pocket. And if thou wilt sell me victuals I will eat before thee.'"

"I cannot sell the King's victuals," said the captain.

"Nor can I do the King's work," said Thomas, "therefore I cannot eat the King's victuals."

Sent ashore, as he supposed, to prison, Thomas discovered that even this furious captain had given him his liberty. He promptly sought a berth on a merchant vessel, but again the attentive press gang waited to welcome him, and he was assigned to a captain "who appeared like a madman, swearing and cursing against Quakers, often swearing that if he did not hang me, he would send me to the Duke of York and he would." When the captain had "tired himself with scolding," Thomas still remained silent.

"What," shouted the angry captain, "dost thou say nothing for thyself."

"Thou sayest enough for thee and me too," was the reply.

With a good prospect of hanging, Thomas lay peacefully asleep on the deck between two guns; the captain was wakeful and troubled. At midnight he had the Quaker routed from his slumber and got rid of him. "And this was the man," comments Thomas, "who said hanging was too good for me, and in six hours' time was so weary of me that he could not take his natural rest whilst I was on board."

After many such adventures Thomas at last succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the press gang, and slipped off to sea as mate aboard a merchantman, under a Quaker skipper, destined for the most thrilling adventure of his turbulent life. He had outwitted the pressers only to fall into the hands of the Barbary pirates, who captured the English vessel as she was returning from Venice with a cargo.

Thomas had a premonition of the ship's fate. "We heard that many Turkish men-of-war were at sea . . . . and it was much on my mind that we should be taken. I was very much concerned as well for the men as for myself; at which I went to the master and desired him to go to Leghorn, and to stay for a convoy, agreeing that during such a time we would have no wages The master would not agree to this, but kept out to sea, contrary to our minds."

The master was between two horns of a dilemma, as a good Quaker he could not accept assistance from the navy, nor on the other hand could he force others to act according to the dictates of his conscience. Thomas has no criticism for the master's choice of duty which resulted in their capture by the Turk.

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The Turks removed the English captain with four of his men to their own ship, placing fourteen of their own men aboard the prize to guard the remainder of the crew, including Thomas. "The mate," Sewel quaintly records, "was under great exercise of mind, the rather because the master with four of his men were then with the Turk, and those that were left were somewhat unruly. In this concern, however, he believed it was inwardly told him by the Lord, 'Be not afraid for thou shalt not go to Algiers,' for having formerly great experience of the Lord's deliverance, he had learned to trust in God almost against hope. . . . All fear was removed from him, and, going to the ship's side to see the Turks come in, he received them as if they were his friends, and they also behaved themselves civilly. He said to his men, 'Be not afraid, for all this we shall not go to Algiers; but let me desire you, as ye have been willing to obey me, be as willing to obey the Turks.'" Kings, naval commanders, able bodied and unruly seamen were all one to Thomas, all in the day's work.

"The Turks seeing the seamen's diligence grew more careless and favorable to them; some went again to their own ship and eight Turks stayed with the English. Then the mate began to think of the master and the four that were with him on the Turk's ship; as for himself and the others that were with him he had no fear at all; nay he was so far from it that he said to one of his men: 'Were but the master on board and the rest of our men, were there twice as many Turks I should not fear them.' By this he encouraged the seamen, who not being of his persuasion thought much otherwise than he, and would have been ready enough to kill the Turks if they had seen opportunity. Meanwhile the mate's earnest desire to the Lord was that He would put it into the hearts of the Turks to send the master and the four others back, and his desire was answered. . . . Then all manner of fear concerning Algiers was taken from him.

"Now the English being all together except the master, he said to them, 'What if we should overcome the Turks and go to May-York?' (Majorca) At which they were very much rejoiced, and one said, 'I will kill one or two,' and another said, 'I will cut as many throats as you will have me.' But at these sayings the mate was much troubled, for he intended not to hurt any, and therefore told the men: 'If I knew that any of you would touch a Turk at that rate, I would tell the Turks myself. But,' said he, 'if ye will be ruled, I will act for your delivery as well as my own, if not I will be still.' They, seeing he would not suffer them to take their own course, agreed to do what he would have them. 'Well,' said he, 'if the Turks bid you do anything, do it without grumbling and with as much diligence as ye can, for that pleases them, and will cause them to let us be together.'"

Having brought the seamen into line, Thomas turned his attention to the master, and takes up his own narrative: "Then I went to our master who was a Friend, and a bold spirited man, and told him of our intention, whose answer to me was: if we offered to rise and they overcame us, we had as good be burned alive, the which I knew very well. But I could get him no way to adhere to me, in that he was fearful of bloodshed, for that was his reason, insomuch that at last I told him: we were resolved, and I questioned not but to do it without one drop of bloodshed; and I believed the Lord would prosper it, by reason that I would rather go to Algiers than kill one Turk. So at last he agreed to this, and let me do what I would, provided we killed none. There being two Turks lying in the cabin with him, he was still to lie in the cabin, that by his being there they would mistrust nothing. And having bad weather and lost the company of their man-of-war—which thing I much desired—the Turks, seeing our diligence, grew careless of us."

For all his confidence in the Lord, the mate was not one to expect God to do for him that which he could very well do for himself; on the contrary he made good use of the excellent headpiece with which the Lord had endowed him. With tact and patience he managed to steer the Turks into separate cabins, and, while they slept the more serenely for an imperfect estimate of their Quaker prisoner, the English disarmed them, and turned the key, all done, Thomas assures us, "by fair means and persuasions."

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With the master resting quietly in his cabin, and their captors secured under lock and key, the mate was free to make terms with the restive seamen. "Then I said to the men of our vessel, 'Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if you do I will be against you; but this I will do, now they are below deck we will keep them so, and go to May-York.' My orders were: if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time. And one came out expecting to have seen his own country, but on the contrary, it was May-York."

Thomas, with the assistance of Providence, having securely bolted every door of hope against the Turks, "instead of rising they fell to crying, for their courage was taken from them, and they desired they might not be sold, which I promised them they should not." Thomas was unmoved by the consideration that the Turks would have sold him; they might follow what code they would, he was a Christian.

"And when he had appeased them," with nothing to conceal from his scrupulous superior officer, "I went into the cabin of our master, he not knowing what was done, and he told the captain that we had overcome his men, and were going to May-York. At which unexpected news he wept, and desired the master not to sell him, which he promised he would not."

Majorca, whither they were bound, was a Spanish port; an extensive acquaintance with Christianity as interpreted by the Spaniards aroused great fear in the Turks, and no little concern in the minds of the two Quakers. Therefore "we told the captain that we would make a place to hide them where the Spaniards would not find them, at which they were very glad, and we did accordingly."

The master went ashore at Majorca, returning with an acquaintance, another English captain. The Quaker captain was naturally gratified by the bloodless victory of his Quaker mate; under solemn promise of secrecy he confided to his English friend the whole story of the concealed pirates. That enterprising gentleman was appalled by the mere thought of abandoning riches so providentially cast upon the waters; he offered to purchase some of the Turks himself on speculation. "Whereat the master and I told him, that if they would give many thousands they should not have one, for we hoped to send them home again."

So great was the English captain's disgust with the vagaries of the Quakers that his promise of secrecy quite escaped his mind; going ashore he conspired with the Spaniards to steal a march on his fanatical friends, and salvage their valuable cargo. Crafty as he was, he was no match for the wary Friends, who, suspecting his design, took the Turks into their confidence, and with the assistance of the enemy, without waiting for legal formalities, glided swiftly out of the Spanish waters, headed for England and fresh trouble.

In defending the Turks from the slave hunters, the Quakers were chancing recapture, for pirates were numerous; their own pet pirates, moreover, grew restless and nervous when they discovered they were on the way to England. The courage which had ebbed through fear, returned in their greater fear of England. The eye of a vigilant Christian detected an approaching squall. On deck, with only a helmsman, the English crew asleep below, Thomas noticed with alarm that the Turks had surrounded his captain.

"Their countenances began to look very sourly. A great weight fell upon me. How if they should lay hold upon the master and heave him overboard, they being ten strong men, and he a small man. My weight increasing, I started up and stamped my foot." With a rush the English sailors responded, seizing workmen's tools as they ran, for Thomas had cautiously sequestered the Turkish weapons. "So when I heard them threaten the master I said, 'Let us have them down; we have given them too much liberty.' But turning to our men, 'Lay down the crow and axe, and every man of you what you have provided to hurt them; they are Turks and we are Englishmen; let it not be said we are afraid of them. I will lay hold of the captain.' So I laid hold of him and said he must go down, which he did very quietly and all the rest followed him."

Having so easily persuaded the pirates, Thomas now faced a new perplexity presented by his unpersuadable

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conscience. There was no blinking the fact that the terror of the Turks was not unreasonable; they had the same good grounds for dreading England that the English had for dreading Algiers. Capture in either case meant slavery; loving enemies had no vogue either with heathen or Christian. Nor was Thomas unmindful of his responsibility for the safety of his English crew, and the consciences of those sturdy seamen were untroubled by anxiety for the welfare of Turks. They were hard sayings, those commands laid on Christians, but for Thomas Lurting there could be no half-way allegiance; he would be "clear" only when he had set the Turks down within sight of home and safety; so the vessel was ordered right about.

"Some of his men grumbled and said he had more care for the Turks than for them, to which his answer was that they were strangers and he must treat them well. . . . The mate saw well that, as he who had begun this business, it would be his lot to bring it to an end."

His surmise was correct; and, though his men grumbled, they fell in behind his quixotic plan, for although to them his ideas seemed rather wild, it was his courage and sagacity which had rescued them from Algeria and slavery. As they neared the perilous pirate coast, Thomas's perplexities increased; he loved his enemies but was not unmindful of their limitations. If he gave them a boat, they might easily return with reinforcements and overpower the English. On the other hand, landing ten able-bodied Turks in a small boat manned by a few unarmed sailors excited no enthusiasm in his men.

Thomas proposed to the captain to give him a small boat, and, with three volunteers to accompany him, he hoped to make a permanent parting with their guests. "The Master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropped on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage said to the master, 'I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good will in venturing my life, and I have not the least fear, but trust that all will do well.'"

Thomas now called for volunteers; of the three who responded one thought better of it. "Then I went to another and said to him, 'Thou and I have been good friends. Wilt thou venture to go with me?' He answered, "Yes, if the Master will give me leave.'" The volunteers were much disturbed by the looks of their charges, and suggested that the Turks be bound, but the projects of Thomas were always well reasoned out. He had considered the possibility of a parting from the Turks so sudden that they would make the home stretch by swimming, and for this he desired to leave them free.

"I answered I was not afraid, and to bind them would but exasperate them. Now they are quiet let us keep them so. Come, let us hoist out the boat." Cheering on his uneasy helpers, Thomas adroitly packed his Turks in layers. Their captain was the strong man of the party; him he placed in the stern of the boat, with another in his lap to hold him in place. The others were disposed of in like manner, an insurance against too much liberty of action; the weapons went in the bow, out of reach of the strong man. "And when our men saw how I had placed them, they were willing to go without binding them."

It was then agreed to by all that, in case of resistance, no violence should be offered to the Turks until Thomas signified he could do no more, in which case every man might defend himself according to his own light. Then the eccentric boatload shoved off, five Turks securely holding down the other five; three Englishmen and a boy, armed with a carpenter's adze, a cooper's heading knife, an axe and a boat hook; the weapons of the Turk securely tied for delivery to the owners, Thomas "not being willing to keep anything of theirs."

Thomas's companions were very jumpy: "Every rock they made out to be a boat," and nearing the shore they cried out, "'Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes.' They speaking so positively it seized me that I was possessed with fear. And as soon as the Turks saw that I was afraid, they all rose in the boat at once. This was one of the greatest straits that ever I was put to—not for fear of the Turks in the boat, but for fear of our men killing them, for I would not have killed a Turk or caused one to be killed for the whole world."

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As his men hastily jumped to the conclusion that Thomas could do no more, he gave orders to take up such arms as they had. "Then I said to them, 'I would have you be as good as your word, for you promised you would do nothing till I said I could do no more; now I desire you to keep to that.'"

Then "seeing there were no men in the bushes, he thought that, 'It were better to strike a man than to cleave a man's head.'" With this reflection "all fear was taken away, and life arose and courage. increased again. I struck the captain a smart blow and bid him sit down, which he did instantly and so did the rest, without more blows.

"Then I stepped forward and said to our men, 'Now you see what it is to be afraid; what shall we do now?'"

Thoroughly unnerved, his men were for putting back to the ship. "'Not so,' said I, 'God willing I will put them on shore, for if we carry them on board there will be nothing but rising. For if it were my own case, I would rise ten times, and so will they.'"

So the crazy little craft put in within wading of the land, and unloaded its inflammable freight into the cool water. "With signs of great kindness they took leave of us and jumped out not very wet. Then we put our boat close in and gave them about a hundred of bread and some other things, and hove all their arms ashore to them. (They were not above four miles from two towns, and forty from Algiers.) They would gladly have had us gone with them, telling us there was wine and many other things, and as far as it concerned myself I could have gone with them. So we parted in love and stayed till they had all gone up the hill."

Thomas had given his conscience a loose rein; Providence had favored him with a clear track; the goal was made. The English crew turned joyfully homeward, devoutly praying that no further "concerns" would exercise the conscience of their intrepid mate. Rumors of these strange happenings blew into England before them, and "when we were coming up the River Thames, some boats went ahead of us, and King Charles and the Duke of York and many of his Lords being at Greenwich, it was told them there was a Quaker ketch coming up the river, that had been taken by the Turks and had redeemed themselves, but had never a gun. As we got near to Greenwich, the King came down to our ship and asked many questions."

The royal brothers were an unlikely pair to appreciate the Quaker scruples; King Charles had piously plotted the assassination of Cromwell; the Duke of York, when he came to the throne, allowed his queen to increase her pin money by the sale of Quakers and other undesirables. It was natural that they should stress the Quaker folly, rather than the pluck which had brought ship and cargo safely into port.

"You have done like a fool," the King frankly told the Quaker captain, "for you might have had good gain for them." And turning to Thomas, the real culprit, "You should have brought the Turks to me." The man of many conflicts was no more to be intimidated by a king than by a pirate. "I answered that I thought it better for them to be in their own country, at which they all smiled and went away. So I rest in that which can do good for evil, which should be the practice of all true men."

Here the Quaker chronicle drops Thomas; against all odds he had carried the Christian banner to victory, and justified the ways of God to man.

"In the meanwhile," we are told, "the name of Quakers came to be known at Algiers, as a people that might be trusted beyond others." A few years later we learn that "concerning Quakers in Algiers, that were slaves there, they were suffered to go loose through the town; liberty was allowed them to meet for religious worship—a liberty denied them at home; their patrons themselves would sometimes come and see what they did; and finding no images as Papist slaves made use of, but hearing from their slaves that they reverently worshipped the living God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, they said they might freely do so."

The word had been passed along through the bazaars that the Quakers were to be trusted, and they made many converts. These Christian soldier slaves were invading the enemy country with the assistance of the enemy; King Charles's fools scored a great strategic triumph. Thomas Lurting was, after all, a practical idealist.

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A Call To Rue Danton

By Philip Prescott Frost

TIME: about 5 P. M. of Wednesday, March 6, 1918. The day was still and warm and clear.

Place: the city of Rheims or, as the French spell it, Reims, pronounced, "R-r-r-rance." Great War.

Girl: none involved.

Don't be frightened. The incident took less than fifteen minutes to happen, from start to finish, and won't take long to tell.

Somebody stuck his head in the door of the "big room" of the candle factory where our ambulance section was in cantonment on la Haubette, on the back side of the city, and yelled,

"Call to rue Danton!"

It caught me betwixt and between, just changing my shoes. That morning I had gone over my car, filling grease cups and oiling and wiping my engine. Then I had been one of four cars on a roll to the rue de Corcelles poste, taking four old gas cases to the Infirmerie Divisionaire. From there I had been sent on a long roll back to the hospital at Gueux, which had made me late to lunch, and after lunch I had had a shave and clean-up with hot water from my radiator. This took nerve, because every time I had washed my face lately I had promptly gotten into trouble. I "drew fire." Orderlies were getting to be afraid to ride with me, and I was a little afraid to ride with myself—at least, with a clean face. I had gone in and was changing my shoes when three cars went out at once for Pomery's, putting me on call, and the next minute they were bawling, "rue Danton!"

It was still a tradition in our section, left over from Field Service days, to get out on a call like a fire department starting for a fire. Later, when we were better disciplined, we took our time about it—but never mind about that. Also, when I heard the name of that poste secours out on the front edge of the city next the lines, I had a very positive hunch that the quicker I got there and got back the better it would be for yours very sincerely. Shoes and putts are slow business, but my rubber boots stood beside my cot. I stamped into the boots, slammed my French helmet on my head, grabbed overcoat and gauntlets, and ran for it. My orderly beat me out the door by exactly the time it had taken me to get into the boots. He ran for the bureau for our order, and I ran for the park for my car.

The engine hit on the first turn, being also somewhat in the Volunteer stage of its service, and we came out roaring. At the gate of the candle factory I slowed just enough for the orderly to flip on with the papers, swept around in a big curve and let her out down the hill for the viaduct under the railway two blocks away, well opened up. Our course took us straight in to near the center of the city, perhaps a mile, then off to the left, parallel with the lines for about a mile more, over the railway by the passenger station and down the Avenue de Laon, to rue Danton, thence straight in toward the lines on Danton to the poste. I kept her moving.

As I made the right turn from Laon into Danton I was pained to observe that its erstwhile unblemished pavement had broken out in an eruption of good-sized shell holes, since I last saw it. There were not enough to impede traffic seriously, but they spoiled the effect. The long canyon of Danton with its smooth granite block pavement between unbroken lines of high building fronts had always seemed to me rather snug and safe. Now, with these shell holes, it felt more like a trap. But we went down through without incident to the end where the corner building was smeared at the Place Luton, and Danton bore off right, and so we came to the corner store with sand-bagged front which housed the poste secours, on the right side of Danton.

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I turned my ambulance to have it headed back, and left the engine running. Everything was quiet, but I felt no confidence. I hungered to make my call short and my get-away quick. Leaving the orderly to open up the back of the ambulance I hurried in for my load.

Two sad birds full of mustard gas sat slumped on a bench. I had so consistently broken the speed laws of Peace on the way out that their papers weren't ready for me. When these were signed and in my pocket the poilus themselves were apathetic and slow. I carried most of their luggage out to the car, hustling them along all I could. They were slow about getting in. I shoved them in. If I couldn't seem to communicate any of my alarm to the war-weary Frenchmen's minds, a good strong shove did at least move their bodies. While we were at it the Sabbath quiet was broken by the whistle of a shell, which came down just over in behind the buildings across the street, with a great bang. The Frenchmen were not interested, but I was! Something told me that there was another right behind it!

I slammed up the tail-board. When the orderly fumbled the curtain fastening on his side I pushed him away and pinned it myself, then tore around the car and slid in on the seat. He didn't come. I yelled to him to come on. But he didn't come. I raced the engine and called. Still he didn't come. The brancardier was trying to tell him something in excellent French, and he was trying to understand in United States English. The war hardly seemed likely to last long enough for them to arrive at an understanding under the circumstances. I started.

The men told off as orderlies were usually new men who had not as yet gotten their cars. They went along to help the driver in such ways as they could, and to take the car if the driver was disabled. Meantime they would be learning the game. I wouldn't have it assumed for a minute that my orderly of that day wasn't as brave a man as they make about going under fire. He was. We had been through a little hell together eleven days before, and I know. But he was unlucky in having one of those minds which, instead of concentrating and working faster and with greater precision in an emergency, seem to go to pieces. He seemed to stop thinking. He got rattled. Such a mind may be very good indeed, too, when it isn't stampeded. And no amount of taking thought in advance, or of resolute determination not to do it again, will help at all if you happen to be made that way. You're just lucky if you aren't, and unlucky if you are, that's all. He was no fonder of the neighborhood than I was, and when the car began to move he came climbing on. Then the brancardier came running alongside calling to me.

"A la Infirmerie Divisionaire!"

I volleyed "wee-wees" at him as I jumped her into high. It was where I was going to take them anyhow! We pulled over to the right and skirted the barbed wire, with which most of the street there was planted, at a fast pace. I sent

My dear Mr. McClure:

"A Call to Rue Danton" is a rather carefully true account of one incident in my own war experience.

Yes, this really happened in Reims, that day, in every detail, exactly as I have told it, my memory being backed up by a rather full entry in my diary. It's autobiography, history, not fiction. I could give you the name of my orderly—he'd remember the incident all right.

My memory of the elapsed time of the roll is twelve minutes, but in my diary I said "about fifteen minutes" and shaded accordingly. Under fire one thinks very fast and one's watch seems to stand still. It is tense, but usually not emotional until it's over.

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not very gently through the bumps at the next corner, jumped her into high again, and we began to roll. Ordinarily I would have slowed for the bend in rue Danton at the Place Luton. It was a blind corner, and to take it fast was to court a head-on collision with a possible car coming the other way. But that day I was panicky, filled with my irrational hunch that rue Danton was all *pas bon,* and that I must get out of it as soon as possible, and for the first time in my months in Reims I rushed that bend. The top-heavy Field Service ambulance rolled on its springs as we swept around into the long, empty straight-away toward the Avenue de Laon. We were no more than well clear of the street intersection when, with a tremendous whoop and crash, a big high explosive shell came down right behind us!

From the moment I had heard that "Call to rue Danton!" I had been filled with forebodings and trepidation and scare. The instant that shell broke I was cool. I thought fast, and I began putting two and two together. The first shell over behind the buildings and the shell in the Place Luton would line up exactly with that part of rue Danton we were now entered upon. A spotter in a German saucisse or captive balloon had this part of the street in line, had seen us come up, knew that we would have to go back the same way, and wanted a little practice at a moving target. The first shell had been a ranging shot. Probably he had been able to see us pull away from the poste, before we passed out of sight behind the buildings on his side of the street, and had nicely timed the second shot to catch us at Luton. My panic and hurry after leaving the poste had just carried us clear. Now he would have us in full view all the way to Laon, and we would have to run the gauntlet of his fire.

All this may seem like a rather elaborate hypothesis to build in a second on the mere coincidence of two shells. Yet in the event it proved to be correct, and it was probably fortunate that I grasped the situation as soon as I did. I realized at once that our only chance lay in our speed. Mere speed wouldn't do it of course—he had only to lengthen his range a very little to overcome it. It had to be a speed that would upset his range calculations. I considered speeding and slowing, but that would give him more time, and probably more chances at us, and it would certainly mean shells in front. I had already found that volcanic eruptions right in my path were trying to negotiate. I decided to bet my life on a continuous acceleration a little more rapid than, and more sustained than, he would figure on. I decided on this partly because I had an engine of rather exceptional pulling power for one of our machines, also because six days before I had been able to fill up with "aviation essence" which, although since diluted with ordinary gas, still made her unusually lively. I had been driving the car for nearly five months and knew exactly what she could do, and how to make her do it. Having decided on my game in very short order, I played it.

How did I feel? For the most part I didn't feel. I thought and acted. I was under very great tension, of course, but I was not then aware of it. I felt as I have often felt in a fast game of chess. It was intensely absorbing. I was playing the game to win. I was trying to out-guess and out-play my opponent. I remember I had a very clear mental picture of the German officer in his saucisse directing that fire. Meanwhile I was pulling throttle and spark back notch by notch just as fast as she could take them, but not a bit too soon, building up speed in the shortest possible time. An occasional shell hole gave me work to do in steering, and as the speed steadily increased I had to figure farther and farther ahead to ease my curves in avoiding them. So we raced on and on, on and on, and nothing happened. I began to grow surprised at the length of time that they were taking to load.

This was not reassuring, however. The longer they took to load the bigger the gun would be, and the bigger the shell, and the greater the concussion when it did come. It did not once occur to me to doubt the correctness of my hypothesis, to suspect that there might be no shell coming. I was absolutely sure. As the time lengthened the suspense became more and more trying. Less than two weeks before I had been stunned clean out at the steering wheel

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by the burst of a big shell alongside. As I was playing the game I expected the shell to be close; I only hoped to leave it behind. And it isn't a nice thing to think of a loaded ambulance running wild down a shell-smashed street with an unconscious driver at the wheel. The shell holes were thickening up ahead; steering was growing to be a rather hair-trigger business at the rate we were going; but I didn't dare slacken or even cease to increase my speed. The suspense was becoming torture when I caught the whoop of the falling shell. I curled over the wheel, gripping it tighter and setting my teeth in desperate determination not to be put out even for an instant, no matter how close the burst might be.

There was a tremendous crash—but behind! It seemed to me in thinking it over afterward that I felt the ambulance lifted ahead a little by the blast of it. Right upon the burst of the shell my ear caught a sound that I interpreted as the crashing of paving blocks on the shuttered building fronts. My feeling was that I had barely jerked my tail-board from under the point of the thing as it came down. A wave of exultation and relief went over me. I'd fooled him again! And now I had him "timed." We were almost half way, and at the rate we were going the next shell wouldn't be due until we were right on the intersection of Danton and Laon!

But now I had my hands full with my steering. We were going abominably for such a place. I had to figure my road nearly a hundred yards ahead, and it was close work at that. I grazed shell holes now on the right and now on the left, and she rolled and rocked with the curves I had to make. I was prepared to slack up a little if I had to, but I didn't have to. There was always a way, and I held her to it. I wondered how we were ever going to make the turn into Laon at such a pace, but I left that until I should get there. I was worried for fear shell holes might prevent my hugging the right curb of Danton for the big left swing. Then we were rushing in toward Laon, and the shell holes thinned out and I could take the curb all right. The instant came and I pulled over for the left curb corner to make the turn, still wide open. I wanted to be off the line of Danton when the shell got there!

I remember leaning over the side of the ambulance to watch my front wheel, and graze the curb corner close. As we shot by I struck up the throttle. The shell hadn't come, and we were out of the line of Danton! I looked up—and an interesting store front on the other side of Laon awaited us!

The Avenue de Laon was wide, with double street car tracks down the center, but it wasn't wide enough. I was morally sure that we couldn't make that turn when we began it, but—we simply had to do it. Now I knew we couldn't.

I had read, of course, of the way racing drivers skid a turn, but I had never had the nerve to try it. I never have since. But just then it wasn't a case of nerve. I had to. It was more instinct than reason that snapped the wheel sharp left, and as she came around in a grinding, scuffling skid, hard right again to keep her from going end for end. The pavement was granite block. I had steel studs on the back wheels, non-skids in front. We went across the whole width of Laon broadside. I expected the street car rails to trip us up, but we went over all four. As we slid down the crown of the street on the farther side we were pretty well slowed up, but by no means stopped. Past my orderly I saw the curb coming at me, and realized that it would probably crush the wheels on that side if we struck.

We were pointed straight up the Avenue de Laon, just where we wanted to go. The engine would pull to the last turn. We would be no worse off to try it. I struck up the spark to starting position and gave her six notches of gas—and the steel studs bit!

As long as she was sliding there had been very little tendency to overturn. When the wheels took hold and the skid stopped she rolled far over, creaking, and hung for a moment. I thought she was going. I was leaning as far as I could on the upper side. My orderly's shoulder pressed my hip. Then she righted, and, as I heard the "chuck—chuck—chuck—chuck-chuck" of the motor picking her up in high, I caught also the long drawn whoop of an incoming shell. Off down in Danton, just beyond Laon, about where we would

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have been if we hadn't turned, there was a great BANG. We'd fooled him a third time! I imagine he had released his shell before we shot out of his sight off Danton.

I turned gleefully to exclaim, "There she goes!" and was recalled to business by having the car perversely try to climb the curb. I had forgotten to straighten her out! We both laughed at my slip the moment the danger was over. The laugh wasn't good for me.

For two weeks I had been fighting to keep my nerve. I began now to realize the stake in the game I had just been playing—four lives, one of them my own, and a valuable piece of war equipment. I tried not to remember, and did remember, what the wreck of Whiton's car had looked like five days before when it was towed in from Pomery's after a square hit by a 75 gas shell. The spotter had been good at his job. It struck me that the same spotter would have us in view again for four or five hundred yards over past the railway station, and I became possessed by the notion that I must get there before he could turn his gun. I recognized that racing under fire was a symptom of lost nerve, and began to distrust my cool work on rue Danton even while I began what I knew to be a panic runaway. I couldn't help it.

"I'm sorry if I seem to act as if I was scared," I said shakily to my orderly, "but the fact is I *am* scared."

"So'm I!" he said laconically. So we raced on in silence toward the center of the city, faster and faster.

That I was thoroughly rattled is shown by the fact that I forgot all about the trench. Just as one started to go up over the railway there was a narrow trench, perhaps eighteen inches wide, quite deep, the full width of the Avenue de Laon from curb to curb. The spoil had been taken away; it was a mere slit in the paving. Only the street car rails bridged it, and we crossed it by tracking across on the rails. One could not run straight on through Laon on the rails, however, as in several places the rails had been hit by shells and broken, with jagged ends sticking up. The avenue was rather badly salted with gas shell *eclat*, which will cut tires like a knife; and in dodging the *eclat* I had worked well down to the right side of the street when, not more than a hundred feet ahead of me, I saw the trench!

We were traveling. There was no chance of stopping or of getting over onto the rails. There was nothing for it but hit it. I steadied her, and we *hit* it. The bang-bang of the front and rear wheels striking the opposite edge came almost as one blow. There was a heavy jar, but no bounce, and, incredulous, I was sailing up over the railway without so much as a leaf of one of the springs broken! We flew on out over the square beyond, past the fountain, past the Roman arch, and swept down into the Boulevard de la Republique along the park, where we were somewhat sheltered from view from the lines. I carried her well open to within nearly a block of the canal, then pulled her down. We turned along the canal, turned across the rue de Vesle bridge, jogged down the rue de Paris and through the Porte de Paris, and threaded our way into the hospital in the rear of a church in more civilized and sober fashion.

I killed the engine to save essence, and we opened up the ambulance. My two gas cases got out—hurriedly. They came as if the floor burned their feet. Their ride seemed to have acted on them like a tonic. But in appearance they had aged considerably since I saw them last. They were several shades whiter than when I closed the curtain on them at rue Danton, and their eyes protruded as I have seen the eyes of a mouse do in a trap. I am afraid I had scared them! I would like to think that it was the shells, but knowing the blasé indifference of the poilu for high explosives as I do, I'm afraid it was my driving. They got away from the ambulance hastily, and then stared at it, and at me, and back at the ambulance again. When a hospital orderly came out for them, and they had volleyed some French into him, he also stood and stared, at me, at the ambulance, and back at me again, as if words failed him. The thing grew awkward. I handed over the men's papers and asked if that was all and he said it was. We closed up the back and cranked up and rolled, leaving them still staring after us as we pulled out.

Back up on la Haubette I noted what

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I had carried, and where to, on my order, after parking the car, left my overcoat and tin hat in the big room, and clumped around to the bureau to report. All our officers and non-coms were sitting about a big table, so I tossed the order down on the table and made my report.

"Two, assis, to the Infirmerie Divisionaire."

"By the way, Frost." The American lieutenant looked up absently. "There's a call for you to rue Danton."

"What—*another?*" The thing struck me almost like a sentence of death. There was a blank moment, every one staring at me uncomprehendingly. The French lieutenant was the first to wake up. He leaned forward.

"You have already been there and returned?"

"Yes, sir"—pointing at the notation on my order—"Two, assis, to the Infirmerie Divisionaire."

He seized the order and looked at it, pulled out his watch and looked at that, and then struck an attitude. He gave us a dramatic pause. He grew impressive. He looked around.

"It is just fourteen minutes since this order was made out!"

When a call came in on the telephone a non-com ran to call the driver and his orderly while their order was being made out, and it was usually ready by the time the orderly could get to the bureau for it. The hour and minute of the call was noted on it. I suppose somebody may have had time to be reminded of a story in those fourteen minutes.

The crowd turned and stared at me in silence. The ambulance gotten out; something like five miles of driving; two stops, to load and discharge; job done, car parked, and reporting! They knew something about the road. A man could easily waste five or ten minutes at a stop.

Their silence made me very uncomfortable. I had been spoken to about speeding. I was getting a reputation for fast driving which seemed to me highly unjust. I never had an accident. The trouble car never had been out for me. I always came in under my own power, on time or a little ahead, hitting on all four, while some of the fellows were always stacking their cars up, piling up in shell holes, sideswiping camions, and coming in on the end of a tow rope. But fourteen minutes certainly did look a little as if I'd been racing!

"Well," I said apologetically, "there were shells coming in out on rue Danton, so I didn't hang around."

"Quite right!" said the French lieutenant. "Never take any unnecessary chances!" They all agreed heartily. You see they all had the right idea. Never take any unnecessary chances. Officers like to make wise cracks like that.

I clumped back to the big room, and went on and finished changing my shoes, and was in plenty of time for dinner. My nerves were all in a twitter again, and I was too much ashamed to talk. The orderly must have, though, for the next morning the American lieutenant called me again for fast driving.

TO A TOWN GIRL

From the Mountainy Singer

Violet mystery,
Ringleted gold,
Whiteness of whiteness,
Wherefore so cold?

Silent you sit there—
Spirit and mould—
Darkening the dream
That must never be told!

—*Seosamh MacCathmhaoil*

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THE DUCKING OF HERBERT POLTON

By SAPPER

OF course it's the old, old story—two men and a woman. But it ended so wonderfully right; it might almost have been the conventional happy ending of the stage. And not only did it end right for the two principal characters, but a whole host of supers who don't even appear in the plot regarded the affair with a sort of dazed, hysterical joy. Decorous city magnates departed from their usual abstemious habits, and consumed champagne for luncheon when they heard of it; in fact if young Bill Saunderson had asked for a wedding present he would probably have got a check running into five figures subscribed by a large number of people whom he had never heard of in his life. In fact Moyra's Uncle William—— Of Uncle William more anon, however. But Bill was asking for nothing except Moyra Jackson, and when all is said and done he'd have been a greedy blighter if he had. And when it became evident that he was the winner out of a very large field, it was significant that every other competitor, short of winning himself, was pleased. All that is except one, and he was the third principal.

Bill wasn't exactly engaged to Moyra when he went out to British East Africa to make his fortune. In fact the field was open.

"How can I tie her down like that?" he said to me one day at lunch at the club. "I've got four hundred a year and a gratuity of two thousand quid. It's impossible. Squash-face, it wouldn't be fair to her."

(As this story is strictly true, I must reveal, without prejudice, to unsympathetic strangers, my entirely unjust and uncalled-for nickname.)

"If I invest the two thousand it means another hundred a year," he went on. "I ask you—what is five hundred a year?"

He gloomily excavated the Stilton, and ordered a glass of light port.

I agreed that five hundred a year didn't go far for two people, especially with tastes like theirs. They'd both hunted and Bill liked polo, which he'd been able to afford while he was in the service. And Moyra liked clothes, being an ordinary normal girl even if she was a darling.

"Of course her old governor would put down something, I suppose," he went on after a while. "But I couldn't expect him to stump up more than I can put down myself. A thousand in all, say."

"What does Moyra say about it?" I inquired.

He got a bit red in the face.

"Look here, old man," he said, "I've been talking out of my turn—but I know you so well. I'm pretty certain that if I asked her she'd marry me with things as they are. But I haven't asked her, and I don't want to give you the impression that there's any understanding, or whatever they call it, between her and me. There isn't, and as far as I can see"—he relapsed into gloom—"there ain't likely to be. I'm beginning to think I was a fool to chuck the army, except that it was a dead end for me. I wouldn't have got into the Staff College in a hundred years. But I must say, Squash-face, the demand for my services has not caused me to post a policeman at the door to regulate the traffic."

And though I didn't say so I doubted if any such demand was ever likely to be made on that excellent body of men as far as Bill was concerned. He was just like hundreds of others—a clean-living sportsman without a trade. And there's no money in being a clean-living sportsman. To ride straight at your fences, possess more than your fair ability with a gun, and be next door to first-class at all games with a ball is an excellent state of affairs; but from the financial point of view an ability to draw

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a picture of a good mixed-grill on the pavement wins in a canter.

The trouble was that he had no technical knowledge. A fairly senior subaltern when war broke out, he had finished up in command of a battalion with three gold stripes and various bits of ribbon to his credit. And technical knowledge which is of marketable value is not acquired in such a career. In fact it was a thousand pities that he had chucked the service, where, with his private means, he could have gone on living the life that suited him in comparative comfort.

However, like many others during that period of false values which reached its climax in the summer of 1919, Bill Saunderson chucked in his hand. It was perfectly true that, had he remained on, it would have entailed his reversion to company commander for an indefinite period; it was perfectly true that seventy per cent of his pals were dead. But it was the reaction principally that did it; that, and the prevalent and completely erroneous impression that it was easy to get a job. Any old thing, you know—— Organizing—— A perfect whale at organization——

Heavens! the number of fellows who think they can organize—— And old Bill was one of the worst. He had no more idea of organization than I have of trimming a hat. Less—far less.

I said so to Moyra Jackson one day. The conversation had turned on Bill, as it frequently did if she and I were alone.

"Surely, Squash-face," she said a little wistfully, "there must be some market for a man like him. When you see the awful horrors you do see earning huge salaries, it seems ridiculous that Bill can't get a job. He's ever so much nicer than they are. And I know he could run things."

I smiled; I couldn't help it.

"What are you laughing for?" she demanded. "Look at that frightful ass, Julius Mortimer. All he does is to sit in an office and draw five thousand a year for running a cement works. Why shouldn't Bill?"

"Largely, my child," I murmured, "because Bill knows nothing at all about cement. Are you aware that the frightful Julius has spent twenty-seven years of his life mastering the cement trade and everything connected with it in all its details. You can't start in on a show at the top; you've got to begin at the bottom—as our Julius did. Pushing a truck on little rails. Bill could get a job at that to-morrow, provided he joined a trade-union and promised only to push one truck an hour."

"You're a fool, Squash-face," she announced witheringly.

"Maybe, my dear," I agreed. "But I do know something about business and its ways, and there is no good prophesying good things. Besides, I'm far too fond of you and Bill. There are two ways of getting a job that is worth being called a job to-day: one is by ability and the other by influence. And influence is the method I'd choose if I had the choice."

And then, out of the blue, so to speak, came the scheme in British East Africa. I'd been away on business in Italy, and it was all cut and dried when I returned. As a favor I was let into the secret over a little dinner *á trois* one night.

"We're keeping it dark, Squash-face," said Bill. "No good yapping about these things all over the place. But it's a cinch, old son; a dead snip."

And on paper it certainly seemed to be a very sound proposition. It was coffee, as far as I remember as the main plank, with various side issues, and it held out no wild extravagant promises. Twenty to thirty per cent; perhaps even fifty, depending entirely on the amount of work put in by the owner. Also, of course, a bit of luck; there's bound to be the element of chance in farming. But the great thing was the life. First-class shooting; congenial society of the type who speak the language, as the phrase goes; a wonderful climate. And the name of the company which was running the whole affair was the British East African Combine, Ltd.

It had Bill hooked fast and Moyra, too.

"Think of it, Squash-face," he said. "Away from all these frightful people you hear eating around us; out in a new country with an open-air life. No bally old income-tax to worry one—not that it worries me much as it is, but that's a detail. And if I can get a thousand a year out of the place, why——"

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He broke off and stared for a moment or two at Moyra. And she—well, dash it, there had been a time when I had dreamed a wild dream that it might be my luck to bring that look into her eyes. But it was only a dream and has nothing to do with this story——

And so to British East went Bill with a young arsenal of rifles and guns. And as I said before he wasn't exactly engaged to Moyra. I met her a few days after he'd sailed and she came in and lunched with me. She saw, I suppose, that I glanced at her left hand and she smiled a little wistfully.

"I almost threatened to buy one myself and wear it," she said. "But he wouldn't. He insisted that I should be absolutely free until he's made good."

"But you are," I said.

Which is really far more intelligible than it looks in black and white.

It was just as we were finishing lunch that she reverted to him again.

"You think it's all right, Squash-face, don't you?" she said. "It's a good show and all that?"

"As far as I can see it's quite all right," I answered. "Anyway, even if it isn't, the only expense involved is a return ticket."

"But he's had to pay two thousand already," she said. "There was such a rush, you see, to get ground. And there is only a limited amount available."

"The dickens he has," I exclaimed involuntarily. It hadn't struck me before that Bill would put up the money before seeing the place, and it altered the complexion of things very considerably. Of course, it might be all right; on the other hand it most certainly might not. But as it was done there was no good in voicing such fears to Moyra, and I told her that I was sure the scheme was perfectly sound. Even so, a tiny little pucker of anxiety was still remaining on her forehead when the coffee came. That first exclamation of mine had given me away.

"Don't worry, my dear," I repeated as I put her into a taxi. "Old Bill is going to come out on top. I'm off to the States to-morrow for two or three months, and when I come back I'll probably find you packing up to go out and join him."

It was four months to be exact before I returned, and a few days later I went down to spend a week-end with the Jacksons. Moyra herself had driven the car over to the station to meet me, and, our first greetings over, we plunged into the subject of Bill.

"Everything O. K., Squash-face," she said, and I heaved an inward sigh of relief. "He says it's a magnificent climate, and that he's going to make his fortune." Her eyes were very soft and shining. "I wrote him last mail to tell him that whether he likes it or not I am going out to join him."

"Good," I cried, "I'm so glad, Moyra. So you see I was right, though I don't mind telling you that, at the time, I was a bit uneasy. It was parting with his money before he'd seen the ground that frightened me."

We were driving up to the front door as I spoke, and I saw four men playing tennis on the hard court.

"It's a secret, Squash-face," she said as we pulled up, "about my going out to Bill."

"A secret it is," I answered. "Locked in my heart. But just at the moment I was thinking I'd got 'em again. Is that, or is that not Herbert Polton wielding a tennis racket with the utmost inefficiency?"

"That's Mr. Polton. Why?"

"I'd no idea you knew him."

"He's a friend of daddy's," she answered. "Don't you like him?"

"Mother always told me it was rude to criticize one's fellow-guests," I murmured. "But for your ears alone I will tell you my opinion of Mr. Polton. He is without exception the most poisonous human being that this or any other age has ever produced. Otherwise, of course, quite charming."

"I'm glad you like him so much," she answered. "Uncle William seems almost as fond of him as you are. Personally I can't quite see it. What's the matter with the gent?"

"My dear soul," I said, "you dine at eight. It is now six. There is time for a drink, and there is time for a bath, but there is not time to even touch the fringe of what is the matter with Herbert. I *can't* believe he's a friend of your father's."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Not exactly a friend; more a business acquaintance, I think."

And with that the matter dropped,

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though, as I dressed for dinner, I couldn't help wondering what had caused Herbert Polton to depart so far from his usual habits as to spend a week-end out of London and play tennis.

He loathed the country and everything connected with it, just as he detested all forms of exercise. There was only one driving force in his life and that was money, and the power that was money, and the power that money confers. To that end he had devoted himself, and at the age of forty he was a millionaire many times over.

He was a small man, thin-lipped and clean-shaven, with a pair of penetrating blue eyes. And his eyes gave the clue to the whole man. They were cold and utterly merciless, even as Herbert Polton was cold and merciless. He fought his financial battles giving no quarter and expecting none. And if in the process of amassing a few more hundred thousand pounds which he couldn't possibly spend, two or three smaller men were ruined, that was their fault not his. The weakest to the wall was his motto, and had been ever since he started in the city at the age of twenty.

"No one showed me any mercy," he had been heard to say. "So why should I show it to others? I fought my way to what I am now, alone and unaided, and now that I'm here I don't propose to alter the rules."

One thing there was about him. He had many irons in the fire; he had interests in every corner of the world; but as far as the letter of the law was concerned he was scrupulously honest. Not that it could be accounted to him for virtue; it was simply rudimentary common sense. Only the fool goes outside the letter of the law, and, however much Herbert Polton offended against the spirit of everything that is right and decent in life, he was not a fool.

But it was not so much his ruthless methods that made him so universally detested; it was the man himself. He had a snarling, sneering way of talking, especially to a man who was down, that would have resulted in murder in more primitive times. In fact there was the case of one of his head clerks who had been with him for ten years. He was a married man with three children, and Polton sacked him for some trifling clerical error. And a week later the dismissed man stabbed him as he left his office. The poor devil got ten years for it, though Polton was hissed in court as he gave his evidence.

Personally I had run across him once or twice on business matters. I had some interests adjoining his in Burma, and a year previously one or two small details had arisen which necessitated some discussion. His agent out there—a man named Condor and a very decent fellow—had been in London, and it was to see him principally that I had been to Polton's palatial office in Trafalgar Square. A sick man was Condor—eaten out with fever. A lot of his work lay in the mangrove swamps, and it was a pestilential climate, he told me.

I found Polton in the hall, sipping a glass of sherry, when I went down, and we nodded to one another and exchanged a few remarks. And it was he who volunteered the information.

"Remember that agent of mine, Condor?" he said. "Got a cable yesterday to say that he was dead."

"I'm sorry about that," I remarked. "He looked ill enough when I saw him in London. Fever, I suppose."

"Yes—fever," he answered indifferently. "Three years is about the longest a white man can do there. Condor lasted four. I suppose you don't know of a good man who wants the job."

"What job? Dying? No, I don't."

Little swine! I could have hit him under the jaw with comfort at that moment. I knew Condor had asked for a change, but it was specialized work which it took some time to pick up. So Polton had turned down the request.

"Do you stay here often?" he asked casually, though his eyes were fixed on me intently.

"Very often when I'm in England," I answered, a little surprized. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh! nothing. I only wondered. With a charming girl like Miss Jackson it's not surprizing."

His face registered what Polton called a smile.

"I'm afraid I fail to follow," I remarked coldly, and even as I spoke a sudden look came into his eyes. It was gone in a moment, but there was no mistaking its significance. Without even turning round I knew Moyra was coming across the hall towards us, and I

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also knew something else—the reason for Polton's presence in the house. The reptile was in love with Moyra; I knew it as certainly as if he had spoken his thoughts out loud. How it had started, where he had met her, what had been the beginning of the thing, I didn't know. But the fact remained that Herbert Polton had fallen in love.

I went in to dinner a little thoughtfully. The thing, of course, was absurd. He was sitting next her, and was evidently going out of his way to be pleasant. And Polton being pleasant was not without its humor. The only point I couldn't quite get at was whether Moyra had any idea as to the state of affairs. A woman generally spots that particular ailment in a man on the very first symptom, but then Polton was hardly a man. He was an atrophied calculating machine.

I understood now the reason for his remarks to me before dinner. Evidently he'd been trying to pump me about Moyra, and I smiled inwardly. There was one thing at any rate in which ruthless business efficiency availed nothing, and that was in the matter of love. Bill, with his paltry two thousand, won in a canter there. And when we sat down to play bridge afterwards, the thought of the jolt awaiting Herbert, if and when he laid his vast fortune and his unpleasing personality at Moyra's feet, was as balm to my soul.

And now for a moment it becomes necessary to digress. The digression is only apparent; in reality it has a close bearing on what is to follow. But I must mention briefly the unfortunate contretemps that took place that night over the card-table.

Fate—in the shape of cutting—decreed that Mr. Jackson and I played against Polton and Uncle William, whom I will now introduce. Uncle William was and is a bachelor, with, I regret to state, a penchant for vintage port. And that night at dinner he had consumed four glasses. He was an Anglo-Indian of fiery temperament and considerable wealth, and he suffered from one great delusion. He thought he was a first-class bridge player.

Now, he wasn't. Honesty compels me to state that at his brightest and best he was distinctly C.3. And after four glasses of the old and bold he was about Z.26. But the delusion remained.

On the contrary, Herbert Polton was first-class. He combined a wonderful memory and a clear brain with an almost uncanny card sense. In fact he was as good a player as any one is ever likely to meet.

The trouble occurred in the third hand that was played. Polton was dummy and Uncle William had gone four no trumps, which I had doubled. And Uncle William got the lead in the wrong hand and went down three when he ought to have made his contract.

I will not linger over the subsequent scene. There are men with whom it is a pleasure to play cards, and there are others. Herbert Polton was one of the others. It was not, as he pointed out after a few preliminary remarks, that he objected to the loss of money, but that he considered that there should be some standard of proficiency which must be attained before people were allowed to play. To which Uncle William replied that if the same idea was extended to lawn tennis and manners he would be the first to agree with it. And with that the subject dropped—save in Uncle William's mind. It lingered there until in the fulness of time——But of that in its proper place.

It was about a month later that Bill walked into my rooms, and threw himself into a chair. I was so surprised that for a moment or two I stared at him without speaking, and then I realized that things were wrong. His eyes were tired, and there were lines on his face that had never been there before.

"I suppose you know a good many fools, Squash-face," he said at length. "Well, I'm the king of that castle."

"What's up, old man?" I asked, pushing over the cigarets.

"Merely that the British East African Combine Ltd. is the most almighty swindle," he answered wearily.

"But Moyra told me you were making your fortune."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"There was no good making her unhappy. It was a lie, of course; though when I wrote that letter I had something else in my mind which might have turned up trumps. It didn't, and that's that. And then she wrote and told me she was going to come out and join me. That's why I've come back—to stop her.

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By heavens, old man," he burst out savagely, "it's a foul ramp, that scheme. I've lost my two thousand, but there were one or two others——"

He broke off and drummed with his fingers on the table.

"There was a boy there—quite a youngster. Married—and his wife was with him. Lost every penny. Nice boy, too, but not the stuff to stand that. Got on the drink, and blew out her brains and then his own."

"Can't you run them in, Bill?" I asked after a moment.

"I don't know. Perhaps. But it's diabolically clever, Squash-face—that agreement of theirs. Everything they said in it is right up to a point. And that's where the crux comes in. It's a question of degree. All they have done is to unload—I won't say worthless ground, but next door to it—on fellows at about a thousand per cent over its proper price. Everything was to depend on the amount of work put in by the buyer. Naturally. The same may be said of any farming prospect. And if I'd bought that ground for say two hundred pounds, which is about what it was worth, and been able to put the remaining eighteen hundred into improvement and irrigation and that sort of thing, it might have proved a reasonable show. But there's no law against selling a thing at an inflated price, if you can get fools to buy."

We went into it that morning from all angles, and at length I had to agree with him. It was just one of those rotten swindles, which legally are not swindles. The ground sold conformed to what was claimed for it, and if people were prepared to pay ten times more than it was worth it was their worry.

"You haven't seen Moyra yet?" I asked him.

Bill stared out of the window with his back to me.

"No. I only landed this morning. Squash-face, I'm going to ask you to do something for me. Things"—he hesitated a moment—"things were pretty well fixed up, you'll understand. And, of course, this has altered everything. Well, I've been figuring it out on the way home. It's not fair to keep her hanging around while I go on qualifying for a mental home. So I'm just going to fade away out of the country. Canada—or somewhere. And I want you to tell her how things stand. Make her see it, old man; make her understand that it's not—it's not—— Oh! hang it—you understand."

"I understand perfectly, Bill," I answered. "When are you going?"

"As soon as I can. I'm going round to interview the British East African Combine Ltd. this afternoon, and after that the sooner I'm out of London the better."

"Right," I said. "Dine with me tonight anyway: Savoy grill."

He nodded, and picked up his hat.

"You'll make it clear to her, won't you, old son?"

"Confound you, Bill—of course I will. You darned quixotic idiot. Now, for the love of Mike clear out. I've got work to do."

And it was work, too. What on earth was wrong with the telephone system that day I don't know. But it took me the best part of an hour to get through to Moyra, and then she could hardly hear what I said.

"Savoy grill," I bellowed. "Stop with Aunt Jane. Eight o'clock."

"But how is Bill?" she said for the twentieth time.

"Wait and see," I retorted brilliantly.

And I'd replaced the receiver before she had a chance to be rude.

He halted a bit in his tracks, did Bill, when he saw Moyra with me that evening. And Moyra made a little sound in her throat that was half a sigh and half a sob, though she was pleased to be severely aloof when he came up.

"You old blighter, Squash-face," he said, and his voice shook a bit. "Moyra—my dear——"

"Look here, young fellah," she said, "you're for it. What in the name of fortune do you mean by sneaking into England and trying to sneak out again without letting me know? And if the good-looking man on my right had not had the sense to telephone me you might have succeeded."

"But don't you see, my dear," he said helplessly, "it's put the lid on the whole show."

And quite suddenly she dropped her bantering tone.

"Dear boy," she said very low. "Dear, dear boy. Do you really think that it's made any difference at all?"

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"At this juncture," I murmured, utilizing to the full that tact which has made me famous throughout three continents, "I will go and ascertain if the oysters are prepared for the sacrifice."

"Ass," said Bill, but ten minutes later when I returned it struck me that the difference was certainly not large.

Once again we went over it all. He'd been down to see the people in the office, but he'd got very little change out of them. They were merely the agents, and if he chose to take legal proceedings—well, they'd regret it but there was nothing to prevent him. Of course he would have to prove that there was a definite misstatement of fact, and the law was an expensive amusement.

"An oily little swine of a Jew bird, Squash-face," he said, and he smiled happily. "With a lisp, you know. I pulled him out of his chair, and I slogged him over the head with a Post Office directory. And then I said to him that I was merely an agent, but that if he chose to take legal proceedings for assault and battery there was nothing to prevent him. I felt better after that."

And then his face became weary again, and he stared at Moyra a bit hopelessly.

"Lordy! Lordy—what a fool I've been," he said for the tenth time.

But for the moment she seemed to be engrossed in thought.

"Give me a cigarette, Bill," she said at length. "I'm hatching out an idea. I'm not going to tell you what it is——" She broke off abruptly. "Look here, you two, let's lunch here to-morrow and I'll tell you if the old egg is good or bad."

And not another word would she say, though later on Bill, when he took her back to Aunt Jane, tried to get it out of her.

"I'll tell you to-morrow, Bill," was all she answered, and with that he had to be content.

"What can the dear kid do?" he asked me pessimistically as we waited for her the next day. "She doesn't understand; she—— Good Lord, old man, she's pulled something off! Look at her face."

Sure enough the news was good. Moyra was coming towards us smiling triumphantly.

"Is fifteen hundred a year and first-class prospects any good, my lad? For that's what this child has got for you."

"It is true," murmured Bill, "that yonder man looks like a bad dream, but I have an idea that I'm awake. Elucidate your statement, my angel."

I think I had a premonition of what was coming; she'd been to Herbert Polton. And as she went over the interview and told us what had happened, I listened half mechanically. Bill was getting keener and keener as she talked; the weariness had left his face.

"It's in Burma, Bill," she said. "The manager out there has just died. Fifteen hundred a year to start with, and he wants to see you this afternoon. And Squash-face said he was a sweep——" She turned on me with scorn.

She went on talking, and a feeling of helplessness came over me.

"What job? Dying?"

My remark to Polton came back to me, but what could I do? As clearly as if it was written in a book I saw the whole scheme, but of proof I had none. Polton, realizing Bill was his rival, had adopted the simple expedient of offering him a job at the other end of the earth to get rid of him. The fact that by so doing he earned the gratitude of Moyra and ran a good chance of killing Bill was entirely typical of Herbert Polton. But the utter futility of saying so to them was apparent. You don't deter a virile man from accepting a good job because the locality is unhealthy; you don't tell your best friend that you are convinced that the only reason he's got a job is that the man who has given it to him is in love with his girl and wants him out of the way. At least not without proof, and my proof consisted of a fleeting look on Polton's face.

"You've got some ground out there haven't you, Squash-face?"

Bill was speaking, and I came out of my reverie.

"I have," I answered. And suddenly an idea came to me. "I'll come round and see Polton with you this afternoon, Bill. I know him."

"Splendid," said Bill. "I wish you would."

And so, half an hour later we strolled along the Strand towards Polton's office. Moyra was doing a matinee, and we had

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arranged to foregather for tea at Rumpelmayers.

"Look here, Bill," I said, "I want you particularly to remember one thing. Tell Polton that you propose to marry Moyra and take her out with you."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"But what about the climate?"

"Never mind the climate. You tell Polton that. I have a reason."

"You're dashed mysterious about this business, old man," he said a little irritably. "It seems to me a wonderfully good job, and a very sporting chance on the part of this man Polton, considering he's never seen me."

I took a chance.

"He's seen Moyra," I said.

Bill turned white.

"What the devil do you mean?" he said quietly.

"Exactly what I say," I answered. "Tell him what I told you."

To say that Herbert Polton was pleased to see me would be to exaggerate. I introduced Bill, and for a few minutes they discussed the job. Bill was staring at him pretty closely as they talked, and, knowing Polton as I did, I could see he wasn't quite at his ease.

"Of course, it's not a healthy locality," he said.

"Three years I think you gave it for any ordinary man," I remarked.

Polton shrugged his shoulders.

"Saunderson looks pretty well salted," he said. "Of course if you don't care about the job—don't take it. I'm merely doing it to oblige Miss Jackson."

"Who will come out there with me," put in Bill quietly.

Polton started perceptibly.

"Impossible," he said decisively. "The climate is out of the question for a white woman. You would have no right whatever to take her out there. In fact, as a friend of her father's, I should feel compelled to withdraw my offer unless you give me your word of honor that you won't do anything of the sort."

"The climate is quite all right for six months of the year," I remarked. "And for the remaining six, with the munificent salary you offer, Mr. Polton, I've no doubt Saunderson will be able to make satisfactory arrangements for his wife's health."

I think it was then that Polton realized that I, at any rate, had guessed his game.

"May I ask if it is you who are engaging Saunderson, or I?" he asked venomously.

"And may I ask," I said "why having offered a job to a completely unknown man—a thing you've never done before in your life—you should be so concerned about his domestic affairs?"

The gloves were off, and no one knew it better than Bill.

"Have you ever read the story of Uriah the Hittite, Mr. Polton?" I said.

"Get out of my office," he snarled.

"You swab," said Bill slowly. "You beastly swab." He reached across the desk, as if he was going to hit Polton, and in doing so knocked over a pile of papers. And then he stood very still, staring at a book which had been hidden under the documents.

"Get out of my office—both of you," gibbered Polton, almost inarticulate with rage. "Or I'll send for the police."

"What have you to do with the British East African Combine?" said Bill in a terrible voice.

"Get out of my office," shouted Polton, and then Bill's great hands came down on him and he squealed like a cornered rat.

"You reptile," said Bill. "Now I remember. A boy who blew out his wife's brains and then his own told me that Polton was the name of the man who had swindled him. Blew out his brains, you little beast; do you hear me?"

"Let me go," screamed Polton, but Bill took no notice.

"I half stunned your wretched agent this morning, Polton," he said thoughtfully, "and I'm wondering what I'll do with you."

And then suddenly he grinned.

"Open the door, Squash-face; and bring my hat."

Half pushing, half carrying, he rushed Herbert Polton down the stairs and across the road. An unholy joy was on Bill's face, and he paid not the slightest attention to the staring bystanders. In fact it was all over so quickly that nobody realized what we

happening. For it can't have been more than half a minute from the time Polton left his office to the moment when, with a resounding splash, he entered the fountain in Trafalgar Square.

"You can run me in if you like, you excrescence," remarked Bill dispassionately at Polton, spluttering horribly, got his head above water. "But if you do I shall tell all I know about your swindling combine."

And then arrived the fullness of time of which I have spoken. What marvelous dispensation of providence had caused Uncle William to select that psychological moment to pass on his way to Whitehall I know not. But it happened.

Full of port and the club's '64 brandy, he surveyed the dripping Polton in a kind of ecstacy. Then he threw him a penny.

"A very creditable performance," he boomed. "Much better than your tennis or your bridge."

He turned to Bill.

"Why, good heavens, it's young Bill Saunderson! I'll bail you out, my boy, if there's any trouble.

But there wasn't. The proceeding was undoubtedly irregular, as two policemen pointed out, but since Herbert Polton darted into a cab and disappeared, they contented themselves with taking Bill's name and address for reference in case of necessity, and dispersing the crowd.

"Magnificent," cried Uncle William. "Sublime. I wouldn't have missed it for ten thousand pounds. Did you come back specially from Africa to do it?"

"More or less," grinned Bill. "The little swine swindled me out of all my money."

"Did he indeed?" said Uncle William. "Then what are you going to do about that niece of mine? Can't marry her without money; must marry her if you've ducked Polton. We couldn't let you out of the family. Come and dine at my club, my boy. Wonderful port. We'll talk things over. To-night, at eight. And tell Moyra to order her trousseau."

He departed booming joyfully towards Whitehall, leaving Bill partially dazed.

"What's he mean, Squash-face?"

"Just what he says, old man," I answered. "And now I think I'll leave you to break the news to Moyra that you have—ah—declined the job, and push off. I shall be very busy this afternoon."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to see every human being I know in the City and tell 'em what's happened. So long, Bill."

THE GIFT

Part of me is pagan,
Part of me is saint:
Part a blushing maiden,
Dressed so Quaker quaint.

Part of me is wild thing,
Part of me is tame,
Part is high-born genius,
Part a duckling lame.

Part of me is violet,
Modest, sweet, and low,
Part a gaudy sunflower
In noon's brightest glow.

Part of me is spring time,
Part is ardent fall;
But my heart is yours, dear,
All, and all, and all!

Ruth Fargo

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THE LAST ROUND-UP

By WILLIAM THOMPSON DANTZ

"I wish to preach to you, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife."—*The Strenuous Life.*

HOW the call became circulated, I have not the least idea. There was no summons by mail or wire; but in some mysterious manner the word had gone forth that the President wanted us at his White House offices, on the afternoon of the third of March, the last day of his third year as Chief Executive. There, behind closed doors, wholly escaping the vigilance of the newspaper correspondents, while the White House shook with blare of bands and the swarming together of myriads gathered to honor the next day's inaugural, there was held the most unique and curious meeting ever assembled within those historic walls.

There were cowboys from the Northwest, Rough Riders from Arizona and Texas, bear hunters from Arkansas, moose trackers from Maine, sheriffs, U. S. Marshals from the uttermost mountains and deserts; soldiers, plainsmen, hunters, cowmen—a fantastic medley of men who lived only under the stars, who viewed the world with the far-seeing eyes of those accustomed to long distances, and who were unafraid. There were probably forty in all; the President's nearest and most trusted companions of the cow range, the hunting wilderness, and the war camp-fire; men who were close to him and knew him as their brother.

Some had brought their wives, and all, ladies included, had arrayed themselves in the most gorgeous raiment that could be secured at the Palace Emporiums and Mirrors of Fashion in their various home towns. Waiting in the reception room for Roosevelt to appear, they were the most unhappy crowd I ever saw. Their needle-pointed shoes hurt; their starched shirts chafed; their very clothing shouted out at them in derision. Even the ladies, bronzed and wind-swept, were ill at ease in their corduroy or ready-made coat suits and painfully tight yellow shoes.

Suddenly the door leading to the President's inner or private office opened, and Roosevelt dashed in.

"Hello, Bill! Hi there, Ike! How are you old timers all? By George, it's good to see you again. Bless my soul, here's old Turkey Track! Remember the time we rounded up that fighting she-bear in the Bighorns, Turkey? And here's my old Rough Rider bunch! Say, boys, we certainly did hand it to that Weyler outfit down in Cuba. Remember it was so hot and sticky that the grub got all fly-blowed? Seems queer we never did find out who broke into headquarters mess and stole that ham and chicken. Hello, Sam, old scout! What's the chance for a moose up Maine way this fall? And if here isn't Mountain Goat Joe. Lordy, Joe, but getting those last two rams near fixed my feet. Never been able to get the kinks out of my legs yet. Here's Seth from the gold hills and some of those Quarter-Circle Diamond boys.

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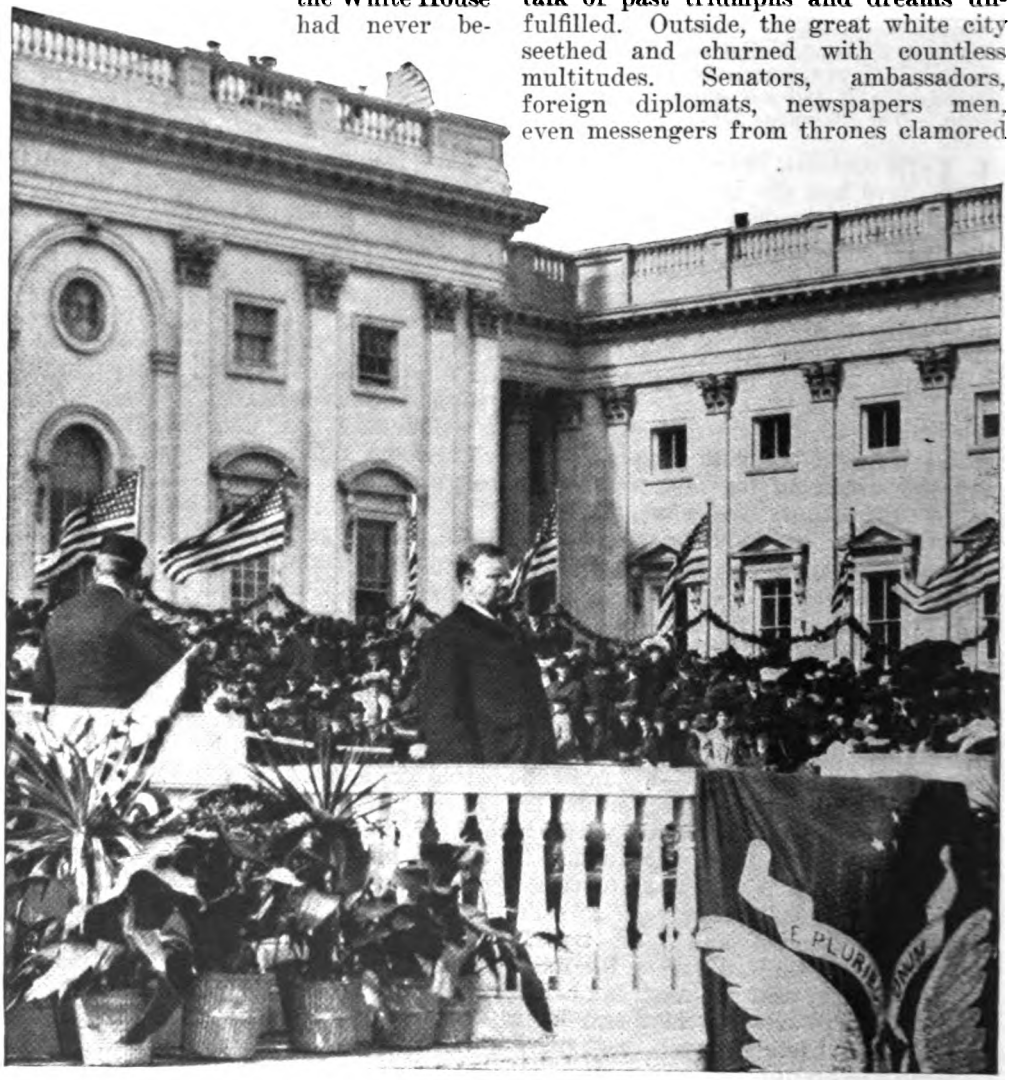
Lord, boys, but it's good to see you all again. Let's have an old-time visit."

Instantly all restraint fled as by magic. There was a babble of reminiscence; a recalling of exciting moments; a recounting of thrilling escapes and of trying days. A note of sadness was not missing, for some of his closest intimates of the army camp and hunting trail had already gone West. As the party grew more and more enthusiastic, first one coat and then another was shed. There was disclosed a gleaming array of six shooters such as probably the White House had never before witnessed. Under modish coats from Fat Jake's Gents Apparel, each and every man packed a 45, concealed out of respect to the Washington police.

A hurried-looking clerk came to the door with a big sheaf of last-hour papers to sign. Roosevelt waved them away.

"These are my friends," he said, "they came a long way. My time is theirs now."

Nearly an hour passed—an hour of intimate companionship, man to man talk of past triumphs and dreams unfulfilled. Outside, the great white city seethed and churned with countless multitudes. Senators, ambassadors, foreign diplomats, newspapers men, even messengers from thrones clamored



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for a word, but were denied. As he sat at the end of a reception table they clustered about him, the men who lived hard and died hard and were not afraid. It was a baring of souls—a glimpse into men's hearts.

When the time came for the interview to end, one man stripped off his gun-scabbard and asked the President to sign his name thereon. This was enough. Soon the table was piled with gear; cartridge belts, leather cuffs and hat bands, leather and buck gauntlets, and spurs of wrought silver. In highest spirits the President signed his name on every one with a running fire of joking comment. Then the parting. It could not longer be delayed.

"God bless you all, boys," he said. "Some time we will meet again—out there"—pointing to the afternoon sun that was dipping below the trees on the White House lawn. "Until then, good-bye and God bless you all.

Most of them rode in the inaugural procession next day; possibly the most picturesque event ever witnessed in Washington. Then they turned their faces to the setting sun and, with few exceptions, never returned.

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A WREATH OF ROSEMARY

By JOHN S. PHILLIPS

Winsome Winnie.

SHE was a pleasant figure in our Christmas festivities with her gaily ribboned neck. There were presents on the tree for her as for the others of our family, a ball, a new collar, the sweets she liked. And at this season we have lively memories of her charming presence. So it is not strange that yesterday, thinking of the approaching holidays as I turned into the gate of our village home, I seemed to hear from the porch the call and cry which I had heard so many, many times. It was a ghostly cry of welcome, an echo in memory of the friendly greeting of a loving dog—that is no more.

Her name was Winsome Winnie. It was a kennel name, suggested by her lovable disposition as a puppy. She was given to us by an old friend. Would that there were a place here for a tribute to him: Morgan Robertson, sailor, inventor, writer of sea tales!

Few peers of the realm had such a noble ancestry as Winnie. I have her pedigree, going back many generations, and it includes some of the great Clinkers and Gallopins and Pilots and Roses and Rightaways. These names mean little perhaps to you or to me, but you will find them all in the Register, which is a sort of Burke's Peerage of collies.

Winnie was a gentlewoman, if there ever was one, always cheerful, always friendly, always affectionate. There was never any rudeness in her manner, never any indelicacy in her actions. In her play she was never rough. She had a feminine carefulness and neatness. She never obtruded herself. She knew perfectly when she should become part of the family group. If you sent her an expressive glance or smile, she would come to you and rub her nose

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against your knee and look up into your eyes with an intelligence and an appreciative sentiment that was plainer than the glances of human beings. When the little tête-à-tête seemed finished, she withdrew with dignity and gracious backward looks, to lie down again in her accustomed place. In her twelve years of life in our household, she was a perpetual example of good humor, of unselfishness, of propriety of conduct. She seemed to have a superior sense of human relations, which few of us command with her precision of use.

Winnie had no artfully taught tricks. To be sure, she was wonderfully skilful in catching a soft ball in her mouth, always taking it in mid-air with an accuracy of leap that was pleasant to see. Yet she had an interesting intelligence in things that were not taught her by us. Every summer the whole family migrated to the shores of Massachusetts, usually by the Fall River boat. Winnie knew precisely what to do. She was a competent traveler. She went up the steps of the baggage car and took her place in the corner, never having to be chained; later, up the gangway of the steamer, straight to the kennels, into the indicated one, not like a prisoner but a guest.

As she grew older, she had little indispositions, which, unhappily, come in the dog world as in ours. They were suggested with the gentleness of a fine, uncomplaining woman, who thought it quietly desirable to tell of an ailment that might need attention. At one time she had trouble with one of her ears and was taken to the hospital of Dr. DeVine, a distinguished veterinary in our countryside of race horses and dairy farms. After she had been there a few times, she would march into the place and lie down with that ear just in position to be looked at and cared for, not wincing and not complaining. Those of us who may walk by the dentist's door, hesitating to go in, will appreciate the firm wisdom of Winnie's conduct.

Winnie was wise without being "smart." She could teach herself a generalization from one incident. We used to walk out to the hills beyond the village, and she often went with us. There was a railroad track to be crossed near the town limits. Once we came to an engine standing right across the pathway. All of us went around in front of the cow-catcher, knowing that the engineer could see us that way and wouldn't start ahead. Winnie, through some chance, crossed over the track behind the engine. Just as she was in the middle, the locomotive started to back. The children shrieked, and with a leap Winnie cleared the second rail and ran, trembling, up to us. Never again would she cross that track unless on a leash or with a friendly hand on her collar. How many of us could learn a lesson so thoroughly and so quickly? She established the belief that it could happen again. We seldom do.

These are only little glimpses into the life and temperament of a rare and lovely dog. There is much more that might be told. If I could transfer a picture of her last days at Duxbury, of uncomplaining indications of suffering, of the attempt to communicate to us, not her pain, but her suggestions for doing something, it would wring your heart. I saw her once go out alone, dragging herself to the driveway and making a weak struggle to get up into the car. It was as if she said, "Won't somebody take me to Dr. DeVine? He has always helped me." With the two strange doctors who attended her in her last illness she was a perfect patient, yielding and resolute; never a sound during their painful examinations. Toward the end she seemed to know that there was nothing to be done and would go into a remote room, and sometimes you could hear through the half closed door a low, almost whispered whimper or moan. She did not consider it becoming to display her sufferings in front of the family.

Though it is some years since she died, do you wonder that I frequently hear, as I turn into the yard, her ghostly cry of welcome, a cry that was not dog-like, but rather one of her own devising in imitation of the joyous shouts of the children as they saw me reach the gate.

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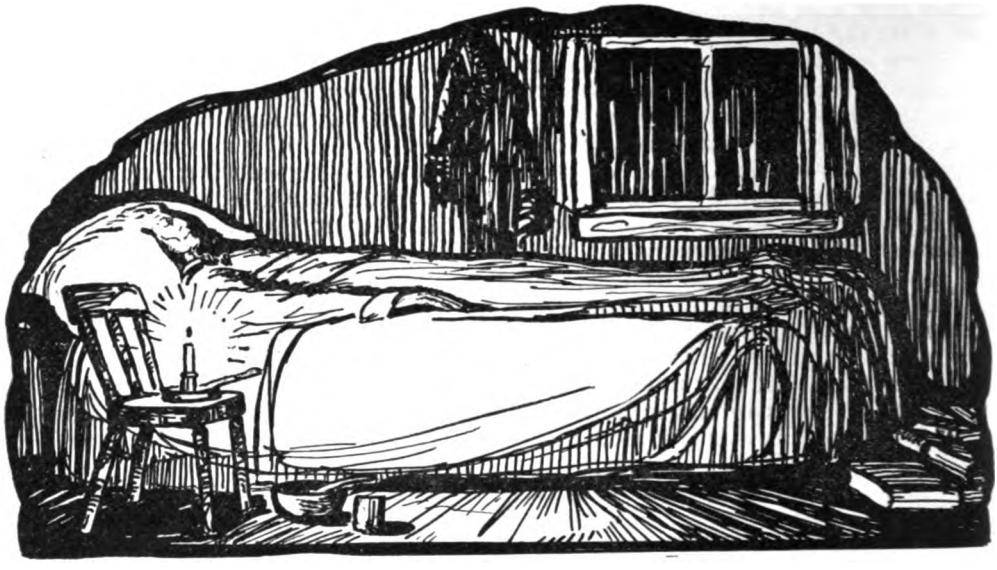
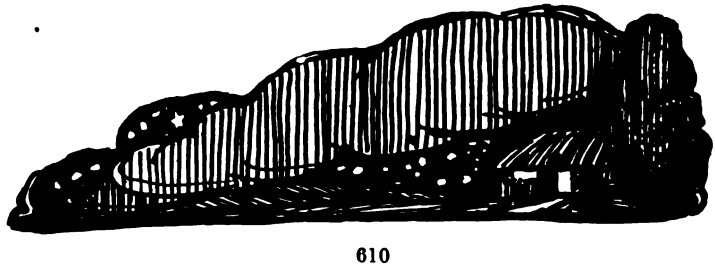


THE OLD POET FORETELLS THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH

I shall not hear men's voices soon
  For the silvery music of the Shee;
Between me and the world a veil
  Will fall of woven imagery,
With cooling green of boyhood's leaves,
With whorls of water light that weaves.



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I shall not bring to mind the tasks
I labored at so long ago,
But I shall marvel much that man
On dewy earth should travail so
To bring small matters to an end
Where all things weave, and change,
and blend.

I'll mind me how like morning light
Love was before it turned unkind,
But when the change, or what the harm,
I shall not search the past to find;
While burning questions, cried to God,
Flow off, like wind waves over sod.

The evils that I wrought myself,
Like hoarse war bugles, seaward
driven,
Will pass; the evils men did me
Be half forgotten, all forgiven.
I'll think the worst to God must seem
Like small, sick movements in a dream.

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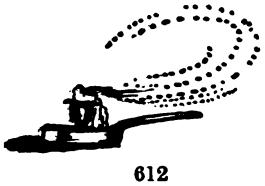
This body that like marble was,
  For heaviness and weight of care,
Will burn with a celestial fire,
  And fade, and free me to the air;
Where I shall never know again
Old troubles born of nerve and vein.

Meanwhile, a spacious loveliness,
  A quiet, brooding sense of light,
Majestic freedom, and fine strength
  Will near me. Led by visions bright
Of natural beauty, I'll be drawn
Toward greater loves than I have known.

I'll seem to sleep. Disturb me not,
  For while Incarnate Light draws near,
A last gift of the race to clay,
  Sweet music of the Shee I'll hear,
Lulled and withdrawn by soft preludes
Through deep, expectant solitudes.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*



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THE GYPSY CARAVAN

Far off the Fairy Horns are blowing
Through the morning, through the dew,
The trees of emerald green, the blue,
The windy clouds all white and new,
O, come-all-ye—Gypsies!

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There is a rustle in the leaves, a ripple
in the grass,
A singing in the heart, my love,
The brook's as clear as glass,
And there the far horizon lies,
An invitation to new skies,
O, come-all-ye—Gypsies!

We'll pack the green-striped caravan,
Put yellow shirts on every man,
And red cloaks on the lasses,
And when the old have wreathed their
locks,
And packed their fiddles in a box
We'll trundle through the grasses.
We'll carry through this windy morn
Hearts fit to meet the Fairy Horn,
O, come-all-ye—Gypsies!

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

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THE ELFIN FAIR

A gay and a good old woman
Once went to an Elfin Fair,
And all that most fit is for Fairs in the cities,
And is told of in ditties,
And sung of in songs, was there,
Grown teeny tiny O!

'Twas down by the red rose bushes,
(She picking her way between)
And the first thing she found was a Merry-go-round
To the scarlet top of a tulip bound,
In the midst of a Village Green
Grown teeny tiny O!

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There was a Strong Man lifting
An acorn up, cup and all;
And a peddler, it seems, crying, "Honey
of Dreams!
Threepence a cup, O brightly it
gleams!"
And the Gentry were giving a Ball,
Grown teeny tiny O!

The Photygraph Man was snapping
them all
(And the Villagers) one by one,
Or else in a group; with his waddle and
stoop,
And his head in a cloth, and his legs
like a hoop,
By the aid of the laughing Sun,
Grown teeny tiny O!

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But the Farmers were down by a
Paddock,
Where of all unusual things,
A real Carrot stood, as big as a wood,
And rooting around it all pleasant and
good,
Were wee little Pigs with Wings,
Grown teeny tiny O!

Right there was her own good Landlord,
Though she doubted the thing herself,
Till to him she ran, and cried, "Mr.
McCann!
Whatever on earth are you doing, my
man,
With Wings and a Coat like an Elf—
Grown teeny tiny O!"

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

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THE PLAINT OF THE CAPTIVE FIELD MOUSE

(This Field Mouse, by the way, was in the Elfin Fair.)

I am the one living Field Mousie
In captivity,
(O pity me!)
Ah! Why did I leave my warm soft housie
Sae easily!

A silver collar, all bent about too,
Round my neck is curled.
(O pity me!)
I am a captive, who went out to
See the world!

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

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THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

THE SHOPKEEPER

By ANNE PARISH

THERE was once upon a time an old man who was so poor that in the summer he slept beneath the trees, making a tent of his big green umbrella, and in the autumn had nothing to eat but the wind-falls under the apple-trees; and what he did when the white and bitter winter came I cannot bear to think. He always wore a battered top-hat, in which he stored away anything interesting he came across in the course of his wanderings—birds' nests, or sea-shells, or yellow autumn leaves. His cheeks were as red as October, and his hair was as white as January, and his eyes were as blue as June.

He had an old auntie, quite rich and grand, who drove out in a pony-carriage, and wore a fine silk gown. She was the crossest old lady that ever drew breath and never gave her nephew a penny nor asked him to tea, no matter how hungry he was. One day, when she was one hundred and one years old, she died. In fact, she died on her one hundred and first birthday from the effects of her fury against the cook for not putting enough citron in her birthday cake.

As she had always been so dreadfully sharp and snappish, all her relatives had died from fright and exhaustion except the little old man, to whom she had never spoken because she disapproved of him so. Consequently all her fortune came to him.

He did not have to think twice what he should do with his money. He opened a shop.

When he had been poor, and gone tramping through the villages, hungry and cold, he had liked shopping better than anything else in the world. He would go into a shop, put his high hat on the counter (something would always fall out of it—a cocoon, or a field-mouse, or some pretty pebbles from a brook-bottom) draw a deep breath of solemn happiness, and begin to order. He would order cheeses, and red mufflers, and fur caps, and tobacco, and dream-books, and smoked herrings, and paint-boxes, and I can't remember what beside; and when the clerk had done them all up with brown paper and string, the dreadful moment would come when he would be asked to pay for them, and he would have to admit that he hadn't a penny. No matter now many times it happened, he always forgot until that instant that when you shopped you were expected to pay; and he would become just as dejected as he had been excited and happy the moment before.

So, as I said, he opened a shop. He found that his auntie's fortune would not buy everything, so he got in a stock of necessities, feeling that luxuries could wait until later. This was the stock that he arranged upon the shelves of his tiny shop, nearly bursting with pride and delight:

Quantities of sweets—of every variety.

Pink and purple sea-shells.

Small cardboard churches with transparent colored windows, and little candles to be lit inside.

Watches with very loud ticks, for little boys.

Driftwood for burning.

Pots of crocuses.

Magic lanterns.

Baskets of apples. (I am not sure what their names were, but they were very little apples, striped red and yellow, and as fragrant as sweet-briar leaves.)

Kittens.

Music-boxes.

When everything was ready, he wrote a sign in a large clear hand and put it in his little window, and this is what it said:

EVERYTHING IN THIS SHOP FREE

NO PAYMENT ACCEPTED

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For he was determined that his shop should be without the usual drawback.

He did not have to wait long for customers. The children for miles around patronized him, going out with cheeks bulging with sugar-plums, the little girls carrying kittens, the little boys ticking loudly. Brown bees came to inquire about the crocuses. The little man was busy all the day.

"How it would please auntie," he often thought, "if she only knew what a successful business man I am! Oh, my, wouldn't she be surprised, though!" And he would give a little hop and skip of pure delight.

One day a sensible person came into the shop to buy some apples for his wife to make into jelly. He pulled out his purse and said, "How much?"

"Nothing!" said the old man, beaming.

"Nothing?" repeated the sensible person, scowling, for he thought the old man was poking fun at him.

"Not—one—penny!" said the little man, more pleased than ever. "Didn't you see my sign?" And he got it from the window and read it aloud proudly: "Everything in This Shop Free. No Payment Accepted."

"Oh-ho!" said the sensible person, looking wise. "So that's the way of it, is it, and very nice indeed, I must say. Now, my old boy, you just wait here till I fetch some friends of mine that are looking for just such a shop as this here one of yours." And out he went, murmuring "Everything Free" under his breath, and tapping his forehead as he murmured.

He was back again directly with three friends, who urged the little man to come along with them and come quiet, and although he did not much want to go, it was towards the end of the day and it did not seem polite to decline an invitation when he had no previous engagement. So, leaving the shop unlocked in case a customer should come and be disappointed, he went with the four men.

He was surprised when they put him in a small bare room, no bigger than a cupboard, with a door made of iron bars, but it was rather flattering to have them lock it when they left him for a moment, for it showed how much they wanted him to stay.

God sometimes gives the angels an afternoon off from heaven; and they had been among the little man's best customers. This evening, hurrying home through the twilight, some of them had passed the shop, and, finding it empty, had known, as angels do, where its owner was. So they stopped in to see him—for I need not tell you that they can step through iron bars as easily as you and I can step through shadows.

"This seems rather dreary," said one, looking at the damp stone floor.

"I dare say it's the best they have, and at any rate they've given me a room to myself," said the little man apologetically.

"Why have they left you all alone with nothing to eat?" asked the second.

"Perhaps they're all busy cooking something extra nice for supper," said he.

"I think you'd better come home with us," said the third angel. "Why don't you come this very minute?"

"Oh!" cried the little man. "Oh!" Tears of happiness shone like stars in his sky-blue eyes. "But I'm afraid it wouldn't be polite—you see, they invited me to come here."

"Leave your address," said the first little angel, "and when they want you they can come and get you." And I regret to say that he gave the second angel a poke in the ribs.

"Yes, I could do that, couldn't I?" said the little man; and the angels threw their halos into the air for delight, for they loved him dearly. He drew from his pocket one of his calling-cards—he had made himself a dozen, and, as he knew no one to call on, he still had them all. Each letter was printed in different colored crayon. First came his name, and underneath, much larger, "The Shop." This, knitting his brows and breathing very hard, he crossed out, and wrote in large round letters:

"Note change of address: *Heaven.*"

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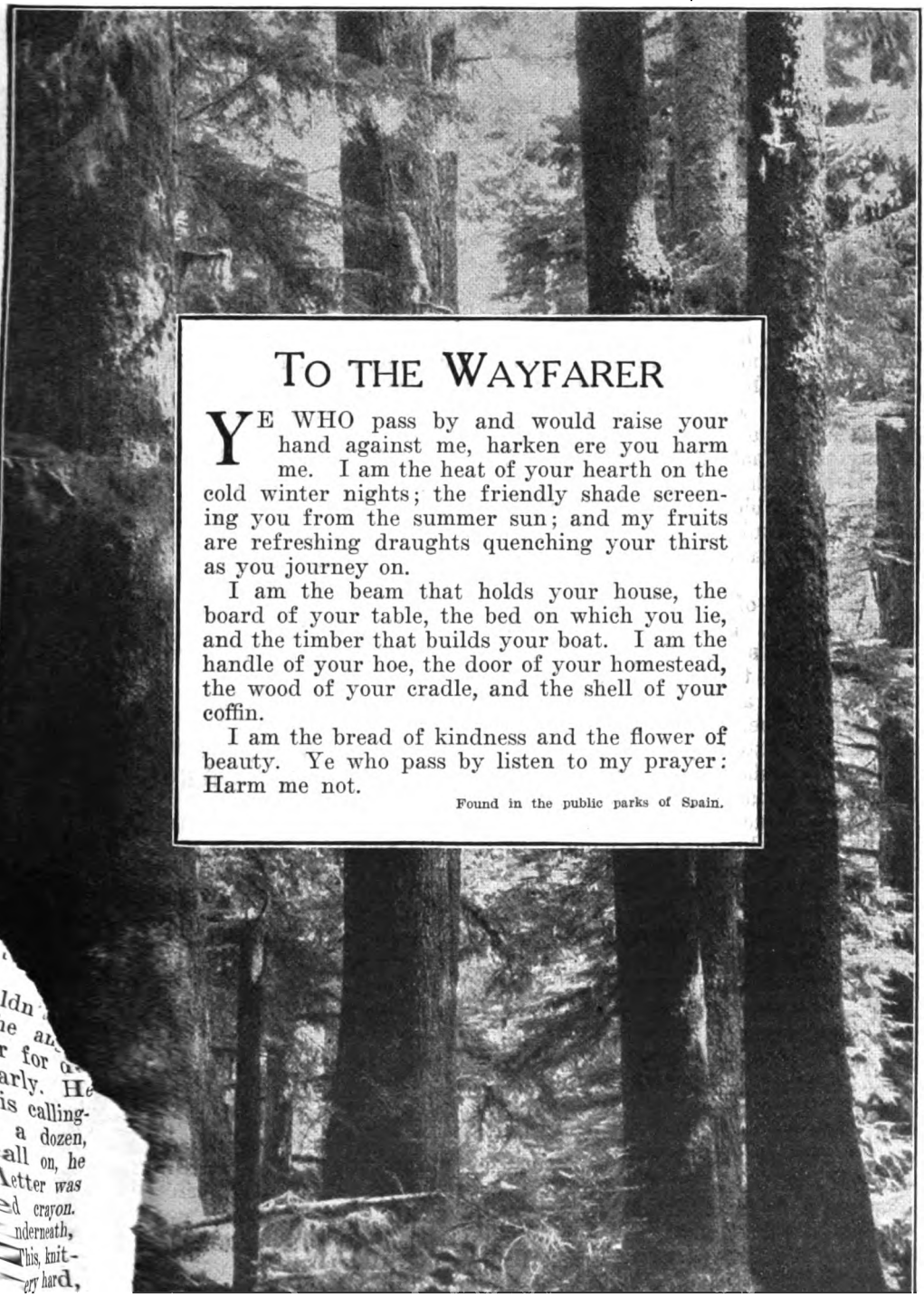

TO THE WAYFARER

YE WHO pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken ere you harm me. I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights; the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun; and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by listen to my prayer: Harm me not.

Found in the public parks of Spain.

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MARY WHITE

Written by her father, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, *for the Emporia Gazette, of which he has been editor since 1895*

THE Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew every one in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pig-tail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet further on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and, as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gaily north on Merchant Street. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charlie O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and the Reverend J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mis-

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Mary White

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chievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes of her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table, when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y W C A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring, was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged High School boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids" gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw; jam, cakes, preserves, oranges and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the High School. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpie to those who, she thought, could remedy the evil. The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to

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help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up; though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tom-boy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her brother Bill's Harvard classmen—heavens, how proud that would have made her!—and the red roses from the *Gazette* force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her High School friends.

That was all.

For her pall-bearers only her friends were chosen; her Latin teacher—W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rich Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-bye.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

CLEAN HANDS

Make this thing plain to us, O Lord!
That not the triumph of the sword—
Not that alone—can end the strife,
But reformation of the life—
But full submission to Thy Word!

But all the stream of blood outpoured
Can Peace—the Long-Desired—afford;
Not tears of Mother, Maid or Wife . . . .
Make this thing plain!

We must root out our sins ignored,
By whatsover name adored;
Our secret sins, that, ever rife,
Shrink from the operating knife;
Then shall we rise, renewed, restored . . .
Make this thing plain!

—*Austin Dobson*

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THE NIGHT RUN OF THE "OVERLAND"

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

A Story of Domestic Life Among The Railroad People

IT snowed. The switch-lamps at Valley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night operator's room shot out into the gloom, and it, too, was thickly powdered. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all save one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage which squatted in the right angle formed by the intersecting tracks, a hundred yards or more from the station, a light shone dully. Inside, a young woman with a book in her lap sat beside a sick-bed. On the bed lay a young man of perhaps thirty.

They were not an ordinary couple, nor of the type which prevailed in Valley Junction. The rugged strength of the man, which shone through even the pallor of sickness, was touched and softened by an unmistakable gentleness of birth; and the dark eyes, which rested motionless upon the further wall, were thoughtful and liquid with intelligence. The young woman was yet more striking. Her loose gown, girdled at the waist with a tasseled cord, only half concealed the sturdy, sweeping lines of the form beneath. Her placid womanly face was crowned with a glorious mass of burnished auburn hair. Her blue eyes, now fixed solicitously upon her husband's face, were dark with what seemed an habitual earnestness of purpose, and her sweet mouth drooped seriously. After a moment, though, she shook off her pensive mood.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked, with a brightening face.

"Of you," answered her husband gravely, tightening his grasp upon the hand she had slipped into his. "Comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change."

The young woman bent forward with a little spasmodic movement, and laid her beautiful hair upon the pillow beside her husband's dark strands. For a little she held herself in a kind of breathless tension, her hand upon his further temple, her full, passionate lips pressed tight against his cheek.

"Not content, my heart's husband, but happy!" she whispered, ecstatically. After a moment she lifted herself and quietly smoothed her ruffled hair. "I mustn't do that again," she said, demurely. "The doctor said you were not to be excited. I guess I won't allow you to think any more on that subject, either," she added, with pretty tyranny. "Only this, Ben—papa will forgive us some day. He's good. Just give him time. Some day you'll put away your dear, foolish pride, and let me write to him, and tell him where we are—no matter if he did forbid it. And he'll write back, take my word for it, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I tell you, sweetheart, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours, and ride on the engine with you on bright days, than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money can build."

For a moment the pair looked the love they could not speak. Then the spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive, half-drowned in the howling wind. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,'" she murmured. "She's three minutes late. The wind is dead against her. Some day, dear," she added, fondly, "you will hold the throttle of that engine, if you want to, and I shall be the proudest girl in the land."

With a fine unconscious loyalty to the corporation which gave them bread and butter, they listened in silence to the

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dull roar of the on-coming train. But instead, a moment later, of the usual thunderous burst as the train swept by, and the trembling of earth, they heard the grinding of brake-shoes, the whistle of the air, and then, in the lull which followed, the thumping of the pump, like some great, excited heart. At this unexampled occurrence, the sick man threw his wife a startled glance, and she sprang to the front window and drew back the curtain. She was just turning away again, still unsatisfied, when there came a quick, imperative rap at the door. Instantly connecting this rap with the delayed train, Sylvia flung the door wide open, revealing three men, the foremost of whom she recognized as the night-operator at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox," he began with nervous haste, "this is the general superintendent, Mr. ——"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official for himself, unceremoniously pushing forward. "We are in trouble. Our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but——"

"But he's too sick, sir, to hold his head up!" Sylvia exclaimed, aghast.

"What's the trouble?" called Fox sharply, from his bed.

An instant's hush fell over the little group at the door, and then they all, as if moved by one impulse, filed quickly back to the sickroom.

"Mr. Fox, I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and pull a train," began the general superintendent hurriedly, before Sylvia could speak. "But we're tied up here hard and fast, with not another engineer in sight; and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can pull her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work that you ever did. I will give you five hundred dollars."

Fox had at first risen to his elbow, but he now sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness. In a moment, though, he was up again. "I can't do it, Mr. Howard! I'm too sick!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If it weren't a physical impossibility—if I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up——"

He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hand in a dazed way to his brow. Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife. The other men followed his gaze, plainly regarding him as out of his head. But Sylvia turned pale, and leaned against the wall for support. She had caught her husband's meaning.

"She'll take the train, sir!" exclaimed Fox, eagerly; "and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I, and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty."

The superintendent, staggered at this amazing proposition, gasped, and stared at the young woman. She stood with her dilated eyes fastened upon her husband, her chest rising and falling, and blood-red tongues of returning color shooting through her cheeks. Yet even in that crucial moment, when her little heart was fluttering like a wounded bird, something in Sylvia's eye—something hard and stubborn—fixed the skeptical superintendent's attention, and he drew a step nearer. Sylvia, with twitching nostrils and swelling throat, turned upon him almost desperately.

"I will go," she said, in a low, resigned voice. "But some one must stay here with him."

"This young man will attend to all that, never fret," cried Howard in relief, turning to the night-operator.

Whatever doubts the superintendent may have harbored yet of the fair engineer's nerve and skill were plainly removed when Sylvia returned from an inner room, after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. An indomitable courage was stamped upon her handsome features, and she bore herself with the firm, subdued mien of one who knows the gravity of her task, yet has faith in herself for its performance. One of her husband's caps was drawn down tightly over her thick hair. She had slipped into a short walking-skirt, and as she advanced she calmly but swiftly buttoned her jacket. Without hesitation, she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-bye.

"Be brave, girl!" he said encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four Mile Creek—don't be afraid!—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Good-bye—and God keep you!"

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As Sylvia stood beneath the great black hulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland"—compared with which her husband's little local engine was but a toy—and glanced down the long line of mail, express, and sleeping-cars, laden with human freight, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness like the body of some horrible antediluvian monster, and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal were fretting under the unaccountable delay, and longed again to be off on the wings of the wind, rending the tempest with its iron snout, and awakening the sleeping hills and hollows with its hoarse shriek.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab-step. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate *us* any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add five hundred dollars to that check! Remember that." And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab, as though she were a banshee; but she made no explanations, and, after a glance at the steam and the water gages, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle-lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task; noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The "Overland" was once more under way.

The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which seemed almost human, and which, familiar though she was with the work, thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time-table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles between the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once—as, indeed, she must—to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse-lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy, and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The headlight—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—danced freely ahead upon the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss. Sylvia momentarily closed her eyes and prayed that no unfortunate creature—human or brute—might wander that night between the rails.

The fireman danced attendance on the fire, watching his heat and water as jealously as a doctor might watch the pulse of a fevered patient. Now the furnace-door was closed, now it hung on its latch; now it was closed again, and now, when the ravenous maw within cried for more coal, it was flung wide open, lighting the driving cloud of steam and smoke above with a spectral glare.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an engine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector, to economize the heat and water, and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable thing of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton—scarcely distinguishable in the darkness and the storm—they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylvia shut her lips tightly. If it was necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

The sticky snow on her glass now cut off Sylvia's vision ahead. It mattered little, for her life and the lives of the sleeping passengers behind were in higher hands than hers, and only the All-seeing Eye could see that night. Another train ahead, an open switch, a

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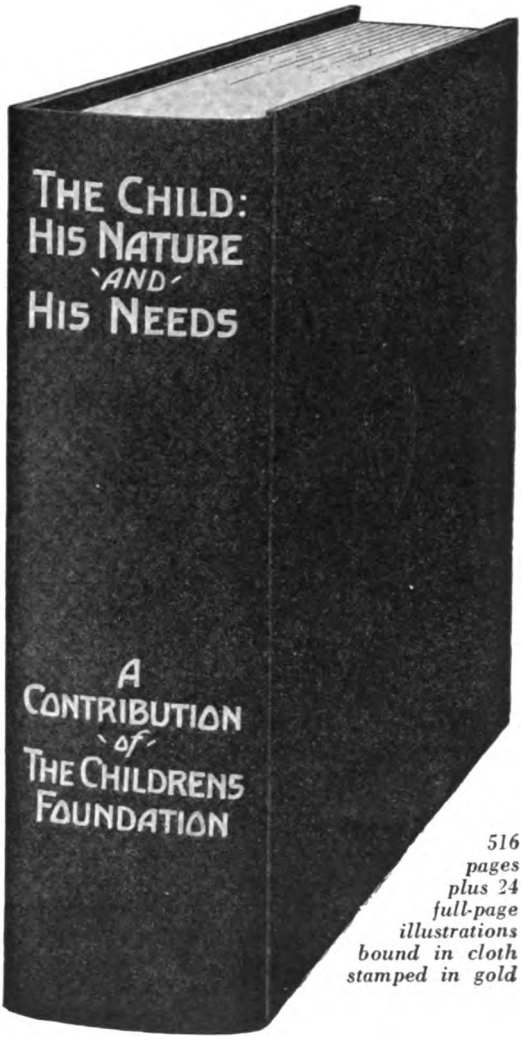

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fallen rock or tree—one awful crash, and the engine would become a gridiron for her tender flesh, while the palatial cars behind, now so full of warmth and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little, and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the headlight was burning dim.

"The headlight is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew his cap tighter, braced himself, and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out upon the wet, treacherous running-board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward, and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please!" she exclaimed, nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street-lamps of Nancyville came into view, Sylvia blew a long blast. But there was no tuneful reverberation among the hills that night, for the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. The Foxes shopped in Nancyville—they could shop fifty miles from home as easily as fifty rods—and the town, by comparison with Valley Junction, was beginning to seem like a little city to Sylvia. But to-night, sitting at the helm of that transcontinental train, which burst upon the town like a cyclone, with a shriek and a roar, and then was gone again all in a breath, she scarcely recognized the place; and it seemed little and rural and mean to her, a mere eddy in the world's great current.

One-third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone, and still the "Overland" was ten minutes behind, and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were winding through the Tallahula Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side, as if angrily resenting the pitiless goading from behind, and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve, and made them shriek in agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship upon a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed. One instant Sylvia was lifted high above her fireman, the next dropped far below him.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one wheel—nay, but one cog on one wheel—in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. Yet one slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast. Indeed, in Sylvia's excited fancy, the spirit of world-wide commercialism seemed riding on the gale above her, like Odin of old in the Wildhunt, urging her on and on.

Something of all this was in the mind of the fireman, too, in a simpler way; and when he glanced at his gentle superior from time to time, as she clung desperately to the arm-rest with one hand and clutched the reverse-lever with the other, with white, set face, but firm mouth and fearless eye, his blue eyes flashed with a chivalric fire.

The train dashed into Carbondale, and Sylvia made out ahead the glowing headlight of the east-bound train, side-tracked and waiting for the belated "Overland," her engineer and conductor doubtless fuming and fretting. For the first time during the run Sylvia allowed a morbid, nervous fear to take hold of her. Suppose the switch were open! She knew that it *must* be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch, her heart leaped into her mouth. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant, as it were, they were once more scouring the open country.

In spite of the half-pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if they would never

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reach the summit and as if the locomotive had lost all its vim. Yet the speed was slow only by contrast, and in reality was terrific; and the tireless steed upon whose high haunch Sylvia was perched was doing the noblest work of the night. At last, though, the high level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less then thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better right here than it did every night of the year, and that when on time. Yet when she glanced from the time-table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch-points of Melrose with a force which seemed sufficient to snap them off like icicles, she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River Valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half a dozen times previously she had wondered, in her unfamiliarity with heavy trains and their magnificent speed, if she were falling short or exceeding the safety limit; and half a dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her; and, moreover, the time-table, mutely urging her faster and faster, seemed answer enough. But just before they struck the grade, the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress.

The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury. Then she lowered her head like a maddened bull in its charge. The long, heavy train, sweeping down the sharp descent, might fitly have been likened to some winged dragon flying low to earth, so appallingly flightlike was the motion. It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as

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an aerolite drops down from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gaging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. The thought that a puny human hand—a woman's hand, moreover, contrived for the soft offices of love—could stay that grand momentum, seemed wildly absurd; and as Sylvia, under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes, she smiled, with a ghastly humor, at the trust of the sleeping passengers in *her!*

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked, and the very earth seemed to tremble. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties, or at least had lost a wheel. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track, and in a few seconds—though every second meant 150 feet—the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and, as if abandoning itself to its driver's mad mood, the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion, began to toll; and the dolorous sound, twisted into weird discord by the gale, fell upon the ears of the pallid engineer and fireman like the notes of a storm-tossed bell-buoy sounding the knell of the doomed.

The young fireman, who up to this time had maintained a stoical calm, suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab, with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself, he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame on his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!"

As the track became smoother, the engine grew calmer; but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a

(*Continued on page 636*)

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(*Continued from page* 633)

mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattetunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called:

"On time, madam!"

His voice reached Sylvia's swimming ears faint and distant as she nodded dizzily on her seat, bracing herself against the reverse-lever.

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun" mentioned to Sylvia by the general superintendent—the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha, and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant snow-white hair; and, though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward divulged, he suppressed, though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine-runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed and taken charge.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling; and when Howard protested, with a twinkle in his eye, that there was no other way, the president added: "If it had been on my road, I should have held the train all night rather than drag a sick man from his bed."

"We all know how many trains are held all night on your road, Staniford," answered Howard, laughing. "Do you happen to remember the story of an ambitious young engineer who picked himself up out of a wreck with a broken arm, and stepped into a new engine, and pulled his train through to the end of the run?" he asked significantly.

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"I was young then and working for glory, and no superintendent ordered me to do it, or I should probably have refused," said Staniford, good-naturedly. He added soberly: "These engineers are a heroic set, and, Charlie, sometimes I think we don't always do them justice."

"I'll do this one justice," answered Howard, warmly.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. As he turned and made his way forward, his careless expression gave way to one of concern. His mind was evidently on the gentle engine-runner. Possibly he had recurring doubts of her skill and courage; but perhaps the fact that he had daughters of his own gave his thoughts, as much as anything else, a graver turn. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills like the lash of a whip, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins," observed the superintendent, inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, dryly.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. He paused in a vestibule, opened the door, and laid his practised ear to the din outside. Then he gently closed the door, as if to slam it might break the spell, and complacently smiled. When the train reached the level of Barren Plains, and the sleepers ceased their swaying and settled down to a smooth, straightway motion—that sure annunciator of high speed—the superintendent rubbed his palms together very much like a man shaking hands with himself. When he got back to his car, he found Mr. Staniford still up, smoking, and leaning back in his luxurious seat with half-closed eyes. Staniford motioned Howard to sit down beside him, and laid his hand familiarly on the latter's knee.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with

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your inflammatory descriptions, for which you probably drew largely on your imagination. I have been sitting here thinking about him. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled like a man who knows a thing or two, if he only chose to tell. "Well, I did, in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly: "Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years, and if I don't get several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of it, my name isn't C. W. Howard. The best of it is, it's the gospel truth."

"Let's have it," said Staniford.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Staniford turned sharply, and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Staniford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know. He's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent-looking. What do you know about him? He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered. "If he's the man I have in mind, he's all right. Go on."

"Ever run on your road?" inquired Howard, deliberately.

"Yes, yes. But that has nothing to do with it," returned Staniford, with strange impatience. "Go on."

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story, which I didn't tell the boys for the sake of their nerves," he added, with sparkling eyes—"the 'Overland' at this moment is in the hands of Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand the old railroader's agitation, and unwilling to attribute it to fear from being in the hands of an engineer who might

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lose her head. Then Staniford took the other's hand in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

Howard was familiar with the story of the elopement of Staniford's daughter with one of the M. V., O., and W. engineers, and the situation flashed over him in an instant. After a moment—during which, as he afterward confessed, he could not keep his mind off the added sensation this new fact would give his advertising story—he said enthusiastically: "She's a heroine, Staniford, and worthy of her father!"

During the perilous descent of Four Mile Creek, the private car rocked like a cradle, and cracked and snapped in every joint. Staniford clung helplessly to Howard's hand, with the tears trickling down his cheeks. When the bottom was at last reached and the danger was over—the danger at the front—the president drew his handkerchief and wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. The ex-engineer knew the agony through which his child had passed.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire, and when the "Overland" steamed up to the union depot in Stockton, at 1:07, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious sun-kissed hair glistening with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward, by virtue of his office, as it were, and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled, partly from faintness, partly from the sickness caused by the pitching of the locomotive. Then she saw pushing through the throng the general superintendent and—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Staniford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way under the double excitement; and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder, and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way:

"Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

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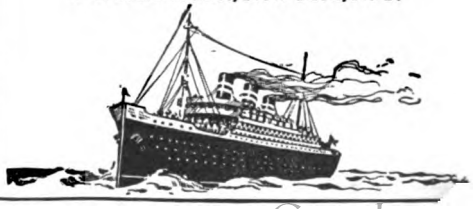

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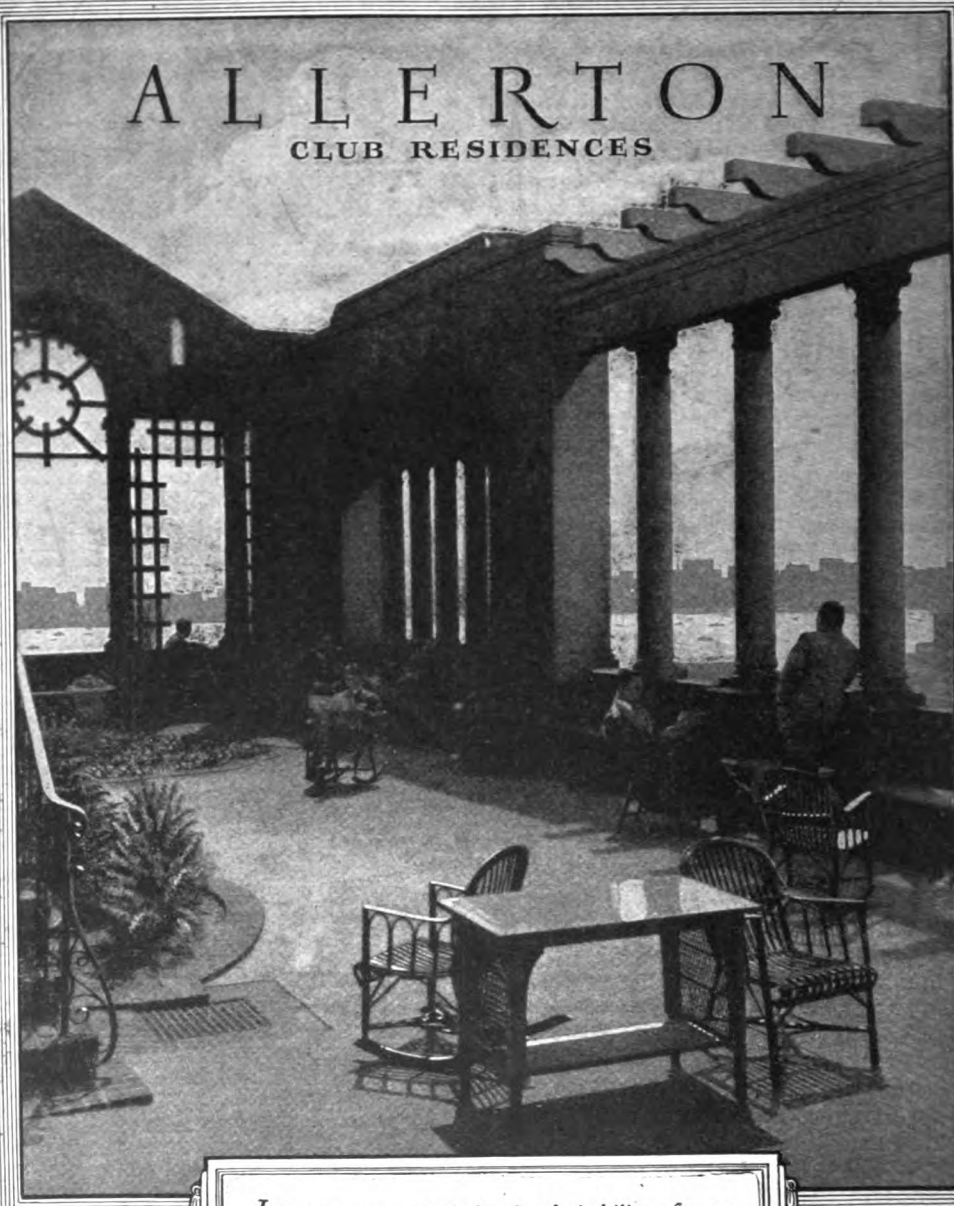

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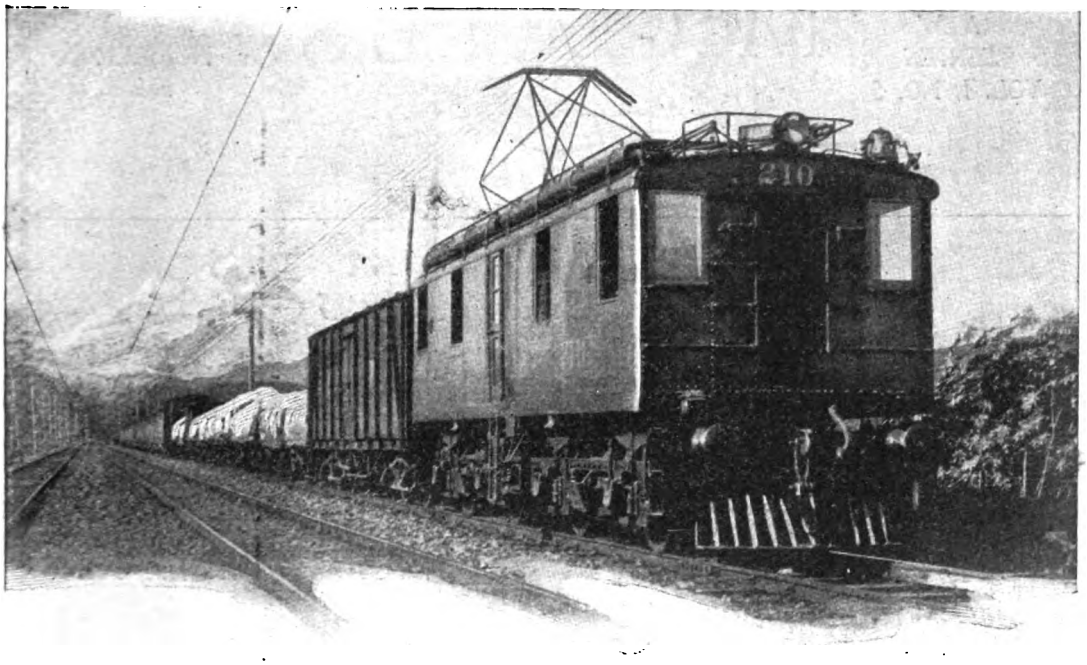

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NEW SERIES VOL. I, NO. 5

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER 375

Founded 1893

Contents for September, 1925

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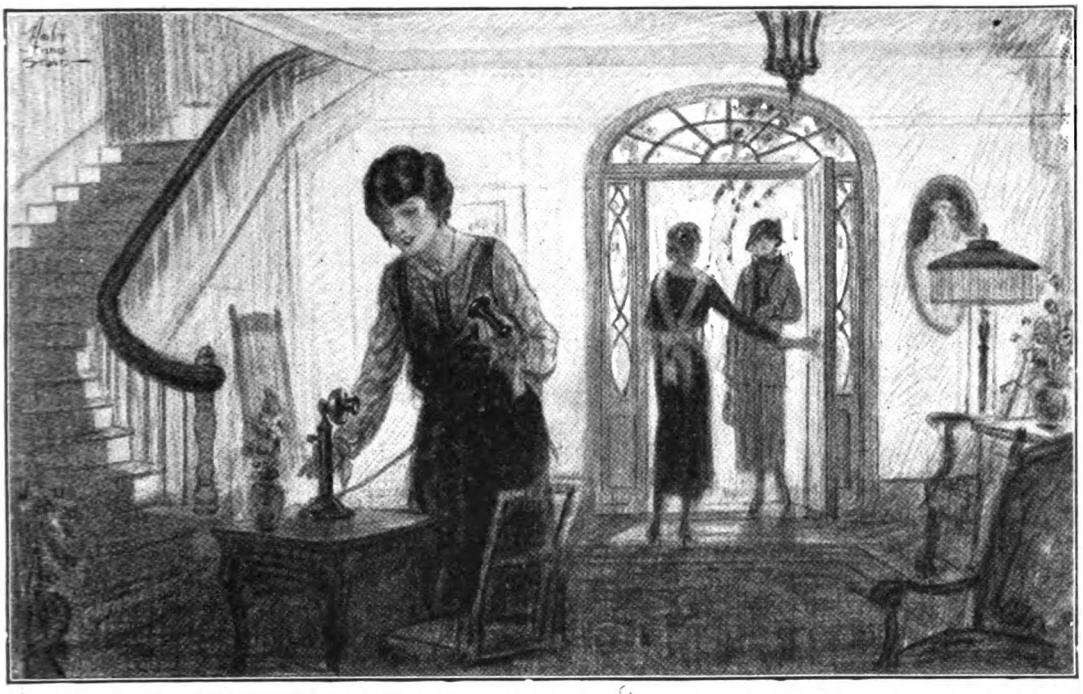

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"King George with his youngest son, Prince John, who died in 1919."

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, VOL. I, No. 5 | SEPTEMBER, 1925 Founded 1893 | Whole Number 375

KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

Fourteen Years of Press Photography at the British Court

By ERNEST BROOKS

CHAPTER I

WHEN I informed one of our leading British statesmen, some months ago, that I was contemplating the publication of a book based on my personal recollections of Kings, Courtiers and Princes, I was solemnly warned against committing any indiscretions in print and told to remember that the Tower of London was still a prison! I am just wondering now whether, after all, I gave that friendly warning due consideration. There were occasions during the writing of this book, I must confess, when I felt I was being indiscreet. To what extent I have been, I leave the reader to judge. I may have recounted incidents about members of the Royal Family or other distinguished persons that will be regarded by some as of too intimate a nature to merit publication. I can only plead that I was at the mercy of my pen and my memory, and that I have set down nothing in malice. I have the greatest respect and admiration for our Royal Family.

The material for the present volume was gained as the result of many years' personal contact with Royalty, latterly in the rôle of Official Photographer to Their Majesties. I have had countless opportunities of studying both King George and Queen Mary, and I have endeavored to portray the human side of Their Majesties—the side of which the vast public knows little or nothing. In writing of the Prince of Wales, I have done so with the greatest of pleasure. Everywhere—in France, Italy, Australia, Canada or America, and also here in England—I have found him the real Prince of good fellows.

Incidentally, in this work I have sought to dispel many of those fantastic illusions about Royalty which exist, not only in America, that home of some of the quaintest beliefs about our reigning family, but also, to some extent, in our own Islands.

Frequently, in seasonable weather and when engagements permit, King George and Queen Mary enjoy a short drive from Buckingham Palace. One afternoon in 1919 they were thus returning along the Mall, when a blue-jacket, coming from the opposite direction on foot, made a sudden rush forward, and sprang on the step of the carriage.

He was asked by the equerry who was in attendance to go away. The sailor shook his head vigorously, refusing to do so.

"I have fought for the King," he declared, "and I will ride with the King."

The equerry was making another attempt to persuade the man to leave when King George interrupted.

"Come inside then and ride with the King as far as Buckingham Palace," invited His Majesty.

For a second, the man was nonplused. But the sincerity in the invitation was unmistakable. He swung himself inside and sat down facing Their Majesties. Both King George and Queen Mary chatted to this unexpected companion until the carriage drew near the gates of the Palace.

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"We have arrived now; perhaps you will leave here," said the King. Immediately the sailor arose to his feet with a respectful assent on his lips. The carriage was halted. The sailor stepped out, saluted and stood to attention until it moved on again.

This little incident, hitherto unknown to those outside Court circles, serves to illustrate in no small measure the never-failing tact exercised by our Sovereign—tact which has been noticeably apparent in his handling of all those great and diversified problems with which he has been confronted since succeeding to the throne.

While King George may be tactful on occasion, he can also be outspoken, as stories in these reminiscences will show. On more than one occasion His Majesty has spoken his mind when addressing me, as I well remember.

Here, however, it will be well if I interpolate an explanation of how I came to be attached to the Court.

I first came in touch with Royalty when I was a boy at the Royal Schools at Windsor, and my position varied from that of being donkey boy to Queen Victoria (in which capacity I was in charge of the donkey presented to her late Majesty by Lord Kitchener upon his return from Egypt) to the official appointment, under a Royal Warrant, as photographer to H. M. King George.

That, in brief, has been my career. For a quarter of a century, the period these reminiscenses traverse, I was in close contact with Royal personages of this and other countries. I photographed them, talked with them, was sometimes reproved by them, and, without prying in any way, detected in them indiscretions and little failings such as are not confined, by any means, to Royalty alone.

The author.

Indirectly, my father is responsible for this volume, and also, more directly, is it due to the fact that he wore a belt in place of braces, a belt with a buckle of formidable weight and of generous proportions. He was in charge of the game on the Home Park Farm at Windsor. I was in my seventeenth year when, sent to watch a herd of the Queens's cattle, I fell asleep at my task, and awakened to find that attempts to extricate a very valuable cow, which had floundered into the Castle moat and had become hopelessly "bogged," had ended in the animal being destroyed.

That finished my career on the farm. Smarting under the indignity and the pain of a "belting," I pleaded with my people to be allowed to join the Army; permission was granted, and I enlisted as a bandboy in the King's Dragoon Guards, determined never to return to farm life.

I struggled mournfully with a bassoon for a couple of years, until, at a public performance at Folkestone, my instrument, through over-zeal on my part, blared forth alone during a silent bar in a selection from *La Traviata*. The bandmaster took an early opportunity of expressing, with some force, the view that I ought to have been a shoemaker. Thus ended my musical career.

This bassoon solo was, on the whole, a fortunate occurrence, for it served to strengthen a wavering resolution I had already formed to quit the Army. I was "bought out," and returned to Windsor.

Then it was that I first became interested in photography.

The young ladies who were Maids of Honor to the Queen, the Hon. Alberta and Alexandrina Vivian, God-daughters

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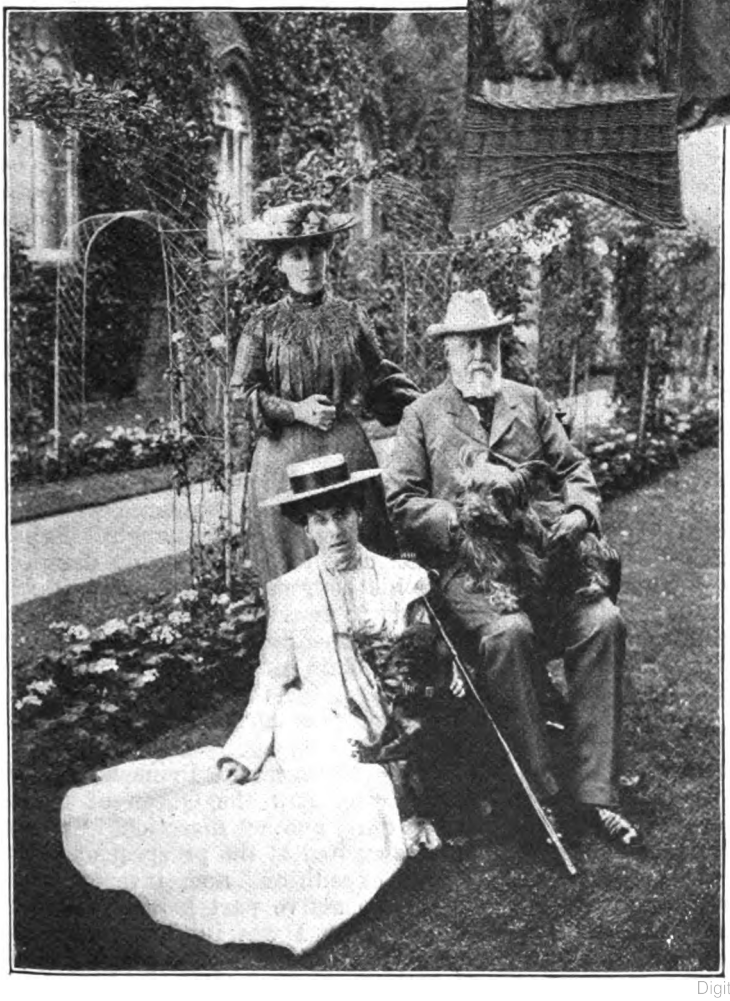
of the King and Queen, were enthusiastic photographers, and the evident enjoyment they obtained from their cameras led me towards the same hobby. I remember the pride I took in that first camera I possessed. I purchased it from the local chemist on the instalment plan, paying a shilling weekly. It was a veritable magic box, and, to my profound astonishment, the first picture I took, that of the cook at the Castle, proved eminently recognizable. I doubt if any event in my subsequent professional career provided a thrill equal to the one I felt when my first attempt at picture-making succeeded.

"My benefactor, Prince Christian, and his dog, Jock."

"Prince Christian and his two daughters, Princess Marie Louise, and Princess Victoria. This was my first photograph of Royalty."



I diligently studied handbooks on photography, and experimented to the full extent of my pocket-money. Photography was nothing more to me than a hobby then, albeit a very engrossing one. That it could be put to my financial advantage I did not realize, until I observed an announcement in a photographic periodical that 10/6d would be paid for photographs of interesting events or of interesting people.

The young ladies who had taught me how to use a camera were all "Honorables," and it seemed to me that they ought to be interesting enough to

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earn me half a guinea. They posed, and the resultant picture brought me a letter informing me that my photograph was being used in eight papers. Eight half-guineas! I was beside myself with joy at my amazing good fortune. It was a mountainous sum to me in those days.

I realized then that photography was the career I should adopt. How my father laughed when I told him of my resolve! He thought I was wasting my time, although the eight half-guineas impressed him, and he declared it was only a game for girls and "other fools." But I knew better. I felt that Windsor, with its Royal associations, ought to prove a fruitful source of "interesting" pictures.

I determined to have a picture of Cumberland Lodge, and accordingly I made my desire known to Prince Christian, through his butler with whom I was acquainted. Permission was granted readily, and while I was setting up my camera, H.R.H. joined me and watched the operation with interest.

"While you are here, you might care to take a picture of my daughters," he said. I was only too delighted, and he at once sent a message for Princess Victoria and Princess Marie Louise.

I was still much of a new hand with the camera, and that fact, coupled with my nervousness, caused me a moment or two of speculation. I had not observed what position the young ladies had adopted, and, when I looked into my screen for focusing purposes, I could not understand why I could distinguish their heads but not their bodies.

I looked up, to find they had seated themselves on the lawn. Here was a problem for me, and I solved it by tilting the camera forward! It was rather an amusing picture I finally obtained, but it was not too incongruous, apparently, to be rejected by the art editor of the magazine to which I sent it.

On that occasion, I reminded Prince Christian of a "valuable" presentation he had made to me when I was at school. He recalled his promise of half-a-sovereign to the boy who would get the first wicket during a school cricket match in which I was playing. He was surprized to learn that it was I who had performed the feat, but his astonishment was greater when I told him something of which I was perfectly certain he had never been aware. Instead of a half-sovereign, I had been genially presented with a newly minted farthing, and it was for that, the smallest coin in the currency, that I had stammered out my boyish thanks!

Prince Christian enjoyed a hearty laugh before remarking, "I'll wager you kept that dark from the rest of your school-mates." And I had to agree that I had. In spite of my protestations, the Prince insisted there and then on meeting what he called his "debt" to me.

I believe it was this little incident, more than anything else, that led to my official recognition at Cumberland Lodge. It was not very long afterwards that Prince Christian began to refer to me as "his" photographer.

The lad I bowled out on the occasion I was awarded the farthing was "Happy" Wootton, who later became a notorious local character. He styled himself the "King of Windsor Forest" and lived almost entirely, towards the end, by poaching, although his people were quite well-to-do. He was an eccentric, and, I remember, was accustomed to sleep out at nights in the deer pens or in a rude hut which he had fashioned high up in the branches of a tall tree.

I have many happy memories of those early days. Sometimes, when the present Prince of Wales and Duke of York were staying at Frogmore House, I went rook-shooting with them in the early mornings. They were both very keen on the sport, although their enthusiasm for it was not to be compared with that of Prince Arthur of Connaught. Prince Arthur used to leave a string dangling from his bedroom window, and it was my duty to awaken him, on the occasions of these expeditions, by pulling on the string. This device never failed to arouse him, for the simple reason that the string was attached to one of his big toes!

The enthusiasm of Princess Ena of Battenburg, now the Queen of Spain, lay in quite another direction. She was always excited at the prospect of a rabbiting expedition, and insisted upon taking an active part herself. A year or two later I was initiating her into the mysteries of the photographic art—

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"Prince George and the late Prince John, photographed with Prince Olaf (in the light coat). This photograph displeased King George because Prince Olaf looked smarter than the King's own children."

even then but imperfectly understood by myself. I developed the first picture she took, using the dark room that had been used by Prince Victor at the Castle. Princess Christian later gave me all the dishes and apparatus which Prince Victor had used. That was after his death in South Africa.

Following upon my first few attempts at photographing her, the Princess Christian put up a ban upon my activities, and would never consent to "sit" again. She was amply proportioned, and her complaint was that I always made her look too fat.

Prince Christian, however, was more tolerant of me. Of him I secured many excellent negatives, and he was always pleased with my work. H.R.H. was a kindly man, but, on occasion, assumed a stern manner that made people about him feel uncomfortable. He never liked to have the laugh against him, and if he thought anything of the sort was about to happen, he would assume an attitude that "froze" those in the vicinity.

Prince Christian had only one eye, the other having been accidentally destroyed by a shot from a companion's gun while rabbit-shooting. Only a close observer could, however, discern that fact, since the set of artificial eyes with which he was presented by Queen Victoria were so cleverly fashioned. This set consisted of a glass eye for each day of the week, and the Prince would install each of the seven pebbles in strict rotation.

One Sunday evening, when he was at dinner with the family, his artificial eye fell into the soup. An ill-restrained titter went round the table, but it was quickly suppressed when Prince Christian frowned upon the company. Then, in tones of the deadliest severity, he called to his valet, "Palmer, bring me Monday's eye."

I did not come much into contact with

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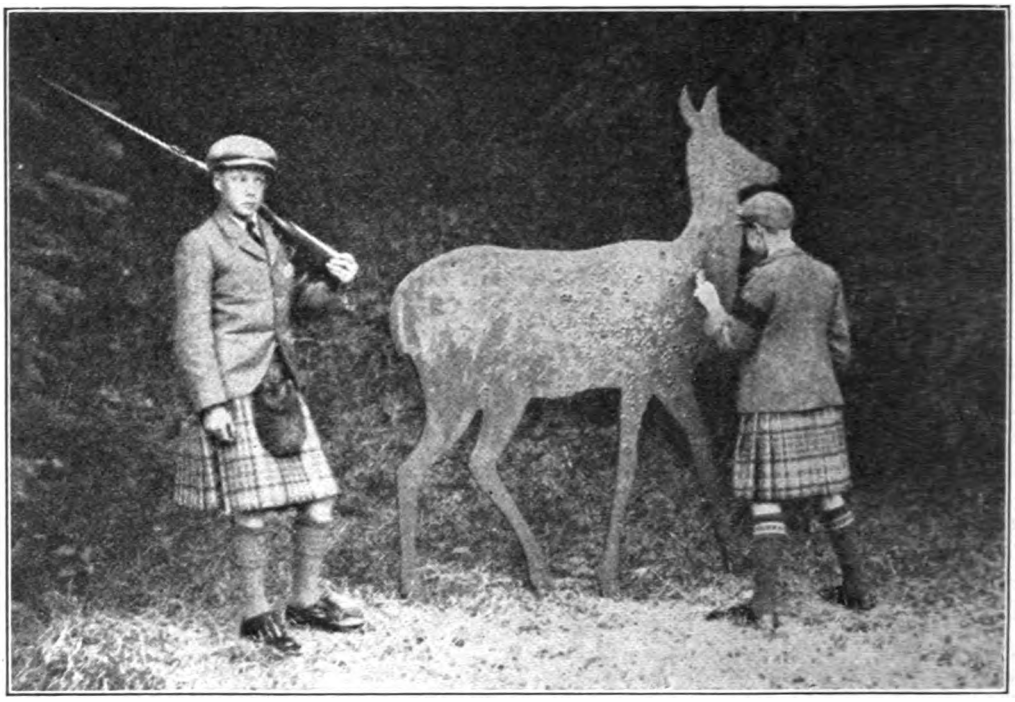

"The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York examining their target after rifle practice."

the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, but I recall that, on one occasion, my father, in his blunt fashion, told him he was no sport. The Prince had shot a pheasant which was sitting on the ground. "Bad sport, sir," was my father's comment. The Prince passed it off with a laugh.

King Edward was in the habit of visiting Virginia Water, where I first made a trip on the brig which the young Princes, David and Albert, used to sail. An old retired naval man, Captain Walsh, was there, and King Edward used to enjoy long talks with him.

Once King Edward presented Captain Walsh with a pony. "There was only one more pony in the world like this," the Captain said, some days after he had received the animal. I was present on the occasion and I could see a look of surprize creep over the King's face.

"Oh!" he queried, "what pony is that?"

"The one that went into the Ark," was the old salt's reply.

Of Queen Victoria I saw a good deal, and many a time I have witnessed her riding in the summer time in her donkey driving, to the breakfast hut at Frogmore House, where, after the meal, she would sit in the shade and swing the present Prince of Wales and his brothers in an old swing attached to a yew tree.

the ubiquitous John Brown

I was very young at the time, but I remember the very close attention which John Brown gave to the Queen's every command. He was a typical Northern Scot, very taciturn and undemonstrative. He always had a kind word for me, and a weekly shilling. It was my duty to deliver, each week, rabbits that had been shot on the estate, and every time I arrived with my bundle John Brown presented me with a shilling.

It became something of a rite, this handing over of the silver piece, and it was always conducted in precisely the same manner.

"Let's see noo," he would say, reflectively, rubbing his chin with the fingers of his left hand, while the forefinger and thumb of the other hand explored a waistcoat pocket. "Let's see, if we haven't a coin for ye, my mannie." And always from the same pocket a bright shilling was produced, and gravely tendered to me.

Queen Victoria often spoke to me, and

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once she asked me if I was not one of the boys at the Royal School in Windsor Great Park who had received a Bible at her hands for "punctuality and diligence." I was elated that she should remember me, and confessed that I had been so honored.

The young Princes, at this time, were very playful and full of animal spirits, if not exactly wild. Their pranks often led them into scrapes. It gave me quite a shock one day to learn that they were subject to the same corporal punishment as other boys.

Prince "David" (now Prince of Wales) and Prince Albert were in the habit of tormenting Charlie, the old postman, when he arrived on his bicycle at Frogmore House with the mail. On one occasion, after he had left his bicycle and set off to the door with a handful of letters, they abstracted a mail bag from the carrier on his bicycle.

By the time Charlie returned, the mail bag had been hidden among the dense laurel bushes, and the two Princes watched the subsequent proceedings from behind a tree. The old postman took matters calmly. He trudged back to the house and lodged his complaint.

I heard the sequel in the evening. It was in the form of anguished cries emanating from the bathroom. I was in the room of Mr. Finch, who is now the Prince of Wales' steward. Mr. Finch was in the bathroom and, very evidently, Mr. Finch was exceedingly busy. The sharp smacks of his hand and the outcry made by Prince David were eloquent testimony.

Later I was told that Prince Albert had declared his brother was entirely to blame for the prank, and so had avoided a spanking.

One day, while I was engaged taking pictures at the Household Brigade point-to-point meeting at Hawthorn Hill, a kindly gentleman approached and inquired whether I was taking pictures for a hobby or for a newspaper.

He was quite interested when I said that I was doing press work, and that I could get half a guinea for each picture published. "But there's one man who is worth five guineas to me if I can secure a good photograph of him," I mentioned.

"He must be quite an important person surely. Might I ask who the gentleman is?"

I replied that he was the Duke of Richmond, who was then residing at Cumberland Lodge. He walked off at that, leaving me to my work.

I saw the same person again within a quarter of an hour. "Not got him yet?" he queried smilingly of me.

"Left to right, Prince George, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Prince of Wales, photographed at Balmoral in Highland costume."

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"Not yet," I retorted, "but I'll probably get him when he comes out after lunch."

"Are you sure you will recognize him?" I was asked. He smiled when I declared that I was positive I should.

I was still waiting about when the same gentleman, accompanied by a lady, returned. He asked me at what distance I had my camera focused. When I replied that it was focused for seven yards he replied, "Well, stand that distance off and take our photographs. I am the Duke of Richmond."

My surprize did not prevent me from obtaining an excellent negative.

I progressed very well with my photography, thanks greatly to the interest shown in me by Prince Christian, who introduced me to many famous people in the district. He was a Steward at Ascot races, and, by his permission, I was granted leave to take pictures in the Royal enclosure. That was in 1907, and, up till that time, no such permission had ever previously been granted. I felt flattered, and elated at the honor.

"The Prince of Wales as a schoolboy, inquiring for the score at a cricket match at Windsor Castle."

In the enclosure, Prince Christian personally introduced me to many notabilities from time to time. Some of the earliest pictures I took there were of Lord Lonsdale, Sir Edgar Vincent and Lord D'Abernon.

I did not realize then exactly how much envied I was by other photographers, many of whom, I believe, would have given their ears for the privilege which enabled me to stroll about the Royal enclosure unmolested, seeking people to photograph.

I had been there but a few days when a young man approached me and asked what I had done with the pictures he had observed me taking the previous afternoon. I replied that they were at home still in the water tub, in which I washed my plates. I had not considered them of much interest and had really discarded them.

He asked to see them, and together we proceeded to my house, where I found fourteen negatives in the tub, some of them stuck together. This young man asked permission to take them to London. The following morning the *Daily Mirror* contained reproductions of eleven of my photographs!

The young man of this episode was Ivor Castle, then art editor of the paper. My good fortune did not end there, for the same day he returned with an offer of a position on the staff of the paper. I was to be paid a salary of 30/-per week, and I was to receive an additional two shillings for every picture of mine that was published.

All my friends advised me not to accept the offer. Without actually saying it, they managed to convey the hint that there must be something shady about a job with so much money attached to it. My father shook his head when I mentioned the sum offered me. At that time his wages were a little under a pound weekly, eighteen shillings I think it was, and he could not understand why I was being offered what was, to him, a princely wage.

"Are you positive, now," he said to me, "it wasn't thirteen shillings, not thirty you were to receive?"

I decided it was too good a chance to go a-begging so I wrote a letter of acceptance.

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Chapter II

My acceptance of the post on the staff of the *Daily Mirror* opened up a new vista for me. If my life had lacked variety up till then, it was now provided with it in abundance. After my first introduction to photographic work on the staff of a great picture paper—it was, if I remember aright, the somewhat tame job of illustrating the life of the London sparrow—I never had a dull working minute.

I soon found out that to be a good press photographer one must be in about seven different places at once. On the same day I have had to attend a christening, a wedding, a football match and a murder trial.

Of course, like so many others, I have broken the injunction that "No pictures shall be taken in court. By Order." It was never an easy matter getting those pictures, and gradually the police and court officials developed a special talent for discovering cameras surreptitiously smuggled into court.

The regulations about photographing in Court were always strictly carried out, but it was after one man succeeded in taking the then Lord Chief Justice with his eyes closed during a big trial, that police vigilance was redoubled in the matter.

It was a hurried, fleeting life, but I was young and enthusiastic, and reveled in the electric atmosphere of the journalistic profession. I even managed to subdue my distaste for traveling,

"King George posing for me on the moors at Bolton Abbey."

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so lost was I in the grip of the adventurous life.

Not many hours after the rumor of Princess Ena's engagement to King Alfonso of Spain had been spread, I was making hurried preparations for my first trip abroad. I wondered if, when I should see the Princess, she would remember me as the boy who used to cut the sticks for her when she accompanied my father and me rabbiting at Windsor.

As chance would have it, she did, and graciously granted me permission to photograph her with the King. The Royal lovers were staying at the Villa Mariscout at Biarritz, and, on the morning the King bought the engagement ring, they posed for me in the beautiful gardens of the Villa. Thus I secured a "scoop" of the first posed picture of the couple.

King Alfonso was graciousness itself, and chatted pleasantly with me before and after I took the photograph. A telegram of congratulation from the *Daily Mirror* made me feel quite at peace with the world, and kindly disposed towards every one.

I went to the wedding in Madrid to take some pictures of the scenes, and it was there that I realized I was not quite so bright a young man as I had considered myself. Every one, of course, knows of the attempt at assassination that was made on the King's life that day.

I was within a quarter of a mile of the Royal carriage when the bomb exploded. At first I could not grasp what had happened, but by the shouting of the throng and the alarmed cries of women and children I realized that something untoward had occurred. I got some nice pictures of the conventional type, but I failed to get a picture of the indescribable confusion that ensued after the explosion.

But a picture of the actual scene at the moment the bomb went off came to this country, chiefly through the enterprise of a fellow photographer. Chancing to see a picture of the occurrence in a Spanish morning paper, he called the A. B. C., and immediately secured a copy with full rights to publish in the London papers.

As an interesting commentary on this decided "scoop" I may add that the photograph was obtained, in the first instance, by sheer accident. A Spanish photographer had established himself on a balcony, overlooking part of the route. It so happened that he had leveled his camera at the Royal carriage at the very instant the bomb exploded. The shock caused him, quite involuntarily, to press the trigger of his camera, and so record a dastardly, but fortunately unsuccessful, attempt at assassination.

While in Spain, I took several pictures of the Spanish Court then being held at the Mirimar Palace, San Sebastian, and, for the first time since my arrival in that interesting country, I found myself politely told to go about my business.

Fortunately, I had arrived at the Palace with much time to spare. The police absolutely refused to allow me admittance, and even refused to scrutinize my written authority to enter. I remembered that Miss Cochrane, with whom I was acquainted, was Lady-in-Waiting, so, taking the bull by the horns, I spent a considerable amount of money in a telegram to her, explaining my predicament. When I returned to the gates, I found that, instead of scowls, smiles greeted me, and I was actually received by a member of the Court and escorted to a waiting room.

Ability to think and act quickly is undoubtedly one of the most valuable assets of a press photographer who hopes to get what he goes out for. My own wit once saved me from letting my paper down when I was in Germany on the occasion of a military review by the ex-Kaiser at Berlin.

I was obliged to get pictures, and, as I had been unable to procure my police permits in time, there was nothing for it but to attempt to carry the affair off by bluff. I knew, of course, that I should be pulled up by some officious German policeman or other, if I could not produce a permit. Nevertheless, I determined to make an attempt.

A happy thought occurred to me. In my bag I had an unopened bottle of an English patent hair wash. From this I stripped the flamboyant wrapper to which was attached an imposing looking seal and several signatures in script.

And it was with this permit that I succeeded in moving about, taking photographs free from any interference!

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"King Neptune presenting the 'Order of the Bloater' to the Duke of Connaught when the Duke first crossed the equator on his way to South Africa to open the Union Parliament."

I was challenged once, and, for a moment, as the policeman held my "authorization" in his hand, looking at it with a puzzled frown, I thought I had been discovered.

Obviously he could make nothing of it, and I wondered how he would accept the situation.

He fingered it gingerly, and examined the red seal. The seal did it, and with an inward sigh of relief I observed a well-feigned look of knowledge replace the frown. My passport was returned to me, and the officer drew himself up with a stiff salute.

It was at these manœuvers that I first met Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.

I was in Germany, at Deutz, on the other side of the river from Cologne on the occasion when our present King, then Prince of Wales, reviewed the Cuirassiers there. The Prince and Princess of Wales had told me that any photographs I took should not be published until they had seen and passed them.

I secured my pictures and returned to London. Naturally, I was anxious to remain in the good graces of the Royal Family, and I told my editor that the pictures had to be "passed" by the Prince of Wales before they were issued. "Have no fear, that will be all right," I was told, and I left it at that. The following morning I discovered that I had practically the whole paper to myself, my pictures had been given precedence of all others. Naturally I was very satisfied with myself.

I lost some of my self-satisfaction when I learned that both the Prince and the Princess of Wales were very angry at the reproduction of the photographs before they had been passed by them. They were good pictures, and, apart from the fact that I had been told to give them to the Prince for inspection before they were published, I could see no reason for annoyance.

But annoyed the Prince was. Lord Crichton, then Lord-in-Waiting, sent me a very stiff letter on the subject, explain-

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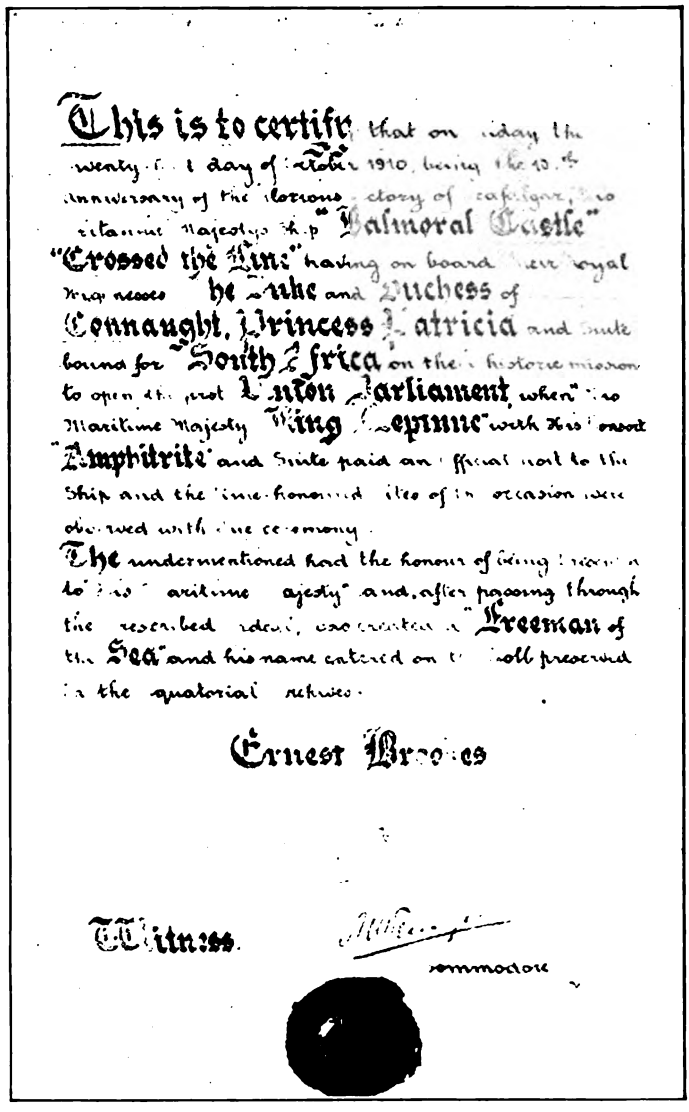

This is to certify that on ...day the ...enty-... day of ...tober 1910, being the 10th ...nniversary of the glorious ...story of ...apture ... ...ctorious Majesty's ...p "Balmoral Castle" "Crossed the Line" having on board ... royal ... nesses ...he ...uke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess ...atricia and ...uite bound for South ...frica on the ... historic mission to open the ...rst Union Parliament, when ... ... Maritime Majesty King ...eptune with ... ... consort Amphitrite and Suite paid an ... official visit to the Ship and the time-honoured ... of ... occasion were observed with due ceremony.

The undermentioned had the honour of being ... to ... his ... aritime ajesty and, after passing through the ... escribed ordeal, was created a "Freeman of the Sea" and his name entered on ... roll preserved ... the ... quatorial ... chives.

Ernest Brooks

Witness. ...

...mmodore

"Certificate presented to me by King Neptune, declaring that I had gone through the necessary ceremony and had been made a 'free-man of the sea.'"

ing exactly how perturbed both the Prince and Princess were.

I had no desire to lose my privileges at Court, so, after a long deliberation with myself, I telegraphed to Lord Crichton explaining the position—I remember that "wire" cost me 35/—and said that I was resigning my position on the *Daily Mirror* at once.

When the Prince returned from Germany I went to him immediately. After I had said all that I could, he broke in. Apparently one picture that had been published had been largely the cause of his vexation. It was to this picture that the Prince referred.

"Fancy taking me with my helmet off, Brooks!" he said. "I might as well have had my trousers off!"

What could I reply to that?

On leaving the *Mirror*, I was attached to the staff of the *Daily Graphic*. Although the work was quite as congenial, I had fewer opportunities of getting abroad. Nevertheless, my duties still kept me in touch with Royalty.

One day I went to Sandringham to

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take the children of our present King at drill, along with Prince Olaf of Sweden. I remember the occasion distinctly. Prince Olaf had a sword, and was proud of it. He stood to attention, like a soldier born, while I was focusing. I think the feel of the sword in his hand imbued him with the martial instinct. Anyhow, as the picture showed, he looked much smarter than the British Royal children.

When the Prince of Wales saw the photographs he frowned. He looked at them critically for a moment. "Why didn't you observe the knees of my boys?" he asked me. "Didn't you see they were not standing smartly to attention?"

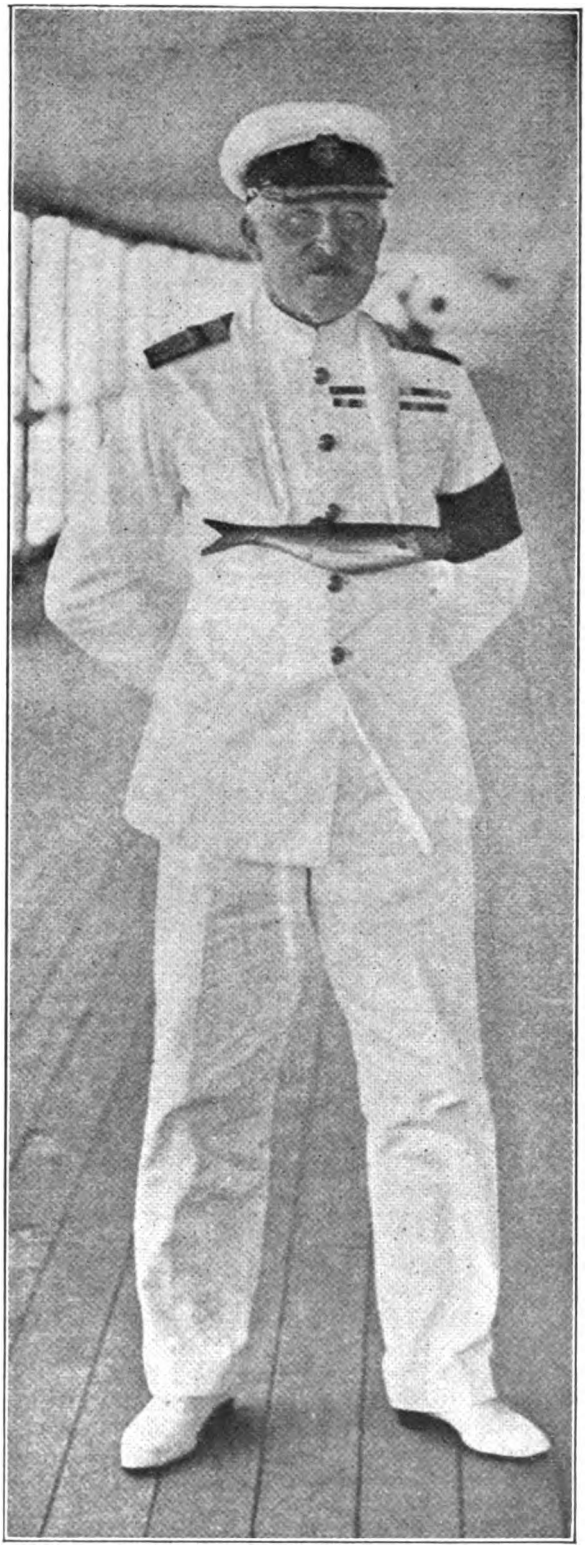
The Prince was very much annoyed, and commented sharply on the contrast between his children, David, Albert and Henry, and young Prince Olaf, remarking how businesslike and smart the latter was.

Notwithstanding this, I had the photographs published. Possibly other eyes were not so critical as were those of the Royal father. At least I never heard any one comment on the appearances of the children.

I have met no more strict critic of photographic art than King George. He knows but a little about it, in a creative sense, but he is swift to pick out blemishes in the work.

I have remarked how keen on sport was the late Prince Christian. He was in the habit of making an annual hunting visit to the Carpathian Mountains, as the guest of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, brother of the late King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and in 1911 I accompanied him at his own request.

Wonderful sport was enjoyed by the party—with the exception of Prince Christian. He used to grumble at his ill-luck and his small bag. It was not that he lacked skill with his gun. He was a good shot, but he absolutely disregarded caution in



"The Duke with the 'Order of the Bloater.'"

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stalking. A fairly heavy man, he would go plunging carelessly about, treading on dry sticks and snapping them. The result was that, even after game had been sighted, he was lucky if there was one animal left as a target for his gun.

On this particular visit we went first to the Wild Park at Potsdam for stag shooting. The ex-Kaiser and the ex-Crown Prince were both members of the party, as also was the late King of Bulgaria. Of the three I preferred King Ferdinand. The Kaiser was more or less reserved, and did not seem to me to take overmuch interest in the sport. The Crown Prince was cheaply jocular, and I got the impression somehow that he would have made a typical commercial traveler. Ferdinand, on the other hand, was pleasant and yet dignified.

With him I had many a long talk, and I thoroughly enjoyed his company. He was particularly interested in London life, and declared London to be the most entrancing city of the world.

To reach the shooting boxes in the Carpathians we had to make a long and somewhat tedious journey.

From the station at Popradfelka, we were driven in carriages to Luber. They were four-horse carriages resembling the victorias used in England. The horses were very swift, taking us along at a rapid pace. If I remember aright, it was a drive of close on forty miles to our destination.

It was about 10:30 at night, when we were nearing the first of the circle of shooting boxes, that I became alarmed. One either side stretched dense forests. Everything was deadly still, save for the occasional crack of the driver's whip and the rhythmic plop-plop, plop-plop of the horses hoofs along the white ribbon of the road.

Palmer, Prince Christian's valet, a gentleman of playful habits, was a notorious leg-puller, although this fact was unknown to me at the time. He was sitting beside me in one of the carriages throughout this long and tedious journey. To while away the time, Palmer began to regale me with stories of his previous visits to the Carpathians. He dwelt much upon the roving bands of brigands that frequented these mountains, men who made periodical raids upon travelers and upon the peasantry of the villages. Palmer's stories were blood-curdling in the extreme, and, although I am not by nature a nervous man, I could not refrain from casting anxious glances around me from time to time. I was thinking that the surroundings were ideal for an ambush and hold-up by the brigands of whom my companion had been speaking.

The thought had barely crossed my mind, when the driver threw himself, pulling heavily on the reins. The horses came to an abrupt standstill. Palmer whispered hoarsely in my ear, "Brigands! Get your pistol ready."

Startled, I peered over the edge of the carriage, and there, stepping forward from the shade cast by tall trees, were two picturesquely attired men, carrying guns. They looked formidable characters to me, and their approach appeared menacing. I glanced at Palmer, and admired the coolness of his manner. The two brigands addressed the driver. He expostulated rapidly with them in their own language.

Doubtless they were ordering us to dismount and be searched, and the driver was warning them of the consequences! I was relieved when the men stepped back into the fringe of the forest, and the driver, cracking his whip, got his animals going again.

A badly-suppressed chuckle sounded beside me, and by the broad grin that had engulfed Palmer's face I knew that he was thoroughly enjoying a joke at my expense.

"Then they weren't brigands?"

"No!" he replied with difficulty. "They were merely game wardens."

Each member of the shooting party, which, so far as I recollect, consisted of the King of Bulgaria and his brother, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Duke Gunther, Duke of Trachenberg and Prince Pless, was attended by only two servants, a valet and a chef.

I acted the part of chef to Prince Christian, since he had only Palmer, his valet, with him. The food, venison, hares and pheasants were sent up to each of the shooting boxes from the main shooting box. I found no difficulty in the preparing of the meal, and, indeed, Prince Christian told me that they were the best meals he had ever had out-of-doors.

The day's sport commenced with an

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excursion into the woods at 2 A. M. Sometimes there would be a moon, for which I was thankful, since I took much of the skin off my shins in the darkness.

The stags fed in the open, and the object of this early rising was to install ourselves in hiding on the edge of some glade frequented by the animals. I saw some magnificent specimens by the light of the first streaks of dawn, but shooting in such a light was a tricky matter, and much ammunition was wasted.

Prince Christian was grumbling a bit about his lack of success, and anathematized the animals for their cunning. I was surprized that he had any kills at all, since he made so much noise even when lying in wait.

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As a rule, he returned to the hut about nine in the morning for breakfast, which I had prepared previously and which was served by his valet. Thereafter H. R. H. passed most of his time in sleep until night, when, after dinner, he again prepared to go out into the forest.

One morning Prince Christian had been asleep only a couple of hours when I dashed inside and awoke him. I knew he was very anxious to get a stag, and so far he had only secured very undersized specimens.

"Your Royal Highness," I said, "I've just sighted a magnificent stag in the forest. It's worth going for."

He was out of bed with alacrity. "Are you sure it will still be there, Brooks?" he questioned, as he dressed hurriedly.

"Well, it seemed to be grazing steadily, and I did not disturb it," I replied.

We sallied out together with rifle and glasses. Prince Christian exercised more care on this occasion than he had ever shown before. It took us nearly thirty minutes to reach the spot I had left, so warily did we proceed.

Then I glimpsed my stag. I drew the attention of H. R. H. to it. He reached for his glasses at once. I had not carried mine on this occasion, nor had I had them when I had first been out.

He focused them upon the object I had pointed out. Then with a snort of disgust he turned to me and declared, "Hang it, Brooks, can't you tell a tree from a stag? Your enthusiasm, if not your eyesight, does you credit. Come! Have a look at your magnificent stag!"

I took the glasses he proffered, and by their aid saw that what I had mistaken for an animal was no more than part of a fallen tree, the rip-torn roots of which did bear a remarkable resemblance to antlers.

He "roasted" me mercilessly about this, and it was a long time before the incident was finally closed.

I returned to England from this very pleasant holiday just in time to be appointed to a more responsible position, to gain which I relinquished my *Daily Graphic* post. Our present King, then Prince of Wales, was about to make the voyage to South Africa to perform the ceremony at the opening of the Union Parliament, and I had the good fortune to be appointed Official Photographer.

King Edward's death intervened, and the visit of the Prince of Wales had to be canceled abruptly. The Duke of Connaught was deputed to make the journey and to perform the office. We sailed on the Balmoral Castle. I shall never forget that voyage, if only on account of the rough time I had on board at the hands of King Neptune's sea-dogs.

I had read and heard of the ceremony that took place during the "crossing of the line," and I was interested to gain first-hand knowledge. Incidentally, I thought I should be able to get a few good pictures.

The Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia went through the ordeal calmly. The Duke was invested with the "Order of the Bloater," the Duchess with the "Order of the Tin-Opener," and the Princess with the "Order of The Bell-Push." King Neptune—in full deep-sea dress, carried out this preliminary investiture.

Then the real fun commenced, and the first of the personal staff to be ducked and shaved were, I remember, General Lowther, Captain Worthington, Sir Francis Hopwood (now Lord Southborough) and Major Arthur Bailey. They succumbed as graciously as one can in such circumstances, and I got some first-class pictures of the ceremony.

Every one on the ship who had not "crossed the line" previously knew that he or she was destined for a splash. Over two hundred people had been lathered with flour paste, shaved with a huge wooden razor, and ducked in a canvas tank, rigged up for the occasion, and I had been busy with my camera.

Suddenly the Duchess discovered me.

"Mr. Brooks' turn next," she commanded with a merry sparkle in her eye, and, in enthusiastic obedience to the summons, three or four of Neptune's staff dashed at me, for they saw I meditated flight.

I was set astride a plank suspended over the water tank, while one of Neptune's men made successful lunges at my ears, my mouth, my nose and my eyes, with a flour-paste-laden brush.

My tormentor tired of this after less than half a dozen such lunges and stood back. I sensed that this was the point

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at which I should be ducked. As the plank gave way beneath me, I threw out my arms in an endeavor to pull one of the party into the water with me.

My plan failed, and for my attempt to "disturb the harmony of the gathering," as King Neptune phrased it, I was ordered to be ducked six times instead of three. The tank was more like a bog than anything else; so much flour had been added to the water that it would have been almost impossible for any one to swim in it, even had the tank been of more suitable dimensions.

I felt like a fly in a paste-pot. The moment I plumped into this sticky mess, willing hands reached out to push me under. Each time I came to the surface I tried to plead for a short interval, for a "breather," but, ere I had uttered more than a couple of words, I was under again. Fortunately I have a good digestion and the dough I swallowed did me no harm. I was a ludicrous spectacle when I managed to clamber out, and my hasty retreat was followed by roars of laughter.

In my absence, a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. Brooks "for his assistance in providing such a fitting conclusion to a time-honored ceremony and entertainment."

I enjoyed the tour in South Africa thoroughly. At the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi the Duke of Connaught was met by the King of the Basutos, King Lewanika. Presents changed hands on both sides as tokens of friendship. I remember King Lewanika was charmed with the gold-mounted walking-stick he received.

I shall never forget my first sight of the black monarch. He drove up in a gorgeous carriage which had been lent for the occasion, and, as he stepped out, I saw with a gasp that he was proudly wearing a blue state dress uniform, with gold braid trappings. At his side clanked a cavalry saber.

The uniform was rather the worse for wear, and its embellishments reminded me of those in a fourth-rate music hall, but there was no doubt that he was as happy as a woman wearing a fur cloak for the first time.

After the ceremony was over, and I had taken all the photographs I wanted, I approached King Lewanika and, tapping him on the shoulder to attract his attention, with a bow presented to him my silk hat.

Through the official interpreter he returned thanks for the kind gift. He stepped into his carriage, inspecting the shiny topper with bright eyes, clapped it on his head with a magnificent gesture, and drove off.

"King Lewanika to whom I presented my silk hat."

IN OCTOBER.

The Royal Photographer goes to India with King George and Queen Mary, then recently crowned. He was present during the pomp and gilded ceremony of the state functions and went tiger hunting with the Royal party.

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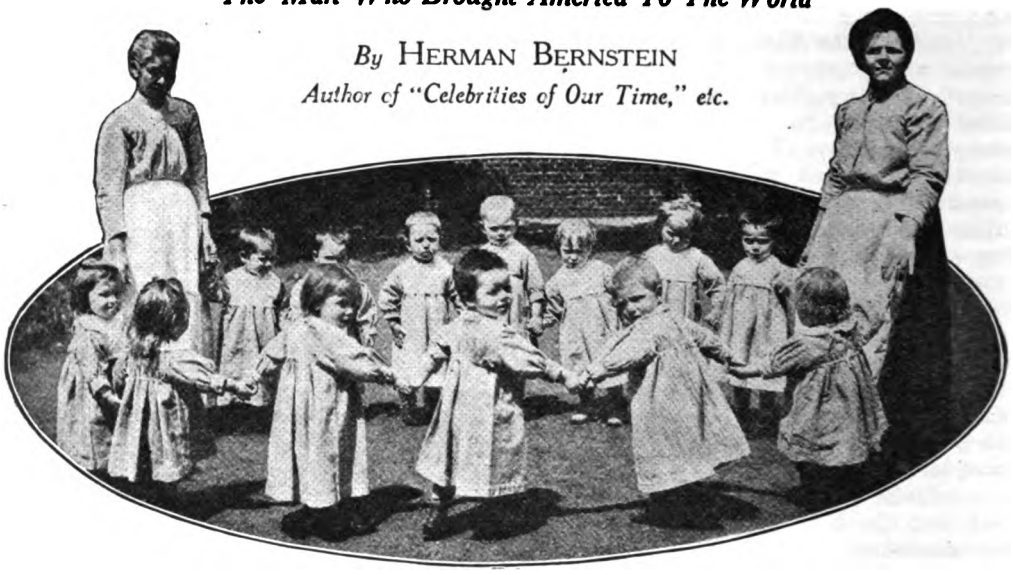
HERBERT HOOVER

The Man Who Brought America To The World

By HERMAN BERNSTEIN
Author of "Celebrities of Our Time," etc.



Belgian children know Hoover as the man who "humanized" war.

THE cataclysm of the World War, which uprooted dynasties and unchained the passions of armies of discontent and revolt, brought forth a few legendary figures and leaders of men. New apostles and heroes came to save the world. Some of these "apostles" have already discredited themselves, for their doctrines and new panaceas have been tried and found wanting. Others have survived the tragedy of the war and the consequences of the peace and will long be remembered and esteemed by future generations for their boundless idealism, their great vision, and their invaluable service to civilization.

There is one man who has served America during the most stirring period of the world's history, who has served the world through America, and who is beloved to-day throughout the world —Herbert Hoover, the man who brought America to the world.

Herbert Hoover is unquestionably America's most popular hero abroad. He has saved millions of human beings, through his gigantic relief work during the war and after the armistice. He has saved millions of children in the countries of the Allies as well as of the Central Powers.

America participated in two interventions that saved Europe from destruction at most critical junctures. America saved the Allies from the triumph of Prussian militarism and its consequences by entering the war in April, 1917, shortly after the collapse of the Russian autocracy. There are many people who do not realize clearly what the world has gained by the outcome of the war, until they consider what would have happened if Prussian militarism had been victorious. During the war America came to the aid of Europe by sending her men to the battlefields, by giving all her resources and resourcefulness and experience to the cause of the Allies. America also came to the assistance of Belgium upon a huge scale. Herbert Hoover, who organized the humanitarian relief machinery in truly American spirit, saved Belgium from starvation.

Then, after the war was ended, came

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America's second intervention in Europe. This was perhaps even a greater and more significant intervention than the first.

Europe was seething in unrest, in the agony of the war that shook the world. Russia was turned into an experimental bolshevist laboratory with the Russian people as the rabbits and guinea pigs. Bolshevism was hailed as the new world remedy for all social ills. The hosts of discontented, disgruntled, unsuccessful and downtrodden people everywhere looked upon the Russian experiment as the salvation of the world. The ghost of revolt and chaos, which rose as a protest to the Czarist tyranny, was stalking over Russia. The people were terrorized and starving. But the world outside knew little about this, and the epidemic of social revolution was about to break out all over Europe. The people were dissatisfied and unhappy. The war left in its wake millions of maimed and wounded, widows and orphans—a dislocated world, suffering dire distress and want.

It was then that Herbert Hoover, through the Supreme Economic Council, representing America, stepped in and saved Europe from the epidemic of bolshevism. He checked the rising tide which would have engulfed Europe and destroyed its institutions of culture, and which might have reached across the Atlantic to our own shores. The progress of civilization would have been interrupted for a long time.

It was Mr. Hoover's vision and imagination, his Yankee grit and fearlessness, his vast knowledge of the world and of men, and, above all, his genius for organization, that saved the world from a still greater catastrophe than the World War.

The life story of Herbert Hoover is a romance of adventure, of hard work, of indomitable energy and courage, of real training and experience in the school of life in various parts of the world.

The son of a village blacksmith and a Quaker woman preacher, he was born fifty-one years ago at West Branch, Iowa. His father died when the boy was four years old, and three years later his mother died.

After the death of his parents, Herbert Hoover lived with his Uncle Laban Miles, U. S. Government Indian Agent for the Osage Tribe in the Indian Territory, one of the Quakers who dedicated their lives to the cause of the Indians at the time. There young Hoover spent several months and learned the ways of the original Americans.

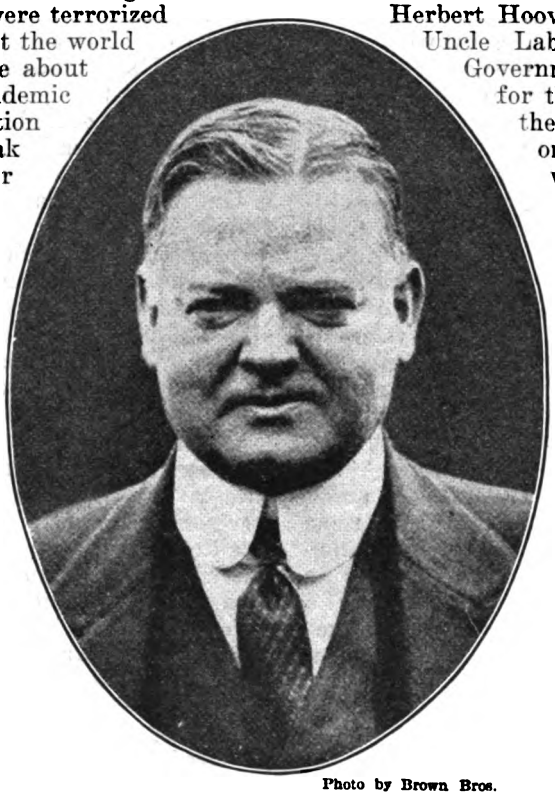

Photo by Brown Bros.

Herbert Hoover. "I wish to feed Germany because I do not believe in kicking a man in the stomach after he is licked."

He received his early training among his Quaker relatives in Iowa and at Newburg, Oregon. He stayed with them until he reached the age of thirteen, when he ran away, to make his own way in the world. Then commenced his life of work and study, of preparation for the task which was to fall to his lot—to make America understood and beloved by his unparalleled humanitarian service.

He worked as a gardener in the summer; then as an office boy and clerk in Oregon. He studied at the Pacific Academy at Newburg and attended the

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Salem preparatory school, for the purpose of entering the then newly founded Stanford University at Palo Alto, California, at its opening in 1891. The accounts of the modern scientific institution had captured young Hoover's imagination.

Herbert Hoover had made up his mind to become a mining engineer. He worked his way through college. He worked and studied hard, but he did not distinguish himself particularly in his studies. He was strong in mathematics and weak in English. But he found ways of overcoming his deficiencies. His personality and his earnestness made him a favorite with the professors. To earn his livelihood while he was studying at the University, he displayed some of the characteristics that afterward made him famous. In a small way, he was even then a wonderful organizer and administrator. He organized a system of collecting and distributing the laundry of the students; he proved successful as an agent for various lecturers and musicians whom he brought from San Francisco to Stanford University. He brought about a reorganization of the system of conducting general student affairs, especially with regard to their finances.

Dr. John Casper Branner, the famous geologist, former professor and afterward president of Stanford University, discovered and helped the ambitious boy. He enabled him to earn some money by giving him work in the laboratory and office, and one summer he employed him to assist in making a large topographic model of Arkansas which was prepared under Dr. Branner's supervision.

Dr. Vernon Kellogg, Mr. Hoover's friend and biographer, relates an interesting estimate of young Hoover by Professor Branner when some of the other students referred to "Hoover's luck."

Professor Branner remarked:

"What do you mean by talking about Hoover's luck? He has not had luck; he has had reward. If you would work half as hard and half as intelligently as he does, you would have half his luck. If I tell any one of you to go and do a thing for me, I have to come around in half an hour to see if you have done it. But I can tell Hoover to do a thing and I never think of it again. I know it will be done. And he doesn't ask me how to do it, either. If I told him to start for Kamchatka to-morrow to bring me a walrus tooth, I'd never hear of it again until he came back with the tooth. And then I'd ask him how he had done it."

On receiving his degree in 1895, he found employment as a miner near Grass Valley in the Sierras. He worked both underground and on the surface of the mine. He wanted to study the life of the working people and to familiarize himself with all the processes of his chosen life-work.

Shortly afterward he secured employment with Louis Janin, one of the foremost mining engineers on the Coast. He started as a clerk at a salary of $50 per month. When he applied for a position, Mr. Janin informed him that there was no vacancy and that there was a long waiting list of young men who desired to become mining engineers. Mr. Janin remarked casually that he needed a typist. Young Hoover

Until the American Relief Commission was organized, the old and the young suffered most.

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It is hard to understand a need so acute that a cup of broth and a cracker may save a life.

interrupted him, saying, "All right, I'll take the job. I can't come for a few days, but I'll be here next Tuesday."

Young Hoover needed the three days in order to learn typewriting. He found out the make of the machine used in Mr. Janin's office, and on his way home he stopped at a typewriter shop, rented a machine and learned to write on it by Tuesday.

And it was in Janin's office that this enterprising youth found his great opportunity for advancement. Hoover was transferred from place to place to make various mine examinations. He displayed not only a sound knowledge of his subject, but an unusually keen business sense. His reports were concise, direct, accurate and businesslike. He was sent to Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, New Mexico and Arizona. Janin was deeply impressed with the remarkable ability shown by young Hoover during the two years of his service, and when an English firm asked Janin to suggest some capable mining engineer to go to West Australia where the mining boom was then in full swing, Janin cabled back, recommending Herbert Hoover. Hoover was ready to start for England for instructions.

On the eve of his departure, Janin caused him some uneasiness by saying: "Now look here, Hoover, I have cabled to London swearing to your full technical qualifications, and I am not afraid of your letting me down on that. But these conservative Londoners have stipulated that you should be thirty-five years old. I have wired that I was sorry to have to tell them that you were not quite thirty-three. Don't forget that my reputation depends on your looking thirty-three by the time you get to London."

Hoover was only twenty-three at the time, and he looked even younger. He began to grow a beard on his way across the continent.

He reported in London to the head of one of the greatest mining firms in the world. He looked at the youth and said rather bluntly: "How remarkable you Americans are. You have not yet learned to grow old, either individually or as a nation. Now, you do not look a day over twenty-five. How the devil do you do it?"

Hoover was sent to West Australia, to examine and report on mining properties. Afterward he managed the Orroya, Brown Hill, Sons of Gwalia, and other mines in Australia, where large mechanical and metallurgical works were erected under his direction.

In 1899 he returned to California and married Lou Henry, of Monterey—the girl he had known as a child and whom he met at the University as a student.

At the invitation of the Chinese government, Hoover went to China to assume charge of the government's bureau of mines. Accompanied by his bride, he started out to make extensive investigations of the coal and iron mines in the provinces of Shensi, Manchuria and Mongolia.

The Boxer uprising in 1900 found Hoover in Tientsin. There he displayed

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his extraordinary talents for his first relief work. The foreign settlement was besieged by Chinese troops, and the foreigners' life and property were endangered. Hoover mobilized a considerable number of pro-foreign and Christian Chinese who had come to the foreign settlement for refuge. Under his direction they built barricades, they fought fires, they resisted the Boxers and helped to maintain order. The settlement was under fire for more than a month, and hundreds of people were killed or wounded. Hoover established his first food relief organization, feeding the Chinese refugees.

The Boxer uprising led to changes in the government of China, and the policy of the development of the mines was modified. Mr. Hoover was asked by British, Belgian and German bondholders of large coal mines and railway and shipping firms to look after their interests, as their property had been seized by various foreign powers. He examined the situation, presented his reports, and then returned to California. A year later he went back to China as general representative of these bondholders for the purpose of reorganizing the business. The reorganization of these properties was considered a remarkable feat. About 25,000 men were employed by him in the course of this work. He initiated the construction of a new harbor, Ching Wan Tow, on the China coast, which now serves as the only ice-free entry to Peking. And he distinguished himself in China not only for his enterprise, his efficiency and his genius for organizing, but also for his sense of fairness and justice. He insisted upon carrying out agreements and contracts, but, wherever there was any just grievance on the part of the foreigners or of the natives, he always sided with those who were wronged, and he fought their battles for them.

In 1902, Mr. Hoover became a partner in an international engineering firm, with offices in London, New York, San Francisco and Australia. Within a short time the firm suffered serious reverses through one of the partners who indulged in speculations without the knowledge of his associates. Mr. Hoover, though a junior partner of the concern, and though the firm was not legally responsible for the defalcations, without consulting his other partners announced that the firm would make good the losses to the public. Within a period of five years all these losses were covered. Then Mr. Hoover severed his connection with that firm and established his own offices, with headquarters in New York and San Francisco, and branch offices in London, Russia and elsewhere, and acted as consultant to large metallurgical railway and mining enterprises in various parts of the world. His activities extended from New South Wales to North Burma, from the Ural mountains to Mexico, Alaska, and Australia.

On the eve of the outbreak of the World War, the concern with which he was identified as executive engineer had about 175,000 men in its employ.

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 found Hoover in London, where he had gone to make arrangements with various European governments for their exhibitions at the Panama Pacific exposition to be held in San Francisco.

Mr. Hoover's genius for organization and humanitarian relief was put to the test in a serious crisis. Hosts of Americans were stranded. The banks ceased to function. Thousands of Americans were penniless, unable to secure transportation to return home. He organized a relief committee, of which he became chairman, enlisting the support of his numerous friends, and, on his personal guarantees and those of his friends, some of the banks advanced hundreds of thousands of dollars to the stranded Americans on their own checks. He arranged for the transportation of Americans to London from other parts of Europe; he secured hotel accommodations for them and finally arranged their transportation to the United States. It is estimated that about 160,000 Americans were thus aided through Hoover's impromptu relief organization.

But all his experiences, his knowledge of world affairs, his adventures and organization genius in various parts of the world, had merely served as a preparatory school for the enormous task which fell upon his shoulders when his services were requisitioned to provide food supplies first for the city of Brussels, and then for all starving Belgium.

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Among the first organizers of Belgian relief were the American Minister Brand Whitlock, Millard Shaler, and Daniel Heineman, an American engineer from North Carolina, who has lived in Belgium for more than twenty years. Heineman has been described to me by Colonel House as one of the ablest and best informed men in Europe. It was Mr. Heineman who first suggested that Herbert Hoover head the Belgian Relief Committee. In the committee there were other distinguished Americans, Millard Shaler, William Hulse, and Hugh Gibson, then First Secretary of the American Legation, afterward American Minister to Poland, and now Minister to Switzerland.

The Hoover committee, with the aid of the late American Ambassador Walter H. Page, succeeded in securing permits to export foodstuffs from England through Holland into Belgium, under guarantees which Heineman's Belgian committee had secured before from Germany. It was agreed that each sack of grain was to be plainly marked, that the foodstuffs were to be distributed under American control exclusively among the civil population, and that no part of it was to go for the military. While the German government agreed to this arrangement and signed a contract to that effect, there were several violations, which Ambassador Gerard and Herbert Hoover succeeded in straightening out with difficulty. Mr. Hoover exerted his persuasive powers with the Germans to authorize him to go on with his relief work. It was a herculean task to convince them. But he succeeded. He showed them what an unfavorable impression their refusal would make on the neutral world, and he achieved a triumph of diplomacy by convincing them, thus securing permission to proceed with his relief work.

When Hoover was organizing Belgian relief, he had to win over not only the representatives of the German Government, but also the leaders of the Allied Governments who had feared that relief for the Belgian population might be requisitioned by the German military. Lloyd George was at first opposed to the relief plan because of what he regarded as military disadvantages to the Allies, but, after a brief conference with Mr. Hoover, he said to him:

"I am convinced. You have my permission to go ahead."

Not only did Hoover show his extraordinary resourcefulness, but his tact, diplomacy and sense of fairness in a most delicate and trying situa-

It was the sight of these refugees that made Hoover invent the Relief Commission.

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tion won for him the full confidence of all—friends and foes.

It was the most gigantic relief work ever attempted. Ten million people were supplied with food. And the manipulations to secure the necessary provisions—with the military machine of Germany close by—his plans to finance the relief work, to secure funds, to negotiate loans—all that revealed Hoover as an organizer, financier and diplomat of the very first rank. The budget of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium reached the sum of $25,000,000 monthly. The loans Mr. Hoover negotiated for the Belgian relief work amounted to $900,000,000, and about $50,000,000 were secured by him through charitable contributions.

To carry out this relief work, the organization operated its own fleet of about two hundred ships, canal boats, railways, warehouses. It requisitioned flour mills, bakeries, factories, controlled food distributors, and determined the rations for every man, woman, and child in Belgium, to prevent discrimination. Those who could afford it were made to pay for their rations, while the needy received them free through communal committees. Mr. Hoover paid particular attention to the children. He ordered additional rations for the children when it was discovered that they were suffering from undernutrition. This has been one of Hoover's characteristics in all his relief work. The children have had his first care. And he has actually saved the lives of millions of babies and school children.

Amidst an atmosphere of suspicion and hate, of espionage and counter-espionage, Mr. Hoover won the confidence of all the belligerents. They knew that he was not playing politics, that he was not helping one side against the other. They knew that he was engaged exclusively in humanitarian work, in the greatest errand of mercy in history. He was permitted to travel freely, to cross frontiers at any time to carry on his work. He was fearless and courageous, he insisted upon his rights, and he won his victory for humanity. While Europe was a madhouse of slaughter, and the passions of hate were unchained, he kept performing his great work for humanity—the only bright and redeeming feature of the war.

When America entered the war in 1917, Mr. Hoover returned to the United States and was appointed by President Wilson as United States Food Administrator. He remained head of

An unbelievable situation arose; a whole nation became dependent on charity.

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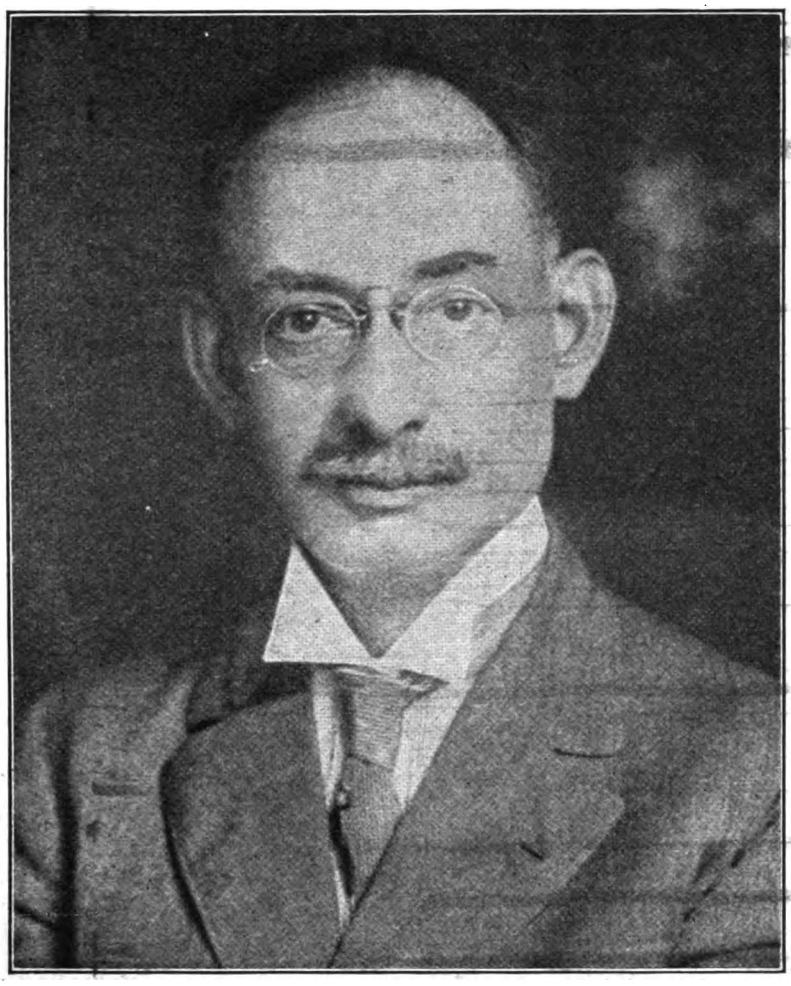

The Late Walter H. Page, who, as American Ambassador, secured permits to export foodstuffs from England, through Holland, into Belgium.

the Relief Commission for Belgium.

In this country he elaborated plans for the increase of production of food stuffs, for the restriction of consumption, the control of profiteering, and he succeeded in working out a system by which America was able to spare sufficient food supplies to enable him to feed the populations of the Allied countries. He devised ways and means of combating successfully speculation and profiteering, and of maintaining the cost of living upon a more or less stable level through the period of the war.

When President Wilson was contemplating sending an American Mission to Russia immediately after the revolution of March, 1917, and had practically decided on Mr. Elihu Root as head of that Mission, Colonel House submitted the suggestion that Theodore Roosevelt or Herbert Hoover be selected to head the American Mission to Russia because he believed that either of these men could render practical help to Russia to readjust herself at that critical period when the Provisional Government was being threatened by the monarchists on one side and the bolsheviki on the other. But President Wilson was determined to appoint Mr. Root.

One day in January, 1918, Hoover received the following message from the English Food Controller:

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"Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January first, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war. Imperative necessity compels me to cable you in this blunt way. No one knows better than I that the American people, regardless of national and individual sacrifice, have so far refused nothing that is needed for the war, but it now lies with America to decide whether or not the Allies in Europe shall have enough bread to hold out until the United States is able to throw its force into the field. . . ."

Mr. Hoover, fully realizing the gravity of the situation abroad, and the difficulty of the task at home, cabled back immediately:

"We will export every grain that the American people save from their normal consumption. We believe our people will not fail to meet the emergency."

This cable was followed by Mr. Hoover's appeal, and by President Wilson's proclamation to the people to conserve wheat. Hoover's prompt and energetic mobilization of foodstuffs was a most important factor in winning the war.

Hoover realized that the war was nearing its end, that Germany would be beaten, and that Europe would have to be saved from anarchy and further violence by rushing food supplies to the desperate, starving populations of Eastern and Central European countries. He perfected plans to meet this gigantic problem and presented his views to President Wilson, who gave his approval to the Hoover scheme of saving blockaded Europe.

A Chasseur, waiting for the First Battle of the Marne to begin.

Four days before the armistice, on November 7, 1918, President Wilson asked Mr. Hoover to undertake an extension of Belgian and other reconstruction work immediately after the armistice.

On the day following the armistice, President Wilson directed that "Mr. Hoover, as United States Food Administrator, will proceed at once to Europe to determine what action is required from the United States and what extensions of the Food Administration organization or otherwise are necessary in order to carry out the work of the participation of the United States Government in this matter, and to take such steps as are necessary in temporary relief."

The armistice negotiation contained the following provision:

"ARTICLE 26—Maintenance of the Blockade by the Allied and Associated Powers in its present form, German merchant ships found at sea liable to capture. The Allies and United States contemplate the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to the extent that this shall be found necessary."

The European situation after the armistice was growing ever more alarming. From various countries came reports of unrest and the spread of violence, caused by bolshevist propaganda which found sympathetic adherents among the starved and desperate masses. Germany, broken in spirit, disillusioned, was drifting to bolshevism.

Mr. Hoover saw this clearly and understood that the menace could be warded off only by relieving the critical food situation. He outlined his views to President Wilson in the following letter:

"PARIS, 19 *Dec.*, 1918.

"*Dear Mr. President:*

"I am strongly impressed that some immediate action needs to be taken with regard to internal conditions in Germany.

"As you are aware, there is in-

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A photograph taken when to possess a camera invited the death penalty. Two French soldiers sent into action at the First Battle of the Marne, with the famous "taxicab army" that saved Paris, are assisting refugees to load their goods in the cab, and to escape from the danger zone.

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cipient or practical Bolshevist control in many of the large centers: there is also a Separatist movement in progress amongst the German States; there is also—apparently largely supported—a movement towards the election of a constitutional assembly of some kind.

"Viewing the German Empire from a food point of view, there will be no hope of saving these people from starvation if Bolshevist activities extend over the Empire in a similar manner to Russia, with its sequent break-down in commercial distribution and in the control and distribution of existing food. The extremes to which such a situation can extend are well exemplified by the already practical depopulation of the cities of Moscow and Petrograd and such a situation would not be confined to two cities, as in Russia, but to thirty cities in Germany; and the saving of the German people would be absolutely hopeless if the normal commercial and distributive functions and food control should cease, as it certainly would under a Bolshevist regime.

"Again a political Separatist movement amongst the German States would produce the same situation that we have in the old Austrian Empire, where some sections of the Empire have a surplus of food and by practical embargoes are creating food debacles in other centers. We must maintain a liquidity of the existing food stocks in Germany over the whole Empire, or again the situation will become almost unsolvable.

"In order to visualize to you somewhat the problem, if we say that the normal consumption of the German people, without restraint, is 100, the German Empire within its old boundaries must possess to-day somewhere about 60% of this quantity. If there is distribution and control, the population can probably go through without starvation on something like 80% of normal, and therefore the problem is to find 20% by way of imports. If there is an extension of the Bolshevist movement or extension of the Separatist movement, so far as food is concerned, we shall have some localities consuming 100 (of normal) out of their local supplies and feeding any surplus to animals. The problem will be unsolvable by way of the available supplies in the world for import, because the total consumption under such conditions would run a great deal more than 80%, and all this aside from the almost impossible complication of dealing with distribution in the hands of such highly incompetent agencies as Bolshevist Committees.

"It would appear to me, therefore, that some announcement with regard to the food policies in Germany is critically necessary, and at once . . . ."

Mr. Hoover was opposed to the blockade. In January, 1919, he submitted a memorandum to President Wilson in which he declared that the raising of the blockade was far more important to the economic recovery of all Europe than its maintenance had been from a naval or military standpoint. He pointed out to the President that "the problem of maintaining order in enemy territories revolved primarily around the problem of food supplies, and secondarily around the gradual reestablishment of commercial life."

Mr. Hoover recommended that the northern neutrals be permitted to trade freely with the Western Hemisphere. This step toward the restoration of commercial life in Germany implied not only a relaxation of the absolute blockade measures to movement of commodities, but also to an extent liberating finance and credits, and permitting a certain movement of shipping. Mr. Hoover did not purpose the abandonment of blockade prior to peace, but he did urge opening the blockade to permit passage of certain agreed commodities for import and export, establishment of agreed avenues of credit operations, agreed channels of trade and communication, and the use of agreed enemy ocean ships.

The President was in accord with Mr. Hoover's proposal. But Mr. Hoover was determined to overcome the opposition of the Allies. Toward the end of

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January he proposed to the Supreme Council "that Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland should be allowed to import unlimited amounts of foodstuffs and to be permitted to re-export foodstuffs to Germany subject to the control of the Associated Governments, the aggregate amount of such re-exports, with other imports of foodstuffs by Germany, not to exceed the amount of foodstuffs which the Supreme War Council may, from time to time, have agreed to permit to be imported into Germany . . . "

On January 31, 1919, Mr. Hoover wrote to President Wilson:

"I have been advocating these points now for nearly two months, and . . . we have yet no results, and I see no hope of attaining any such results except through strong intervention on your part . . .

"We have no justification in humanity or politics in debarring neutrals from buying all the food they wish for their consumption now that we have ample supplies.

"There is so much obstruction that I despair even getting it past the Supreme War Council unless some great world opinion is brought to bear . . ."

Four days later, he sent another note to the President in which he wrote:

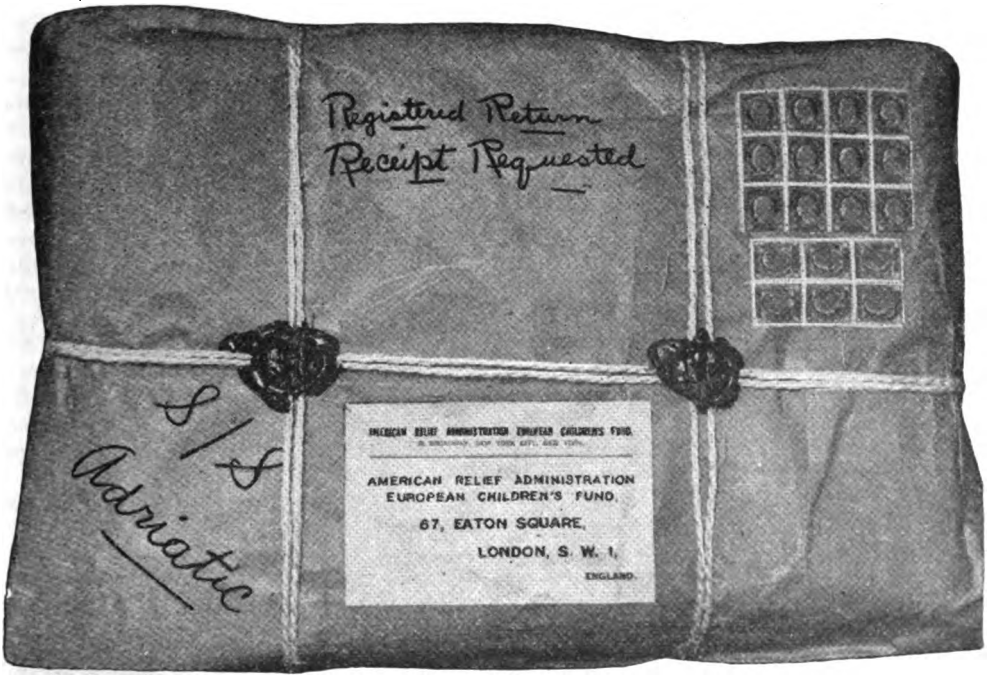
"There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve neutrals now that we have a surplus of food . . ."

And on January, 1919, Mr. Hoover wrote to Food Ministers Boret, Clynes and Crespi as follows:

"Viewing the world's food situation as a whole, there is manifestly no surplus, even of American production, if the import of food into enemy, neutral, and liberated countries were released upon a normal scale. There would in fact, be a shortage of some commodities.

"This increase in food production in the United States . . . becomes the supply through which the very life of many countries must be sustained, and the American people wish it used in a sympathetic manner for these purposes. With literally hundreds of millions of underfed human beings in the world, the spoilage and waste of a large quantity of food in the United States cannot for a moment be entertained, either by the American public or by the Allies. Many of the American surpluses are of perishable character, and instant action is necessary to prevent waste as well as hunger . . .

"Therefore, I am directed to in-



The "Package From America," which saved countless lives and prevented incredible suffering.

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quire if you will not recommend to your Governments:

"That you indicate as nearly as may be the amounts of these commodities which will safeguard your position from January 1st to the end of our crop year—July 1, 1919.

"That all restrictions upon neutral trading be at once removed in these commodities.

"That no objection be raised by the Allied Governments to direct or indirect sale and transportation to enemy countries or to the necessary financial transactions involved.

"It is our view that private trading will contribute materially to relieve the food situation in many parts of Europe, will relieve our various administrations of much responsibility, and effect its own solution of shipping and finance, and, as such trading must be the ultimate solution of all these problems, we should advance it as rapidly as possible."

A Madonna of the Relief Commission.

To make clear to the Allies as well as to the Americans why food had to be shipped to the German people without delay, and to emphasize the purpose of America's humanitarian service to the world, Mr. Hoover prepared the following remarkable memorandum, dated March 21, 1919:

"Why Are We Feeding Germany?

"From the point of view of my Western upbringing, I would say at once, because we do not kick a man in the stomach after we have licked him.

"From the point of view of an economist, I would say that it is because there are seventy millions of people who must either produce or die, that their production is essential to the world's future and that they cannot produce unless they are fed.

"From the point of view of a governor, I would say it is because famine breeds anarchy, anarchy is infectious, the infection of such a cesspool will jeopardize France and Great Britain which will yet spread to the United States.

"From the point of view of a reconstructionist, I would say that unless the German people can have food, can maintain order and stable government and get back to production, there is no hope of their paying the damage they owe to the world.

"From the point of view of a humanitarian, I would say that we have not been fighting with women and children and we are not beginning now.

"From the point of view of our Secretary of War, I would say that I wish to return the American soldiers home, and that it is a good bargain to give food for passenger steamers on which our boys may arrive home four months earlier than will otherwise be the case.

"From the point of view of the American Treasurer, I would say that this is a good bargain because it saves the United States enormous expenditures in Europe in the support of idle men and allows these men to return to productivity in the United States.

"From the point of view of a negotiator of the Armistice, I would say that we are in honor bound to fulfill the implied terms of the

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Armistice that Germany shall have food.

"Let us not befog our minds with the idea that we are feeding Germany out of charity. She is paying for her food. All that we have done for Germany is to lift the blockade to a degree that allows her to import food from any markets that she wishes, and in the initial state, in order to effect the above, we are allowing her to purchase emergency supplies from stocks in Europe, at full prices.

"Taking it by and large, our face is forward, not backward, on history. We and our children must live with these seventy millions of Germans. No matter how deeply we may feel at the present moment, our vision must stretch over the next hundred years, and we must write now into history such acts as will stand creditably in the minds of our grandchildren."

While Mr. Hoover was convinced that the United States should exert itself to the utmost to rehabilitate Europe, he nevertheless was unwilling to have American policies submerged in those of foreign governments. On the eve of President Wilson's final departure from Paris, Mr. Hoover outlined his views on Europe's problems, in part, as follows:

"I am deeply impressed with the necessity for coördinated action with the granting of private and public credits and in the supplying of raw material and food to various countries in Europe.

"It would seem to me to be a disaster if we allowed our merchants and bankers to expend either American private or public credits to governments in Europe who did not maintain stability, who did not cease hostilities, and who did not busy themselves with sound economic reconstruction and return to production.

"I would like to lay before you for consideration whether it would not be desirable to set up some sort of an economic committee in the United States representing the different departments of the Government and such other persons as you might select, who would, in a general way, pass upon the policies to be pursued by the American Government and people in these matters. Such a council could quite well have relations with similar councils set up in other countries and could no doubt effect a great deal of constructive order towards rehabilitation in Europe without submerging American policies in these matters in those of foreign governments. . . ."

Then, in a jointly signed cable to President Wilson, Mr. Hoover and Mr. J. F. Dulles, a member of the Supreme Economic Council, set forth their recommendations:

"That it is desirable that the U. S. Government should show no disinclination to join in any real world necessity.

"In order that coördinated, efficient,

"Les Etats Unis? I know them."

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and disinterested action can be taken by the United States it is desirable that some sort of committee be created within the United States, comprised of the heads of departments bearing upon credits and foreign relations, such a committee to determine the broad policies to be pursued in economic assistance to Europe.

"We have the feeling that if these matters are left solely to an organization of bankers it will create distrust both at home and in Europe, and may be charged with economic exploitation no matter how wise its intentions. Such a governmental committee could coördinate our economic support so as to maintain political stability in Europe without stifling individual initiative . . ."

In April, 1919, when the world was shocked by the anti-Jewish excesses in Poland, Mr. Hoover was the first to help stop their recurrence.

Mr. Lewis L. Strauss, Mr. Hoover's personal assistant in Paris, relates the following episode:

"On April 11, 1919, a telegram from Warsaw came to the office of the American Relief Administration in Paris, giving the first news of the Pinsk affair. The telegram read as follows:

> "Saturday April 5 at Pinsk some 37 Jews were shot by order of Major in command Polish army at that place. There are conflicting reports as to cause of this shooting. The Jews give one version, Polish authorities another. There is possibility that the meeting considered by the Poles as a gathering of Communists was in reality a conference called to consider the distribution of Passover flour from America. At 5:30 Poles sent two soldiers to investigate meeting and by 7:30 37 of Jews had been lined up against wall and shot.

"I took the telegram to Mr. Hoover and as he read it his face seemed to grow suddenly older. At his order, I called up the Polish National Committee, headed by Mr. Dmowski. Did they know of the Pinsk affair? Yes. When? Three days since. What had they to say? Well, did we not know that it was simply an execution of bolsheviki? What if they were all Jews? Why, all Jews in Poland were bolsheviki, I was told.

"Mr. Hoover wrote at once to Premier Paderewski and that gentleman came up to our office. I was present at the interview. The Prime Minister delivered himself of assurances that nothing had occurred except a routine execution of bolsheviki. Mr. Hoover was in a most delicate position. With tact at which I shall always marvel, yet with a bluntness that carried conviction he told the Premier that, by way of fatherly advice to Poland and the new government, he wished to go on record that they would find it impossible and unwise to palliate such excesses as did occur by a blanket accusation of an entire section of their population.

"When M. Paderewski repeated, 'But you don't know the Jews in Poland; they're practically all bolsheviki,' Mr. Hoover answered, 'All? I can't believe it.'

"I shall always prefer to believe that the Polish Premier was sincere in his opinion, founded at that time upon reports sent him from Warsaw, although they were later proven false at their source by the American Mission of Investigation. When M. Paderewski left our office, he went back to his headquarters at the Hotel Wagram, and composed a letter to President Wilson, in which, at Mr. Hoover's suggestion, he asked for the appointment of an American Commission to investigate the reported anti-Jewish excesses in Poland."

Mr. Hoover's farsightedness was matched by his courage and his frankness. He dared to act quickly when speed was urgent, and he dared to tell the truth on every occasion when he believed America's position should be made clear both to American high officials and to Allied leaders.

On July 9, 1919, Mr. Hoover wrote to Lord Robert Cecil that there was a rather natural feeling in America that the Americans had intervened in Europe in the first instance from a military point of view in order to prevent a great disaster to civilization, that their intervention was the final weight which prevented this disaster, that they had tried to set up some great preventative against its repetition from a polit-

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ical point of view with not altogether encouraging success, that they had also been called upon for a great effort in the prevention of the worst famine that Europe had seen since the Thirty Years War, and that in all these things they had sought no political or economic advantage but had expended an enormous national effort which comes home daily to every taxpayer.

Here follows Mr. Hoover's remarkable letter to Lord Robert Cecil, in full:

"9 *July*, 1919.

"*My dear Lord Robert:*

"I have been giving a great deal of thought to the question of international economic organization and I would like to express to you my own views as to one particular feature. I start with the assumption that not only is the economic strength of the United States needed for the recuperation of Europe but that its strength needs mobilization for its advantageous application, and that this assistance should be coördinated with the assistance that can be given by other countries in order to produce the maximum results at the least cost and risk. Furthermore, in the unstable state of many governments in Europe there needs to be some coördination of these matters to maintain stability.

"I feel that there is going to be a great difficulty in getting American support to organize this matter in the right way because of the present state of public opinion in the United States, in its lack of confidence in stability in many governments, the very natural reaction against risk and entanglements and the very considerable fear that such organizations are directed more with a view to bringing pressure on Americans to do more than their just share or to effect discriminations against the United States, or to stifle the proper recuperation of individual effort. It is an illusion in Europe to feel that the American people must find a market for their surplus commodities and therefore that they can be dictated to as to their method and terms.

"Beyond this again, the Americans who have been connected with international economic problems during the war are now practically without exception retiring from office and the control of these matters will in certain cases rest in the hands of men, who, while not lacking in sympathy, are to some extent lacking in experience with the necessities. There is no question that these economic relations during the next year will entail a great deal of risk upon the American people and there is a rather natural feeling that the United States belongs to another hemisphere, that they have intervened in Europe in the first instance from a military point of view in order to prevent a great disaster to civilization, that their intervention was the final weight which prevented this disaster, that they have tried to set up some great preventatives against its repetition from a political point of view with not altogether encouraging success, that they have also been called upon for a great effort in the prevention of the greatest famine that Europe has seen since the Thirty Years War, and that in all of these things they have sought no political or economic advantage but have expended an enormous national effort which comes home daily to every taxpayer.

"As I see it, if the real hope of the American people that the world is to be better is yet to mature, it can only be done at the risk of

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their economic strength in provision for this recuperation and that the whole matter must be placed upon a plane of service if it is to have the right results. I know, from vivid experience, that the American people are capable of the most enormous sacrifice in the sense of service, if this sense is awakened to an emergency. It is precisely this awakening that I have in mind. It cannot be accomplished by any combination of bankers and manufacturers centered in Wall Street. That very operation would in the end tend towards the defeat of the objects which we all have in view. The representative of the ideals of the American people is not a combination of its banks or its merchants, and it is necessary to secure the realization of the American people through other sources than these.

"My concrete proposal is that the first meeting of the International Economic Council should be held in Washington, that it should be attended by European Ministers of the first importance. Its very meeting in the United States will emphasize the world importance of the problem and the men who should comprise it will constitute an enormous call to service of the American people.

"As a matter of practical fact, there is nothing much that can be constructively done between now and the first of September except the liquidation of the agencies that have been handling war problems. Treaties must be ratified. Commissions must be set up. It will be of the most profound importance that European officials of high place should meet the American problem face to face with American officials of equal position. Their combined conclusions will inspire confidence and mutual trust and the established intimate relationship will be the first guaranty of success.

"In reverse, if some international body is set up in Europe and attended by some American, no matter how important, it will not awaken the imagination in the American people and, whoever he may be, his authority will not extend beyond his powers of persuasion on other American officials. At the time when the United States went into the war it was thought proper to send to the United States great officials of the European Governments to present the necessities of the Allies. If this emergency is any less important than that of the Spring of 1917, then my view is that any international coöperation is unnecessary. Either it is worth putting on a sufficiently high plane or it is not worth doing at all, and any lower plane will immediately amass behind the effort oppositions of one hundred different varieties.

"Faithfully yours,
"HERBERT HOOVER."

In the next issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Bernstein will tell of America's second intervention in Europe, of Mr. Hoover's relief work in the countries of the Allies as well as of the Central Powers, of the remarkable achievements of the American Relief Administration during the period of the Russian famine, of "Hoover's men" and of his reforms and innovations in the Department of Commerce.

The story of Herbert Hoover is the record of America's most constructive humanitarian contribution to the world.

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"This is luck," said she. "I was afraid I'd have to drive the car home through all this traffic myself."

EMORY IN HIGH

By TALBERT JOSSELYN

Illustrated by John R. Neill

EMORY LUCAS stopped studying a shop window and glanced across the street at the yellow speedster. The twenty minutes that Charlie Pipp, owner of the rakish car, had promised to be gone, had grown to thirty and still no Charlie had appeared.

Emory was about to resume search for smartly reduced bargains among the displayed articles when the corner of his eye caught a glimpse of a khaki-clad figure approaching the canary speedster.

Bargains and thoughts of bargains vanished as the dismounted traffic officer, with his mount's reins in the crook of an arm, began attaching a tag to the steering wheel. Emory Lucas, interior decorator, dweller in a quiet seaside town, who had come to visit Charlie Pipp at the latter's insistence that he was vegetating and needed a change, crossed the street in an avalanche of traffic, his tall, slight figure gaining the far side in a series of leaping bounds, velours hat lifting higher and higher from his forehead.

As he bounded, his eyes sought the features of the missing Charlie Pipp on the sidewalk, in the building's entrance, in all its fifteen stories. Charlie Pipp might just as well have been in Tahiti.

Emory continued to meet the situation. He slid around the car and stepped aboard.

"I'll take care of that, officer," said he.

The awarder of tags turned sharply. Emory's smile expanded. Quizzically the officer studied this descender from the heavens, took in the lean, mobile features, the brown eyes, the high-jolted

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hat, then returned the grin and reached for the card.

"You just saved your bacon that time," he rumbled. "Thirty minutes is the limit." He pulled his mount to one side and stood there, waiting.

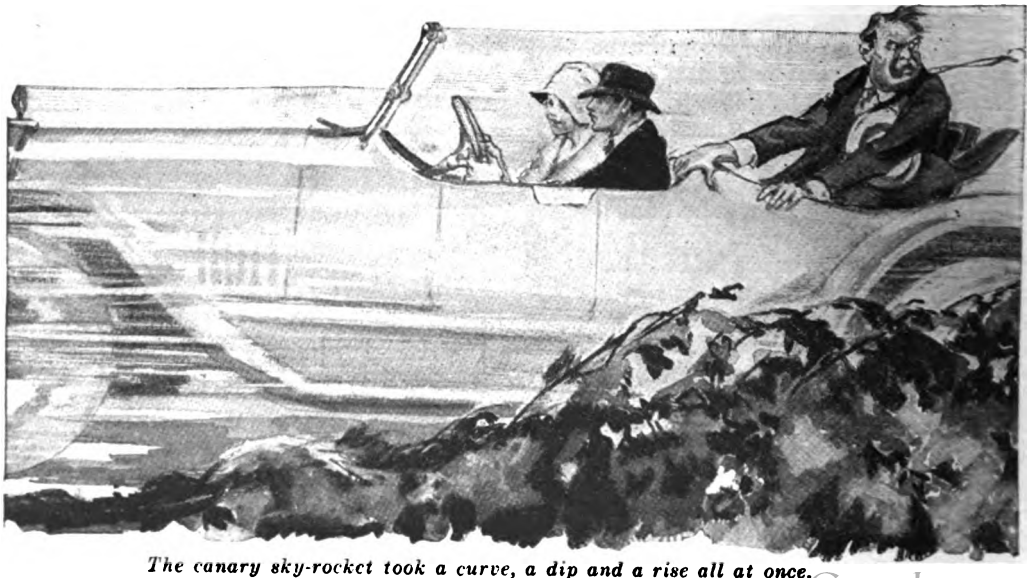
Emory whipped a desperate eye from officer to steering wheel to entrance of the building. No Charlie Pipp. The officer's gaze remained on him. With seeming nonchalance, Emory sought out the starter pedal and ran a questioning finger along the switches of the dash. The motor throbbed into life. Still with seeming nonchalance, he heaved at the wheel, warped the yellow bulk from the curb and steered into the roaring sea of traffic; steered into the busiest of busy traffic eight cylinders and eighty horsepower with which he had never had the slightest working acquaintance. And as he plunged into the ocean maelstrom, the impulse to prevent the canary car from being tagged by the police, which had so far buoyed him up, oozed out at his finger-tips.

The eye of the law, however, was still upon him; so was the wheel of a truck, burnishing his tail light. He bucked on. A taxi swerved aside and knifed in ahead, its driver raucous with inquiry; the truck continued to burnish the tail light. In dreadful lock-step the canary-colored roadster went down the street. Winging from the storehouse of memory came the reasons why he was downtown that day, of how Charlie Pipp had planned to take him to the Randall place to talk interior decorating, to revel in tones and tints. Tones and tints! He tugged at the wheel. More and more it became imperative that he get aside where he could think. A cross street appeared ahead. Into it he yanked the behemoth.

But this was narrowed to half its width by steel building material and proved no retreat for thought. The truck continued to play follow-the-leader. To a battery of pneumatic riveters, E. Lucas, eighty horsepower, and the life flow of a city pulsed through. At the next up and down street a uniformed arm signaled a halt. Without quite killing the motor, its driver burred into neutral, smacked on both sets of brakes, and snatched at plans as circus performers snatch at trapezes. If he lived, he would drive until a parking place presented itself; he would slam into the curb; he would leap out, flee, go back to the wonderful life of a pedestrian; and the minions of the law could tag the nightmarish bunch of junk a hundred times and he would not raise his little finger.

As a man who sees things in a fevered dream, so Emory sat tense and saw the world about him—a multitude of waiting machines ahead, beside him, behind him; a multitude of people on the sidewalk going by like a colorful river.

Detachedly he watched the varying



The canary sky-rocket took a curve, a dip and a rise all at once.

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colors, saw a young woman in orange sweater and white skirt leave the stream and step into the street and come directly toward him; noted that she was pretty, that locks of hair, struggling out beneath a pulled-down hat were golden red. Detachment vanished as the young woman lifted a trim sport shoe and equally trim ankle above the running board and swung lightly into the seat beside him.

"This *is* luck," said she. "I was afraid I'd have to drive the car home through all this traffic myself."

Parted lips showed even, white teeth, a dimple appeared in the left cheek, the gray eyes disclosed mystifying pencils of light. All this Emory Lucas took in; yet he did not take it in; he was incapable of absorption. The strident horn of the car behind him nearly drained its battery before he heard it, before he saw the widening gap between him and the car ahead, before he saw the thrashing arm of the traffic officer commanding his advance.

Emory advanced. In a tumult that he had never before known, he sent the car forward. Staggeringly, as his elbow touched an elbow in orange silk, he whipped his brain into thought. The newspapers were full of such things; they were getting worse in every city—female bandits who robbed autoists in broad daylight, insane creatures with fancied wrongs who carried pistols in handbags, blackmailers, brazen young chits who hopped rides on bets. In frantic jumble he tried to catalogue the stepper-aboard; tried and failed.

He hauled the steering wheel hard over. Ages ago he had planned to go around and around the block until he found parking place; ages ago, when he had only himself and the car and the infernal Charlie Pipp to think of. Now——

"You must be one of the new salesmen," said the passenger.

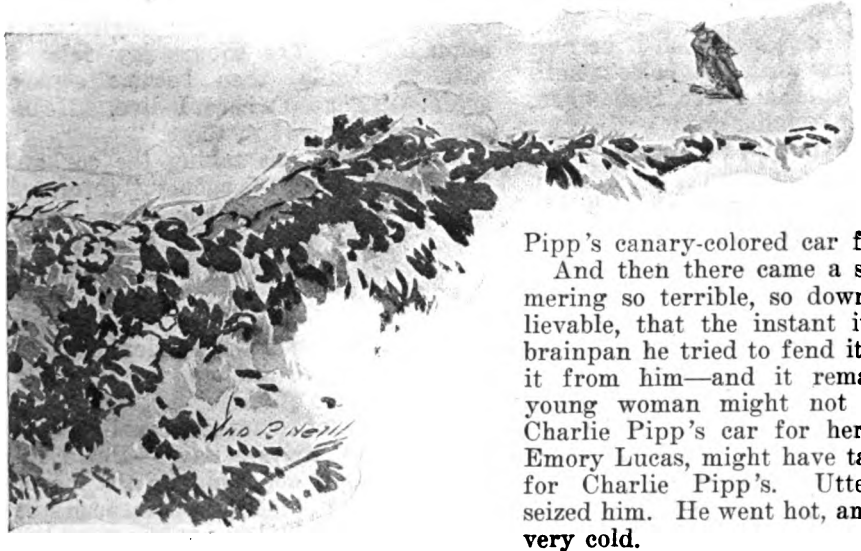
This was obviously a decoy statement. She carried a small hand-bag; one that could easily hold an effective automatic, and she now shifted it from one hand to another. Emory kept his eye on the bag.

"Sure I am," he parried, and tried to figure the best way to grab the lethal case.

"I didn't think I had seen you before at the factory agency. You must have put new life into them. We didn't expect the car to be ready until closing time, and I was to call for it."

The thin point of an appalling thought, like the thin point of a wedge, penetrated Emory Lucas' brain. He stopped looking at the hand-bag.

"It's such good fun to get one's own car again after it has been all tuned up." The wearer of the orange sweater contentedly stretched the trim shoes out on the floor board. "I like this old boat quite the best of any car we've ever had."



A half mile of asphalt leaped out from under the car.

Thought and wedge drove home. Mistaken identity! She had taken Charlie Pipp's canary-colored car for her own.

And then there came a second glimmering so terrible, so downright unbelievable, that the instant it struck his brainpan he tried to fend it off, to fling it from him—and it remained. The young woman might not have taken Charlie Pipp's car for her own. He, Emory Lucas, might have taken her car for Charlie Pipp's. Utter paralysis seized him. He went hot, and then very, very cold.

With eyes like glass marbles, he stared at steering wheel and dials on the dash.

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Hope flared; numberless times had he studied selfsame wheel and dials from the passenger's seat. Hope died with realization that they were stock equipment, and would be on any car of that make. Fruitlessly he peered for identifying personal touches. There were none; Charlie hadn't believed in such things; he had spent enough money on the car. Possibly the young woman had also; there was no telling.

Final illumination fired him. The license card. It had been screwed against the base of the driver's seat at one's heel. Stiffly he pulled himself forward until his chin was against the steering wheel, then strove to look down. Simultaneously the girl cried out. The canary-colored roadster was near enough to the car ahead to have become welded to it. Emory did full duty with the brakes, and a second exclamation rose from his passenger. The welding process could now have been applied to the car in the rear.

This young interior decorator who had feared that he might vegetate if he stayed too long in his seaside town gave a sharp intake of breath and left off all endeavor to discover identifying marks. Breathing quickly, he applied himself to an attempt at driving. Again a cross street loomed, and again he turned into it. Whereat puzzled inquiry came from the wearer of the sport shoes.

"Round and round the block," mumbled Emory. "Trying—car out—in traffic."

"Oh," said the girl, "that'll be fine. Let's pick up my uncle; his office is halfway down this block. There, right where that machine is coming out."

"Sure we'll stop," said Emory.

A place big enough to get a bicycle in would do him; a section of curb wherein would have fitted snugly a roller skate. To make for the haven, to leap out under one pretext or another, to find Charlie's license card, and if it were not Charlie's license card to dash into the nearest store and escape by the back way——

The car that was leaving was not a large car, nor a long one, but the roadster dived full into the sanctuary. Rubber smacked against granite.

Color came into Emory's cheeks; flooded them. Compressed of lip, he gripped the steering wheel and threw a leg overboard.

"You see——" he began.

"But you won't have to go in," she protested, "there's uncle coming down the steps now."

Emory's escaping foot grew stiff in mid-air. The time that should have been employed in dropping it to the pavement went into twisting a startled head toward the building. He saw a ruddy, thick-set man with panama hat and heavy gray mustache step down, make his way across the sidewalk and put a foot on the running board. And over the archway above these steps were the words "Department of Police."

"Well, hello, Millicent," he greeted.

His lively blue eyes took in the figure of Miss Millicent, appraisingly and pleasedly, then shot to Emory Lucas and took him in, appraisingly.

"This is the new salesman at the agency," said Millicent. "Mr. ——"

Emory's throat squeezed shut.

"Mr. ——" continued Millicent.

"Lucas. Emory Lucas," wheezed Emory, and instantly wondered why he had not chosen Gorfingle or Smith or Salterberger.

"This is Uncle Ed Abernathy. You'll probably get to know him pretty well. He's Commissioner of Police."

A large hand, a thick-fingered hand, reached across the car and seized Emory's, which at that moment had as much gripping power as loose shoestrings.

"Glad to meet you, Lucas. Yes, we may have a chance to get mighty well acquainted." The square jaw relaxed with the smile, then became square again. "That's where I live. Headquarters are right in there."

"Mr. Lucas was taking the car out to the house from the agency," informed Miss Millicent, "when I happened to see him. We've been going around and around the block seeing how it handled in traffic."

"And how does it?"

"Stops and starts wonderfully. I never knew it could stop so suddenly and start up so quickly."

"That's what comes from really knowing how to drive. Say"—Uncle Ed Abernathy put one hand on the top of the low wind shield, the other on the seat arm, and leaned forward—"is she all tuned up so that she can go fast?"

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The seven scraps of sentences which were being planned by Emory to get him out of the car and into the nearest store died under the quizzical stare. He swallowed. Never before had the eyes of a Commissioner of Police been fixed personally upon him. He swallowed again.

"Why, yes, I think so," said Emory.

The Commissioner beamed confidentially.

"If you can spare the time I'd like to have you take me out along West Avenue. I want to see just how much up to snuff my motorcycle police are. I've been getting reports that they haven't been showing any speed, but I believe in first-hand information. The bus ought to do eighty now, don't you think?"

"Oh," cried Millicent, "that'll be sport!"

She turned dancing eyes upon Emory, but to these eyes, close by him as they were, E. Lucas gave no human heed. The icy chill that had started at his heels raced to the top of his head, then made a roller-coaster of his spine. He put both hands on the wheel and pulled himself half upright, but got no further. It would do no good to run. Uncle Ed looked capable of vigorous pursuit; headquarters and its reserves were within whispering distance. He sank back into his seat as though he had manoeuvered merely to get set for coming speed.

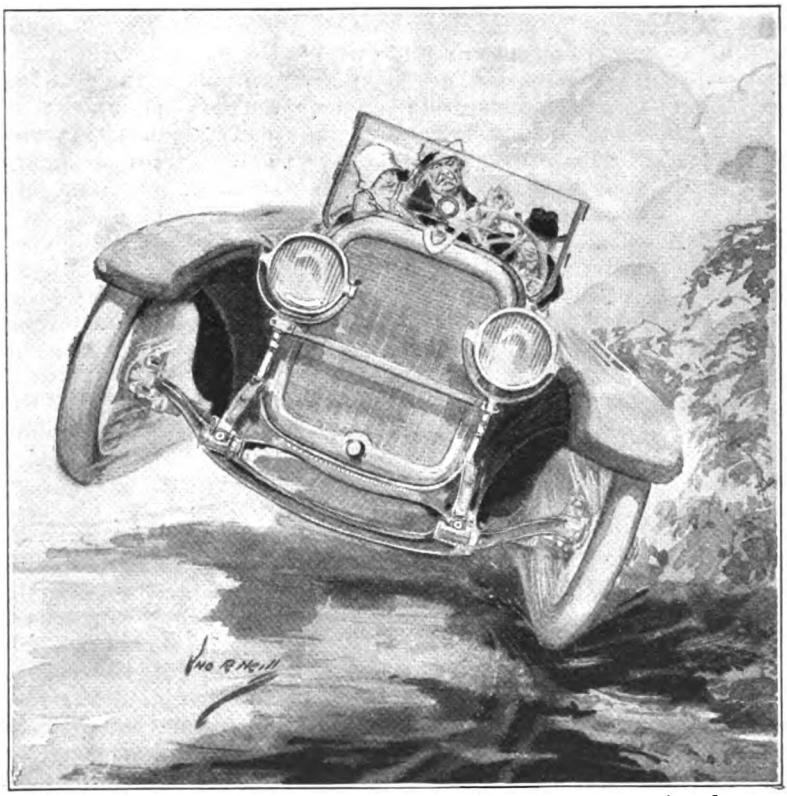
Such seemed to be Commissioner Abernathy's impression. With an agile swing of the leg he dropped into the rumble seat and hauled down his hat.

Emory's teeth came together with a click; for his freedom he would have to run the gauntlet. Like other gauntlet-runners, now that he had come to the mark, a wild surge of here-goes-nothing went through him. He tossed his head, slammed at the gears and sent eighty horsepower into reverse.

"Hey," cried the supreme dignitary of law and order, thrusting hands violently against the back of the front seat to keep from being tossed over it. "Don't start that speed stuff until we get out of town."

A chorus of horns, supplemented by a street car gong, echoed the commissioner's request; an echo that was infinitely repeated in the next congested mile, during which taut time Miss Millicent sat in a rather upright position and the holder of the rumble seat leaned acutely forward. As for the driver, having nothing but his thoughts and the steering wheel to cling to, he clung to them and his seething thoughts were not the best things to steady one's self with.

"Well," commented the Commis-



Alternating between macadam and air the comet continued.

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sioner, "I never was quite so close to riding in other people's cars at the same time that I rode in my own. You must believe in cultivating narrow spaces."

Miss Millicent bestowed a smile on the driver that involved the dimple and the even white teeth; one having in it such a quality of admiring approval that Emory felt a tingle of life creep back into his frame. The wearer of the orange sweater and the pulled-down hat was decidedly a charming young woman. It came to him for the first time how thoroughly acceptable it was to have gray eyes look out at one in approbation under a pulled-down crash hat. He couldn't remember ever before having had the experience; interior decoration had never exactly been the thing that wildly interested young women. He went into a rosy haze, from which the Commissioner of Police yanked him.

"Now you can kind of step on the gas. There ought to be a man somewhere along here all ready to pounce out, if he hasn't gone to sleep in somebody's rose garden. I don't mind speed—real speed; it's that downtown traffic which you young blades seem to delight in getting all snarled up with that I don't care a rap for. Out here on the avenue"— Uncle Abernathy gestured at the long stretch of asphalt flanked by trees—"and in the open country I don't care how heavy your foot is."

"The other drivers had no reason to glare and to squawk their horns just because Mr. Lucas came a little near to them," protested Millicent. "They ought to get used to close driving like that if they're going to live in a real city. Perhaps they drive with a bit more zip where Mr. Lucas come from."

"Maybe so," grunted Uncle Abernathy. "Where you from?"

Emory pondered. There would be no harm in answering this—in generalities.

"Northern part of the state. Bay region," he added.

"So? That's interesting. The speed cop who's got this section was just up there on vacation. He dropped in at your factory branch; said he met all of you boys and that you certainly drove fast. Jerry McCarty. Say, he'll be glad to see you again, after he overtakes us and finds out who you are."

The hair on the nape of Emory Lucas' neck rose; became bristles. The speed doubled within a car length. He had walked right into it. To have Officer McCarty draw up alongside and deny all knowledge of the man at the wheel; this, and other complications —— The driver's ears flattened themselves against his head.

"That's right," commended Uncle Abernathy. "If he's anywhere along here this'll bring him out." He began to check off the driveways. "Nope—not up there. Not up that one, either. H'm; that looked like a good one. I wonder where he can be? Hi! Nope, fool boy coming out on a bicycle. Why, now, usually he—there he is! He was behind that hedge." The discoverer twisted from shouting at the front seat and stared mightily behind. "Yep—here he comes! It's Jerry McCarty."

The next instant the panama hat started to leave his head. He threw out both hands. The canary sky-rocket took a curve, a dip and a rise all at once. He flung down hands; then shot out one set of fingers and again caught at the hat.

"Criminey!" said the Commissioner.

A half mile—a mile of asphalt leaped out from under the car as if it had been yanked. The distance that had taken Uncle Ed Abernathy a dusty ten minutes in the good old horse and phaeton days snapped past in seemingly as many seconds. Down a cyclone-passing wall of trees the figure of Officer Jerry McCarty more and more took on the appearance of one seen through a diminishing glass. The avenue swung around a hill, another hill, dropped down and spread into three tree-flanked tributaries. Into the leafiest of the three, the narrowest and the most winding, the canary comet dived unerringly. Two wheels on and two wheels off, alternating between macadam and air, turns and reverse turns, the comet continued. Officer Jerry McCarty did not.

"Criminey!" repeated the Commissioner.

"Oh!" breathed a star-eyed Miss Millicent.

In a new, country-edge addition given over to shrubbery, circles and squares, the comet slowed down, and speech climbed out of the Commissioner's throat.

"Young man! That's the finest imitation of somebody trying to get away I ever saw. You chaps upstate—phew!" Hat clutched in hand, mustache at all

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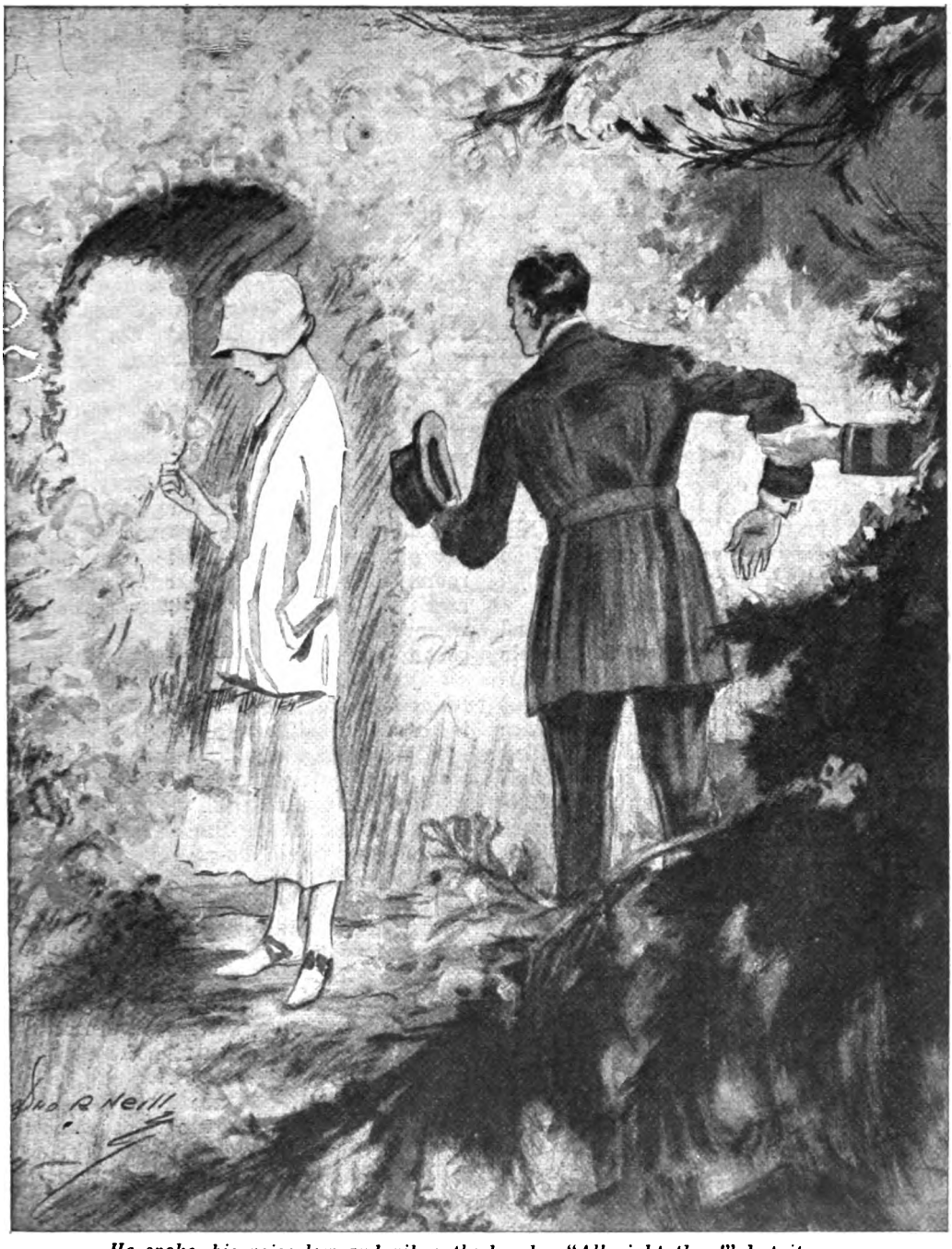

He spoke, his voice low and vibrantly harsh. "All right then!" but it was evident that things were the opposite of all right.

angles, he shook a tousled head. "Huh, I see where Jerry gets a new bike."

The eyes of the feminine passenger continued to shine. She turned to her uncle.

"I just know that Mr. Lucas has been a racer! Haven't you, Mr. Lucas?"

Mr. Lucas pried a hand from the steering wheel, opened it slowly, flexed it, did the same with the other hand. He bent the ramrod out of his back,

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stretched a tentative foot, stretched the other. He tugged the velours hat from off the bridge of his nose and looked about, and in the glowing eyes, now wholly revealed, there was the look of a new man; stiff though he might be outwardly, there was nothing glacial about the inner quality of E. Lucas.

Miss Millicent's continued gaze was worthy of his best effort.

"Maybe I have been a racer," said Emory.

"I knew it!"

"Well, it's some relief to know that you had the car under control," grudgingly came from the rumble seat.

"Now, let's go after some more speed cops," suggested Miss Millicent.

Momentary stiffening returned to Emory's frame, but it was only momentary. Never before had a young woman looked at him in the way that Miss Millicent had, never had one urged him to do things in quite her tone of voice.

"Show me the way," said Emory.

The way was shown. Back toward town, not five minutes later, motorcycle number two was descried busily approaching up a side street, and on sight the approach instantly quickened. Once more Commissioner Abernathy divided attention between pursuer, panama hat and the problem of keeping himself attached to the rumble seat. Once more the world flicked by. But it was evident that while some one else on the force needed a new bike, he did not need it half so badly as Jerry McCarty. The pursuit clung like tar to a bare heel; not until the supposititious racing driver slewed into some one's hedge-lined side driveway, after taking two turns in a maze of parkway with wheels hanging in air much longer than wheels ought to hang, did he rub off the pursuit. It was heard whizzing by outside.

"That's enough!" The Commissioner of all police tugged his hat from off his ears and put his head first on one side and then on the other. The slewing into the driveway had been on a par with straightaway and taking of turns. "That's more'n enough. You've shown me and my force all the speed I want to see. Millicent, point out to this young fiend the way home."

"Ho, ho!" bubbled Millicent. "And you said you liked speed. Why, mother would have enjoyed it more than you have. I wish she could have come." The radiant Millicent turned in explanation to Emory. "She had to stay home this afternoon because some old long-haired artist was coming to make a call. I wish such people would keep away."

Emory came back to earth. Like the long-haired artist, he, too, had once intended to make a call. The Randall job was probably lost, but he'd get others; from now on he was going to dig in and work. But, first, several things remained to be done. He would drive the canary car into the Abernathy yard, get out leisurely with the remark that he guessed that would be all they would want him for, and stroll toward the nearest car line. Out of sight of the house, he would break into a busy man's run; aboard the car, he would pray that the motorman make no stops until the car got opposite his hotel; within his room, with the door locked, he would await the coming of one Charley Pipp, whenever that might be; and if Charlie, sent to reconnoiter, learned of anything startling having happened to a factory branch salesman, he would take the first train north and go into hiding.

Then, when things had blown over, he would drop a note to Miss Millicent explaining everything; if she refused to see the affair in its true light, why, of course that would be an end to everything and serve him right, and undoubtedly there were a dozen and fifteen men ahead of him, anyway, even if there wasn't any ring on her hand that he could see; but if there weren't——

The voice of Uncle Ed Abernathy roused him like water on a sleeping cat.

"Here we are. Turn right in at this drive."

Back from the future Emory Lucas plumped. He made the turn, elbow touching the orange-clad elbow for the last time. On his lips hung the words, "Well, it certainly has been a pleasant afternoon, and now I'll just be——"

The words got no further than that.

An identical yellow car stood in the driveway ahead. A big, canary-colored car—a sport roadster. As much like the car in which he sat as one twin to another.

Momentary silence, hour-long, held over the driveway. The other occupants of the late meteor seemed as completely

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affected as a parachute-descending Emory Lucas. It was the voice from the rumble seat that first boomed.

"What the—— Say, what in blazes did ——" A cry from the front seat followed. Then the rumble seat continued. "Three-two-one-seven—that's *our* number. Why, that's our——"

A red-faced Commissioner of Police sprang down and made swift survey, then strode back beside the one-time racing driver. Also, there descended from the front seat a young woman over whose clear-cut and now pink-suffused features swept a number of destructive emotions, with consternation based on a guessing at the truth going fast in the lead.

Emory Lucas, with wreck of worlds about him, retained just enough of his reason to read the growing surmise in startled gray eyes. To the Commissioner's third demand of, "Whose car is *this?*" punctuated by rapping, he made reply.

"Why, you see—you see, this car is a new one sent down from the northern factory branch, and what more natural than that Miss Millicent——"

The roaring sputter of a motorcycle took the lead in speech. A grim-jowled figure in khaki and puttees swept up alongside the roadster.

"Well, I got you."

Uncle Ed Abernathy's face turned three shades redder.

"Now, that's all right, McCarty."

Officer McCarty swung about and became aware of his superior's presence. His jaw sagged.

"Why, Commissioner!"

"We won't argue about speed this time," continued Uncle Abernathy. "Salesman from the northern branch. You met him when you were up there. But what I want to know is——"

"I never met him," said McCarty.

"What?" snapped the Commissioner.

"Nope."

Further elucidation on the part of J. McCarty was cut short by the poppity-pop of motorcycle number two sweeping into the driveway, and its rider darting out a large hand and catching E. Lucas by the wrist.

"Well, my buck, for all your twisting and turning, I got you."

Unable to become any redder, the Commissioner went back the other way in color, with white spots about his nostrils.

"That's all right, Shaughnessy! Forget about that speed. What I want to know is——"

"Huh, I ain't wantin' this bird for speed! I'm after him for stealing this bus. Coolest thing you ever heard of. Downtown. Owner hadn't been gone five minutes. Half the mounted force is out looking for it."

Uncle Abernathy thrust hand against fender and leaned heavily upon it. Miss Millicent gave a little cry. Uncle Abernathy first recovered speech—with a snorting, roaring explosion. He heaved himself upright and darted a fist under Emory's nose.

"I might have known it! I might have suspected it all the time! No wonder he tried to get away from you fellows! No wonder he drove the way he did." The Commissioner smacked a hand upon the fender crown; memory came surging back. "Why—why, my godfrey! Keep a good grip on him, Shaughnessy; he's the worst the city ever had! Stole the car, enticed my niece aboard under the impression it was her own, hoodwinked me, parroted about being a salesman and a racing driver, got us out into the country—— Why"—and the hand beat smacking tattoos—"I'll prefer charges; I'll prefer *forty* charges! Get him down to the station house before I start something with him right now."

Emory continued to stare at Miss Millicent. She raised her eyes; gray eyes that looked him through and through, scornfully, challengingly—hopefully. Still down-dropping, Emory plucked at speech in the pit of his stomach, and Officer Shaughnessy, searching busily about the front compartment of the car, gave a delighted bellow.

"Yep—here it is! Name of the man who reported the theft. Charles Pipp."

"Oh!" said Millicent, and turned swiftly away.

For a full moment Emory Lucas watched the retreating figure; then snapped back his head, spots of color flaming in his cheeks and his eyes going hard. He spoke, as though to himself, his voice low and vibrantly harsh. "All right, then!" but it was evident that things were the opposite of all right. He switched his eyes from Miss Millicent and fixed them on Officer Shaughnessy.

"You bet this is Charlie Pipp's car! Thanks for reminding me of it or I

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might have forgotten it again. If I'd had the gumption to remember it in the first place, I'd have been a blamed sight better off." He swiveled his attention upon Uncle Abernathy. "Sure—go ahead and lock me up on forty counts. I've got it coming to me. Any man that's fool enough to try and save a fat-headed friend's bus from getting tagged, and is so witless that he doesn't know enough to contradict a good-looking young woman when she thinks it's hers, and is so backboneless that he lets an old man tell him about speed when he hardly knows the gear shift from the brake lever, and then goes out and drives in a way that would make a real racer's hair curl up ready for a mattress, and keeps on driving that way when all the time if the buzz-brained Charlie Pipp was along he'd be talking interior decorating at the Randall place—— When a man does all that——" Emory Lucas fought for breath and glowered at Uncle Abernathy.

Uncle Abernathy's eyes fairly protruded as Emory uttered the last phrase. With face an apoplectic carmine, and snapping his fingers, he launched into a counter-outburst.

"You infernal young whelp! Interior decorating at the Randall place, eh? Well, I've heard some liars in my time—you take cake, candles and frosting. But you've played your hand a little too hard. Before you go to decorate the interior of a jail let me tell you one thing: *this* is the Randall place, *I* am Mrs. Randall's brother. Now, boys, get him away, and get him away quick."

So much having already been said, there seemed nothing to comment on as the boys made ready; which enabled all and sundry to hear distinctly two voices that now arose on the far side of a hedge of flowering broom that masked a part of the Randall house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Randall! I rang and rang the front bell, but no one seemed to answer——"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. There appears to be some sort of disturbance in the rear drive, and I think that——"

"Well, I'm Charlie Pipp, and was to have brought out a friend with me to talk interior decorating, as you may remember, but a number of things have happened all at once. My car has been stolen and my friend has completely disappeared, so in hunting for the car I thought if I came by this way and explained——"

A clarion voice interrupted.

"You just come through that hedge and you won't have a thing to explain."

Charlie Pipp came, bringing part of the hedge with him. Pop-eyed, he took in Emory, Uncle Abernathy, Officers McCarty and Shaughnessy, Miss Millicent Randall, two roadsters, and Emory again—a grinning, radiant Emory, who looked as if he had vaulted into a ready-made heaven and life everlasting.

"Emory!" roared Charlie Pipp.

Emory shook his head.

"Now, don't be too sure. It's been an afternoon of jumping at conclusions, and you'd better not get mixed up in it."

Whereupon the driveway for the next five minutes crackled with self-expression. Getting less than nowhere, the self-expressionists suddenly broke off, and Miss Millicent Randall, who had heretofore said nothing, was able to make a suggestion.

"Uncle, don't you think it time that Officers McCarty and Shaughnessy were back on their beats, and that you gave them a little something as a reward before they went? And wouldn't it be a better idea for the rest of us to discuss cars and interior decorators somewhere else than out here in the driveway?"

Uncle Abernathy gave a final and furious twist to an overly-twisted mustache. Miss Millicent was pointedly regarding a weather-vane on the roof of the garage, while Emory Lucas peered fixedly at the top of a brake lever. But before the inspection had begun, a glance had passed between the two, having its origin with Miss Millicent—a glance that held the summing up of all things; one which, being intercepted by Uncle Abernathy, had winged that rumpled veteran back thirty years.

"Well, I'll be——" said Uncle Abernathy. He started on the mustache again, but stopped. His keen eyes gleamed; a ghost of a smile played around his mouth. "All right, Millicent, you go in and get the tea things together. And if young Mr. Lucas is willing to come down to chauffering a tea wagon, how about letting him help you?"

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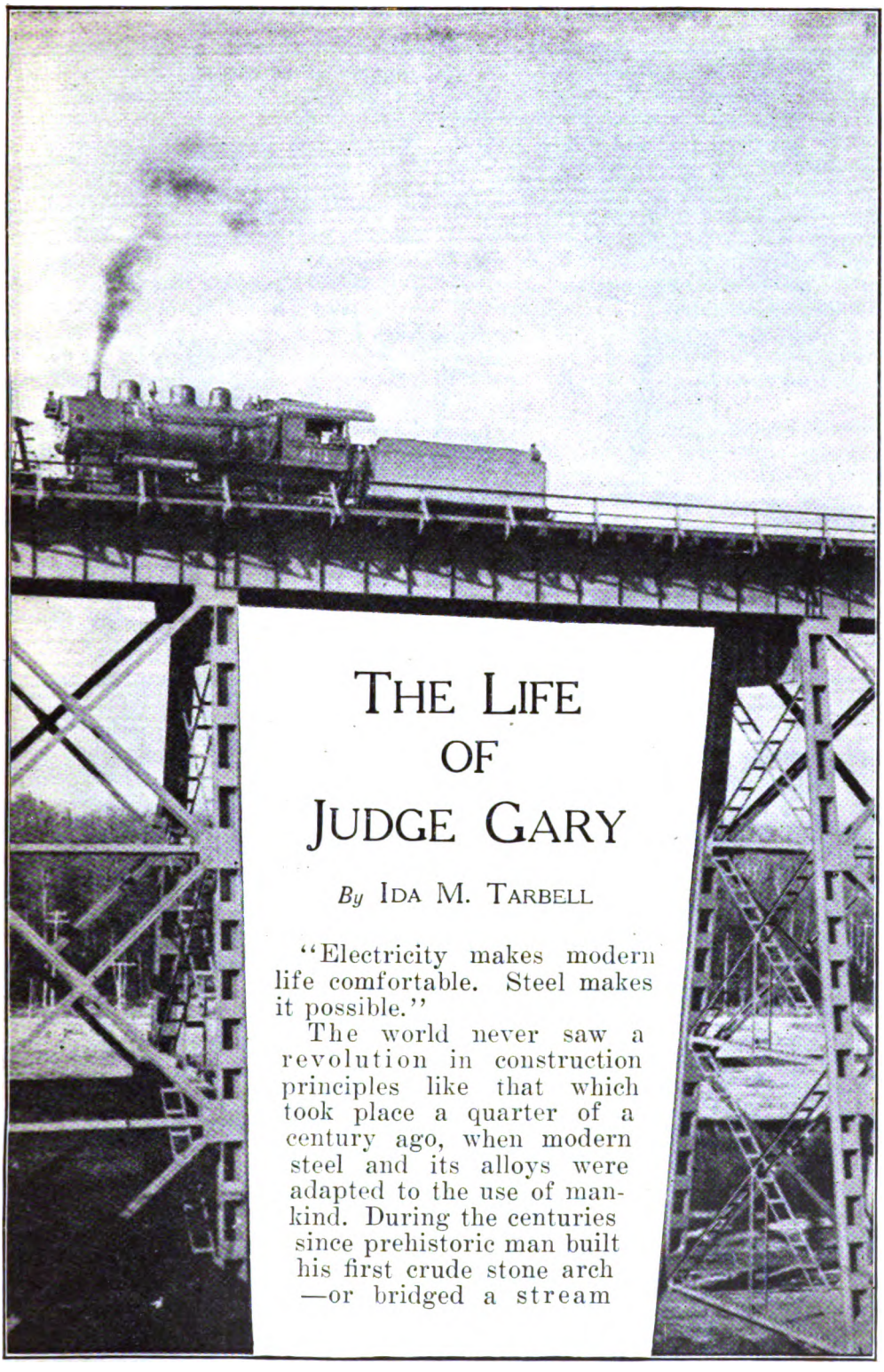

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

"Electricity makes modern life comfortable. Steel makes it possible."

The world never saw a revolution in construction principles like that which took place a quarter of a century ago, when modern steel and its alloys were adapted to the use of mankind. During the centuries since prehistoric man built his first crude stone arch —or bridged a stream

The Cellini of the Twentieth Century works with Steel.

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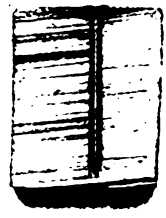
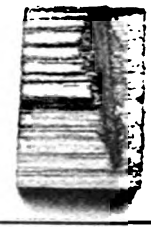
Wire Nail vs Cut Nail

Sections of wood blocks showing both cut nails and wire nails, driven to demonstrate their relative tearing effects on the wood fiber. Test made in the early '80's, when the wire nail was still struggling for a fair trial as against the long established and more expensive cut nail.

Presented in 1913 by Mr. Ernest Bailey.





with a single tree trunk — no such innovation had been dreamed possible.

The very magnitude of the change from wrought iron to steel paralyzed the resources of the manufacturers. Because they as individuals could not command the capital necessary to convert their plants into steel mills, they combined. Then the combinations were consolidated into the world's first Billion Dollar Company, the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Morgan, who financed this colossal business amalgamation, placed at its head a Chicago lawyer, Judge Gary. And the story of Judge Gary's life is the real story of steel.

Born in a pioneer Illinois community, he rose rapidly to a commanding position in the Cook County courts. His reputation for honesty, shrewdness, and a rigid integrity of thought and purpose came to Morgan's attention. Then followed the invitation to go to New York.

In an age of questionable business practices, Gary firmly held to his principle that " to survive, a corporation must be good." This installment tells of the gradual adaptation of the Gary principles by the officers of the Steel Corporation.

CHAPTER VI

Who Shall Rule?

BOLDNESS in assuming responsibility explains no little of the power J. Pierpont Morgan wielded in the financial world throughout his active life. What he undertook he directed. When he made up his mind in 1901 that the only method by which it was possible to create in this country a truly symmetrical steel business—big enough and rounded enough to lead the industry throughout the world—he neither concealed his purpose nor shirked the obligations of his sponsorship. "The entire plan of organization

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and management" of the United States Steel Corporation was to be determined by J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, he announced.

Visualize, if you can, this United States Steel Corporation which on April 1, 1901, began business under Mr. Morgan's plan. At its head there was a board of twenty-four Directors—picked by him. They came from banks—his own and his friend's, George F. Baker's—from the Law—the Stock Exchange—and from the boards of iron and steel companies which had been gathered into the Corporation. They included many a name famous in the business annals of the period—John D. Rockefeller, Henry Phipps, H. C. Frick, Marshall Field, Abram S. Hewitt, C. A. Griscom, W. E. Dodge, P. A. B. Widener.

The first task asked of the Directors was to appoint from their number executive and financial committees. Mr. Morgan had been so impressed by the success of the Standard Oil Company in handling its vast affairs through an executive committee which met regularly every day and which had, so to speak, the whole oil industry, not only of the United States but of the world, daily, even hourly, under its eye, he had decided that that was the way to run the Steel Corporation. Accordingly the by-laws drawn up by the Board created such an executive committee, empowered to direct the Corporation. The Chairman of this Committee had all its powers when it was not in session, and the Chairman whom Mr. Morgan chose for this important position was Judge Gary.

At the head of the Finance Committee was Mr. Morgan's favorite partner, Robert Bacon, a man beloved by everybody who knew him in the business world as well as in the world of diplomacy to which he was later transferred. Mr. Bacon was prepared for the position by his experience as one of the directors of the Federal Steel Company from its start, as well as by

Judge Gary on his farm.

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liason work between his chief and Judge Gary when the latter was directing the organization of the Steel Corporation. Thus Mr. Morgan had closest to him in his gigantic enterprise two men who had been associated in his steel ventures for more than two years—men whom he trusted and who trusted one another.

This arrangement gave Judge Gary a powerful backing as Chairman of the Committee which was to run the Corporation. Whether it was strong enough, however, remained to be seen, for this Committee was no meek and truckling group. Six of its members, by order of the by-laws, were men who had had "personal experience in the conduct of one or the other branches of manufacture or mining or of transportation in which the company is interested;" and some of them at least had the practical man's doubt—if not contempt—of steel men trained in other schools—the law, for instance!

Most important officially among these practical men of the Committee was Charles M. Schwab, former president of the Carnegie Steel Company—the man who had taken Mr. Morgan up into a high mountain at a famous dinner in the previous December and given him such a realistic view of the iron and steel world of the future that he had gone out and done what he had repeatedly refused to do in the preceding two years—bought out Mr. Carnegie!

Mr. Schwab had been made president of the Corporation. His function, according to the by-laws, was to carry out in the subsidiaries the directions of the Executive Committee.

But what was the aggregation which the Board of Directors and the committees and officers it had created were to run? It is more difficult to visualize. As a matter of fact, it was the greatest medley of properties and plants and of what was quite as important—though less obviously so to the country—of industrial experiences, traditions, methods, attitudes of mind, that had ever been brought together in any previous undertaking. It was a corporation made up of corporations fully officered, nine of the eleven different companies in the combination being hardly out of their swaddling clothes, the oldest, the Federal Steel Company, less than three years old.

Into each of these several concerns had gone frequently scores of different plants; in the case of the Tin Plate Company it amounted to 265. Certain of the combinations had been going through a consolidating process for a good many years. Thus, into the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey there had gone not only twenty-seven independent companies but the big Illinois aggregation which, as we have already seen, Judge Gary had put together in 1898 and which had in turn included the Consolidated Wire Company which he had formed in 1892.

If many of the plants combined were young, many were old. In the wire concern was the powerful Worcester Works, dating back to 1833. The nucleus of the Illinois Steel Company was a little iron works erected in Chicago in 1857—the plant where, in 1864, the first American steel rail was made. For miles along the banks of the rivers which unite at Pittsburgh to make the Ohio—the

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Youghiogheny, Allegheny and Monongahela — were scattered great steel and iron mills, grown from little forges set up years and years before in the back yard of some enterprising blacksmith. Philadelphia was another such nucleus—plants born of "forges with engines, besides other Buildings and Erections," as that in their neighborhood, into which the great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln had bought in 1722, is described in the records of the day.

The United States Steel Corporation was a vast compilation—an encyclopedia, if you please, of industrial history.

But if the richest history in the industry went into the combination, so did the richest experience —experience in invention, in methods of manufacturing and marketing, experience in management, in handling labor, in meeting the demands of seemingly omnivorous consumers.

It was a great aggregation of trained men—men like Abram S. Hewitt, who had begun manufacturing spikes, bolts and rivets at Trenton, New Jersey, back in the 40's and whose pamphlet on "Iron and Steel in the United States," presented at the Paris Exposition of 1867, is one of the industrial masterpieces of the time. Mr. Hewitt at Mr. Morgan's personal solicitation had gone onto the Board and later sold his works to the Corporation —the Nestor of the iron and steel family, they called him. There were men like Percival Roberts, Jr., trained in the Pencoyd Iron Works, established by his grandfather in the 50's; men like Frank Baackes, whose father had helped start the first wire nail mill in the country—this was in Kentucky in the 70's; men like William Edenborn, who had learned wire-making in Germany, had built mills, joined each successive combination in the trade and had invented a succession of useful improvements in machinery and processes; men like F. C. Daniels, chief engineer of the American Steel and Wire Company —a man who when he died in 1913 had 151 patents to his credit.

The aggregation was not richer in trained managers than in experienced workers. It took in the great body of Carnegie iron and steel workers that had begun their training under Captain Billy Jones and whose loyalty and enthusiasm over him no union had ever been able to shake. There were the skilled rollers of Vandergrift—the pupils of George McMurtry—owners of their own homes, members of their town council, wardens of their churches and members of their school board. And there were men who knew how to make tin plate, to draw wire, to turn out every variety of structural steel. 168,000 of skilled and unskilled workers went into the United States Steel Corporation in 1901.

These men were strong as individuals: the plants they had created partook of their character-

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istics; that is, no two of the plants were alike and none could be successful and happy unless its individualism was respected and a certain latitude in working out special problems and devolping special talents was allowed.

How could the New York head know this, or realize its importance? I have heard more than once some leader of a large and prosperous unit, which went into the aggregation, tell of his sinking of heart when he considered that probably he must henceforth submit decisions to a distant and, to him, impersonal authority. It was impossible they should understand, he said. Many a serious student looking on declared positively that no such aggregation could ever be united, that the most serious part of the problem was welding the human elements.

It could not be welded, said the critics, and it could not be floated—it was bound to sink in its own water. You will find this prophesied in the writing of more than one of the ablest financial commentators of the time. How about this water? What is "water" in the financial vocabulary? Its professed purpose is to increase capital quickly in order to cover expected larger earnings. It is a system of borrowing on the potentiality of a business. If we can get this money, the promoter tells the public, we can expand our business immediately, earning profits sufficient to make the stock or bonds you buy worth a hundred or more per cent on a dollar and pay you dividends—turn the "water" to gold.

In 1901 the country had seen too much watering of capital, done purely and simply for the purpose of speculating with the stocks created, not to have a grave suspicion of the proposed financing of the United States Steel Corporation. A capitalization of $1,100,000,000 and a bonded indebtedness over $300,000,000 were outrageously out of proportion to the real values—the tangible assets on which they were based—so said the public.

What were the "tangible assets" of the Steel Corporation in 1901? There has always been a contest on that point. You still hear able and shrewd business men declare heatedly that they were not a third of the billion dollar capitalization, and this was the opinion of more than one student of finance at the time.

At various periods since the incorporation of the Steel Corporation, government agencies have tried to estimate the value of the tangible property in 1901. The Bureau of Corporations in 1911 set it down as $682,053,385, but in making this estimate it put in ores and coke and coal fields at not far from the original cost. This left the intangible assets of the Corporation at $721,328,839. What were these "intangibles?"

In making its appraisements the Bureau of Corporations made no attempt to cover them. That is, it left out the deciding factor in watered capital, and that is the public demand for the production it is proposed to speed up, the brains—business, financial and scientific—the experience in affairs and operations, the code of business ethics, the definiteness and security of the conception of the undertaking in the minds of those who are launching it.

A more important question about the Steel Corporation in 1901 than the value of its tangible properties was the purpose of its founders. Was it primarily to do business? Or was it to unload on confiding investors great blocks of stock made up, as many critics contended, of pure water—not a pound of iron or steel in them? Was its purpose to build up a monopoly in iron and steel—stifling, one after another, the considerable number of good sized competitors that were outside the combination? Or was it as Judge Gary, "speaking on my own responsibility," had declared when in his judgment the first rumors of the aggregation made some expression necessary: "It is not intended to obtain control of any line of business, or to create any monopoly or trust, or in any way antagonize any principle or policy of the law."

One cannot study the varying elements which Mr. Morgan had brought together in the Board and in the Committees which were to establish the purpose and the policies of the new concern without realizing that there was considerable ground for the suspicion of the public; that there was a will both to speculation and to monopoly represented in the venture. More than one of the gentlemen on that Board had had the habit of joyfully participating in great stock market raids. As for monopoly, the

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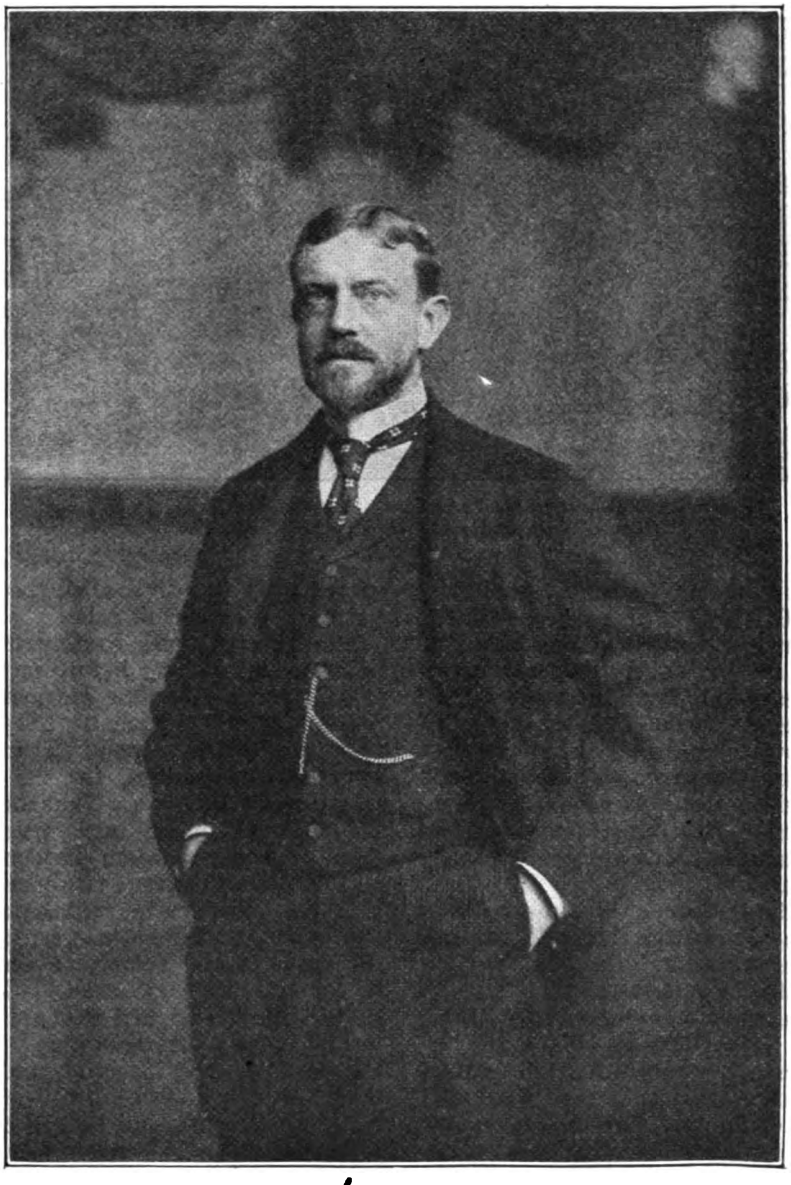

Yours truly
Percival Roberts

Percival Roberts, who resigned from the Executive Committee because "he could not harmonize his views with those of Mr. Schwab."

concern which had created and operated the most nearly perfect monopoly we have seen in the United States—the Standard Oil Company—was represented by its strongest leaders, Messieurs John D. Rockefeller, senior and junior, and H. H. Rogers; and as for stifling competition, the greatest advocate of that robust policy which ever operated, the Carnegie Company, was

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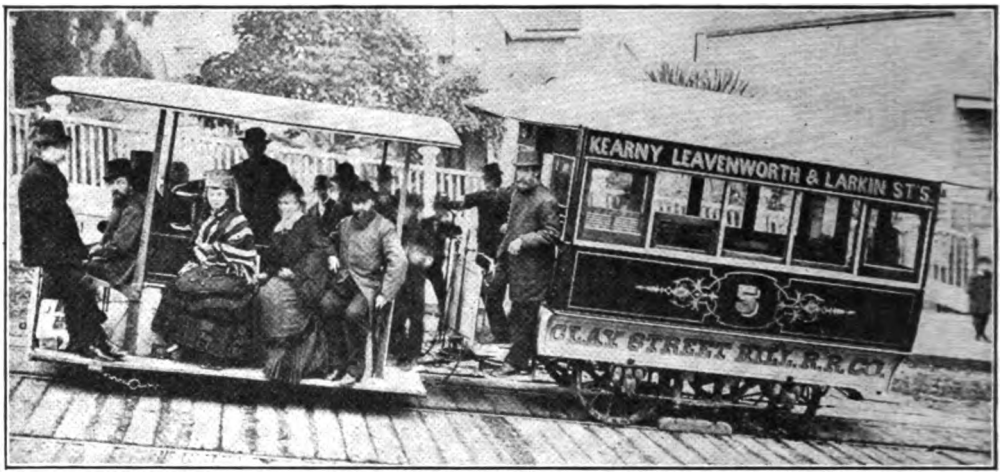

The first cable drawn street car on a San Francisco hill. It belonged to the age of iron and wood that preceded the age of steel.

represented by Mr. Schwab, Mr. Frick, and Mr. Gayley. The only one of the twenty-four gentlemen of the Board of Directors of the Steel Corporation, so far as I can find from a search of the public prints, who had openly and repeatedly declared that the purpose of the concern was in no way antagonistic to the public good was its Chairman, Judge Gary. But Judge Gary was, we must remember, Mr. Morgan's chosen spokesman.

As we have seen above, the by-laws ordered the Executive Committee to run the Corporation, and the ranking officers of this Committee—that is, the chief executive officer—was Judge Gary, while Mr. Schwab, President of the Corporation, was to see that the orders of the Executive Committee were carried out by the subsidiaries—an operating head, he might be called.

It was natural, I think, that Mr. Schwab from the first should have mistrusted the form of organization which Mr. Morgan had chosen. His experience had been confined to the Carnegie concern in which the president was an all-powerful figure. He believed that Committee government was impracticable, said so—and acted so!

There were members of the Executive Committee who agreed with him, among them the majority of the practical men. Thus, at the very start of the attempt to bring unison into these hundreds of plants with their diversified experiences, prejudices, practices, talents, the governing body was divided on the essential point of, Who was to rule.

Mr. Schwab went confidently ahead, but it was not long before members of the Committee became alarmed by the powers he had assumed. They considered themselves responsible, under the plan of organization, for the way the Corporation was run. That meant that Mr. Schwab must take orders from them, not give orders independently; and when on the first of July he brought in a plan of operation which practically eliminated, as far as he was concerned, the work of the Executive Committee, there was a very frank discussion. Judge Gary remarked that this seemed to him a very different plan from that Mr. Morgan had in mind, and in this Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., backed him up. Mr. Roberts said he had been considerably troubled over the matter. The by-laws had made the Committee responsible for duties which they were not performing. The question was, whether it was best to operate by a committee or directly by a chief executive officer as Mr. Schwab thought. If it was to be the latter, then the by-laws ought to be changed.

The discussion became so heated, veered so close to personalities, that Chairman Gary read them a lecture. It would be a bad thing for the Committee to go into a discussion, such as they apparently were having, before the Board of Directors, he said. They should avoid even the appearance of being per-

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sonal in the conduct of affairs. There was trouble enough on hand (as indeed there was as we shall see later, the day of the discussion being the day that the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers precipitated the first strike with which the Corporation had to deal); they should take it to Mr. Morgan, he was responsible for the plan they were trying to execute, responsible for the concern. If the plan was to be changed it should be by his approval. The upshot of all this discussion was the proposal of a resolution which shows very well the state of affairs inside the Steel Corporation's governing body three months after it began to do business.

* * * * *

AND WHEREAS, the President has stated that in his judgment the business of the Company cannot be successfully conducted by complying with the requirements of the by-laws as above stated, and that therefore it is necessary for him to disregard the same, therefore

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this Committee that unless the by-laws be amended by due and regular action as therein provided for, the President be and is hereby requested to furnish this Committee with full reports of the operations of the Company, and submit for their information and decision all matters requiring their supervision as set forth in the by-laws, or that a full statement of the differences of opinion now existing between the several members of the Executive Committee upon this subject be submitted to the Board of Directors for such action as they may deem advisable.

A dispute of this nature cannot be settled by resolution. It cannot be kept inside the disputing body, however desirable the good of an undertaking makes it. It is bound to spread, men are bound to take sides, and that is what now happened. The cleavage increased, imperiling what Judge Gary had from the start set forth as the most important business of the Corporation—set forth to Mr. Morgan before it went into action—and that was the necessity of demonstrating to the public that their intentions were good. If this was not done, he had warned Mr. Morgan, it was his judgment that the Government would not allow so large an amalgamation to live.

From the very first, at meetings of the Board of Directors, of Executive and Financial Committees, Judge Gary had seized opportunities to insist to his colleagues that this demonstration be their first thought. Now, how did he propose to demonstrate that their inten-

A battery of corporation seals.

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tions were good? If we attempt to tabulate his points which, of course, came out gradually as events forced attention, it was by considering public opinion; by giving out frankly and honestly all the information asked about the way the Corporation was conducting its business; by being particularly cordial to stockholders; by no longer damning the Government any more than the public, but by trying to meet it half way, working with, not against; by instructing the operative body that all violations of the law, however advantageous and long continued, must be ended; by putting an end to the old methods of competition; by considering, not bludgeoning labor.

The lectures gradually took hold. Shortly there began to be heard inside business circles the term "Gary policies," uttered often with something which bordered on a sneer. One director who dropped out of Board meetings at the end of the first three months is said to have given as a reason that while he believed in Sunday School, he did not believe in turning a business into a Sunday School.

It was, of course, a novel, and to many of the gentlemen an amusing, if not irritating experience, to sit at a Board where the Chairman lectured them on primary ethics. What had ethics to do with business? It was obvious that from the point of view of Judge Gary they had everything to do with the future of the Steel Corporation. As a matter of fact, he was staking its life on whether or not it was possible to incorporate into its practices the teachings to which he was treating the gentlemen.

One of the first points on which Judge Gary came to a contest with his fellows was that of respect for public opinion. The classic attitude was the one so tersely expressed in Mr. Vanderbilt's famous phrase, "The public be damned." It had been generally, and often advantageously, observed by those who were directing large affairs. Now, Judge Gary had very definite ideas about the value of public opinion. He did not believe that any human undertaking could establish itself on a permanent basis without public confidence, and he realized that you could not long have public confidence unless you took the pains to talk frankly to the public through its established channels—the representatives of the press who came knocking at your door, the representatives of the government that called you before its investigating committees. Your business was to satisfy the doubts and enlighten the ignorance of the public. In the two years and more that he had been at the head of the Federal Steel Company, he had made that his practice. If one will look through the press records of that time, the reports of the industrial investigation which went on in 1899, he will find frequent and apparently frank expressions of opinions by Judge Gary on all sorts of matters concerning his own company, and steel and iron conditions in general. Indeed, in the Investigation of 1899, carried on by the Industrial Commission, he had emphasized in his examination his belief that the way to meet public criticism and possible dangers from large corporations was by full publicity.

What he had said is worth paraphrasing:

The affairs of a great corporation should not be kept secret.

The great benefit from such a Commission as this is that it gives an opportunity to ascertain fully facts over which the public mind is disturbed, to distribute information.

There are always two sides to great questions. Frequently it is the laboring man who is abused, frequently the corporation, and frequently it is the public. Laws governing corporations are sometimes too liberal, sometimes too harsh. What the public needs is knowledge of the facts.

People are not so dishonest that they will not do the fair thing if they have full information. People should be brought together. Laboring men and capital should be brought together. We should know all the facts, consider and decide these questions on evidence.

An example of his intention to hold to this policy came early in the life of the Corporation, when it began to be pointed out as an example of the extravagant management of the new concern, that Mr. Schwab was receiving a salary of $1,000,000. Mr. Schwab did not say no, and after two or three days Judge Gary took pains to tell the newspaper men that this was a mistake, that Mr.

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To my friend
Judge Gary
Robert Bacon

Robert Bacon, "Mr. Morgan's favorite partner."

Schwab was receiving a salary of $100,000. The President of the Steel Corporation did not particularly enjoy this correction. He may have felt that the reputation of a million-dollar salary was not a bad thing in the gay, new world which he had entered on coming to New York. At any rate, if it was to be corrected, it was for him to do so. Now, the truth about the story, which was very widely spread, and which I have found people believing even to-day, seems to have been this:

When Mr. Carnegie reorganized the

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Carnegie Steel Company in 1900, eliminating Mr. Frick, he took pains to reward handsomely young President Schwab, who had been both loyal and useful to him in his long struggle with a partner who had become obnoxious, particularly in persuading the younger partners generally to do as he was doing. It was in harmony with his lifelong custom with favorites that Carnegie made a contract with Mr. Schwab to give him five million dollars for five years. When the Carnegie Company went into the Steel Corporation, Mr. Schwab laid this contract before Judge Gary.

"What are you going to do about this, Judge?" he asked.

The answer was, "Nothing. Get rid of it—that is Mr. Carnegie's affair."

Mr. Carnegie did in some way take care of it, but the transaction crept out as a million-dollar salary paid by the Steel Corporation—a mistake that Judge Gary felt it was important for the reputation of the Corporation to correct at once. Perhaps the correction has never fully caught up with the rumor.

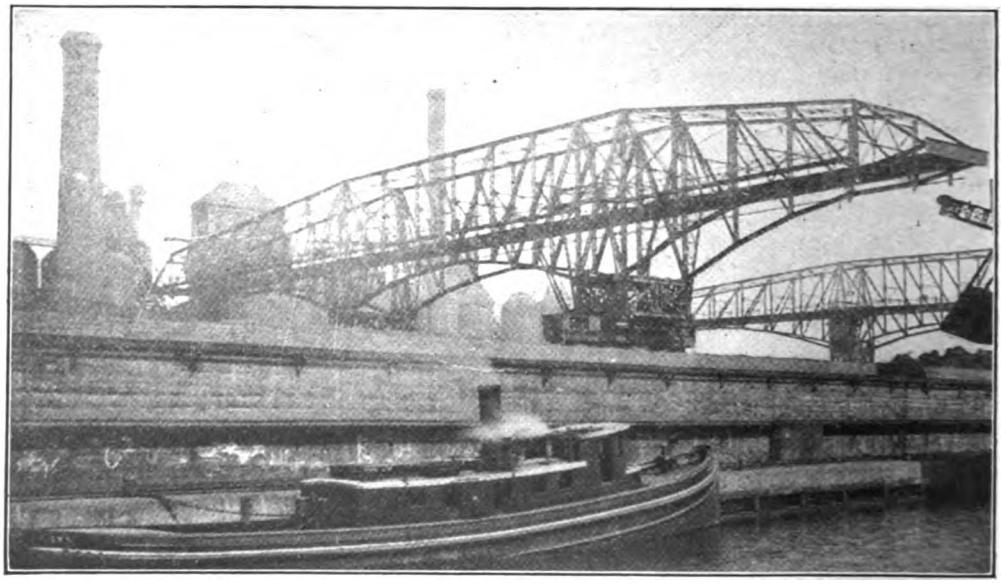
The question of publicity came up again in a new way at the end of 1901 when the first report was made to stockholders and aroused sharp discussion in the Board.

It was an amazing report. The earnings in the nine months of operation had been nearly $85,000,000—after dividends were paid the Corporation had a surplus of nearly $44,000,000 on hand. It did not look like the immediate bankruptcy prophesied!

Moreover, the report drew a dazzling picture of the outlook for 1902—every facility would be taxed to supply the demand. Shipments of business actually booked were being called for faster than they could be supplied. Many products were sold nearly to the end of the year.

The most interesting point in this showing was that the profits had been made without an advance in price. The report emphasized this fact. Prices of iron and steel products could have been easily advanced, it claimed, so tremendous were the orders and so eager the consumers to have quick execution. There had been many offers of larger prices; but the Corporation had firmly held to the policy that existing ones were high enough to yield a fair return on capital and maintain the properties in satisfactory physical condition. In the long run everybody would be better served, not only the companies and their customers, but the general business of the country, if stability was maintained. It looked as if the Steel Corporation was beginning by an effort to flatten out the business cycle—prevent up and down peaks, if it could be done.

It was a fine report, so everybody agreed, but when, after its reading at



To found the U. S. Steel Corporation meant that it was necessary to control or own docks and transportation lines as well as ore fields and furnaces.

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Original Building - Erected in 1834

Dimensions 40 by 100 feet

On the site of the present North Works of the American Steel & Wire Company, Grove Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

The building faced the south. The western or Grove Street half was occupied by Phelps & Bickford, loom makers; the eastern half (from which one looked across a narrow strip of pasture land to Prescott Street) contained in 1834, Ichabod Washburn's wire factory. Mr. Washburn had recently removed from Northville, 1 1-4 miles distant, where he and Benjamin Goddard began the manufacture of wire in 1831.

The above original drawing was made in 1882 by Mr. John C. Woodbury and donated by him to the Industrial Museum in 1910.

the meeting of the Board of Directors, Judge Gary announced that he proposed at once to give it to the public, there was some demurring. Henry Rogers of the Standard Oil Company was a member of the Board, and I have heard Judge Gary tell how, after the Board had disbanded, he came into his private office. "Such a handsome figure of a man," the Judge is sure to say—and in that he certainly is right.

"Judge Gary," he said, "do you mean that you are going to give out that report to the newspapers?"

"I do," he replied.

"Now, Judge, I am an older man than you; I have been longer in business. Some day you will have a poor report, what will you do then?"

"Give it out, Mr. Rogers, give it out."

Mr. Rogers straightened himself up, looked the Judge in the eye, and shaking his finger at him said, "You won't do it." But that, of course, remained to be seen.

Several of the members of the Board of Directors were outraged because they had not had a chance at the report before it was given out. That was the practice in more than one corporation with which

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they had been connected, and this inside or advance information was useful to them in buying or selling on the stock market. Some of them had added handsome slices to their fortunes by this kind of manœuvering. Now, Judge Gary had rigid ideas on the matter. His Methodist training, forbidding card playing and all forms of gambling, seems only to have been intensified by the observations and experience of his business life. Ever since he had come into the steel industry he had been associated with that Prince of Gamblers, John W. Gates, and here on the Board of Directors, although Gates was absent, there were several of his peers—H. H. Rogers, N. B. Ream, H. C. Frick, P. A. B. Widener. They loved gaming, for big or little stakes. So strong was this instinct in these gentlemen that it asserted itself even in the Board Room of the Corporation. A twenty-dollar gold-piece was the reward for attending a Directors' meeting. There were usually a few absentees, and to Judge Gary's amazement he found that those present claimed the fees of those who were not. At first they divided them pro rata. (The Judge will tell you that he did not like it, though he confesses he took his share at first, not wanting to make them feel that he thought himself better than the rest of them!) Finally, Mr. Rogers suggested that they match for them, and this was done for some time. Judge Gary finally came out resolutely with a declaration that the performance was not becoming to the members of a Board of Directors.

"I told them," he says, "that I was brought up not to believe in gambling and I thought the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation should set a good example." They gave it up finally, but it took time. "I think H. H. Rogers was the only one that really listened to me and finally agreed to what I said. Frick finally came around to that point of view, but I don't think the rest ever did."

It is easy to see that there was an element of the Board of Directors that considered their Chairman a curiously pious fellow for such a position.

When it came to giving the Board the Steel Corporation report before the stockholders and the public had it, Gary was obdurate. The Corporation, he told them flatly, was not to be managed for the stock market. To prevent this he had issued an order that the comptroller give the figures to nobody, not even to himself, until the day of the Directors' meeting. They were not to be placed before the Board until three o'clock—the time at which the market closed, and they were turned over to the public at the same time they were given to the Directors. That is, he had devised a scheme by which a Director had no better opportunity on the market than the public at large. The inveterate gamblers were at first very angry.

"As a matter of fact," insists Judge Gary, "I always thought this use of inside information by directors—very common at the time—was akin to robbery of their own stockholders, and I had no hesitation in making my disapproval of it so clear that everybody on the Board would understand. They finally gave up trying to get information from me, though in one case one of our Directors went to our treasurer or comptroller to get it. But I was able to stop that. It was wrong in principle and it set a bad example. How could we expect our officers and employees not to speculate if the members of the Board did it?"

Another Gary policy that irritated particularly his fellow lawyers was his insistence that the stockholders who came to annual meetings, as they had the right to, should not only be allowed to speak but should be invited to do so. An incident of the first meeting which found its way into the newspapers—largely because of its contrast with current practice—concerned the attempt of a visiting stockholder to speak to a motion. The man was on his feet when one of the lawyers present rose to a point of order.

"I cannot entertain it," the Judge said. There was an immediate protest from the legal representatives, but Judge Gary took occasion to read them one of his little lectures.

"This is our first meeting. We are establishing a precedent, and that precedent is that any stockholder that has anything to say shall be heard. I am not willing that this speaker be interrupted. Stockholders have a right to talk in a stockholders' meeting. We have announced that they shall be open

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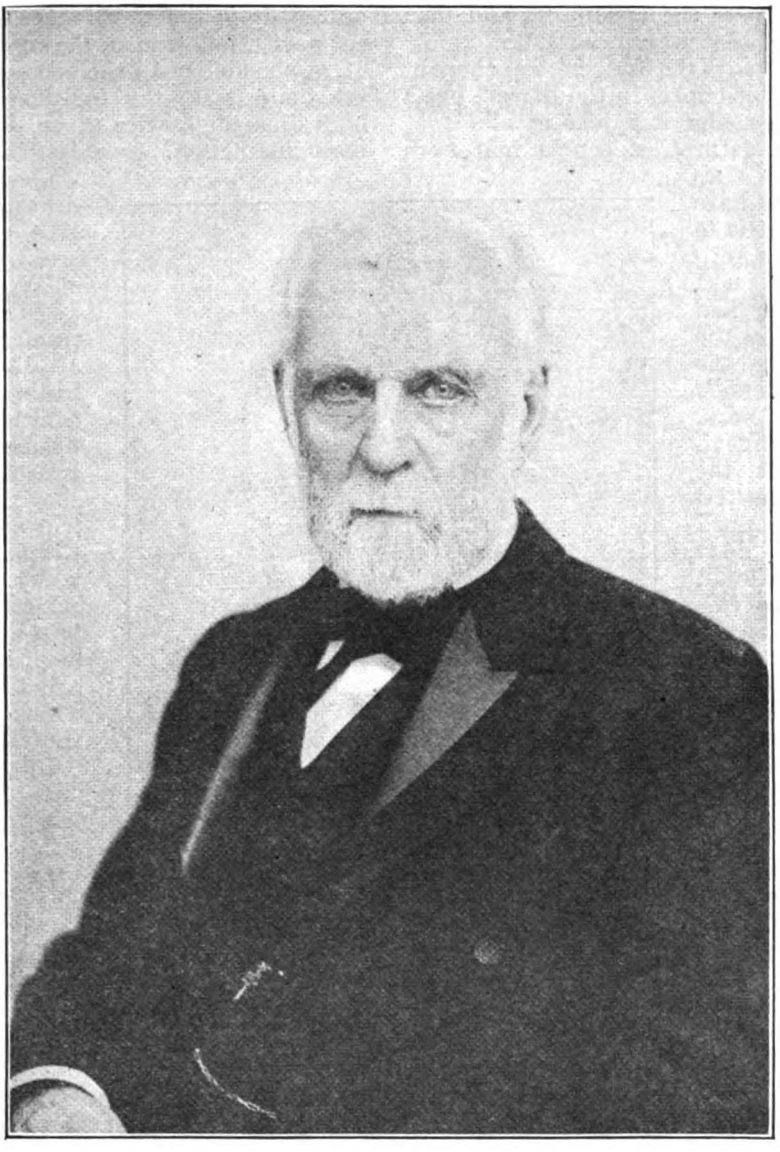

Abram S. Hewitt, "whose pamphlet 'Iron and Steel in the United States,' which was presented at the Paris Exposition in 1867, is one of the industrial masterpieces of that time."

and free, and I mean that they shall be."

One reason for his insistence at that moment, probably was that stockholders' meetings had become a joke in New York. A current Wall Street story illustrates the attitude of corporation officers and lawyers toward them. P. A. B. Widener was presiding at a meeting—not of the Steel Corporation—when a stockholder rose to object to a resolution. "Hold on," called Widener,

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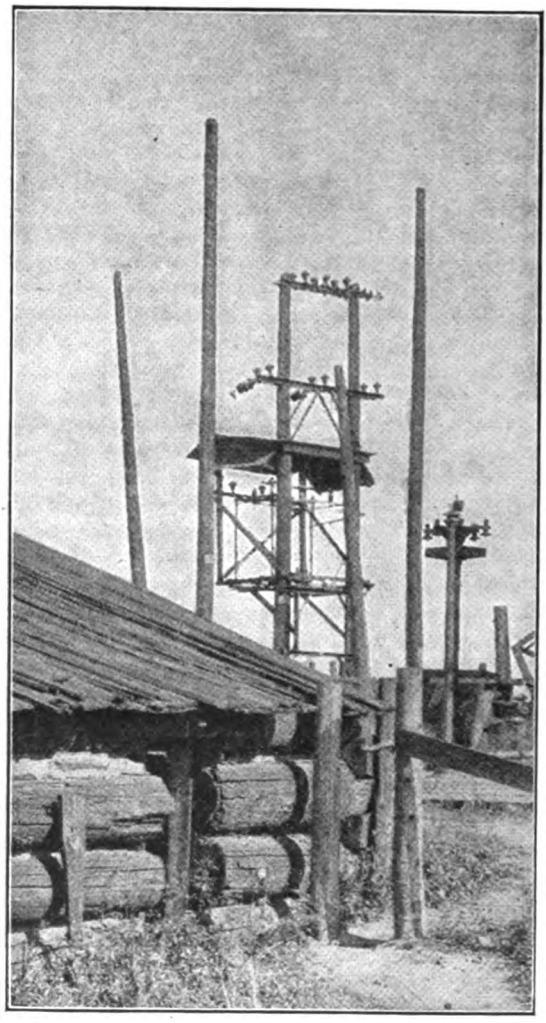
"we will pass the resolution, and then everybody that wants can talk."

"This," says the Judge, "was thought astute, a good joke, in the Street; but I did not consider it a joke at all."

It was natural of course that such encounters as this should have done no little to intensify a feeling against Gary that had existed from the start in the legal profession of New York. It was inevitable that the distinguished lawyers grouped around Mr. Morgan should have felt a certain jealousy of the place they saw Gary steadily winning with their patron. What was he but a Western lawyer?—an interloper? And all this talk about right and fairness, what had it to do with the law? The law was a matter of intricate technicalities—a marvelous intellectual game. Why drag in moral homilies? That is, there was very much the same feeling among lawyers about his attitude in these matters that there was among business men.



Steel carried civilization to the frontier. A log cabin with split pine shingles—beside it an American wire fence and an electric power line.

Secretary Hoover in a recent talk to the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, told them that the mile stone which marks the passage from a trade to a profession is the establishment of group ethics. He pointed out that in the law, medicine, engineering, it is not only training and skill which is required, it is the elevated code of relations with fellow men, the incorporation of responsibility to the community into the daily task, the insistence upon a high sense of service given, that marks their distinction. Twenty-five years ago Judge Gary was arousing both the irritation and the ridicule of powerful associates and running the risk of destroying his own opportunities in the business world insisting that the first business of the Corporation of which he was chairman should be this establishment of "group ethics," of which Secretary Hoover talks.

But all of this seemed to intensify the division as to who was to rule. The handling of every matter which came before the Executive Committee was soon affected by what was rapidly becoming a political cleavage. The situation became so acute that Percival Roberts, Jr., who through all the difficulty had been insisting that the by-laws must be obeyed until they were officially changed, resigned. The newspapers of the day report him as saying that he had resigned "because he could not harmonize his views on the general policy of the Steel Corporation with those of Mr. Schwab." I have heard Mr. Roberts say in talking of these difficulties: "The crowd naturally had dif-

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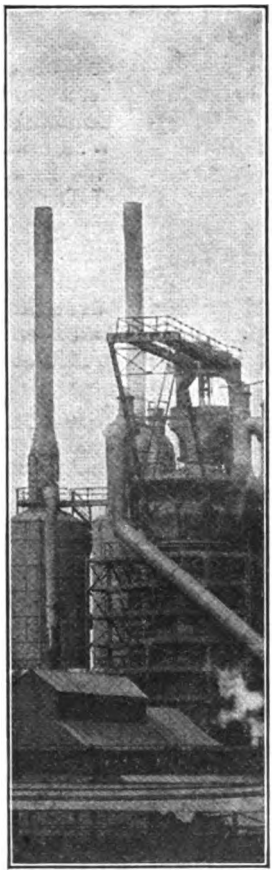
ferent ideas of running the Corporation. There was a banker's idea and a stock-broker's idea. There were able men at the head of the subsidiary companies, but they had different points of view. There were only a few that regarded it not as a combination but as a consolidation. Gary had to handle a basket of cats and dogs, and, if he had not been a man of infinite patience, the clash of these different points of view would have been too much for him, as it was for me."

It was rumored at one time in the newspapers that it was becoming too much for Judge Gary; that he was "to leave" or "be ousted." It was not known at the time, and is not generally known now, I think, that it did come to such a point in this first year's struggle over policies that he considered resigning. Judge Gary knew—nobody better—that in the final analysis the policies of the Corporation depended upon Mr. Morgan's support, and in these early months he came to feel that Mr. Morgan was not heartily supporting him, that he was leaning toward the Carnegie methods as represented by Mr. Schwab, president of the Corporation. It looked to him, too, as if the majority of the Board was in favor of those policies. Now, it was but human that many of the men on the Board of the Steel Corporation should have lined themselves up with the leader whom they believed the stronger—with Mr. Morgan. It was natural that some of the Morgan partners, under these circumstances, should have leaned in the same way, for at the start it was pretty generally believed by them that Mr. Schwab was Mr. Morgan's favorite. It was he that had said the word which had finally induced the banker to go into a combination to which he had been urged for two years without effect. It was Mr. Schwab who, in the first months of the Steel Corporation, occupied the center of the picture. A dashing figure he was, too, with his tradition of power and a million-dollar salary, his tremendous buoyant joy in his new position and what it was bringing him. It was Mr. Schwab's movements and words that were chronicled at this time, not Judge Gary's; and when, early in the first months of 1902, President Schwab took a vacation and it was cabled back to New York that he was breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo, there was enormous public interest in his performance—though it was rumored that Mr. Morgan was disturbed, fearing the effect the publicity might have on steel stocks!



This could not go on, Judge Gary thought, and he finally went to the great banker.

"Mr. Morgan," he said, "I think that my day of usefulness in the Steel Corporation is over."

"Why? Why?" snapped Mr. Morgan. "What do you mean? You promised to stand by me, be my friend as well as my lawyer."

"Yes, I did, Mr. Morgan, but that implied that you would stand by me."

"And have I not done it?" Mr. Morgan asked. "I could not do a thing without you."

And then Judge Gary set down his notions. The Directors had not caught his idea; he was meeting continual opposition. This was not a personal question. It was a matter of the life of the Corporation. It it was to live and succeed, it must be run in the way that he had laid down. He went over again his idea of playing fairly and frankly with the public, of considering in all dealings only the good of the Corporation and its stockholders, not the good of its directors and officers; of keeping firmly to the original purpose of acquiring nothing which was not essential in completing their rounded proposition. Mr.

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Morgan listened to the end of his talk.

"I didn't know that you felt this way, Judge Gary," he said. "Now, you go back and, from this time on, when you want me to do anything or say anything, all you have to do is to tell me. You needn't explain. Just say, 'Do so and so,' and I will do it." And I have heard Judge Gary in telling this story comment, "And he never broke his promise."

The Judge went back to his work. It was not only Mr. Morgan that influenced him, but his sense of responsibility to the stockholders of the concern. He was thoroughly convinced that the United States Steel Corporation could not live except by bringing itself into accord with the policies that he had in mind. He must do his part toward preventing the loss to individuals and the demoralization of business which its failure would cause. He must have shrunk from the long process of education which he realized was essential to convert his associates and then to establish throughout the Corporation practices which would harmonize even partially with his notions.

If he could not get his ideas accepted by the men with whom he was in daily contact, there was little or no chance of bringing the vast and scattered groups which made up the subsidiaries to a different attitude toward business methods. If ever a man in our industrial life undertook a difficult task, it was Judge Gary, after withdrawing the notice that he had given Mr. Morgan that he was thinking of quitting.

The friction at the top must first be stopped. It came from rivalries between committees and heads of committees, between chairman and president. The minutes of the Corporation show plainly the attempt that Judge Gary now made to help reorganize and readjust the management, for he was chairman of a special committee which greatly curtailed the importance of the Executive Committee—as a matter of fact, put it on the road to extinction. This Committee defined his own duties precisely as well of those of the President. Under the new arrangement it really became a matter of ability, character and attention to business which decided who was to rule.

The new plan went into effect at once, and a year later, in August of 1903, a second readjustment of the organization was made. This was done largely because Mr. Schwab resigned. He had been ill for many months. He also had become absorbed in affairs outside of the Corporation, like the United States Ship Building Trust. W. E. Corey, a Carnegie partner, took his place.

The Executive Committee now went out of existence, its functions having been largely assumed by the Finance Committee, of which by this time George W. Perkins was chairman. Judge Gary was now made Chairman of the Board of Directors. As Mr. Perkins had been completely won over to the new chairman by the spirit of accommodation and disinterestedness which he had shown throughout the stormy times that they had been seeing, it looked as if there was a fair chance now of as much harmony at the top as is possible in human organizations. The prospect was the more hopeful by August of 1903 because in the period which we have been following the organization had weathered among other things a severe attack on the part of organized labor, and it had also succeeded in deciding the difficult matter of whether or no it was to have a labor policy. It is to that story which we will now turn.

NEXT MONTH

Influential members of the Steel Corporation decided that in their judgment, the corporation was not an employer of labor. Its subsidiaries could deal with labor, each in its own way.

Judge Gary opposed this view, as did the Amalgamated Iron & Steel Workers. Then they went out on strike against the Trust, not its subsidiaries.

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

"Penrod" was one of the most popular films ever released. Children particularly enjoyed Wesley Barry's acting.

JUNIOR MOVIES

The Producer's Attempt to meet a Juvenile Public

By KENNETH W. PAYNE

LAST year something over a million people visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. *Last night* a million people visited the motion picture theaters of the metropolis.

There you have the relative magnetism of art and the motion pictures.

Unless some modern Midas comes forward to endow them, the movies must continue to ignore art for art's sake, and to call themselves "the Industry," as they frankly do to-day.

Motion picture production is an in-

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dustry that cannot prosper but by offering to a nation of film addicts those forms of entertainment that you and I and Neighbor Jones most eagerly demand.

Our demand, by a vast majority, is for pseudo-sophisticated films; for pictures that stir the average adult emotions. Yet probably a tenth of America's fifty million weekly movie goers are children.

What have the movies been doing for the children's entertainment? Hitherto next to nothing—and that next-to-nothing has been done in quite ineffectual ways. True enough, many of us may dismiss the average run of popular film fodder as being nothing if not childish. But even in their most puerile situations the movies deal principally in elements of adult appeal, handled childishly, if you will, but not *for* children. Moreover, insofar as they strive spasmodically for finer things, they must depart still further from the realm of childhood interests.

In the enjoyment of slapstick comedies and action thrillers, child and adult meet on common ground; but the child finds merely boresome those emotional situations which to the adult mind are most dramatic. In other words, at the theater he sits uncomprehending through passages which in a book too old for him he would simply skip.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Baby Peggy has a tremendous following; her pictures draw children and adults alike.

Well, what matter? The matter is that the daily motion picture audiences of America include nearly a million children—a juvenile throng that would fill to overflowing two thousand average movie theaters. Every day! For the time and money spent within the theater—not to mention the eyestrain suffered—shouldn't these youthful fans have something more closely related to their own interests than the ordinary feature pictures, barely twenty-five per cent of which, the experts tell us, are really suitable to the child mind? The adult relates his vicarious experiences of the screen to life as he knows it. The child knows less of life; if the meretricious emotionalism of the movies affects him at all it can only be to mislead him.

Furthermore, the fact that every film play will be seen indiscriminately by children is a positive deterrent to the development of a truly adult screen art. Pictures are made to please grown-ups, yet not to offend the grown-up's notion of what children ought to see. No other powerful medium of artistic expression suffers the same handicap. Literature, music, and painting have their subdivisions of juvenile appeal, but flower in an atmosphere the child rarely enters. The movies share with Coney Island and the comic strip the distinction of endeavoring to appeal to all ages alike.

So the problem of childhood and the movies takes on a dual significance. Doubtless the children, for their own good, ought to have picture shows of their own; certainly for the good of the movies they should. Yet, in all its twenty-five-year history, the motion picture has never been successfully adapted to the child's own needs.

Never until now. This spring brought to fruition a significant effort by the organized motion picture producers to end the dilemma. A special set of children's movie programs, known as the Saturday Morning Movies, is now being put on trial before the American public. Assembled with infinite labor by the staff of the Will Hays office—the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—these films represent fifty-two complete juvenile programs, each with a feature play starring Chaplin, Turpin, Mix, Meighan, Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, or some other

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universal favorite, flanked by a striking one-reel scenic and a two-reel comedy.

A year was spent by the Hays forces in preparing these balanced juvenile programs and making them ready for exploitation in any community that will support them. In the process more than 3,100 reels of film were examined. The material from which the final selections were made would form an unbroken celluloid strip that would reach from the Woolworth Tower in Manhattan to the dome of the Capitol in Washington and back again.

Now the Saturday Morning Movies are complete. They have had their official opening at Rochester, New York, where the patronage augurs well for their national success. Between two thousand and four thousand of Rochester's young folks flocked to the magnificent Eastman Theater to witness the initial performances. The parents, teachers, public officials, and social organizations of the city rallied with unexpected enthusiasm to support the enterprise.

Word of this surprising community endorsedorsement of the Hays programs attracted attention in scores of other cities, and urgent requests for a set of the Saturday Morning Movies came to the Hays office promptly from theaters all over the country. This fact alone seems to dispel any doubts as to the widespread public demand for special children's films.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Mary Pickford is at her best in "Hulda From Holland."

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

Jackie and Charlie need no advertising.

Indeed, the demand has admittedly existed for years past. In many places, special morning movie showings for children have been previously tried. But all too often they have gone down to defeat before the hard economic facts that make the whole problem of better movies, whether for adults or children, seem so difficult.

It's the same old question of what the public really wants. Not so long ago two young men thought the public would take to a stirring picture based on Abraham Lincoln's life. The film was produced, but somehow or other the public didn't rise to it as expected. The Committee on Public Relations, of the Hays office, determined to call on all associated organizations, and on the exhibitors, to work energetically for the success of *Abraham Lincoln,* wherever shown, since it represented the type of artistic endeavor that deserved encouragement.

Perhaps you have seen this picture and know its merits. Now, here's an anecdote that comes from a western source. In a certain populous city, *Abraham Lincoln* found its way into the hands of an exhibitor who knew his public, who was zealous in his desire to promote the picture's success and, incidentally, to run no risk of empty seats as a result of his temerity in showing it.

So he advertised classic *Abraham Lincoln* in the local papers as follows:

A GREAT SMASHING ROMANCE BUILT TO THE SPEED OF EVERY FLAPPER IN TOWN!

It's a Collection of Heart Broadsides!
A Wallop in Emotion! A Tale of Love Adventure
Despite It's "High Brow" Title
That's

GOING TO HAND EVERY MAIDEN IN OUR CITY THE SHOCK OF HER SWEET YOUNG LIFE!

Don't ridicule that exhibitor. Grant with me that he knew his public better than you or I do. But take that incident as a sidelight on the movies' present quandary. On the one hand the vocal public is calling fervidly for "cleaner" movies; on the other hand the inarticulate public is patronizing most enthusiastically another kind. It flocks to see films based on what Will Hays with nice euphemism calls "the

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prevalent type of play and book." It puts a premium on the throwing of "best-seller" plots and risqué situations into the movie director's hopper; when a gaudy but harmless hash, baited with enticing titles and sensational advertising, is turned out, the theater doors are mobbed, and the exhibitor can say in showman language, "that picture was a wow!" No wonder the exhibitor, recalling past instances of failure with the finer films and of box-office killings with the sensational ones, feels that he must boost even *Abraham Lincoln* in the jazziest lingo of the game, if he is to have a full house when he shows it.

Now a comparable situation may develop in the new children's movie enterprise, unless the child's own preferences are taken into account. The long and disheartening record of children's matinées that in the past have failed in countless places shows conclusively that youngsters will not always patronize the sort of pictures their elders may think they ought to like.

Take just one pertinent example—that of a certain New England city where juvenile matinées were recently tried. The first program started off well with an attendance of 600. But the children soon revolted at what they considered the sissified programs "of the Little Lord Fauntleroy sort" which were offered them. The attendance fell to 250. A woman wise in the likes of youngsters suggested a Bill Hart picture—which was tried, and attendance jumped again. But another faction put a spoke in the wheel of progress at this point, with the argument that Western thrillers, like dime novels of old, were bad for the youngsters even if they did like them—and the consequent dissension wrecked the whole project.

The evidence from many other places is conclusive that children at their own special programs don't want fairy stories or any kind of predigested sweetness-and-light pictures, but simply high-speed, present-day action stuff, modified in length and titling from the animal pictures, western and adventure films and Chaplin comedies that please their elders. They don't even like fantasies like *The Thief of Bagdad,* or *Peter Pan,* half so much as they do a baseball thriller or a Penrod story. They want pictures concerned with their own life interests.

And in some cases where these juvenile wants have been wisely recognized, children's movies have already been a striking success.

There is Albany, New York, for instance, where at the Strand Theater there has been a five-year record of unfailing popularity of 10-cent "Junior Movies." As many as 3,000 children have attended Saturday morning programs there, and the average attendance has been 2,300. The pictures shown are leading features from the regular daily program. The Junior Movies in Albany are under the patronage of the Mothers Club. With the coöperation of the newspapers, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, the Rotary Club, and similar organizations, this enterprise has become an established community affair.

Year round children's matinées have been just as great a success in Jacksonville, Florida, at the Palace Theater, as they have been in Albany.

The interesting story of the Jacksonville movies is best told in the words of Charles Morrison, manager of the Palace Theater:

"Our first concern here was to get the children to realize that we took a personal interest in them. We asked them what kind of pictures they liked and assured them we would get them that kind. We found out they preferred pictures like *Black Beauty* and *Pollyanna,* and those with dogs such as Rin-Tin-Tin, or with horses as stars. They liked Charles Ray and boy and girl stars.

"Next we worked out a policy of civic coöperation among schools, mothers clubs, city officials, business houses, and members of the Better Films Committee. With this support for the children's movies, the attendance has grown from the 40 or so that we had at the start to a present average of 1,300 youngsters each Saturday morning.

"Before out matinées reached the high mark of attendance that we now have, the boys and girls would come to the regular shows and see pictures that we did not want them to, but of course we could not deny them admission.

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Now they prefer their own matinées.

"It has been of benefit to us to lower the children's attendance at the regular shows, for we could fill up their seats —for which they paid 10 cents—with adults paying 35 and 40 cents.

"Are Children's Matinées profitable? Absolutely. We have, in addition to paying the Better Films Committee 50% of the net receipts, made a very fine profit. And the good will and pleasant public relations we have gained? Why, they cannot be figured in dollars and cents. Personally, I think a theater manager who refuses to show any interest in children's matinées is a very poor manager. If he gives them the personal attention which they should have, they cannot but result in much benefit to him as well as to his community."

Within the past two years Washington, D. C., has had a similar enterprise under way, at Harry Crandall's Tivoli Theater, under the energetic administration of Harriet Hawley Locher, who has devised a pretentious form of entertainment in which the Boy and Girl Scouts participate, patriotic songs are sung, and frequently a story is told by the children's favorite, Peggy Albion.

Pittsburg is still another city in which children's movies had begun to take root successfully before the Hays Saturday Morning Movies were available. Within two weeks from the first showing of a juvenile program in one of the Rowland and Clark theaters there, the idea had become a successful institution in four theaters operated by the same organization. Here also the women's clubs, the Child Conservation League and other organizations got behind the movement; Mayor Wm. A. Magee gave it his support, and a committee of mothers attended each showing as patronesses. The 10-cent price was sufficient to make the programs a financial success, and films starring Buster Keaton, Baby Peggy, Charles Ray and Wesley Barry were featured.

Yet additional encouragement to other communities where the children's movie idea may be tried, now that the Hays films are available, comes from Atlanta, Georgia, where the Howard Theater draws 2,000 youngsters every Saturday and, among several other places, from Asheville, North Carolina, where the Imperial Theater reports that the daily proportion of children in the regular audiences dwindled from 28% to 3% when the Saturday Matinées were instituted.

As has been clearly implied in the preceding instances of exceptional success, the prevailing causes of failure with children's movies have been either that suitable pictures for youngsters were not readily available or that there has been no sustained local public interest.

It is now over a year since Will Hays conceived the plan of tackling both problems; first assembling a complete year's supply of individual programs—52 distinct sets of finely balanced pictures—and secondly of sending his staff out to help organize each town to insure the success of the scheme, offering the exhibitor, and interested local women, assistance in rousing the community as a whole to support the undertaking.

The assembling of these programs was in itself an extraordinary task. It was assigned to Major Ward P. Wooldridge, who during the war had charge of selecting pictures for the A. E. F. training camps. The member companies of the Hays organization threw open their vaults where are treasured the original negatives of many of the best films produced in America. Preliminary selections of these pictures were cut, re-titled, examined and cut again, and finally put together into standard programs of identical length and quality, edited particularly for child appeal. In the process the equivalent of 390 average movie shows had been thrown on the screen in the Hays office projection room, and had been viewed by experts not once but over and over again. The cutting of one or two reels from each selected feature picture resulted in speeding up the film without hurting the story.

Among the features finally chosen are Charlie Chaplin in *The Idle Class* and *The Kid;* Mary Pickford in *Hulda from Holland* and *Captain Kidd, Jr.;* Baby Peggy in *The Darling of New York;* Charles Ray in *The Busher* and *Hayfoot, Strawfoot;* Betty Compson in *The Little Minister;* Douglas MacLean in *The Hottentot;* Wesley Barry in *Penrod* and *Dinty*—not to mention scores of

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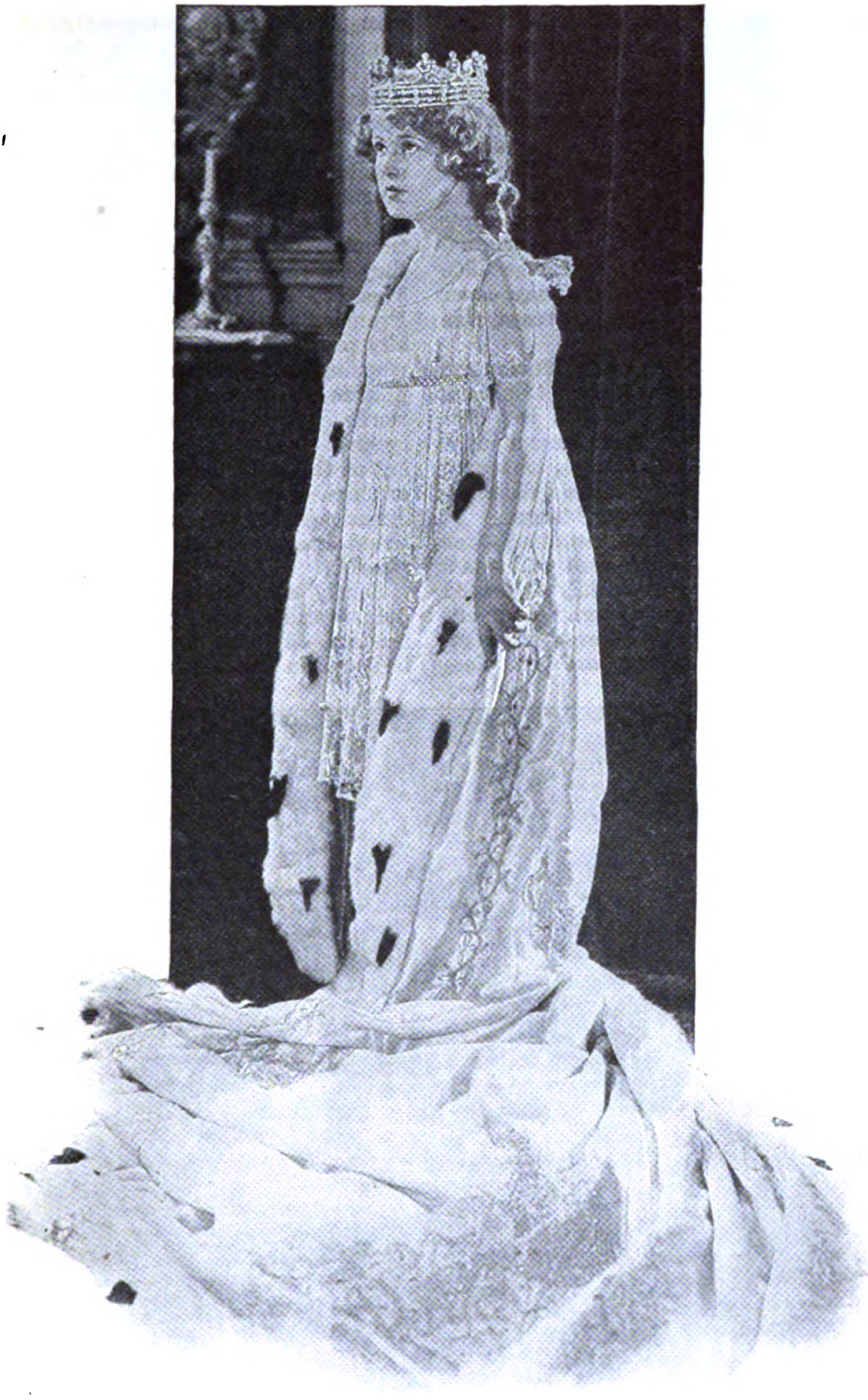

Photograph by Brown Bros.

"Snow White," with Marguerite Clark.

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others. Each program runs an hour and a half—just the right length for the child's patience.

The admission price to the Saturday Morning Movies is to be 10 cents everywhere. The pictures are available through regular exchanges. The local exhibitor pays the exchange $5 for the program, and sends 25% of his receipts to be distributed among the original producers of the films; from the 75% remaining it is expected he may cover his expenses and have a reasonable margin of profit.

These Saturday Morning Movies are admittedly only a start. Doubtless they are not all they should be. But certainly they represent, in expert judgment, the best children's material actually available for national distribution in "canned program" form.

Some organizations, working for similar ends, maintain that children's movies can be most effectively presented if big features from among the current releases are used. Wherever the community and exhibitor are in close enough coöperation, and the civic leaders well enough informed, this method can still be followed. In the vast majority of American cities no such coöperation exists. And there the exhibitor can do almost nothing unless he decides to try the Hays Saturday Morning Movies.

If children's movies catch on nationally, if they become as popular as they have in H. C. Arthur's West Coast Theaters—in Los Angeles and San Francisco—where the youngsters actually prefer to go to their own Saturday morning shows rather than see the same picture the evening before—if, in other words, a nation-wide market for special children's programs can grow out of this enterprise, then perhaps one of the greatest problems affecting America's leading source of popular entertainment will be approaching solution.

Surely any influence that molds the dreams and ideals of youth has a sacred mission. If you think it incongruous to speak in this key of the commercial-

Photograph by Brown Bros.

A really remarkable child characterization achieved by Baby Peggy in "The Darling of New York."

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

Betty Compson in Barrie's "The Little Minister."

ized, sensation-mongering movies, with their frequent exploitation of false emotions and cheap sentiment, remember that the motion pictures are in fact with us, are in fact working their nightly impressions upon the youthful mind, are in fact likely to impress the child more vividly than any other medium of expression. Listen to the children in any picture house and deny if you can that the movies, whether you wish it or not, are indeed unparalleled purveyors of unadulterated joy to youngsters. We must, therefore, hope that they may come to realize more fully their potential service to the child.

The new Saturday Morning Movies represent the first coöperative effort on the part of the organized motion picture industry to break out and pioneer along a new line; to step aside from existing channels of public demand and to draw the public with it in idealistic endeavor. The films themselves are fast moving and amusing. They have stood the test of actual showings before large juvenile audiences. Their potential market lies in 17,000 movie theaters; their patronage can be drawn from America's 20,000,000 children of school age. If these revamped films become an established institution, backed by popular support, is it too much to hope that later the special production annually of new pictures, exclusively for young folks, may develop? It is certain that if juvenile movies ever do become a distinct branch of production, the "Industry," freed from the necessity of playing down to the child mind, may have a better chance of becoming, occasionally, an art.

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GETTING RID OF MACKLIN

By WILLIAM J. KIELAR

RUNNING nervous fingers through his shock of whitened hair, a sarcastic smile lurking at the corners of his hard mouth, the owner of the Humphrey Line hastily read the letter before him on the desk. When he finished reading it, he swept it into the waste-basket with an almost savage movement.

"Fool!" he snorted explosively. "Must think I'm running ships for my health. 'Now my dear Mr. Humphrey,'" he mocked derisively. "Rot!"

There were plenty of other captains: real men who would carry out his dictates with neither question, fear, or whimper; men with red blood in their veins—men who dared and would take chances. His success had not been built up by lending a sympathetic ear to ship masters whom he had found wanting, who were inefficient, according to his view. It was a waste of time to bother with them, no matter how earnestly they might plead for another chance. With a wave of his hand he dismissed the subject from his mind and busied himself with various papers on the desk.

A huge man physically, he made an impressive picture as he worked; a certain intensity and decisiveness in his manner as he sorted the array of papers, making a note here, filing this away, throwing that into the waste-basket—all at top speed—left no doubt that he actually bristled with energy and absolute assurance.

He gloated over his ability to make ships pay despite any adverse conditions. Running ships was a passion with him. When he bragged that he could take the most dilapidated hull of a ship and turn it into a money-maker no one challenged him. But if he was a power in shipping circles he was also an enigma. He did not encourage intimate friendships; no one understood him. Though all recognized that despite the fact he was a small ship owner, possessing some eight ships altogether, he was a force to be reckoned with.

The knowledge that his ships, composed in equal numbers of tankers and cargo vessels, were the most disreputable-looking on the Atlantic coast concerned him not at all. Why should it? He did not maintain his fleet of ships for holiday review purposes, did he? Well then! Perhaps, however, it was because of his methods in operating them that prompted not a few to believe that he recognized no human weakness or frailty.

The ceaseless shuffle of papers and scratch of his pen stopped suddenly. Some one had knocked on the door. He looked up, irritated. Before he could utter a sound, the door to his office opened and a feminine figure, clad in a gray suit and a neat little turban, walked in, a cheery smile on her face. All signs of irritation left Humphrey at once.

"Good morning! Are you awfully busy?" she asked brightly. She walked rapidly toward his desk as she spoke.

"Good morning, Joyce," he replied with a kind of smile. Smiling came hard to him; he was not accustomed to it. "Not so awfully," he went on, unconsciously adopting her language. "What is it this morning, child?" in what was meant to be tender solicitousness.

"Business," she answered with mock-gravity. "Have you decided who you are going to put on the Swan in old Ebbert's place yet?" she asked with just a trace of anxiety.

His niece's interest in his ships was nothing new to Humphrey and it usually pleased him. But her question this morning irritated him for some reason. A slight frown came to his face at the mention of the discharged captain's name. He set his features, looked at her searchingly, relaxed a little.

"No, not yet. Why?" He faced her squarely.

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"Oh, I just wondered"—she pursed her lips—"wondered if you had——" She paused, uncertainly.

"Why—have you got some one you want to recommend for the place?" His tone mingled banter and curiosity.

She looked at him, then dropped her eyes. "Yes, I have—that is—I know some one that I think would be just the man for the Swan."

"Who?" The words were whipped out more roughly than he intended. "Who is it?" he asked in lower voice.

After a moment of silence she mustered courage and spoke a single word: "Macklin."

Why she should definitely suggest Macklin puzzled him. Macklin was the last man on earth he would ever put in command of one of his ships. Too cautious. No nerve. All right as a mate but as a captain . . . He scowled again, looked at her keenly.

"Why do you recommend him, Joyce?" He made an effort to be kind.

She did not look up. "Because I think you ought to give him a chance. He's been with you for over two years now. He has a master's license—I think he'll make good." She raised her eyelids.

"Macklin's all right where he is. Not quite the right type, you know. He'll never make a good captain, I'm afraid, Joyce. Of course there's lots of things to consider in choosing a ship master . . . You realize that?" he struggled on.

"Oh! I think you are unfair to him; you won't give him a chance to prove his worth!"

"I'm sorry. I'd like to give him a chance to show what he's good for, but it's no use. I've watched him for the past two years——"

"But as a mate," she interrupted. "You don't know what he'd do as a captain. He's never had a real chance—and now—when there is an opportunity you turn him down without a trial, without a hearing even. I—I had hoped—" she checked herself, blushed deeply. "I had thought you would consider Mr. Macklin for the place," she amended in confusion.

What was beneath her earnest desire to see Macklin get the place? He watched her, perplexed. Then his eyes lighted with understanding; he remembered that she had made a trip on the Swan sometime before, in company with her mother, and that she had waxed enthusiastic about Macklin at the time. But he had thought that it had all worn off; she had not spoken of him for weeks. As he eyed her now, however, he was filled with misgivings. Macklin—of all men! He spoke frankly:

"Surely you don't cherish any notions as to Macklin, Joyce? You don't care for him in a serious way?" His tone suggested that it was the most ridiculous thing imaginable.

"Well—I think he is a gentleman and—deserves to be given his chance." Her voice was unsteady. She dodged the questions entirely. "I'll always think you the most unfair man in the whole world if you ignore him—I know you want to be fair, but—but——" She hesitated, close to tears.

Although he was not a little disconcerted by her manner for a moment, a decisive look soon came into his face. The undesirable romance must be stopped at any cost. He would show Macklin up in his true colors to her, prove that he lacked the traits of hardy manhood she believed him to possess and liked him for, and then get rid of him for all time. Yes, he would do it . . .

"I'm willing to give Macklin a trial, Joyce. But you are going to be disappoint——"

"You are a darling. I'm *so* glad!" she burst forth, jumping to her feet and embracing him.

Patting her hand awkwardly, he continued:

"I'm going to let him take the Swan on a trial trip to Galveston and return. It's going to be squarely up to him; if he makes good—all right; if he does not he'll have to take the consequences. That's all. But I'm sure that he won't though."

"I know he'll more than decide your keeping him in command of the ship, on this trial trip. I just know he will." She straightened up and stood by his side for a moment. And then, with a hasty caress on his forehead, she started for the door.

"I really must be going," she said, turning her radiant face toward him. "Bye bye," she concluded, waving a hand at him playfully.

"G'bye," he called. Such a girl! he thought as he watched her walk to the

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door. She brought more joy to his rather empty life than perhaps she would ever know. His face clouded a little. It had suddenly occurred to him that he would some day lose her; she would get married, and they would drift apart. But it would not be soon. She was still but a child . . . When she did marry eventually, however, it would be to some real he-man, of course; and not a welching half-man like Macklin. His face hardened at the mere thought of him. He started to turn his attention to his work, paused for an instant, then hastily scribbled a note to the mate of the Swan, now lying at dock. He pressed a button on his desk, a grim smile on his face.

"Give this to Mr. Macklin, personally," he told the undersized clerk who appeared in response to his ring, handing him the note.

Aboard the Swan, a tall, slender young man of perhaps thirty-two sat on the leather settee in his cabin, a morose look on his face. During the two years he had been with the Humphrey Line he had seen captains come and go on the Swan, while he remained steadily in his position as mate, despite the fact that he had a master's license. It was beyond him. And now old Ebbert was leaving. Doubtless another captain would be sent to command her and he would still continue as mate. He was bitter. The ambition to be a ship master burned fiercely in his breast. But it seemed so hopeless—so far away. He was a good mate; no less a man than Humphrey himself had curtly told him that, more than once, when he had hesitatingly asked if his work was satisfactory. No promise of promotion. A good mate! He had added incentive now, too; there was Joyce. She would not evince continued interest in a mere plodding mate. And what would he tell her when he called that night? That Captain Ebbert had left and, despite the fact he was the logical man for the place, he would probably remain as chief mate? Of course she would say nothing, but she would be certain to blame him for his stationary position. He was being discriminated against, taken advantage of somehow. It wasn't fair. There was no fairness in the shipping world——

A sharp knock on the door caused him to look up with a start.

"Come in," he called, listlessly, to the youth standing in the doorway.

"Message from the boss. Any answer?"

Macklin tore it open with a quick movement, pulses athrob. The message was brief, even terse. He re-read it:

> Mr. Macklin—Come to my office at once if you think you are qualified to command the Swan.
>
> A. B. Humphrey, Pres.

A feeling of exultation gripped him. He stuffed the message into his pocket and looked over at the youth who had been waiting patiently.

"Tell Mr. Humphrey I'll be right up," he told the clerk.

Dressing hurriedly, his head in a turmoil, he lost no time in presenting himself at the ship owner's office. The few minutes he was compelled to wait in the outer officer gave him time to think. He began to dread the interview. He knew that Humphrey would mince no words with him, being well aware that the austere owner was a hard man who not only expected but demanded much of his captains.

"The boss'll see you now," the clerk told him crisply, hanging up the telephone receiver.

Rising to his feet with a jump, Macklin pushed open the door that led to the ship owner's private office and strode in, outwardly calm, but inwardly seething. The figure that sat at the desk did not look up as he entered. He walked up to the desk, swallowed, and looked down at the huge man busily engaged with his work. He cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"I got your message—" he blurted out, taking a fresh grip on himself.

"Yes!" the other man snapped out, throwing the pen he held in his hand down on the desk with a savage gesture. Brushing a batch of papers to one side with the other hand, he growled, "Sit down!"

Macklin returned the other's look, as he sat down, making no attempt to speak. He was not afraid of the man, he told himself.

"So you think you can qualify as master of the Swan, eh?" The sarcasm was very thinly veiled.

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"Yes, sir; I know I can."

"Know you can, eh?" the other mocked. "We'll see—we'll see about that. Here's something for you to think about: the Swan is and has been dead weight on my hands for a long time; she hasn't been making the profits she should for months. That's the reason I let Captain Ebbert go. I gave him a chance and he fell down completely. Simply navigating a ship as master and making a ship *pay* are two different things. Unless a captain can make good time and bring in big cargoes to *my* entire satisfaction, he's not worth a hang to me, and I won't have him around. You've been on the Swan long enough to know what you can do. If you think you can take over the tanker and do something with her, I'm willing to let you try—for one trip. But you must remember that unless you can show me some real *results* on your trial trip, your resignation will be asked for immediately when you return. That's all."

A feeling of resentment clawed in Macklin's chest. The ship was carrying all that she was good for now. It was reckless folly to push a ship too far, especially at this season of the year. It might lead to appalling disaster. He felt the blood leave his face. The opinion of his brother officers was right: Humphrey was merciless. Macklin was tempted to unburden himself in a tirade at the sneering ship owner and stalk out of the office. He closed his hand over his cap, crushing it in a fierce grip. He might not get another ship in years if he refused to go . . . He did want a ship of his own. And there was Joyce; she wouldn't understand if he turned the offer down. He opened his mouth to speak, moistened his lips, hesitated.

"The Swan can't carry much more cargo, sir; and I thought she was making good time now," he blurted out.

"Rot! Pure rot! She's not doing anywhere near what she can do. But I'm not arguing the matter with you. Do you refuse to accept?"

Gripping the arms of the chair tightly, Macklin returned the other's severe look unflinchingly. "No, sir; I accept," he flung back.

"All right," was the growled response. "Run to Galveston in ballast. Take cargo of crude there and proceed back to New York. Send your other instructions down to the ship to-night, before you sail." Turning away he began to study an abstract that lay on his desk.

"Yes, sir." Macklin looked at the energetic, burly figure seated at the desk, for a moment. No wishes of good luck, even mechanically expressed. No handshakes. No human qualities whatever. He gritted his teeth and strode out of the office. Evidently Humphrey thought he wouldn't make good. He would show him!

He walked along the corridor, determined to go at once back to the ship; but he decided to call up Joyce first, and, if she were at home, to tell her of the promotion. He entered a telephone booth.

Yes, she was at home, her mother informed him. Just a minute . . . It was fine to hear his voice again—Been given command of the Swan?—Splendid!—Oh, it was too bad that he was leaving so soon, but since he was, couldn't he come up for a little visit—right away? He would?—That would be lovely. She would be waiting for him . . .

Leaving the telephone booth he went directly to her home. She greeted him effusively.

"I'm so glad to hear of your promotion, *Captain* Macklin. It's a delightful surprise," she said naively.

"But it's only for a trial trip, Mr. Humphrey says; and I may not——"

"Oh, but I know you'll make good. I just know it," she insisted.

"I'm going to do my best. Mr. Humphrey is a hard man to please, though."

"Is he?" she asked in surprise. "I never thought so. He's really a dear when you get to know him. Of course I don't suppose I'd understand just what it is he expects of his captains; but whatever it is I do wish you would make an extra effort to please him this first trip. You're going to, aren't you?"

"I'm going to strain every nerve to make good, Joyce. I—I'm going to try to make a record!" Immediately after saying it he regretted it somehow. But it was what she expected him to say. He saw her face glow. She was more than casually interested in him, he decided!

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"Do try, Robert—I know you will," she assured him.

"I will!" He was now fully determined to come up to her expectations of him. He hastily consulted his watch and rose regretfully.

"I really must be going. I must attend to some matters aboard—get things straightened out before we sail. We leave for Galveston in a few hours, you know." He stretched out his hand.

"You are going to Galveston?" She grasped his hand warmly. "Why, mother and I are going to Galveston at the end of the week. We may come back with you!"

"Fine!" he answered. "I'm going to look for you." He was genuinely pleased at the prospect, yet felt a strange sense of misgiving.

"Good luck," she called after him. "And *au revoir* until we see you in Galveston."

Walking up the gangplank and aboard the Swan with buoyant tread, he headed for his new cabin—the master's cabin.

Seating himself before the roll-top desk there, he decided to call the chief engineer and have a talk with him. He would not wait until after the ship had sailed, but would inform the chief at once precisely what he purposed to do. The chief could be of material assistance in making a good showing. He sent the third mate for the grumpy oldster who was the chief engineer on the Swan.

Barely five minutes had elapsed, during which time he had outlined in his mind just what he would tell the chief, when a slightly stooped, massive creature, clad in blue denim, appeared in the doorway. The chief was apparently scowling at him. But there was something interesting about that scowl: it was habitual.

"Send for me?" His deep tones were almost a growl.

"Yes, Chief. Come in. Sit down. Want to talk to you for a few minutes."

With a grunt the chief entered, drew up a chair, sat down.

Speedily Macklin told him about the promotion, and then plunged into the real object of sending for him:

"I'm going to put it squarely up to you, Chief. I want to make good on this ship and need your help. If I can make some kind of showing on this trip I'll be solid with Humphrey. I'm not going to waste words. You've known me for the past two years. Now, what I want to do is make a record. You know what I mean—a big cargo and a quick passage. Will you help?"

"Umph! I've known you for the last two years all right, and always thought you had some sense. I see you've gone crazy now. You know as well as I do, Macklin, that the Swan is doing all she's good for safely—right now." The chief was always blunt and direct.

"Leave the personalities out, Chief. And remember I'm captain of this ship now." He spoke with unexpected asperity. "She's not carrying all she's good for I tell you; and you know that. I counted on your willing coöperation and decided on this frank talk, but if you're going to take that attitude——"

"Umph! Can't give you any more revolutions on the wheel. Going the limit now. If you're fool enough, you can load her heavier. It's up to you, not me. What's come over you anyway, Mackl—uh—Captain?"

"How much more cargo than we've been carrying do you think the ship'll safely stand?"

"No more! Hang it man, you know she won't stand any more; but there's room for about eight thousand barrels more than we've been carrying lately. You know that. If you're thinking of overloading her just to make some fool record——"

"We're going to load to capacity this trip and in the future, I tell you, Chief. *I* say so. And I'm going to depend on you giving her all she's got for speed." He spoke with a snap.

"Up to you." The chief rose from his chair. "Do what I can. You don't realize what you're thinking of doing, I'll tell you that." He paused, looked at the other searchingly. "Ever hear of a ship buckling from the strain—tankers especially—when they've been overloaded and crowded to the limit, in a heavy sea?"

Macklin winced. The mere thought of such a disaster frightened him. It was the one thing he had always feared. True, it had not happened often; but there had been a number of instances of too heavily loaded tankers disappearing mysteriously. . . . The reason was obvious in most cases, though there had

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never been definite proof. He tried to console himself with the thought that the Swan was a strong, well-made ship and that such a thing could never happen to it. The Swan was capable of taking on more cargo safely. Of course it was. . . . Still the thought stuck: the tragic horror might take place! He could load a safe cargo and come back, only to be discharged as a spineless ship master. Or he could take the chance and continue as master of his own ship. Joyce would be proud of him. . . . He set his jaws, looked over at the chief.

"Yes, I've heard of ships buckling from the strain, Chief. But there's never been any proof that they went down because of overloading. Besides, a ship of the size and strength of the Swan is a different matter. There's no danger whatever. We're going to carry larger cargoes."

"No proof, hah? Ho! ho! That's good. Think the lads who went down'd come back and tell you about it? Remember about the Hasselite that disappeared last year? She was a tanker, and bigger and stronger than this tub by a mile. I'll tell you one thing: if I was a younger man I wouldn't make the trip back with you for a million dollars—unless you changed your mind by then. Getting old," he rumbled on, "and 'tain't so easy for a man of my years to get another ship. Go ahead. Sink us. Won't make much difference to me. Haven't got far to go anyway now. I've had my day."

Macklin pondered the matter as calmly as he could. The chief was right in a way. There was danger from overloading. His ambition slowly oozed from his body; his buoyancy ebbed. He wasn't afraid of the sea, of the command, of anything, except that he knew it to be hazardous to press things too far. There were safe limits. For an instant he wished he was mate again with no large responsibilities. Fear gripped him. But there was no backing down now. His chance had come and he would make the most of it.

As the Swan was being tied up in Galveston, a feeling of elation came over him. He had succeeded in lopping one day off the schedule. Everything had played into his hands: the weather had been ideal, the sea reasonably smooth for December—even the old chief had apparently been doing his utmost in making the quick passage possible. Luck had been with him.

Looking down on the main deck, he noted, with further satisfaction, that the chief was standing by the huge gate valve with his men, ready to make the connection between the eight-inch hoses lying on the dock and the ship's main line pipe, through which the oil would pour under pressure into the various holds. There would be no loss of time. The chief was ready to connect up as soon as the men on the dock swung the hoses aboard. Evidently the chief was actually trying to help him all he could. He looked on approvingly. The ship would be ready to leave for the open sea by nightfall; certainly not more than eight or nine hours would be required to load the cargo of crude oil.

Busied with the many details, Macklin was not able to emerge from his cabin for more than an hour. There were the usual number of officials to be taken care of—port captain, company agent, quarantine officer, pilot, representatives of the oil concern, and the rest, and of course a batch of papers to be gone over carefully. His cabin had been a scene of great activity. Now it simply reeked with stale cigar and tobacco smoke. He was glad to be able to step out on the quarter deck for a breathing spell. Everything had been disposed of without a hitch. Now he wanted to relax from the tension, and take a breath of air.

From the quarter deck he allowed his gaze to wander out toward the dock. He saw two hoses, connected to the ship's mains, thrashing about like giant cobras, so great was the pressure of the oil flowing into them. For a moment he watched them, fascinated by the savage, ungainly movements. In his imagination those violently lashing hose-lines became enormous vipers, fastened head and tail, doing their utmost to free themselves. A terrifying thought came to his mind: supposing one or the other—or both—should suddenly break loose because of the extreme pressure put on them in order not to delay the ship? Some one would surely be killed. He recovered himself: they would not break; they were strong.

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Crude oil flowed through those hose lines at the rate of eight thousand barrels an hour, he estimated in his mind. Fully that much, if not more. He continued to gaze at the hose-lines intently for a short interval more, then abruptly turned away: there was something about them that was unaccountably terrifying. "Too much high-pressure—too much speed," he mumbled, with eyes fixed straight ahead.

He sat down on a deck chair with a sigh. He was tired; that was the trouble. He relaxed in the chair.

Sometime later he heard voices engaged in spirited wrangling directly outside his cabin door. Swinging around in his chair he saw the chief engineer and the first mate arguing vehemently. He rose to his feet.

"What's this?" he asked with authority.

The mate spoke up first. "He's trying to tell me how much cargo to take aboard. You gave me orders, sir——"

"Go on with you—I'll explain it," the chief interrupted, sauntering into the cabin. Not to be put off, the mate followed him in.

"Well? What's it all about, mate?" He turned to the mate, ignoring the chief.

"You gave me orders, sir, to load to as close to 80,000 barrels as I could—all the ship would carry. The chief says he'll give the signal on the whistle for them to shut down the pumps ashore, and that he'll shut down the ship's pumps, as soon as we get 70,000 barrels aboard. That's what it's about, sir," the youthful mate replied.

"All right, mate. Go back to your duties. I'll talk with the chief."

"Yes, sir." The mate gave the chief a triumphant grin as he stepped through the door.

"Umph!" the chief exploded, eyeing the captain belligerently.

"It's my orders, Chief. There's no chance for an argument about it. What's the idea of your usurping the captain's authority?"

"I thought you had come to your senses by this time, that's all." He paused. "I've tried to help you all I could so far, Captain, but this is going too far. The ship won't stand it, man. Hang it, she won't stand it!"

"I know you've helped me, Chief. But my orders are for the 80,000 barrels—and 80,000 we'll take." He spoke with emphasis.

"Good heaven, Captain! You don't know what you are doing. I'm a crabbed old seadog, I know; but I've got a better idea what the structure of a ship like this one will stand than you have. Grant me that, Captain. I've kicked around the sea in a hundred ships in my time. I know machinery and metal. It's my business. And I tell you, Captain, it's dangerous to load this ship so heavy. You might get away with it this time—and you might not—I don't know. You might get away with it a good many times, but sooner or later something's going to snap. I'd like to see you make good and am willing to do all that's reasonable to help. I'm only saying this for your own good, sir——" He lowered his voice. "Of course it don't matter much to an old duffer like me, that's got so near to the end of his rope anyway; but how about yourself?"

This constant reiteration of impending danger, touching a tender spot, almost unnerved Macklin now. "Don't get excited, Chief. Nothing's going to happen," was all he was able to say.

At this reply the chief grunted something unintelligible. Then he went on: "Did all I could. Suit yourself. If we run into thick weather and she buckles from the strain, you'll be with the rest of us."

There it was again! Forecasting disaster of the most horrible sort. Buckling in a storm. Macklin could hardly control himself. His mouth felt dry. A captain had to carry large cargoes in order to hold his command. Other ship masters were doing it. . . . He glanced over at the chief who was eyeing him intently. Should he heed the chief's and his own subconscious warning? It meant failure! What would *she* think of him? She wouldn't understand. . . . He closed his fists tightly.

"We'll load to the 80,000, Chief." His voice was tense with emotion.

"Right." The chief spoke gruffly, moving toward the door.

Macklin slumped into a chair and would doubtlessly have struggled with vague apprehensions had not the pilot appeared almost as soon as he sat down.

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It would be fully another hour before they were ready to sail, he told the pilot. He planned to take on a somewhat larger cargo than the old captain had been taking. The pilot was neither impressed nor surprized. He merely nodded.

Almost before Macklin realized it, everything was in readiness for the departure. Lines were cast off and the ship was headed for the open sea. Somehow, not until after the pilot had left the ship at the pilot station, and he was sailing along on his own, did he think of Joyce again. She had not come. And he, strangely, was not sorry that she had not. It was as well. Sometime later, perhaps. . . . But he did hope that she would be in New York when the ship arrived there.

He spent the early part of the evening on the bridge with his watch officer, going below to his cabin just as seven bells struck. Everything was going smoothly. He entered his cabin.

Not feeling the least sleepy, he drew up a chair before his desk and began filing away some papers strewn about on it. Hearing a knock on the door, he paused in his work.

"Come in!" he said, without turning his head.

"A message for you, sir," the radio man informed him.

Turning around, he reached for the message eagerly. He smiled a little as he read it. It ran:

Galveston Tex

Captain Macklin
SS Swan

You left too soon. Sorry. Mother and I going back on the Gull. Probably pass en route. Good luck to you.

Joyce.

"No answer yet," he told the waiting radio man. "I'll have one for you later—when the Gull clears Galveston. Probably just entering port now. Keep a sharp lookout for the Gull's call and let me know as soon as you hear it."

"Yes, sir."

He read the radiogram again. It pleased him. He could feel her very presence in the message. Well, he would come up to her expectations of him. He recalled that the Gull was a sister ship, a tanker also in the service of the Humphrey Line. As he did not remember seeing the vessel while passing out of port, or thus far, he wondered when the ship would dock, when it would leave port. But there was no worry about that. It was possible that the Gull had passed them earlier in the evening. The radio man would let him know later. . . . He would then send a little message to Joyce, and compute the time and day when the speedier vessel would pass. For of course it would pass—easily—before New York was reached. He rose from his desk and headed for his bunk to retire for the night.

It was late the following afternoon that the radio man informed him that the Gull had cleared Galveston at three P. M. and was destined for New York. He hastily scribbled off a message to Joyce. It read:

SS Swan

Joyce Humphrey
SS Gull

Sorry you missed the Swan but many thanks for good wishes. Going to watch sharply for the Gull. Will salute you and the ship when passing. Anxiously looking forward seeing you New York. Best wishes for pleasant voyage.

Robert.

"Get this off right away," he ordered.

Only a few minutes had elapsed when the radio man returned.

"The transmitter has broken down, sir. Transformer burned out and no repair parts. I just started calling the Gull when the transformer went up in smoke. The Gull heard me and is now trying to find out what ship called. I didn't have time to sign my call letters. I can't do a thing—there's no emergency set aboard——"

Macklin frowned deeply, feeling inclined to berate the youth, but thought better of it. He was sorry the message would not be delivered to the girl, but he could explain it to her later.

"All right, Sparks," he said. "Destroy the radiogram if your outfit has gone for keeps."

"I'm going to try to fix it, sir."

"All right. Do what you can with it.

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Let me know when you get it fixed. Better keep the message then, if you think you can repair the breakdown. But let me know before you send it. I may want to change it."

As soon as the radio man had left Macklin began making computations as to when the Gull would pass. His figures showed that, taking into consideration the speed of the two vessels, making allowance for currents and all possible contingencies, the Gull would pass them at some point about one hundred miles southeast of Cape Hatteras. He gave orders to all of his watch officers to keep a constant lookout for the ship after the Swan passed through the Florida Straits.

In crossing the Gulf everything had been running along so smoothly, with calm seas and no mishaps of any sort that Macklin began to wonder why he had felt any misgivings at the outset. But the passage up the Atlantic coast was not going to be so uneventful, it appeared. Rough seas were encountered from the very first, and strong head winds persisted unabated.

It was not, however, until the Swan was nearly half way up the coast that the captain felt acute alarm. The wind had increased in force considerably and the sea became a thing to inspire actual fear. The waves rose high, leaving deep troughs into which the ship was plunged, only to be followed by mountains of water which flooded the decks. Macklin, standing on the bridge, was torn between a horrible dread that the ship would not stand the terrific strain it was being subjected to, and the strong impulse to relieve the stress on the vessel by emptying some of the cargo overboard. Steadying himself by hanging onto a stanchion, he was about to surrender his resolve to win recognition from Humphrey and enthusiastic praise from Joyce, by throwing some of the cargo into the sea, when he saw a ship bearing down upon them. He watched it. It might be the Gull. Closer and closer it crept up. He reached for his binoculars. It was the Gull! He reached for the whistle lever and closed his hand over it. He kept his eyes riveted to the ship. Now they were nearly abeam. He would salute the ship. Joyce would understand. It flashed across his mind that the Gull was carrying too much cargo. Terrific strain on a ship this weather. . . . He nearly lost his balance as a gigantic wave washed over with a loud crash. He steadied himself and looked again. They were abeam! Watching the Gull intently, he closed his hands over the whistle lever firmly and was about to swing it down smartly for the passing salute when he froze in his tracks, absolutely unable to move a muscle.

For before his horrified gaze he saw one end of the Gull lift sharply out of the water, accompanied by a deafening roar. Sounds of thick metal plates being ripped apart. A great explosion. A blinding tongue of flame. Noise of boiling water. A sharp hiss . . . And all that remained upon the surface of the turbulent ocean where once there was a ship was a wreath of thick black smoke mingled with clouds of steam. The whistle lever was pressed down by his nerveless hand, setting up a penetrating shriek. He wilted to the deck inert. Dimly he realized that some one had shut the whistle off. He struggled to his feet, his body covered with a cold sweat. Everything seemed strange. He felt weak. Hanging onto the rail in front of him, it seemed he would have to let go. When he felt strong arms take hold of him he was glad. He wanted to speak, but couldn't.

"You better go below, sir," he heard the mate say unsteadily.

"Below — below — yes," he gasped out.

Grasping hold of the rail in a fresh grip he made an effort to control himself. "All right—all right—Mate," he choked. "I'm all right—now." Then he shook off the mate's steadying hand and went gropingly down with the companion to his cabin.

Staggering inside, he sank into a chair and tried to collect himself. The enormity of the disaster gripped him. "Joyce!" he choked. "Gone—gone!"

The creaking and groaning of his own ship came to his ears. The noise of the rushing water and the great detonating smash as it hit the ship broadside again and again chilled him. His ship might be the next! With an agonized cry, he struggled to his feet and unhooked the telephone with trembling hands. He pressed the button that would bring the

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chief to the telephone. Oh—the chief would never come. . . . A sharp click. A voice spoke to him through the receiver. He lost no time in saying:

"Get the pumps going, Chief—dump 10,000 barrels of the cargo into the sea—right away! Ship won't stand it—too much strain—hurry! Yes—yes . . . Oh—don't rub it in now—for heaven's sake get going!" He banged up the receiver-transmitter and walked swayingly back to his chair. It was done. He was finished as a ship master. But what did it matter now? He sat in his chair motionless, features drawn and colorless.

Feeling a hand on his shoulder, he looked up to see the tanned, wrinkled old face of the chief. He did not offer to speak to him—just gazed at the rough countenance that seemed to be working nervously. The chief apparently wanted to say something, for he opened his mouth as if to speak, but closed it again.

"I'm done for, Chief; but I don't care now," he said, breaking the silence. And then, with a shake in his voice: "I tried and failed, Chief——"

"I know—I know—I saw, Captain." He seemed to be having difficulty in speaking. "But if Humphrey fires you, Captain—I go too." He hesitated, as if ashamed of himself for some reason, then continued: "Come, Captain, buck up! Got the 10,000 'most all out, and the weather is moderating some, too."

"Yes—all right, Chief. It got me a little—it's all right now."

"Sure, everything's all right now, Captain." The chief spoke with feigned brusqueness. And then with a firm pat on the other's shoulder he withdrew.

There was a quick knock on the door. And before Macklin could say a word, the radio man rushed into the cabin, wearing a scared look.

"Radio set all fixed—after a fashion, sir. You said to see about that message before I sent it so I——"

"Bring that message to me here, Sparks," he interrupted, in a strange voice. Heavens! to be reminded of it so callously. The youth could not have known that it was the Gull that went down. He reached for a pad and began scribbling hastily.

"Here's a message for you to send," he choked out, finally, holding out a brief radiogram which read:

Humphrey
New York

Gull buckled and sank with explosion while abeam. Have lightened Swan 10,000 barrels on account severe strain due rough weather. Consider this my resignation. Have relief captain as soon as quarantine reached.

Macklin.

"Get it off right away," he directed.

Hours went by. The storm abated perceptibly. Still in the grip of the great shock and the crushing grief, prospect of better weather furnished him little satisfaction. As he was about to go up on the bridge, the radio man handed him a radiogram. A grim smile twitched at his mouth as he read:

Macklin
SS Swan

Message received. Say nothing about Gull when arriving port until you see me. Meet you quarantine. Acknowledge.

Humphrey.

His grim amusement at Humphrey's entreaty to say nothing, changed to horror when he realized that nothing had been said about Joyce. Did Humphrey hold her life as cheaply as that? It was uncanny.

"An answer, sir?"

"Yes. Write it out yourself, Sparks. Just say 'message received.'"

No sooner had the ship reached quarantine when Humphrey's launch steamed alongside. He lost no time in climbing up the Jacob's ladder that was lowered for him. Through the doorway of his cabin Macklin watched the ponderous figure of the owner come over the side. He saw him walk confidently toward the for'ard part of the ship.

He decided to have it over with Humphrey as quickly as possible. Failure as a ship master did not matter now. A lump came into his throat for a moment as thought of the tragic horror he had witnessed came again to his mind. Just then he saw Humphrey coming up at a brisk pace.

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"Hello, Captain." Humphrey did not bother to extend his hand. "Want to talk to you. Close the door." The owner was all business at once.

Macklin closed the door with a quick movement and remained standing. He watched Humphrey draw up a chair and sit down.

"No use wasting time," the owner went on, in the crisp tone that was peculiarly his. "I don't want you going around talking about that ship buckling or saying that you dumped some of your cargo overboard. Can't do anything to me, but the newspapers might take it up and make a mess. Of course you're through as ship master, but——"

Macklin laughed harshly, terribly. It interrupted and disconcerted the owner. It struck Macklin as being fiendish. The man showed no interest in his own niece even, to say nothing of the lives of the others aboard the Gull. He was just afraid of the publicity. Even the loss of Joyce did not perturb this cold-blooded creature.

"Don't forget," he began, in a metallic voice, "that others saw the Gull buckle and go down besides me. The chief engineer and the mate saw it as well as I. Oh, I know you could get around it if the mate chose to say anything, which he hardly will; you'd say it was due to the storm and outside your control or the captain's—and you'd probably get away with it. As for the chief, you'd say the same thing, and if he spoke about the 10,000 barrels being emptied into the sea you'd probably say it was done to calm the seas—and get away with that too. But with what I saw and know it wouldn't be so easy. You figured it all out, I know," he went on cynically. "You might even be willing to pay me to keep quiet. If that was your intention in seeing me I'll save you a lot of trouble. I wouldn't take a cent of your rotten money. What kind of a man do you think I am? A blood-sucking hyena like you?

"I've watched you drive your captains and your ships to the limit for the past two years. It was drive—drive—drive without let-up. You know why the Gull went down as well as I do. Overloading! Go ahead, blacklist me—break me—smash me for what I've done and dared say to you. I expect it. But watch out for me!" He paused to catch his breath. Humphrey did not offer to speak.

"I have just started talking," he resumed. "But don't look so alarmed and worried: I'm not going to say much more to you. I'm nearly through—send along your captain to relieve me; the sooner he comes the better. You're going to hear more from me. Why—why—" He raised his voice in horror. "I never believed you were such a human snake. You—you don't even care that your niece was aboard and went down——" He could not go on.

Humphrey jumped out of his chair. "What's that, man? Speak! What's that? My niece? Joyce? What about her? Good heavens, man! Joyce on the Gull? Speak, man! Say something!" He grabbed at the other's arm.

Not a little taken aback, Macklin reached in his pocket for the radiogram he had received from her and handed it over.

There was a deathly silence as Humphrey read the wireless message feverishly.

"My God! Joyce—!" he gasped, and then sank into a chair, his jaw sagging, the radiogram clutched in his hand.

Macklin looked at him pityingly at first, then his face became set. A tense quiet settled in the cabin, broken only by the labored breathing of the two men. The ship swayed uneasily at anchor. A clock fussily ticking away the unheeded seconds obtruded itself in the scene like the steady pounding of a mighty sledge. Neither man moved a muscle. A shout from somewhere outside sounded as if from another world. And then came a rap—rap—rap on the door, not loud but imperative. Both men were startled by the suddenness of it. Humphrey straightened up with a jerk, his eyes still blank. Macklin went to the door in one jump, opened it, and fell back.

"Why, Captain Macklin! . . . And Uncle Albert! . . . Why—wha—what—Oh! this is terrible!" She turned toward Macklin: "Then you didn't find out—by wireless—that I didn't go—on the Gull. Oh! I thought you would . . . I only came to——" She began to cry.

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"Our wireless broke down," Macklin found himself saying dazedly. And then: "Go to your uncle, Joyce; he needs you."

But the form in the chair had risen and was dashing across the cabin, wild-eyed. "Joyce! Joyce! Speak to me. My little girl." He gathered her in his arms, and, to Macklin's amazement, covered her face with caresses.

Macklin hastily slid out of the door and went below to the saloon, closing the door after him. He sat down by the table there and took his face in his hands. He felt a great heaviness on his chest. He could not think. Minutes slipped by . . . Vaguely he was aware of the door being opened and closed. He felt a hand upon his shoulder. He did not look up. A soft, tremulous voice began speaking to him. He listened intently.

"I'm awfully sorry—" it said.

He raised his head. "Tell me—tell me, Joyce, how you come to be here." It was hardly more than a whisper. He still seemed to think she was an apparition of some sort.

"Well—we changed our minds at the last minute—mother and I—and went to Houston instead of coming back on the Gull. Oh dear! Why didn't I let you know. Oh please forgive me—and then after getting back this afternoon I went to the office. There I heard about the Gull"—her voice broke—"so I thought I'd come right down just to make sure you didn't think—— But I thought you had found out I wasn't on ——Oh, it's all my fault. I should have sent you a radiogram letting you know, and wired poor uncle about my plans. I'm so sorry—but won't you forgive me?"

"It's easy to forgive you, Joyce. I'll gladly do that," he took hold of one of her hands unconsciously. "But I'm not the man—you thought—your uncle and I—" he broke off incoherently.

"What are you talking about?" She put her other arm around his neck. "You're not going to resign. We won't let you! He told me——"

"You wouldn't, Joyce, but your uncle and I have had an understanding. You may want me to continue, but it's too late to talk about that now. I've resigned." He couldn't tell her that he had been fired.

"He told me you said you were going to leave, and sent me down to get you. He wants to talk with you about it. He wants you to stay."

Macklin did not believe it. She might have prevailed upon her uncle, in his excitement, to retain him in the employ of the company possibly. After what had taken place, however, Humphrey and he would always be at odds. He had had enough of Humphrey and his methods. "I don't think he and I could come to terms, Joyce," he said.

The door to the saloon opened suddenly. Humphrey walked in. The little flurry of haste with which Joyce sprang away from Macklin did not seem to concern him. He seemed to be thinking carefully as he looked from her to Macklin.

"Will you reconsider your resignation, Captain?" he said, trying vainly to make his voice business-like.

Macklin merely shook his head.

Joyce became tearful as she looked from one to the other and seemed at a loss to understand.

Humphrey nodded stiffly, and then looked at Joyce as much as if to say: "I've done my part; what did I tell you?" Aloud, he said:

"Come, Joyce; let us be going." He slipped an arm through hers.

She stood obdurate, refused to move. "Why won't you reconsider your resignation, Captain Macklin?" she asked in pained tones.

Avoiding her eyes, Macklin turned toward Humphrey. Humphrey would have to answer that question; he would not. That the ship owner did not want him as a captain, or in any capacity, he subconsciously knew. He had broken down Humphrey's reserve. If he did continue as master it would be to run a ship as he thought best and not in accepting the owner's unreasonable mandates. Of course Humphrey knew that. And he knew the play thus far to get him to reconsider was done to please the girl. While he was looking for the ship owner to answer the girl's question, an awkward situation was saved by the timely appearance of the pilot.

"Ye'll havta hurry, Cap'n, if yer goin' to make the tide," the pilot blurted out unceremoniously.

Humphrey sprang into the breach. "The deuce with the tide; we dock in

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the morning," he blazed, with a dash of his old fire.

"Right, sir."

Silence reigned in the saloon for a few seconds, and then the chief knocked on the door and strode in.

The chief, sizing up the unusual scene, thought that Humphrey was in the act of dismissing Macklin.

"Count me out too," he boomed, glaring at Humphrey. "I'm through, too. I go with Captain Macklin. Had enough of you and your ships."

Humphrey looked at Macklin with something akin to an unexpressed hope in his eyes—a hope that he would not re-open the story of the tragedy again, in the presence of the girl. Another awkward silence. The chief seemed nonplused.

"Stand by, Chief. I haven't left yet." Macklin found his voice. There would be no further scenes at any rate He owed that much to Joyce.

The chief blinked and cleared his throat with a kind of deep gurgle. "All right, sir; if you're staying it's all right."

As the chief left the room Humphrey's eyes lighted up with something like gratitude. But his face remained impassive. He started for the door.

"I'm going outside to see about my launch," he flung over his shoulder. "Back in a minute." The words were whipped out in a second and he was gone.

Macklin rose to his feet slowly. Joyce rushed to his side and grasped his arm impulsively.

"I'm awfully sorry about all this dreadful affair—about the Gull I mean —but it wasn't any one's fault, was it? It couldn't be helped, could it?"

"No—it couldn't be helped—no one's fault, Joyce." It was difficult to say it, but he could not tell her the truth.

"Oh—I've been wondering. I've had the silliest notion that you blamed Uncle Albert for it. Of course now that you say it was no one's fault I can't think that." She changed the subject. "You're not going to leave us, are you, Robert?"

He drew her close, put an arm around her and kissed her fervently.

"I had never dreamed you cared so much—until to-day. I've always loved you——"

"And I you, Robert." Then she shifted to the subject that seemed to concern her most deeply. "You're not going to leave us, are you?"

He said nothing for an interminable time. How could he answer her? She did not know the facts of the case. How could he tell her?

Hearing sounds of hurrying footsteps outside the door, they let go of each other. He had not answered.

Humphrey sauntered into the room. "Launch all ready," he said, in brisk tones, not in keeping with his drawn features. He looked at Joyce.

She rushed toward him. "You're not going to let Captain Macklin resign —he's not going to leave us, is he?"

Eyeing her steadily for a moment, Humphrey turned toward the sober figure standing beside the table, and said a trifle harshly, "It's all settled, Captain?"

Macklin studied his employer's eyes for an instant. Compressing his lips with determination, he nodded.

"I'm staying," he replied firmly.

No sooner had he said this than the girl beamed upon him through rapidly gathering tears, then quickly turned around and looked straight up into the face of the ship owner.

"Oh, I'm so glad Captain Macklin's not leaving, aren't you?" she asked, a little tremble in her voice.

"Yes," came the reluctant response. The fact that it was uttered through set jaws caused the girl no concern; she did not notice it. And, laying her head on his breast immediately after he had spoken, she did not know that in the next moment he directed an almost savage glance toward Macklin.

Just the faintest trace of a smile twitched at the corners of Macklin's mouth, slightly relieving the tenseness of his expression as he, returning the other's hostile stare for a second, walked quietly from the room.

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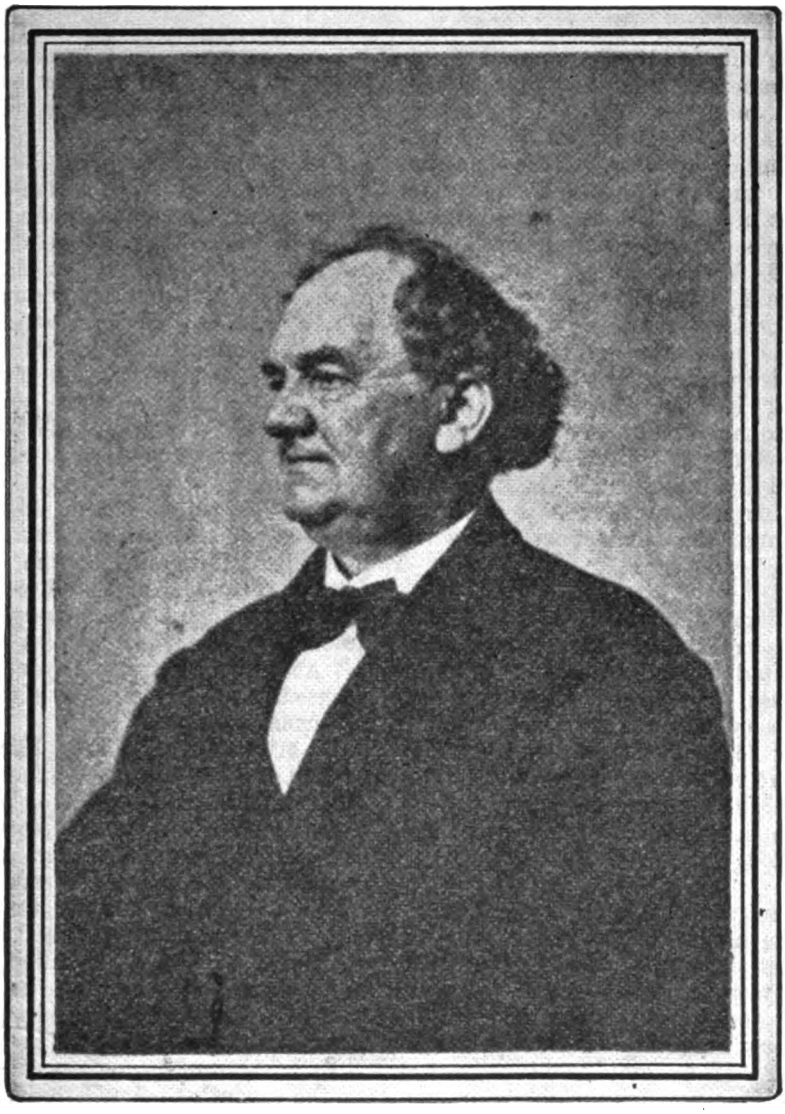
When Barnum Was Mayor

By Harvey W. Root



P. T. Barnum, circus owner and Mayor of Bridgeport. (This photo, never before published, was made about the time of his election.)

FOR a term of one year, Barnum, the famous showman, was Mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, giving the city in which he chose to live, and where he had established the winter quarters of his circus, as picturesque and colorful an administration as ever fell to the lot of an American municipality. His unconventional methods of procedure, his wit, his sarcasm and ridicule, proved magnets which drew greater crowds to the sessions of the Common Council than have packed its chamber through any other period of

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the town's somewhat hectic political career.

Although it is rather difficult to associate the popular conception of P. T. Barnum, as proprietor of museums and circuses, exploiter of freaks, fakes, near-fakes, and celebrities, with the serious rôle of mayor in a New England city, the incongruity is largely removed when one remembers the honest interest the great showman had in his home town, the extent to which he impressed his identity on Bridgeport, his love of the lime-light and applause, and the pride his community felt in having a citizen whose name was known in every household of the United States.

It is said that when the suggestion of running for mayor was first made to Barnum he threw up his hands and exclaimed dramatically:

"Thank Heaven, there is one man who would not accept any public office, not even that of United States President; and I am that man." Just how sincere this reluctance was is hard to say although the Bridgeport *Standard* declared:

> It was not until after he had been repeatedly interviewed, and solicited by individuals and committees, who urged upon him the necessity for a mayor who would work for the best interests of the people without strong partisan bias, that Mr. Barnum consented to sacrifice in some degree his peace and comfort for the public good.

But ten months later in a public lecture he made the statement that he would not take the office again with half the city included in the bargain, and this decision he never altered.

His elevation to the mayoralty was in the nature of a compliment from his fellow citizens, a tribute which he keenly enjoyed but which nevertheless left him in the uncomfortable position of being a Republican mayor in a town which was then strongly Democratic, and with a common council and board of aldermen in which the Democrats were in the majority. That his election was not altogether unanimous is indicated by the obviously exaggerated statement of the *Standard* which, after crediting him with "aiding" and "assisting" in the material growth of the city more than any other man and noting the personal compliment, says:

> We are pleased with the result, especially as the Democracy moved heaven and earth to encompass his defeat, appealed to every prejudice and passion that spite, envy, ingratitude, and malice could suggest, and yet failed to defeat him.

But if his election was a compliment he did not allow it to pass as an empty honor. On the contrary he was very much the mayor, asserting himself from the first and employing in the conduct of the office and the securing of his ends the same unique methods with which he was accustomed to attact attention and win success; nor did he hestitate to "lay on" vigorously at times, with scant regard for where the blows fell. This interest, however, did not prevent him from avoiding much of the routine, and to him unimportant, duties of the office, especially when these conflicted with his habits; so, in the drab and formal records which tell officially of the lively council meetings, we find frequently such cryptic entries as this:

"At this point Mayor Barnum vacated the chair which was assumed by Alderman Marsh."

In other words Mayor Barnum had opened the meeting scheduled for eight P. M. and presided until the clock struck nine, then, putting on his coat and hat and taking his cane, he had said to the councilmen with great formality:

"Gentlemen it is my hour for retiring. Alderman Marsh will take the chair. Good night." And bowing low to Council and spectators he went out to where his faithful coachman, Hugh Brady, was waiting to drive him home.

Barnum was sworn into office at noon on the seventh of April, 1875, following his election two days earlier after a campaign of only a week. So great was the interest in the first council meeting at which Barnum was to preside that, long before the hour for it to begin, the Council Chamber was packed to its limit and the crowd overflowed into the corridor. It was with considerable difficulty that the newly elected city fathers wedged their way in, while Barnum himself had to be brought in

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Barnum's home, Waldemere, built in 1869.

through a side door. The opening paragraphs of his long inaugural address show a conscious effort to be more or less conventional in sentiment and phraseology; it contains such trite platitudes as:

"Entrusted as we are by the votes of our fellow citizens with the care and management of their interests, it behooves us to endeavor to merit the confidence reposed in us. We are sometimes called the 'fathers of the city.' Certainly our duty is, and our pleasure should be, to administer the municipal government as a good and wise father conducts his household, caring for all, partial to none. No personal feelings should dictate our official acts. We are not placed here to gratify personal or party resentment nor to extend personal or party favor in any manner that may in the remotest degree conflict with the best interests of the city.

"We are all acquainted with the great principles of Justice and Right; if we fail to work according to these eternal principles, we betray the confidence placed in us, and this one year of administration will be distinctly remembered with disapprobation and contempt.

"Let us bring to our duties careful judgment and comprehensive views with regard to expenditure, so that we may be neither parsimonious nor extravagant, but, like a prudent householder, ever careful that expenses be less than the income."

Barnum was an enthusiastic temperance advocate and frequently lectured on the subject. Even in those days he was "dry" enough to suit the most devout believer in the 18th Amendment; so it is not strange that he dwelt at length on the subject, emphasized the fact that the Chief of Police in his annual report credited liquor with the responsibility of at least 90 per cent of the arrests, and demanded as great an amount of restriction as the law allowed. He closed his reference to the subject with these words:

"Our laws license the sale of intoxicating drinks under certain restrictions on week days, but no man can claim the right under such license to cause mobs, riots, bloodshed or murder. Hence no man has, or can have, any right, by license or otherwise, to dispense liquor to intoxicated persons, nor to furnish sufficient liquor to cause intoxication Our duty is therefore to see that

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"His Honor, P. T. Barnum, Mayor of Bridgeport, presiding at a meeting of the Common Council."

police aid in regulating to the extent of their legal powers a traffic which our laws do not wholly prohibit."

With this much off his mind his personality begins to assert itself.

"We should strive to exterminate gambling, prostitution, and other crimes which have not yet attained the dignity of a license.'"

He then recommends an innovation which has since been adopted, the selling of fruit and vegetables by weight, and he must have startled Bridgeport politicians by saying:

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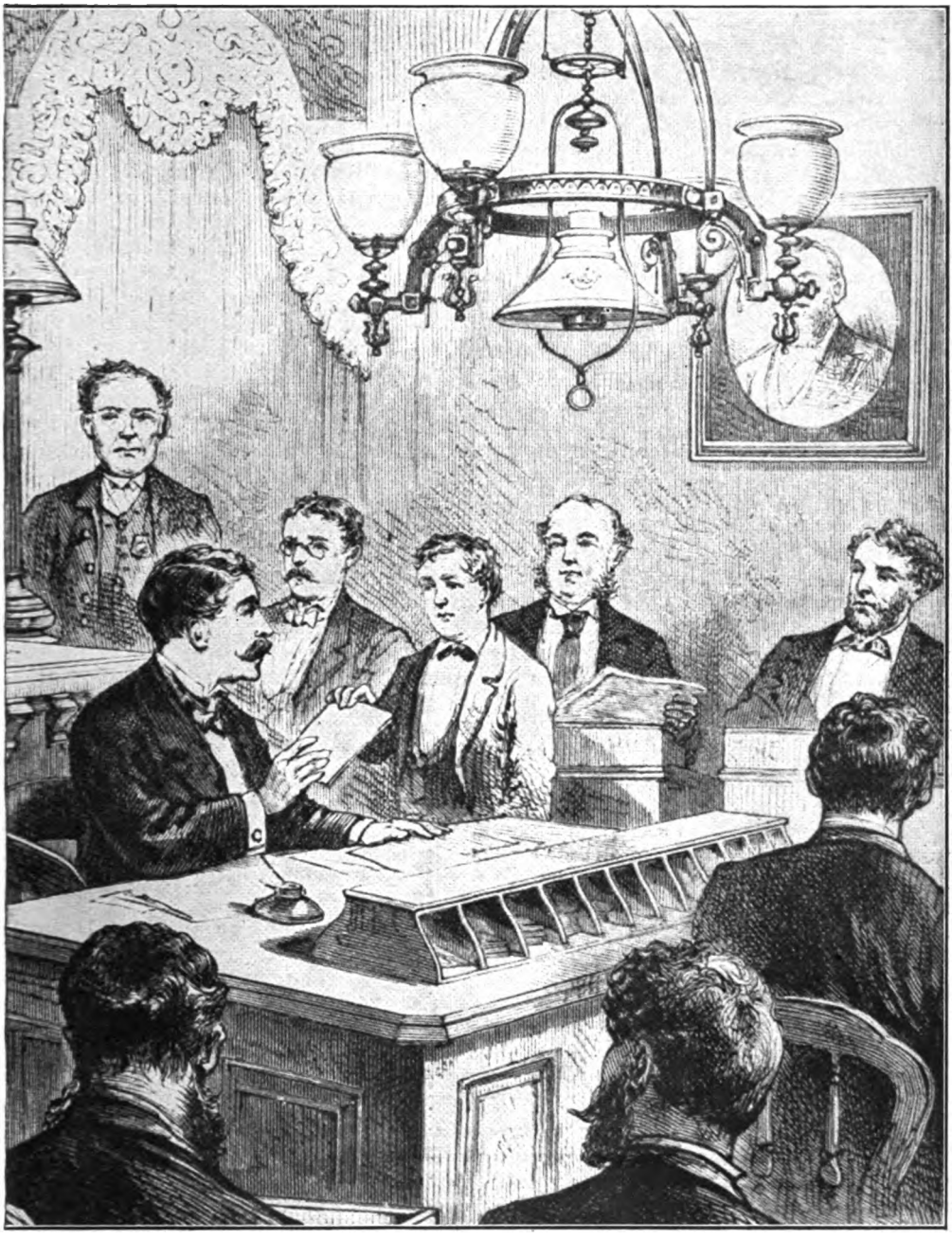

Reproduced from a sketch by Albert Bergaus in Leslie's Weekly, July 6, 1875.

"Every employee of the City should be strictly held to perform the duty assigned and to earn the money paid him. We should support no drones."

Coming to the question of unemployment, which was causing some trouble at the time, his remarks certainly have the real Barnum flavor.

"It is painful to the industrious and moral portions of our people to see so many loungers about the streets, and such a multitude whose highest aspiration seems to be to waste their time in idleness, or at baseball, billiards, etc.

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"No person needs to be unemployed who is not overfastidious about the kind of occupation. There are too many soft hands (and heads) waiting for light work and heavy pay. Better work for half a loaf than beg or steal a whole one. Mother earth is always near by and ready to respond to reasonable drafts on her never failing treasury. A patch of potatoes raised 'on shares' is preferable to a poulticed pate earned in a whiskey scrimmage. Some modern Micawbers stand with folded hands waiting for the panic to pass, as the foolish man waited for the river to run dry and allow him to walk over.

"The soil is the foundation of American prosperity. When multitudes of our consumers become producers; when fashion teaches economy, instead of expending for a gaudy dress what would comfortably clothe the family; when people learn to walk before they learn to ride; when the poor man ceases to expend more for tobacco than for bread; when those who complain of panics learn that 'we cannot have our cake and keep it,' that a sieve will not hold water, that we must rely on our own exertions and earn before we expend, then will panics cease and prosperity return."

The fact of Barnum's being Mayor was widely noticed in the press, and Leslie's Weekly published a picture showing the Bridgeport Council in session with Barnum presiding. The Brooklyn *Times,* in commenting on his election, said:

> That P. T. Barnum is possessed of a level head none will deny who have perused his first message as Mayor of Bridgeport. It is a peculiar document, but its peculiarities are of the man. It is saturated with the sharp, sagacious and withal humorous philosophy which has guided the great showman to prosperity.

This statement is a fair sample of most of the editorial notices, although the *Danburian* took the opportunity to observe:

> The civilized world knows by this time that P. T. Barnum is Mayor of Bridgeport, yet seven-eighths of the civilized world could not tell you where Bridgeport is, nor spell it.

Less than a month after his election to the mayor's office, Barnum's great "Hippodrome Exhibition" showed in Bridgeport but neither his new honors nor the dignity of the office deterred him from being the chief feature of the show. As usual, Bridgeport turned out *en masse,* and when Mayor and Mrs. Barnum were recognized, as they made their way down the aisle to seats facing the center of the arena, they were greeted with a burst of handclapping and waving of handkerchiefs. A little later the performance was interrupted by loud calls for Barnum, who responded with a speech and rode around the track in an elegant four-in-hand, saying, as he entered the vehicle, that he threw himself in as a part of the show. Handkerchiefs were waved and cheers given as he passed around the course, and a New Haven paper in commenting on the affair the next day said:

> Barnum is as truly an American institution as Brother Jonathan, government currency, the chirography of Spinner or the Postmaster General. The people were as eager to see him as the great show he had created.

After this popular outburst Barnum found a seat for himself among the newspaper men and, as soon as the "Congress of Nations" spectacle began to move around the track, got out a notebook and made rapid notes as it was passing. Then, calling Manager Coup over to him, he began reading from his notebook various criticisms and directions such as the following:

"Change Queen Victoria; she is too young.——Trade off that lame Bishop with stogy boots.——Put white wings on the first two cardinals.——Put more burnt cork on the eunuchs in the Turkish harem.——Swap off Napoleon for a stouter man with a shorter neck.——Don't let Prussia follow Rome; it brings Emperor William close behind the Pope."

But in spite of his popularity Barnum soon began to experience the common fortune of all public servants. Be-

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fore the month was out he had rushed into print to defend his policy of enforcing the liquor law on Sunday, denying that he was starting a "crusade" because of his personal belief, and insisting that he was only pursuing his "sworn duty" to enforce the law. He ended by saying:

"I depend upon my fellow-citizens, who, equally with myself, are interested in 'law and order,' to aid the authorities in vindicating the reputation of our city by the suppression of all wrongdoing."

Talk, however, was not to be silenced by any such easy method; and presently we have the amusing spectacle of a man who made use of publicity as no other man in his day, who early in his career had served thirty days in jail for flagrant and repeated libel as editor of a paper, complaining in print that he had been misquoted, that the statement attributed to him was a "malicious invention, totally and completely manufactured out of whole cloth," and then begging immunity by declaring:

"When men are appointed by the votes of a majority of citizens to labor for the best interests of the city, I claim that, while their actions are fair subject of criticism, it is not only impolitic but unjust to injure their usefulness by assailing them with false charges.

"It is high time that a stop was put to the libels of purblind politicians who slander public servants, and coin lies against men who have no prejudices to satisfy, who desire only to do their honest and impartial duty to that public which has entrusted them with its interest."

Fifty years ago, just as it is to-day, Bridgeport was wrestling with the two problems of municipal extravagance and the puzzle of where the city's money went. A committee known as the "Retrenchment Committee" was carrying on a more or less sincere investigation. There was considerable criticism of it through the summer, which increased to such an extent that early in September Barnum went to its defense with his favorite weapon, a letter to the papers. Not only is the letter full of caustic references fully understood at the time, but it also discloses Mayor Barnum's opinion of honesty in general.

Messrs. Editors: As a citizen having our common weal at heart, I am sorry to see that you and some others seem disposed to cast slurs upon the "Retrenchment Committee," a committee directed by the Common Council to investigate city affairs, expose any acts injurious to our common interests, and introduce retrenchment and reform wherever needed. Surely a city which annually runs into debt needs to adopt all reasonable measures to discover and remove the cause.

"Power is always stealing from the many to the few." Give any man or any set of men, or indeed any political party, continual power to be exercised without supervision, and the chances are that such power will be abused.

Those who own stock in corporations know how often the officers who have the handling of funds and the appointment of subordinates abuse their positions and ruin the stockholders. Checks and balances are placed around them and even then it is found that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety." In the nature of things it is almost impossible for a man to serve others as faithfully as he serves himself.

Now I by no means say or think that all men are dishonest, for I rejoice to believe that a great many are not so, but I do say that if men are honest, they are less liable to be tempted if they know that their actions are under continual *surveillance.*

Honest men do not fear investigations. I regard the appointment of a committee on retrenchment and reform as a real blessing to every honest citizen, and I hope it may become a fixed institution among us.

If criticisms and the constant unpleasantnesses incident to his office proved annoying and irksome to the great showman there were other demands on "the mayor" which must have brought him much pleasure and satisfaction. Such a one was his part in the "Butchers' Picnic" in Septem-

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ber. This was one of the great events of the season, held in Pembroke Park, with games and prizes, an admission being asked and the proceeds going to the Orphan Asylum. The day began with a parade which a contemporary paper describes as a "novel and imposing procession." Whatever one's opinion of its impressiveness, novel it certainly must have been as it moved through Bridgeport's streets, led by a squad of police and the marshals of the day, followed by a big omnibus drawn by six yoke of oxen with their horns gaily decorated with ribbons. In the "handsomely trimmed" omnibus was a band from the neighboring city of Waterbury. Back of it was another omnibus with the butchers' children dressed in white; then Mayor Barnum's private carriage and with him "ex-Mayor Hawley and Captain John Brooks." After the Mayor came the veteran butchers in hacks followed by a hundred butchers dressed in white aprons and sleevelets and mounted on horses.

A few days later we find Mayor Barnum together with the Lieutenant Governor, the Secretary of State, the President of the New Haven Railroad, and a "company of prominent Bridgeport citizens" visiting the fair, or "cattle show," of the Fairfield County Agricultural Association, at Norwalk. Here a characteristic Barnum incident occurred. One of the first things to attract his attention as he entered the fair grounds was hearing his name bawled out loudly, and following the sound he discovered a side show with a great sign across the tent proclaiming it to be "Barnum's Exhibition." Pausing with his group he inquired of the noisy proprietor:

"What Barnum is it that owns this show?"

"P. T. Barnum," was the prompt reply.

"Are you sure it is P. T. Barnum?"

"Yes, sir, this is P. T. Barnum's show. Walk in, gentlemen, and see the greatest scientific curiosity of the day."

"Well, I didn't know I had a show here, but I'm P. T. Barnum and it's all right. Walk in, gentlemen," he said turning to his friends, "I won't charge you anything," and, before the chagrined impostor could gather himself together, the whole group of a dozen or so had gone inside.

Later, when Barnum entered the exhibition hall, the band played *Hail to the Chief*, as the Norwalk paper put it, "to the delight of the Prince and the joy of the crowd." This reception was acknowledged by a speech described as "humorous" and which "entertained and convulsed the crowd jammed into the hall."

The colored people had a picnic in Pembroke Grove and Barnum drove there in his carriage and listened to the speechmaking. Then, being called on for a speech himself, he stood up in his carriage and told his hearers that he agreed with what the colored orator had said; that he was correct in his statements and complaint that the trade unions were keeping the colored men out, and said that in his opinion these societies were "wrong and contrary to the spirit of Republican institutions." In comparing the condition of the colored people with that of twelve years previous, he found "proof that the colored race was advancing." Then he advised the colored men to educate their children.

"Teach them to be economical, temperate, and virtuous. Don't teach them to follow the bad habits of the white men, such as drinking, smoking, etc. Not one of you looks as well behind a fifteen-cent piece of tobacco."

As he was leaving the grounds he stopped to compliment the Irish band which was furnishing the music for the occasion, telling them that he thought it was an "amazing circumstance for an Irish band to be playing at a colored picnic when only twelve years before Irishmen were hanging negroes to lamp-posts in New York City."

General Custer came to see Mayor Barnum and spent some hours with him and the mayor sent him away with the present of several dogs to use in his work on the plains. Social functions occurred frequently at which the mayor was in evidence and he went here and there, lecturing in various cities and towns, including the "Harvard University Course at Cambridge."

But even with a Barnum for mayor and in spite of his popularity, politics and intrigue went on. He confided to one of his councilmen that "before

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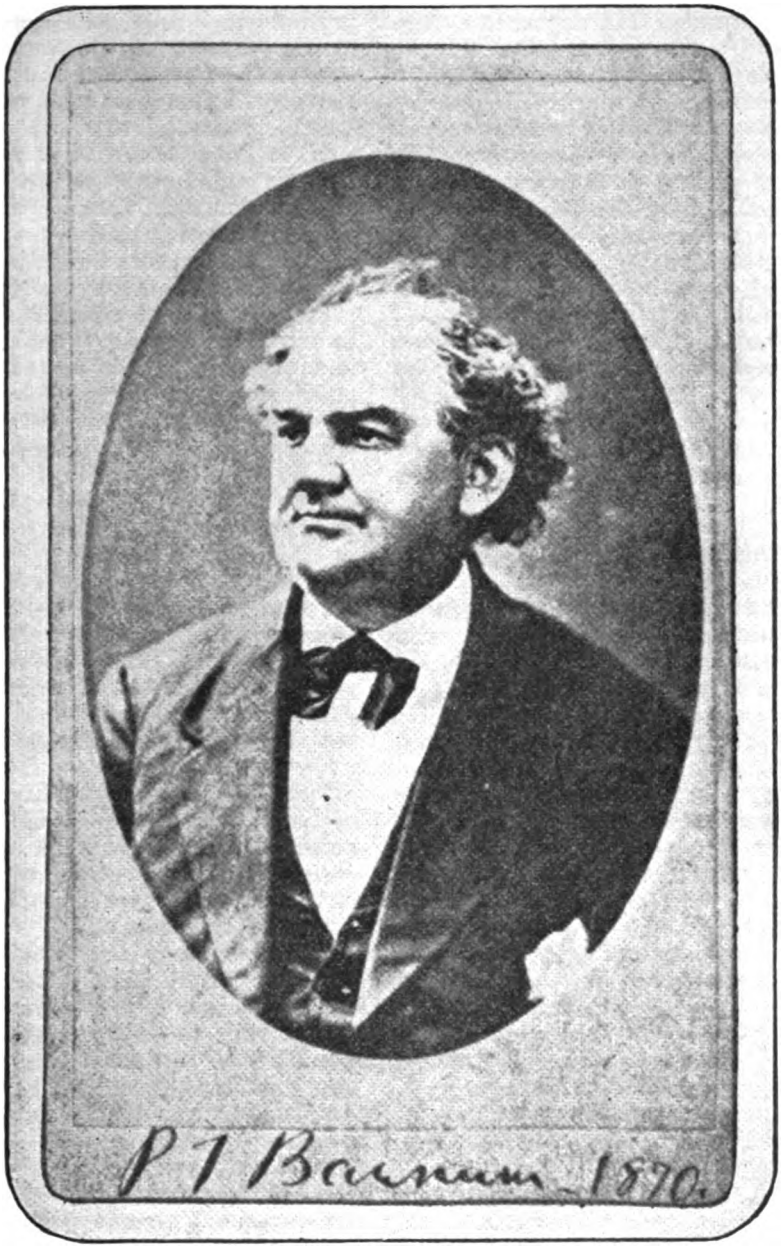

Unpublished photo of Barnum. On his signature below, note the initial "T." This characteristic mark led his friends to call him "P. T. Barnum."

there can be any reform in Bridgeport there will have to be a few first-class funerals. I can see that." Even before October was past the Council passed an act to give a three-year contract for gas to the Bridgeport Gas Company at a rate higher than was being paid to the New England Gas Company. Barnum, in spite of the fact that many of his personal friends were involved in the matter, went after the deal in a long and vigorous veto in which he indirectly hinted at fraud, analyzed the proposal, and incidentally disclosed his idea of the responsibility of a city government. He declared that he withheld his approval from a "sense of duty" and that the proposed action was

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"wasteful, partial, and unjust to a large class."

In a concluding paragraph Mayor Barnum apologized for the length of his statement and expressed his regret. The veto provoked a "heated discussion," but when it came to a vote it was overridden almost two to one, even with one member not voting because a stockholder in the Bridgeport Gaslight Company.

Not much more than a month passed before Mayor Barnum sent another long veto message to the Council which met the same fate. But a few weeks later one of his official papers met an entirely different response. Under date of December 30, 1875, he issued the following:

> Proclamation by the Mayor
> To the Citizens of Bridgeport:
>
> The experiment of a people governing themselves has been tried on this continent for a hundred years. During this period, and under this rule, we have grown to such a population, prosperity, and power as has never been attained in any century by any nation under monarchial government. As a nation we owe unbounded gratitude to the Fathers of the Republic who, by toil, sacrifice and blood, planted the seeds of this great and free nation.
>
> As citizens of one of the most prosperous and healthy cities in Puritan New England, I know you will rejoice to recognize in some befitting manner the beginning of the second century of our great and noble Republic.

Barnum could not have felt that there was any lack of enthusiasm in responding to this proclamation for, as soon as the fire bell rang midnight, all the bells in the city began their clangor, accompanied by a hundred rounds from each of four cannon, two of which were operated by the Grand Army, and two by the City Fire Department. Added to this was the noise from other cannon operated by private individuals, the blowing of horns and the explosion of fireworks, altogether creating a tumult which rattled the windows and stirred the city till three in the morning.

Better luck followed Mayor Barnum's attempt in January to overrule the action of the Council. An amendment to the city ordinances had been passed which, if allowed to stand, would have put the Police Department at the mercy of the Councilmen. At the next session of the Common Council the chamber was packed with those who anticipated a spicy time over the expected veto. Barnum in a long, logical, and cogent veto message pointed out his objections to the act, declared that the Council had overstepped its powers, that the amendment was illegal, beside being "impolitic" and "at war with the spirit and letter of the charter." He left no doubt in the minds of the Councilmen as to what and whom he meant, at one point in his message saying:

"It would indeed be a serious misfortune if such an important part of the City Government, needing stability and experience in its conduct, should be put at the mercy of whim, local prejudice, or party. I need not remind you that bodies chosen as you are have not always proved exempt from such human failings.

"Not only sound policy, but the spirit of your charter in all it says and provides about the Police Department, counsels against action which would leave it to vere and blow about at the beck of your 'resolves.'"

In spite of the character of the matter in hand, Barnum could not resist the temptation to take advantage of an opportunity to get back at one of the Councilmen who had been opposed to him during the year and so, in the close of his message, we find this paragraph:

"I assure you gentlemen that I dislike to differ from you in your official actions, and you may possibly imagine with what diffidence I repeat an act which has been characterized by one of your members, whose modesty and experience I fully appreciate, as 'monotonous' and 'supremely ridiculous.' The monotony and absurdity may perhaps be less evident to that venerable and sagacious gentleman, when, as in the present instance, my opinion coincides with his."

There was no debate following the reading of the message. A motion to override the veto was lost by a heavy

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majority, and the crowd went away without the expected fireworks.

On the 25th of January the Caledonian Club held its annual banquet in celebration of Burns' birthday. Barnum, as one of the guests of honor, was down on the program to respond to the eleventh toast, "Our Municipal Government," but as he "wished to retire early" this toast was moved up to sixth place. In responding he told the diners that the committee in selecting a subject for him had "hit on the one" which he "knew least about"; that he was only an apprentice in the line. In considering the fate of Brooklyn, New York and some other cities municipal government became "not only a delicate but a dangerous subject." The extensive machinery which governed Bridgeport reminded him of "a boy who had got on his grandfather's boots." He believed that for the size of the city "one, two, or three men" would be sufficient to handle its affairs, while as a matter of fact it had machinery sufficient to run one four or five times as large. He recommended that, for the Common Council, men of not only "intelligence," but also of "integrity" should be elected, and believed that they should be taxpayers, for they had a personal interest in governing well. He urged the men to go to Hartford to the Legislature and get the city's extensive municipal system reduced "because it would save expenses"; that expenses were heavy and there was little to show for the money. In closing he voiced his dislike of public office in the following words:

"Next April my term of office ends and no one can congratulate me on the event more heartily than I do myself. I shall not step down and out, but out and up to a showman's platform."

If those who attended the Council meeting in January, when the matter of amending the city ordinances came up, were disappointed, those present at a meeting a month later were treated to much more than the usual amount of spice as a result of a tilt between Mayor Barnum and Councilman Stevenson over the report of a committee appointed to assess benefits and damages resulting from the widening of Lewis Street.

The Councilman vigorously criticized the report and moved to refer it back to the committee. This brought the statement from the Mayor that Stevenson's action was an "electioneering dodge" and that he was "working for his clients." These and other comments of a like nature so incensed the councilman that after his motion had been voted down he rose to a question of privilege and after complaining of repeated instances of being interrupted in his remarks by the Mayor's undignified and insulting comments said:

"I now want it distinctly understood that I will not further submit to remarks made for a purpose by Your Honor that are beneath the dignity of the position you occupy. . . . I was elected to this body and am entitled to the same rights and privileges with Your Honor, and as long as I am here I propose to exercise those rights. Now, Mr. Mayor, after a repetition of those indignities, I must appeal to this Council to uphold one of its members against such a practice by the Mayor."

"Four weeks before election," was the complacent reply of Barnum.

The next day the Democratic *Farmer* attacked the Mayor editorially, charging him with being interested in the report and accused him of the "most shameful and disgraceful action on the part of a presiding officer imaginable," together with such unparliamentary procedure that there was "a grave doubt as to the validity" of much of the most important Council legislation of the year. The editorial concluded with this statement:

> His forte has been buffoonery and the undignified, unparliamentary, improper interjecting of personal remarks into the debates. But the citizens who have visited the Council Chamber know the facts as well as we.

Either Barnum was more sensitive to newspaper criticism than usual or else he saw an opportunity to futher some political object, for the following day the *Farmer* published the following letters in a conspicuous position:

> Editor of the *Farmer*—Sir: You or any other publisher are perfectly welcome to publish the

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truth concerning any act of mine whenever you like, but when I am misrepresented I dissent. Your statement in last evening's *Farmer* needs some corrections. It is not true that I ever consciously "snubbed" any member of the Council. Nor have I the slightest ill will against Councilman Stevenson. I simply desire to keep him within reasonable bounds while the Council is in session. At the second meeting of the present Council, in April last, when a tie occurred, and as I am bound to do, I stated how I would give my casting vote; he exclaimed contemptuously, "I knew you would vote so." This unjustifiable remark elicited a laugh from the spectators in the rear, and ever since that night he has studiously insulted the chair and usually received an approving response from the same quarter. When he was called to order by a member of the Council for insulting the presiding officer I let it pass, for I cared nothing for his insults except so far as they trenched on the decorum of the Council. On one occasion he came to me before the Council opened and asked me that I would not take amiss any remarks that he should make, that he had a future, etc. I was not disposed to interfere with any "future" which was to be gained by his course of acting and I continued to pass over his eloquent statements in Council that my official actions were contemptible, supremely ridiculous, etc.

"MAYOR'S OFFICE
BRIDGEPORT, CT., *March* 27, 1876.

Mr. W. C. Flannigan

Sir

I authorize you at any time within ten days to sell my house & lot at 265 East 78th St. for sixty-five hundred dollars—three thousand dollars cash—mortgage for balance with fire policy running three years with privilege of paying $500 or more any time when interest is due.

P. T. BARNUM."

On a recent occasion in professing that the city should expend some thousands of dollars in providing for the poor, Councilman Stevenson made remarks about cutting coupons from bonds, etc., calculated to unjustly prejudice the poor against the rich. He then added that he desired by taking the yeas and nays to see who were the friends of the poor and who were not. I knew that members of the Council who paid taxes were really as anxious to provide labor for the poor as Councilman Stevenson who does not pay a farthing's tax could be, and also knew that the pay roll of one member of that body (viz. myself) for out of door labor was frequently greater than the pay roll of the city and therefore when the applause from the rear came in response to that gentleman's proposed liberality with other people's money I playfully remarked, "They have heard you." This remark touched a tender place and I have used a similar means since, as the most effective method of bringing him to order. A statement which he made Thursday night last, wherein he charged me with oppressing the poor by attempting to extort money from them, was incorrect in every detail. On the contrary, I had made a present of twelve hundred dollars to the parties in question and they had approved my action over their own signatures. But Councilman Stevenson's personal attack on me drew the customary applause from the same class, and after calling him to order without success, when I again

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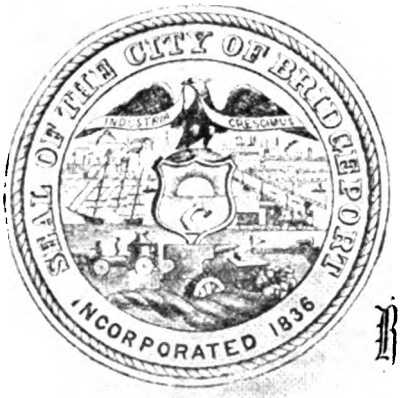

Mayor's Office.

Bridgeport, Ct., May 1876

Mr. P. T. Barnum

Sir

I would say to you that unless you call and pay the note which I hold against you for Forty Five Hundred Dollars — Three Thousand dollars cash — and give your bond with two sureties running three years with interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum payable semi annually on the first days of January and July in each year, I shall commence suit against you on Monday next.

Yours Respectfully

H. A. Gunn

A letter of Barnum's written on the Mayor's stationery. Reproduced from the Houdini collection.

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hinted that the election was again approaching, a violent effervescence followed and "the tumult dwindled to a calm," for there is where the shoe pinches.

Meanwhile a more serious and disagreeable matter had been brewing. More than a month previously the *Standard* had said:

> The communication addressed by the Mayor to the police at their last meeting stated that he—the Mayor—had been informed that there were faro banks, gambling houses, and houses of prostitution in this city and that members of the police force were paid for taking no notice of them. The commissioners replied that he was undoubtedly misinformed in regard to the paying of hush money.

Not getting any results from the pressure he was trying to bring on the police through the Commissioners and the Chief, Barnum turned to his favorite tool, publicity, and toward the first of March the *Farmer* appeared one day with this statement:

> The Mayor this morning served the following notice on the Chief of Police:
>
> To the Chief of Police:
>
> Constant complaints are made of the existence of houses of ill-fame in this city. This is alike disgraceful to our Police Department, detrimental to the morals of our city, and cruel to the wives and children of the frequenters of these dens. I am determined, if necessary, to exercise the power conferred upon me as Mayor, to call to my assistance the police, sheriff, constables, and others, make forcible entry to these places when least expected, and to arrest, expose, and punish to the extent of the law every person found in such houses. Meanwhile, I desire you to read this notice to such keepers of brothels as you know, especially to the prostitute who was driven from New Haven by the police at twenty-four hours notice and who now plies her trade back of the Post Office; and also to the keeper of the "branch" in Union Street.

Results were rapid. The Mayor's orders to his Chief of Police were printed on Saturday and the following Monday afternoon the *Farmer* reported:

> Saturday afternoon Chief Marsh visited the two disreputable houses referred to in the letter addressed him by the Mayor and read the communication to the proprietress. She said the "boarders" would be sent away immediately, and has, we understand, complied with this promise.

It could not be expected, however, that so public and vigorous a prodding would pass without some sort of resentment by Chief Marsh, and so it is not surprising to find the same issue of the *Farmer* saying:

> Chief Marsh was not disposed to attribute motives of a very exalted character to Mayor Barnum in the writing and publication of Saturday's letter. Another gentleman in commenting about the matter to-day declared that as long as Mr. Barnum owned and rented Harry Hill's place in New York, and also owned several other buildings in Houston Street which were rented for disreputable purposes, he could not credit the Mayor with acting consistently and from principle.

Evidently these insinuations disturbed Barnum little if any but on the contrary furnished him with an opportunity to go a step farther in bringing pressure to bear on Chief Marsh. For the following day the *Farmer* had another letter as follows:

> Editor of the *Farmer:*—If you report the language of the Chief of Police correctly, the public may tremble for their safety and be inclined to credit the insinuations and charges made that some members of the Police force wink at the existence in Bridgeport of brothels, gambling hells, and unlawful liquor selling. I hope this is incorrect, for any city is to be

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> pitied when its police are bribed by criminals to let them pursue their unlawful vocations unmolested. No insinuations by the Chief of Police or anybody else that my "motives are not of a very exalted character" will swerve me from the course of duty.

Mayor Barnum denied the charge that he owned some disreputable houses. The next afternoon the *Farmer* reported:

> The writer interviewed Chief Marsh to-day in regard to the letter from Mayor Barnum which we published last evening, but he said he had no desire for a newspaper controversy and would express his opinion to the Mayor personally.

The last Council meeting of Barnum's term was the "most harmonious of the year," and he was obviously glad to be through with the office. The reporters and members of the Council found their desks "adorned with beautiful bouquets, presented with the compliments of the Mayor"; "a novelty" observed the *Farmer*, adding, "but then Mayor Barnum has made a name by the introduction of novelties." After the approval of the minutes the Mayor spoke briefly saying he was fond of episodes but had tried the one of being Mayor just long enough. In referring to the newspaper criticisms of his outbreaks of humor he contended that he should be "commended for the great quantity held back rather than for the lesser portion which came forth involuntarily."

Councilman Stevenson in a mood unnatural for its lack of belligerency proposed this resolution:

> *Resolved*, that the thanks of this Council be extended to the Mayor for the very able and impartial manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of this body during the past year.

And by a rising vote it was unanimously passed.

Mayor Barnum then presented a long message dealing with routine city affairs, included in which were occasional raps at those who had displeased or opposed him and of which there is little to interest one now except the statement:

"Laws are made to be obeyed and should be rigidly upheld by those whose sworn duty it is to enforce them. . . . It is an unwise policy to elect men to office whose chief study is how *not* to do their duty." And this statement in his closing paragraph:

"And now gentlemen, as we are about to close our labors in a harmonious spirit, and bid each other friendly farewell, we have, like the Arabs, only to 'fold our tents and silently steal away,' congratulating ourselves that this is the only stealing which has been performed by this Honorable Body."

A councilman moved adjournment *sine die* and the great showman ended his official duties as Mayor by declaring it carried, then added this *obiter dictum:*

"Now you are all dead cocks in the pit."

SONG

Ding-a-ling! The sun is high.
Ding-a-ding! The dragon-fly
  Wakes to dart about the stream.
Now is mortal morning come;
Let us find a bluebell dome
  And sleep and dream.

Belfries bluer than the sky
Shall intone a lullaby.
  Ring, ah! ring a drowsy song!
From this azure hollowed gloam,
Fays, why should we farther roam?
  Ding-a-ding, Ding-dong.
    Ding-dong!

— *Elizabeth Mac Kinstry*

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MARY FISHER

By MOLLIE BEST

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

IN THE way of Quaker audacity Thomas Lurting might be supposed to have uttered the last word, a prerogative usually conceded to womankind. The Turks thrust themselves upon Thomas, and he was able to give a good account of himself; Mary Fisher, a Quaker girl, footed it across Europe alone to confront an army of fifty thousand of them, the Sultan himself in command.

Mary was the product of the policy of George Fox, to whom the modern women's movement, if indeed it is modern, has yet to make proper acknowledgment of a debt. The outstanding teaching of the Quaker heresy was the divine potentiality of every human soul, regardless of race, color or sex. If women manifested ability to minister to the growth of the divine life, let them minister, said Fox. Obviously the gifts of the spirit were impartially bestowed, and it was not for man to question the wisdom of his Maker, nor to bind what he had loosed.

Fox's radicalism went even further than the admission that women had spiritual gifts; he was willing to give them an equal chance with men for development: "I advised the setting up of a school for teaching boys; and also a women's school to be opened at Schacklewell for instructing girls and young maidens in whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation."

In his stand for the rights of women, he was away beyond the spirit of his time, for he tells us he met "with a sort of people that held women have no souls, adding in a light manner, 'no more than a goose.' But I reproved them, and told them that was not right; for Mary said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.'" Some of his followers decided for schism rather than follow their leader in his advanced views: "We met with much opposition from some who set themselves against women's meetings; which I was moved of the Lord to recommend to Friends, for the benefit of the church of Christ, that faithful women being made partakers of the same precious faith, and heirs of the same everlasting gospel of life and salvation with men, might in like manner come into the possession and practice of the gospel order; so that all the family of God, women as well as men, might know, perform and discharge their offices and services in the house of God."

On this question Fox with his usual tenacity stood his ground, with his back to the wall, defending the principle of equality before the Lord. In their meetings for worship and the exchange of spiritual experience, every Quaker, old or young, man or woman, master or servant, was at liberty to rise and let the light shine. It was frequently necessary to exercise patience toward the faithful, and occasionally remonstrance or even discipline was necessary, but none were denied the right of expression. In due time one whose ministry proved edifying to his Meeting was given a certificate of ministry, and as the ability to edify was the gift of God's free grace, the possessor looked for no other reward than the approval of the Giver.

A minister who was moved to carry his message further afield laid his "concern" before the Meeting; if it met with their approval he was given a certificate to other Meetings, and such a one was received gladly by Friends everywhere, who provided for his entertainment. The clergy, trained in the schools of theology, were scandalized when untrained and unpaid men presumed to invade their province; when the women followed, the scandal became insupportable; vituperation was poured out on the "she preachers." Neither comeliness, nor youth, nor extreme age, saved the women from the roughest

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usage; nor did rough usage save the clergy from their missionary zeal. Fox had no reason to regret his championship of the women; they proved the most adventurous and enduring of his fighters. Now, after three centuries, the wisdom of his policy is dawning on civil governments.

Mary Fisher, "a religious maiden," entertained the ambitious idea of carrying the Christian gospel of peace and good will to the embattled Turks at Adrianople; no adventure was too daring to be rejected by the Quaker mind. Like the apostles, they believed in the imminence of God's universal Kingdom upon earth. Fearlessness and trust was the slogan of their band; as they believed themselves to be under the command and direction of omnipotence, they recognized no finite barrier to their activity.

It was their strategy to attack the powers of darkness in their strongest positions, and throughout Europe the reputation of the Turks was of the blackest; of all heathen powers they were the most obnoxious, for in addition to being heathen, they possessed a very efficient military organization, with the will and skill to use it. Already Europe was glaring with covetous eyes at the wealth of the East; already the Turk was a problem, and all Christian countries maintained a propaganda against him.

It is one of the staggering curiosities of history that in France where seventy thousand Huguenots were put to the sword over night, and forty thousand more fled, leaving all their worldly goods behind, in their haste to escape indiscriminate slaughter; and in Spain, where for some slight deviation from the accepted creed men were tortured, and impaled on spikes to prolong their dying agonies, the popular imagination could always be fired by the tales of the heathen cruelties of the Turk, and Christian armies raised to exterminate them.

Mary Fisher no doubt believed the worst of these tales, a belief which decided her to do something about it. Her scheme met with the approval of the Society of Friends. For, although a young woman, and, as we infer from the casual remark of the experienced Turkish Emperor, with no small degree of feminine charm, Mary was a veteran who might have worn the Distinguished Service Medal, if her sect had countenanced such vain and worldly honor. A year and a half of her youth had been passed in a Yorkshire jail, and in her time a sentence to prison too often amounted to a sentence to death. Her survival implied the necessary qualifications for hard service.

Persecution only hardened Mary's moral fiber; she left prison determined to attack that most impregnable fortress of learning and tradition, Cambridge University. Accompanied by a sober woman of fifty, Mary endeavored to direct the attention of the students to the disparity between their unseemly behavior and the conduct becoming to professing Christians.

"Whereupon the Scholars began to mock and deride them. The women, observing the Froth and Levity of their Behavior, told them they were antichrist, and that their College was a cage of Unclean Birds and the synagogue of Satan. Such severe Reprehensions are usually most offensive to those who most deserve them."

The reprehensions were very offensive to the students, who complained to the Mayor of their outspoken critics, and the women were jailed. The Mayor himself was not above using plain language and calling a spade by name when occasion required. "He demanded their Husbands' Names. They told him they had no Husband but Jesus Christ, and He sent them. Upon this the Mayor grew angry and called them Whores, and issued a warrant to the Constable to whip them at the Market-Cross till the Blood ran down their Bodies. The Executioner commanded them to put off their clothes, which they refused. Then he stripped them naked to the Waist, and put their Arms into the Whipping post, and executed the Mayor's Warrant far more cruelly than is usually done to the worst Malefactors."

Beaten and bloody though they were, they were by no means deprived of the use of speech, nor frightened into silence. "As they were led back to the Town, they exhorted the People to fear God, not Man, telling them that this was but the beginning of the Sufferings of the People of God. They were thrust

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out of the Town, no Man daring to show them any Countenance, or give them any Relief, for though many did secretly commiserate their Case, yet none had the Courage to oppose the Current of popular Prejudice, and the misapplied Power of the Magistrate."

Mary had the courage which is nourished on opposition; her thoughts now turned to New England, where the pious Puritans were reveling in misapplied power, and exhibiting to the world an excellent imitation of the tyranny which had driven them out of England. There were no Quakers in New England when Mary invaded the sacred pale of Puritanism, then under the sway of the vindictive and implacable Governor Endicott; there were, however, some who held views not unlike the Quaker principles. Anne Hutchinson had already been driven out of the colony for expressing opinions disapproved by the ruling theocracy, leaving behind her many intimidated sympathizers, a condition of affairs which attracted the Quakers.

In company with Anne Austin, Mary landed in New England, but that was as far as she got; before their feet touched the Land of the Free they were taken into custody and hustled off to prison. The window of their cell was boarded up that none might be contaminated by speaking to them; heavy penalties were imposed on any who so much as attempted it. Although they had been arrested on board the ship that brought them, before they had an opportunity to utter a word, they were charged with holding "dangerous, heretical and blasphemous opinions," so extremely dangerous in fact, that the custodians of the New England conscience ordered: "That the said Anne and Mary be kept in close Prison, and none admitted to Communication with them without Leave from the Governor .... to prevent their spreading their corrupt Opinions until such Time as they be delivered aboard some vessel to be transported out of the Country."

Meantime, pending deportation, certain officials had leave to be admitted, who stripped the women quite naked, and searched for marks of witchcraft with such indecency "that modesty forbids to mention it." It was their good fortune, however, that Governor Endicott had gone off on a journey to Salem, an absence he much regretted, for, said he, "If I had been there, I would have had them well whipped." Alas for Endicott, there was thundering in England and the lightning was soon to strike him.

According to the Body of the Liberties of the Colony: "No man's life shall be taken away, no man's honor or good name shall be stained, no man's person shall be arrested, restrained, banished, dismembered, nor any ways punished; . . . no man's goods or estate shall be taken away from him, nor any way indamaged under color of law or countenance of authority, unless it be by virtue or equity of some express law of the country warranting the same, established by the General Court . . . or, in case of the defect of a law in any particular case, BY THE WORD OF GOD."

The Mosaic law, the word of God, allowed its Puritan interpreters a wide margin for severity.

An order in council was issued as a warning to ship captains: "Whereas there are several laws, long since made and published in this Jurisdiction, bearing Testimony against Heretics and erroneous Persons, yet notwithstanding Simon Kemthorn, of Charles-Town, Master of the ship Swallow of Boston, hath brough into this Jurisdiction . . . two women . . . Anne, the Wife of one Austin, and Mary Fisher, being the Sort of People commonly known by the Name of Quakers, who upon Examination are found not only to be Transgressors of the former Laws, but do hold very dangerous, heretical and blasphemous Opinions, and they do also acknowledge that they came here purposely to propagate their said Errors and Heresies, bringing with them, and spreading here sundry Books, wherein are contained most corrupt, heretical and blasphemous Doctrines, contrary to the Truth of the Gospel professed among us.

"The Council therefore, tendring the Preservation of the Peace and Truth enjoyed and professed among the Churches of Christ in this Country, do hereby order,

"First, That all such corrupt Books . . . be forthwith burned and destroyed by the common Executioner.

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"Secondly, That the said Anne and Mary be kept in close Prison and none admitted to Communication with them . . . until such Time as they be delivered aboard some Vessel to be Transported out of the Country.

"Thirdly, That the said Simon Kemthorn is hereby enjoined, speedily and directly to transport . . . the said Persons from hence. . . . he defraying all the Charges of their Imprisonment, and for the effectual Performance hereof, he is to give Security in a Bond of one Hundred Pounds Sterling, and on his refusal to give such Security he is to be committed to Prison till he do it." This order in Council was effective, in so far as it related to ship captains; no Quaker would deny his religion, and no captain would carry one who acknowledged it. The Quakers were obliged to land far to the south and walk up to Massachusetts.

In the background of the Quaker stories, we usually find some courageous figure, hazily sketched in. In this case one Nicholas Upshall, "an old inhabitant of Boston, and a member of their church there," was the untrammeled spirit who braved old Endicott's rage, and slipped the jailer five shillings a week, for the privilege of getting enough food in to the prisoners to ward off starvation.

The first outgoing vessel carried the blasphemous heretics back to England, via Barbados, minus their personal effects, which the jailer retained for his fees. Only for the moment was the theological purity of New England safeguarded from Quaker error; within the week after the deportation of the women, nine others landed to carry on.

Forced to relinquish to others the task of overcoming Puritan reluctance to the Light, Mary now turned to the darkness of the Near East. Her experience with the tender mercies of the righteous may have made the Turkish terror seem rather faded. An any rate, the indefatigable young woman now heard the call of God, or as Sewel cautionsly puts it, "so she believed," to deliver to the Turks the Divine message so scornfully rejected by the Christians. In her former campaigns Mary had the support of a companion; on this most venturesome of all she went alone.

Less than a year after Mary had been shipped out of Boston, we find her at Zante with a party of three men and three women. The divisions of their forces is unexplained, and may have been due to consular interference, for the missionary enterprise of the Quakers made that branch of the English government an active service in the Orient, if we may judge by the wails of the embassy at Constantinople: "Nor are all our troubles from without us; some are, as I may say, from amongst and within us, occasioned by a generation of people crept in unawares called Quakers, three whereof not long since arrived here from Zante by way of Morea. I friendly warned them to return, which the two women did quietly, but John Buckley refusing, I was constrained to ship him hence upon the Lewis."

Whatever the reason, Mary started off alone for an interview with the Sultan. Her onward march as a Christian soldier was rudely interrupted at Smyrna by the vigilance of the English consul, who regarded with extreme disfavor conferences between religious maidens and heathen potentates; consuls in heathen lands had no intention of adding the quibbles of Christianity to the perplexities of diplomacy. Mary was led to a ship headed west, and went quietly; as he wished her bon voyage, the consul washed his hands of the affair with a sense of duty well performed.

He had incorrectly taken the measure of the docile Quaker lady. Cut off in her approach by sea, Mary decided to execute a flank movement by land, and persuaded the captain to set her ashore at the first port he touched. From this point it was six hundred miles to Adrianople where Sultan Mahomet IV lay encamped with his great army; six hundred miles over the mountains and wild lands of Greece and Macedonia! Distance and obstacles could not stay a messenger of the Most High, before whose faith mountains at command must be removed into the midst of the sea.

Alone and afoot, without a word of the language, Mary blithely started off. Unfortunately there is not a line in the voluminous Quaker records relating to the adventures of that journey. Mary

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was under orders, she carried them out and made a safe return, to the glory of God; further details were superfluous. As the records are usually Histories of Sufferings, it may be assumed that her journey was uneventful in that respect.

Mahomet IV was in the field with the army, but that luxurious potentate was not roughing it; surrounded by his great nobles and councillors, he was camping in Oriental splendor. Mary tried to persuade some of the citizens of Adrianople to keep her company to the camp of the Sultan, but found none with sufficient courage to venture. She was obliged to go alone, "and procured information to be made to the Grand Vizier's tent, that there was an English-woman who had something to declare from the Great God to the Sultan, who sent her word that she should speak with him the next morning."

The Grand Vizier was renowned for his opposition to petticoat influence in the affairs of his master; the petticoats to which he objected being no doubt of another color. There is no explanation of Mary's mysteriously quick conquest of the great man's prejudices; all we learn is that a religious maiden carrying a message from the Lord met with much gentler treatment from the Turks than from the New England Christians. The girl with a lingering memory of the Christian courtesies of Massachusetts, her body still scarred from the wounds inflicted by the students in the Battle of Cambridge, must have been overcome with astonishment at the kindness and respect shown her by the infidels.

One would like to know how Mary managed to make a presentable appearance at that splendid court after six hundred miles of rather rough travel. We do know that, fresh and alert after her long tramp, the Quaker girl came into the imperial presence, and was received by the Sultan with all the ceremony accorded to an ambassador of a king, all the Turkish nobility in attendance.

"The Sultan asked her, Whether it was so as he had heard, that she had a message from the Lord? She answered, Yea. Then he bade her speak on (having three interpreters by him) and when she stood silent a little, waiting on the Lord when to speak, he, supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her, Whether she desired that any of them might go out before she spake? She answered, Nay."

The young woman who had so often stared death out of countenance was not at all abashed in the presence of the mighty Sultan. The scriptural frugality of her speech, which he so mistakenly attributed to the natural timidity of her sex, was merely the mental poise of the Quaker before the verbal leap; once started Mary held her high record for volubility.

"Then the Sultan bade her speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could bear it, and strictly charged her to speak the word she had from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would."

Quaker missionaries spreading their unwelcome doctrines over the world were always prepared for the worst. The pleasant surprise of a reception so free from suspicion and these agreeable encouragements doubtless limbered up her tongue, and evoked her most effective oratory. Before the assembled magnificence of the Turkish Empire she spoke, and "all gave diligent attention with much gravity and seriousness till she had done, and then the Sultan asked her, Whether she had anything more to say. She asked, Whether he had understood what she said. He replied, Yes, every word, adding that it was the truth, and desired her to stay in that country, saying that they could not but respect such a one as had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord."

When Mary had fully unburdened herself, the Turks were given a chance, and questioned her as to what she thought of their prophet Mahomet. Judging by the treatment she had received from his followers, it is likely that she suddenly thought better of him; certainly she could not meet such unaccustomed courtesy with rudeness. "She answered warily that she knew him not, but Christ that enlightened every man who came into the world, Him she knew . . . And concerning Mahomet she said, they might judge him to be false

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or true according to the words and prophecies which he spake. The Turks confessed this to be true." Mary was a diplomat as well as a soldier.

Her mission so successfully accomplished, it was her desire to be off to Constantinople, and the Sultan ordered a military escort to conduct her on her journey, "which she not accepting, but trusting to the arm of the Lord, who had brought her safe hither, to conduct her back again, he told her it was dangerous traveling, especially for such a one as she, and he wondered she had passed safe so far as she had, saying it was with respect and kindness to her that he offered her a guard, and that he would not for anything she should come to hurt in his dominions."

Nor did she, for "having performed her mission, she departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff, the Turks in this behalf receiving her message with far more respect and civility than she had often met with from those who covered themselves with a profession of Christianity. And so she returned to England."

It is interesting to note that in Quaker biographies the Turks appear at no moral disadvantage in comparison with the Christians of their time. Generally speaking, the Quakers seem to have fared better in heathen than in Christian lands, which no doubt confirmed their belief that there was no darkness where the light had not penetrated.

We should like to follow Mary's subsequent career, but the details of her later life are meager; it seems to have been one of approved domesticity, varied by persecution, in which her husband shared. On her return to England she married William Bayley, a seafaring man, and a Quaker preacher of her own stripe. Bayley accompanied George Fox on his missionary tour of the American colonies, and while her husband went forth battling for the Lord, Mary busied herself with her young brood.

Bayley died at sea, desiring those about him "to remember my love to my dear wife; she will be a sorrowful widow. But let her not mourn too much for it is well with me." Not for long did Mary remain a sorrowful widow; some years later she became the happy wife of John Crosse, and with husband and children emigrated to America. Others of her sect had meanwhile brought the New England theocracy to terms, and Mary was "clear" to settle down in peace in South Carolina. Notwithstanding the extreme hardships they endured, many of the Quaker Amazons lived to a great age; Mary was seventy-four when she was gathered to her reward. It is supposed that her mortal remains rest in the Quaker cemetery at Charleston; it is to be hoped that in her descendants the unconquerable spirit goes marching on.

CHERRY VALLEY

From the Mountain Singer

In Cherry Valley the cherries blow:
The valley paths are white as snow.

And in their time with clusters red
The scented boughs are crimsoned.

Even now the moon is looking through
The glimmer of the honey dew.

A petal trembles to the grass,
The feet of fairies pass and pass.

By *them,* I know, all beauty comes
To me, a habitant of slums.

I sing no rune, I say no line:
The gift of second sight is mine!

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil

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AN ENEMY BY COMMAND

By NELL HANSON

LAST night they dhrew the lots, Delia. I couldn't tell ye before." Micky Hanrahan groaned, covering his face.

"An' it fell to you!" Bedelia O'Callaghan's voice was weighted with horror. She drew a little away from him, leaning against the side of the cliff.

"I've been all day thryin' to get used to it," said the boy dully.

"I've prayed night an' day ye'd escape it." She pressed her hands together feverishly. "Who—who is it?" She scarcely breathed the question.

Micky turned wretched eyes on her as she pressed away from him, against a jutting wall of rock. "It's the R. M., God help me!" he whispered, turning away his face quickly that he might not see the added horror in Delia's eyes.

The Resident Magistrate! She raised her hands to her throat with a little choking cry. Her knees shook. Trembling she sank to the ground, leaning against the cliff.

The boy leaned towards her, putting out a hand to draw her to him; then drew back sharply, looking strangely at his hand. Blood! In such a little while, in less than twenty-four hours, there would be blood on his hands—warm, sticky, ineffaceable blood of a man who loved him. Small wonder that Delia cowered away from him, covering her eyes to shut out the swiftly imagined horror that stalked between them.

A wide reef of rocks, sea-weed strewn, stretched before them, sheltering the little bay of Kilbray. From beyond the rocks came the dull thunder of the Atlantic, the spray tossing whitely in a fitful moonlight. Above them the wind whistled, beating against the black cliffs, carrying salt spray from the faraway breakers. But Micky's staring, miserable eye saw nothing but the spare, trim form and kind blue eyes of Major Gerald Massy—the little man who had been his benefactor as long as he could remember anything, the little man who was resident magistrate for the County of Clare.

"It's to be to-morrow, an' him dhrivin' back from Dunmally petty sessions," he whispered. "Tom Healy that's his man is one of us, an' he gave us the information about the time an' all. I can't tell ye annything more, Delia. I oughtn't to have tould ye that, only I trust you."

"Couldn't ye warn him, Micky?" Delia leaned forward, sudden hope in her voice.

Micky shook his head. "I thaht of that, but it would be aginst me sworn vows for wan thing," he said.

"Then I can do it meself," she said.

"No, no! Ye mustn't Delia, I'm tellin' ye! They'd find out—they find out everything," he said bitterly, "an' they'd murdher you in cold blood. Ye *mustn't*, Delia! Swear to me ye'll do nothing to prevent it." He turned to her with frightened entreaty in his eyes, an imperative note in his voice, born of his fear for her.

Delia stared at him, thinking hard. If she warned Major Massy, he would be prepared to shoot, and then . . . . it would be Micky's slight, gentle face and curly black hair that she would be pressing lifeless against her aching breast. Realization sharply closed the door of escape.

"I swear, Micky," she said, a little breathlessly.

"I've thaht an' thaht," he whispered, glancing apprehensively about him as if the very cliffs might hear. "If I tould him meself, they'd know an' shoot me for an informer. It wouldn't matter if I thaht they'd be lavin' you alone, Delia darlin'. But they wouldn't. They know well what ye've said about the other killin's. Ye'd not have a chance at all, an' me not there to defend ye even."

Delia sat silent, despairing, confronted by that dreadful vision of

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Micky, whitefaced and lifeless, in her arms.

"An' if I killed meself. . . .if I'd get the courage to do it . . . without a warning to him it wudn't be anny good. They'd have some one else would be doin' it in two days."

"Whisht, Micky," she moaned.

"If it was anny wan but him," went on the boy, speaking in broken hurried sentences, as if he must unburden his mind of some of the hideous nightmare that had haunted him all that bitter night and day. "An' him so good to me always. D'ye remember him pullin' me out of the pool yondher, an' me near bein' drownded?" He pointed to one of the deep pools that gleamed amongst the sea-weed in the moonlight. "An' when me father died, if it hadn't a been for him, comin' to see us—that kind that he'd make ye talk an' tell him things before ye knew what ye were doin'——Shure he knew in no time that we hadn't annything, an' me mother sick—— D'ye remember, Delia, he paid the rint two years then, and wouldn't let me mother sell the pig?"

"Och whisht, Micky, can't ye!" she pleaded. "It's only makin' it worse, rememberin' things."

"I know, but I can't help meself. It's goin' over an over itself in me mind. An' it was him got me me last job that I've kep' these three years now—— An' it was him tould me—laughin' he was, but serious undherneath"—a little shudder went through the boy's frame—"'Faint heart never won fair lady, Micky,' says he. 'Go an' ask her, be George!' An' so it was him gave me the courage to spake to yerself, Delia."

"I know! I know!" moaned the girl, wringing her hands.

Micky was silent for some time. Then he began again. "D'ye think, Delia—I've been thinkin' of this a lot—d'ye think will ye ever be able to marry me—afterwards?" He said the word with an effort. "Or will it be there, between us, forever?"

The desolate note in his voice wrung the girl's heart. Impulsively she moved close to him. "Whisht, darlin,' whisht! Ye mustn't! We'll forget—by an' by." She jerked the words out, putting her arms round his neck as she spoke.

Eagerly Micky's arms closed about her, but numb desolation settled down on his heart as he felt her slight body tremble and shudder beneath the caress of his feverish hands. But she tightened her arms round his neck, and drew his white face close to her own.

"I love ye! I love ye, Micky!" she whispered desperately, as though the force of her love must blot out the thing he was to do. "It's not your fault, avick. It's *not!* It's—it's for Ireland." Vainly she sought for help for him. "It's—it's war, Micky!" What could she say to lighten his intolerable darkness?

"War! Ireland! God help us!" he muttered fiercely. "War maybe, shootin' soldiers an' police, an' people ye hate, Delia. Maybe that's war. *Maybe,*" he repeated with emphasis. "But it's not war, killin' a man ye've known all yer life, that's been more than mortal kind to ye. It's—a blaggardly thing, so it is, God help me."

To cover his stricken face with tender, passionate kisses was the only comfort Delia had to offer.

After a time she gently drew herself out of his clinging arms, and stood up. "It's late. I must be goin', Micky."

"All right. I'll wait here a bit. I'll not be shleepin' annyway, an' I must think a while. If—if it's all over an' safe, I'll be here to-morrow night, Delia."

She looked at him bravely, hoping the darkness would hide from him the horror that must stand in her eyes. "I'll be here," she said. "Keep thinkin' it's for Ireland, Micky. It's—it's all ye can do." She tried to smile at him; then turned swiftly and made her way up the path that led to the village.

Micky sat on, staring stonily before him, tortured by fevered imaginings, calling up vision after vision of what had been and what was to be, haunted relentlessly by the kind eyes of the man whom to-morrow, in the name of patriotism, he must kill.

The priest had said to the young men last Sunday—had said it from the Altar itself: "Ye mustn't soil yer hands with blood." "It's aisy for him to talk," thought the boy bitterly, "an' they not darin' to touch him nor his if he should lift a finger against them. What does he know about what it means to the like of Delia an' me?"

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Across the moon the flying clouds chased madly, piling themselves in confusion of hurry, driven before the inexorable Atlantic gale. Here and there among the rocks and sea-weed the peeping moonlight glimmered on the rippling surface of a pool. Micky knew the pools well. Pink-lined, treasure-laden, they were. The sheen of them caught and held his wandering thought, adding a sharper memory to his intolerable burden of gratitude. He wished to God he had been drowned that day long ago, when the R. M. himself had pulled him —a little barefooted urchin—out of the pool. The incoming tide already splashed the brink of the farthest pool. It was this one—the hardest to reach—that the mermaids chose. Had not Delia's sister's husband himself heard one there one night? "T'was a lament for Ireland she was singin'," he had declared. A lament for Ireland! Micky laughed harshly. Those were the days long ago, before the trouble began. It seemed to Micky's excited fancy that he could hear in the shriek of the wind and the screech of the gulls the voice of the mermaid, no longer singing, but making a bitter wail—a lament indeed for the sons and daughters of Ireland who, like himself, still clung to the common affections and gratitudes of the human heart; affections and gratitudes ruthlessly pushed aside by a patriotism that had become a skulking tyranny.

In the confused tangle of his desperate thought one question wove its pattern clearly: why were they doing these things? Why? Hadn't they Ireland always—the green fields; the heather; the sea, wildly tossed as it was to-night, or calm and twinkling blue in the shimmering sunlight? Micky groaned and stretched out his arms. Hadn't they this? Wasn't Ireland this? And simple toil, and love, and freedom from care? What were they doing that there should be terror lurking at every turn in the road, crouching behind every ditch—terror and killing and blood, blood everywhere. He covered his eyes .... And everywhere whispering and talking. He thought of the men he knew, kindly and decent men, crying out now at their poverty, saying how they "ha-ated the English," talking about being "free."

A pleasant family called Percival, who had once stumbled upon Kilbray for a summer holiday, were the only English Micky knew. Delia had worked for them in the house, and he had chopped their wood and drawn their well water; and they had been so kind to them both. They had sent him a tin of tobacco, and Delia a beautiful Christmas card with angels on it and the Child in the Manger. Certainly Micky did not hate the Percivals.

Free! He thought about that word very steadily for a while. He had often thought about it lately with no greater comprehension. Free? Hadn't he and Delia always been as free as air until he joined the I. R. A.? Passionately, impotently, he wished that he had never joined. But it had seemed so grand a thing at that time, to fight for Ireland. All the old songs that he knew were full of a strange, fantastic love for her—"The Little Dark Rose" the songs sometimes called her. Micky's heart had been stirred. Ay, and many a decent, kindly man had had shining eyes and the light of a new enthusiasm on his face in those early days. Micky thought of the meeting last night. They were there, as of old, the decent and kindly men, but the light had gone out of their faces, leaving only a grim resolution and furtive fear; and always they were whispering and talking together about "Ireland a republic," and "being free." But secret meetings and casting of lots, and terrible undertakings—what had such things to do with being free?

And poverty! What did that matter? "God help us," he whispered, "Isn't it betther to be hungry an odd time maybe, or maybe without yer shoes, than to be puttin' black crimes on yer soul, that'll be makin' misery for you an' the wans ye love, as long as ye live?"

And ever his thought returned relentlessly to the little R. M.; though he held it fiercely away from him, as a rider holds his horse on the very edge of an abyss, pulled it away with desperation from the grim place his mind envisaged, a place where lay the trim little body he loved—lay in a ghastly unfamiliarity, with the blue eyes staring skywards, and blood staining the road about him. In a little while, in a few hours at most, it would be like that; it would be done. Frantically he strove to tear

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his thought from that most terrible of visions.

A bat flew past him, darting out from the cliff. The ocean thundered, creeping nearer over the rocks, resistless, darkly menacing.

And the R. M.'s wife, with her pretty white hair and delicate hands, that had done Micky many a kindness. . . . Tomorrow she would be waiting. . . . and they would come knocking. . . . He buried his face, crying out.

And always he thought of Delia, his gentle love. Her death at the hands of violent men—if he informed, this penalty, beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Back his thought came to the little R. M.; to that most terrible thing he had to do.

In the name of God, why were they doing these things? In and out the question wove itself, unanswered.

Far into the night he sat there, tense and staring, while the tide rose and the great rollers surged closer over the reef.

Suddenly he started, leaning forward eagerly, his face alive, alert, as though he pursued some thought that took vivid shape before him. For some minutes he clearly followed it, ticking off points excitedly on his fingers, weighing, balancing. Then his sensitive mouth set in a line of resolution. He sank back, gasping a little for breath, leaning against the black cliff. Presently he rose, his face very white in the moonlight, and made his way stumblingly up the steep path and along the road to Kilbray. Once inside his cabin he struck a light, very quietly for fear of waking his mother in the room beyond; then he went straight to the fireplace. From their hiding-place in the wide chimney he drew out a Colt automatic revolver and a box of cartridges. With great care he examined the Colt and found it empty. With fingers that shook a little he extracted from the box eight cartridges, enough to load it. Wrapping them in a piece of newspaper, he blew out the light, and, creeping softly to the half-door, opened it and went out into the night.

In about ten minutes he returned, a trifle noisily, so that his mother stirred in her sleep, asking querulously what he wanted. He undressed and climbed into bed, pushing the revolver under his pillow, waiting with restless body and staring eyes for the dawn, listening to the dull beat of the waves against the cliff below his cabin.

Along the road to Dunmally Micky Hanrahan drove his donkey and cart, while the sun beat down, and from the treeless, storm-swept fields on either hand rose the sweet smell of ripening grass. The threatened storm of the night before had died down and only a gentle breeze stirred in the grass. Away to his right the sea sparkled, shimmering blue in the sunlight. Before him the road ran very straight, disappearing in the distance over a slight incline. Micky drove slowly along, stopping every now and then to let his donkey crop a little by the side of the road. He must not appear to hurry, they had told him. An occasional market cart either passed him or overtook him, its occupant hailing him with: "It's a fine day, God bless it!" "It is so," he would answer dully, gazing at them in a stupid surprise that they should be still blessing the weather.

In a little while, in an hour or two. . . .

A lark rose suddenly from a nearby field, catching up into its song all the throbbing beauty of summer about him. Micky listened. Unbearably sweet it was.

In a little while, in an hour or two at most. . . . He prodded the donkey, turning its face towards Dunmally.

They reached the incline in the road. A small hill rose now on the right, between the road and the sea. Here a half ruined cottage stood, desolate and untidy. Beyond it the road took a sudden turn to the right round a shoulder of the hill, thus hiding the Kilbray road from any one approaching from Dunmally. Between this corner and the level road from Kilbray rose the little incline, hiding it. This was the spot they had chosen. Micky slowly climbed out of the cart, unharnessed the donkey and, with a pat and a gentle word, turned him to graze in a field. Then he entered the cabin. There would be over an hour to wait. He was to be in there, resting and eating a bit of a meal—he had bread and a scrap of bacon in his pocket—if any one should stop to inquire. By and by, between here and

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Kilbray, and between here again and Dunmally, there would be men hidden with guns, to turn back the market carts and keep the road cleared.

Inside the cabin he stood by the window, gazing drearily out on the hillside. From a strip of bog at the foot of the hill a faint, steaming mist arose. Wide patches of heather glowed purple and fragrant in the warm sunshine. Peace!—Peace! And the lark still singing. The breeze stirred the tall bracken on the hillside. About the heather the bees hummed lazily. He watched the lark drop suddenly to its nest beside the bog. Everywhere peace, and life, warm in the sunshine. Micky shivered and turned away from the window.

A violent trembling seized him, so that his knees knocked together. He sank to the ground, resting his head on a broken chair, muttering prayers incoherently, crossing himself. He grew calmer presently; the trembling ceased; his mouth set once more in the dogged line that sat so incongruously on his dreamy, gentle face. He knelt on quietly now, repeating more prayers.

A sudden noise roused him. He raised his head. Delia stood framed in the doorway, her face gray in the bright sunlight, her head resting against the door post in utter exhaustion.

"For God's sake!" He started towards her. A sudden anger and horror gleamed in his eyes. "Ye promised me, Delia!"

She raised a hand as if to keep him off. "Don't touch me, Micky! I'm doin' no harm, only I guessed it'd be here. I gave ye me oath. Ye can trust me." The girl's gray eyes looked straight into his. "Ye can trust me, darlin', I swear to ye," she repeated.

He nodded his head. "I can. I know that. But ye can't be here——" He broke off, waving his hand significantly towards the road.

She shivered, glancing behind her and out through the door to where the sunlight made patches of yellow dust on the road. "Och Micky, I *must* stay!" She leaned towards him, her whole figure tensely beseeching him. "Ye can't be alone. I'll be hidin' up yondher in the bracken, where I'm afther comin' from this minute. There's no wan will see me; an' if anything happens to ye——" She stopped. "Ye can trust me," she said again quietly. "It would be worse than annything to be beyond in Kilbray, an' you here," she added.

Micky crossed the uneven earth floor, and seizing the rickety window pushed it down, breathing in draughts of fresh air.

In God's name, why had she come? Too late now to send her back, for the men would be already clearing the road. Anyway she would not consent. He had measured wills with her before. She would stay, he knew. Surely to God there was horror enough, without Delia to see it all. He turned to her, passing a bewildered hand across his forehead.

"Ye'll have to stay for ye can't get past. The men are set to clear the road by now. Go up an' be hidin' in the bracken. An'—an' shut your eyes, for God's sake, Delia!" he finished, knowing it was preposterous. He made no move to touch her, though his unhappy eyes devoured every loved line of face and figure as she stood there leaning against the door-post.

"All right. I'll be goin' now," she said, hesitating on the threshold, gazing fearfully at the narrow stretch of road. There was nothing there. Only the sunlight making its yellow patches in the dust.

Suddenly she was across the room and had caught him by the arms in a grip that hurt.

"We can't do it, Micky! We can't!" she cried, her breath coming in frightened gasps. "We'll hide—somewhere! There must be somewhere!" She looked round her wildly. "Come, darlin'! We'll run, now, this minute." She was pulling him towards the door. "We can get on a boat maybe. There *must* be some way!"

She fought fiercely against him as he gently disengaged her clinging arms.

"Whist! Whist, asthore! They'll maybe hear ye," he whispered. "Ye know we can't run; there's no place we can hide. They watch everywhere, the ships an' all. Ye know no wan gets away from them, ever."

She was standing before him, her whole body quivering, still eagerly poised for escape.

"Listen, Delia. Will ye go away the way ye promised me? I—I can't stand this—an' it's no use annyway." His voice was quiet, controlled; but his hag-

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gard face and dark-ringed, wretched eyes most piteously entreated her. How much more would he have to stand? How much more could he, he wondered?

Slowly his desperate will forced her to see the futility of her wild planning. Her hands dropped listlessly to her sides. She turned with a little sob and a choking good-bye, and made her way out into the garish sunlight. From the window Micky watched her climb the little hill to where a tall patch of bracken swayed in the breeze. In a moment she was completely hidden from view.

He gave a litle moan of pain as he turned away. "It's the way she couldn't bear to kiss me, nor to touch me hand, even," he whispered. "If she knew, maybe she would!" he said with a queer little laugh, as he set about his terrible preparations.

Going out into the sunlight, he pushed his donkey-cart sideways across the road. From inside it he took an axe and with two or three sharp blows he shattered one of the front wheels, so that the whole cart slipped over, disabled, completely blocking the narrow road.

From the field by the road came the sound of the donkey tranquilly cropping the clover. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes now, maybe. He remembered with an odd streak of ironic humor with what military precision the major kept his appointments. He crouched behind the cart, fastening his mask, listening, alert. But no sound reached his ears except the distant lap of the waves and the faint stirring of wind in the ferns by the roadside.

Suddenly he heard it—throb, throb in the distance. The R. M.'s Ford! Unmistakable. He drew his revolver, crouching behind the cart.

Stillness intense, save for the sound of the car, relentlessly drawing nearer. It whisked round the corner and stopped with a jerk. Micky had sprung up with a leveled revolver.

"Shoot, ye scoundrel!" The Major's clear voice rang out scornfully.

Micky's arm shook as he pulled the trigger. A faint click, but no sound of a shot. Half an instant's tense silence, and then a flash and a sharp report.

It was Micky who fell, crumpling up behind his market cart.

The Major leaped from his car, and pulling aside Micky's cart, stood over him, his revolver smoking in his hand. A second he stood, then stooped with an oath, and, picking up Micky's revolver, opened it quickly.

"My God!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

Scrambling, tearing through the heather and bracken came Delia. Delia! Then. . . . Micky?

She was beside him now, kneeling, desperately calling him: "Micky."

The Major leaned towards her, holding out Micky's revolver. "It wasn't loaded," he said. There was an oddly vibrant note in his voice. He stooped to examine the crumpled form on the road. "Just his arm hit. You two will be safest alone," he muttered.

He thrust Micky's revolver into an inner pocket, and, walking unsteadily to his car, climbed in.

THE WAYS

From All's Well!

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham

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DEVILED CRABS

By CLAUDE S. WATTS

Illustrated by William Fisher

"OH, boy! Me for them and them for me!"

Slangy and ungrammatical, but sincere. The belated arrival at the picnic supper in a sylvan beauty spot on the historic upper Potomac, had made his excuses and accepted good-naturedly the bantering warning that he was too late to get anything to eat. He had surveyed the remains of the feast that apparently had been attacked by a band of starving Armenians and had declared that he was not hungry, anyhow. Then he had espied that which called forth the ejaculation and proceeded to get busy.

A few minutes later he rested with a rapturous sigh and looked up at the few members of the party who remained around the cloth on the ground.

"Say, folks, that's food! Deviled crabs are my specialty, and I'll tell the world these are the best ever. Who made 'em? I want to meet the cook!"

Some one giggled and some one called out, "Oh, Marge!" only to add, "There she is—there's the cook," and pointed to a nearby rustic swing.

The omnipresent humorist took charge of the situation. "Marge," he called, "you're wanted. Here's the guy who likes deviled crabs."

That was good for a laugh—laughs come easily at picnics—and so was the retort: "He's a perfect stranger to me!"

Whereupon a clamor: "Don't you know Marge?" "Don't you know Tim?" "Introduce 'em!"

And again the humorist: "Miss Kirby, meet Mr. Brady. Marge, this is Tim. Tim, there's the cook—do your duty!"

The youth scrambled to his feet, bowed awkwardly and hesitated. "What do I do now?" he asked.

"Eat another crab—eat 'em all!" cried one voice. "Kiss the cook!" cried another, and then the chorus: "Kiss the cook! Kiss the cook!"

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"Marge, you're wanted. Here's a guy who likes deviled crabs."

"I'd like to see him try it!" came the cool voice from the swing, and the youth sprang to the challenge. There came a brief chase, a darting here and there, a capture, a momentary clumsy embrace and a loud kiss deposited upon a scarlet cheek, all to the accompaniment of applause and screams of laughter. A flushed and somewhat disheveled girl confronted a smiling and somewhat embarrassed boy.

Said the girl: "Well, Mr. Sheik, I hope you're satisfied!"

Said the boy: "Say, sister, I'm a perfect stranger to you yet!"

Later, when the evening shadows were gathering and the broad, rippling river mirrored but faintly the last shafts of light athwart the sky, a voice said:

"Say, Marge, you make an awful hit with me!"

And another voice made reply: "You mean the deviled crabs made a hit. What do you want—to hire a cook?"

"I want to marry one!"

"My land, man, but you work fast. Why, we're perfect strangers."

"We're not going to be long."

"Aren't you the speed demon, though! Slam on your brakes! Can't you see the red lantern?"

Still later, when the party was breaking up, there was an aside.

"Say, Marge, let me take you back to town."

"I came out in a flivver. What kinda car you got?"

"A—uh—a Brill Sixty."

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"Thank you, I'm not a strap-hanger."

"Aw, come on!"

"Say, a fellow with your line, who tries to put on the act you did, ought to carry a little scenery and a few props—something with about six cylinders. Good-bye!"

"Aw—wait a minute, Marge!"

"Bye-bye, Timmus! See you in church!"

"You see me"——but she was gone, leaving a more than disconcerted youth, grinning ruefully, if not vacuously. "Aw, she's too flip!" he muttered to himself, but he didn't mean it.

Tim Brady, as his name announces to the wide, wide world, was Irish through and through and every which way, which means so many different things it's no use trying to enumerate them all. Mention may be made, though, of his fine grey eyes, of his smile that unlocked at least your outer gates whenever he approached you, and of his well modeled chin, indicative of sticktoitiveness, stick-toyouitiveness and combativeness. Then it may be added that he was a bundle of nervous energy, always knew what he was going to do, and usually was well on his way to get it done before the average youth of his age would be getting started.

As he put himself to bed he told himself he knew exactly what he wasn't going to do in this instance—he wasn't going to make a fool of himself over that crazy red-head. He never had made a fool of himself over a girl, and he wasn't going to begin now.

"She's too flip," he said, not realizing that he didn't mean it any more than when he had first indulged himself in that slightly inelegant characterization. "She's a good-looker and full o' pep, and I'll bet she's a peach of a dancer, but she hasn't got a thing on her mind but her bobbed hair, she'd run a man ragged keeping up with her, and she'd keep the mint working nights to make money as fast as she'd spend it. I'll bet there's not more than eight or eleven thousand different things she wants right this minute. Not any for me, thank you! I'll cross her name off my list before it's on it!"

Whereupon Tim addressed himself to slumber—but he dreamed a strange dream, a weird jumble of red-headed crabs and deviled girls!

Now Marge Kirby was in many respects as Tim had summed her up. She was flippant. She had a nimble wit, of sorts, and an even more nimble tongue, and both had been schooled in the vernacular and freedom of the day. And in the matter of looks she had been most generously endowed. Her figure was—no, not boyish. That adjective has been overworked, and, besides, it doesn't mean what it is supposed to mean. Who ever heard of a male impersonator who ever fooled any for a moment or who had a figure that a man would look at a second time? Her hair was a lustrous curly mop of that shade of auburn that art has never achieved. Her eyebrows needed no pencil, her lashes no mascaro, and her eyes, at times almost grey and again the deepest violet, were alight with laughter. Her mouth was not a stranger to the lipstick, although it might well have been, and she had never improved her complexion by frequent recourse to the litte round box. In fact, as she sometimes admitted, "powder and rouge make me look like the dickens."

A piquant, tip-tilted nose — but enough of the siren's looks! What else did Tom say about her? Oh, yes! He wagered she was a peach of a dancer. She was. He was positively dogmatic about her being a dumb-bell. Not so good, Timmus! She was present when the brains were passed around, as eventually you are to discover. You are as near right as the soap is pure, however, in your conclusions as to her running a man ragged to keep up with her, her gift for spending money, and the number and variety of the things she wanted. You pass, Timmus, *summa cum laude!*

But, Timmus, Timmus! Fie, fie, and what, ho! The last thing you said was that you would cross her name off your list before it was on it, and your first thought in the morning was, "Why haven't I met that dame before?" Also you awoke with that feeling of zest and elation you have not known since you got your new job, and you did not need the daily dozen and the cold plunge to send the blood rioting through your sturdy young body! Nor should you have told the waiter that you wanted a whole hog, two dozen eggs and eight dollars' worth of coffee for breakfast that morning, for the waiter went out and told the cook that, "Mistah Brady suttenly has been

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triflin' wid de hooch!" You gave him the impression that you were suffering from a hangover, which was quite true, only it wasn't that kind of a hangover.

The first thing Tim did that morning when he got to his desk in the big office building on Capitol Hill, where he served as secretary to one of the overlords of mundane affairs, was to use his telephone to get in touch with the individual who had inveigled him into going to that picnic. He did this with such effect that half an hour later he was asking, over that same instrument:

"Is this Miss Kirby?"

"If it isn't I could be arrested for wearing the clothes I got on!"

"This is Tim Brady."

"Who?"

"Tim Brady."

"Say it again. I just love your accent!"

"You little scamp! Say, Marge, I want to see you."

"Sorry! This isn't that kind of a machine."

"What kind?"

"The kind you can see over at the same time you're talking."

"Oh, you're little Miss Kidder, aren't you? Say, Marge, I want to see you."

"I heard you the first time."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"What am *I* going to do about it? You stay right where you are and I'll hurry. Don't leave before I can get there—it won't be more than a hundred years!"

Tim could laugh at that and he did. "Ouch!" he said. "I had that coming to me! Say, Marge, how much time do you have for lunch?"

"We have a whole half hour in which we can do anything we please. We can even eat, if we want to."

"Say, I'm coming down."

"What for—some deviled crabs?"

"That'd help some, but I'd rather have the little red-head that puts the devil into 'em!"

"Still after a cook?"

"I'm still after you!"

"You don't tell me! Say, man, what do you mean by calling me up and talking all day? Do you want to make me lose my job?"

"Oh, say, Marge, I'm sorry! I just wanted to tell you I was coming——"

"The Brill Sixties don't run on Sixteenth Street."

"I'm coming in a Pierce Arrow!"

"Say, whose chauffeur are you, anyway? Cal's?"

"I'll be yours, one of these days!"

At noon Tim had several pressing errands at the downtown departments. Yes, the chief would let him take the car, so Tim was there on the street where the Brills do not run—there, as he said he'd be, in the Pierce Arrow, and he was not doing the chauffing. Scores of girls—clerks, stenographers and typists in the offices of the world-famous magazine that has its habitat in the midst of great apartment houses, magnificent embassies and splendid private residences—were promenading the sidewalks, out for the mid-day breath of air, laughing, chattering and preening their feathers. Marge Kirby was one of a group that Tim espied promptly, and he was out of the car almost before it drew up to the curb.

"Miss Kirby!" he called. If he thought to surprize her he was mistaken.

"How you startled me!" she said, with her pert sarcasm. "I expected you sooner. Girls, this is Mr. Rockefeller, come down to mingle for a moment with the woiking classes. Mr.——" But the girls, giggling, had passed beyond the range of an introduction, and were engrossed in excited question and comment anent, "Marge has got a new one, and can you beat that!"

"I'm here," said Tim.

"That's what Pershing said. Where's your wreath?"

"Say, are you always kidding?"

"It's my line. Like it?"

"Not so bad, but——"

"'Not so bad!' Do tell me! Nice little boat you got there, 1920 model, ain't it? There's no use talking, these good cars do stand up, don't they? Pays to buy 'em, in the long run. Now my Rools Rooster is six years old and you'd never dream it! As I was sayin' only this morning——"

"For heaven's sake, can the chatter, Marge! You'll be going back to the office in a minute and I want to say what I came down here to say."

"You said it."

"Said what?"

"You said, 'I'm here!' and posed for the flashlight."

"Can I come to see you to-night?"

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"Nope. Date."

"To-morrow night?"

"Nope. Date."

"How about the next——"

"Say, what're you trying to get me to do—say, 'Oh well, you might as well come to-night and get it over!'"

"No, but there's an awful good show down at the National——"

"Show? National? You interest muh strangely! Talk on, man. I never did have a date I couldn't break—if I wanted to!"

"To-night, then? I've had two dandy seats laid away."

Marge appeared to indulge in heavy thinking for a moment. "Let's see, I think I can fix it. Yes, I'll do it!" Then she grinned. "Surest thing you know!"

"I'll call for you at a quarter to eight. I know where you live, all right."

"You do work fast—and thorough—don't you! G'bye!" And with an impish grimance she was gone.

Tim did not have the Pierce Arrow that night and when they came out of the house Marge paused and surveyed the empty place by the curb.

"Oh," she said, "this is James' night off, is it? Or did you have to put the car in the shop and you just couldn't find a taxi?"

Tim's collar grew suddenly very tight. "I thought——" he began.

"You thought you'd use the Brill to-night? Come on, let's walk. Street cars never did rest *my* feet!"

It was not a long walk—a matter of but six or eight blocks, happily—and Marge kept up a running fire of chatter which Tim could only punctuate with miserable monosyllables and which did not in the least conceal her displeasure. She did relent a bit, however, when they got to the theater and discovered where they were to sit—on the aisle, second row on the right in the orchestra.

"I love this!" she exclaimed, as they settled themselves in their seats. "I'm crazy about the trap drummer and I can't bear to be any farther away from him than this."

"The trap drummer!" repeated Tim, blankly.

"Any trap drummer, stupid! S-ssh! They're off!"

It was a good show and they enjoyed it. Marge was perfectly crazy about the leading man—and the comedian, too, for that matter—before the evening was over, and she didn't care who knew it. Tim rather liked the looks of the third girl from the end on the right, but he kept that fact to himself. Then there was a song with a much-repeated chorus:

"All that I can offer is a loving disposition
And a w-i-l-d desire to succeed!"

Tim laughed at that until Marge admonished him, "Don't do it here!"

"Wh-wh-what?" gurgled Tim.

"Have hysterics!"

They had a bit of supper at a Chinese restaurant, and they took a taxi home, and they took it the long way around the Speedway and down by Hains' Point. All things were propitious—that is, all things save one, Tim's nerve! When he said good night, however, he did hold her hand as long as it took him to ask if she wouldn't go somewhere to dance some evening, soon.

"I'll try that once, too!" was the answer which she gave Tim to study over. "Call me up!"

Soon meant the next evening to Tim, but they compromised on the second following. They went to that café where money is not an object to any one save the proprietor, and where that famous orchestra tears music to shreds and puts it together again in muted melodies of irresistible jazz that would coax old King Tut out of his tomb if he had been mummified thrice three thousand years. And they danced. And Tim whispered, "Goodness, Marge, but I'm crazy about you!" And Marge, her eyes deep wells of violet so dark as to be almost black, laughed a trifle unsteadily, and said, "Pour yourself a dish of ice water, Timmus!"

They taxied, both ways, that night, and the way home was that short-long one through Rock Creek Park, by the old stone mill—and across the ford—and along an ever-murmuring stream—and the winding, tree-arched road up the hill to the crest that was nearer heaven than one young man had ever been before—and the precipitous hairpin curves of the way down again—and again the ford—and the mill—and it was very, very late—or very early——

Had Tim kept books, one side of his ledger, at the end of that first week,

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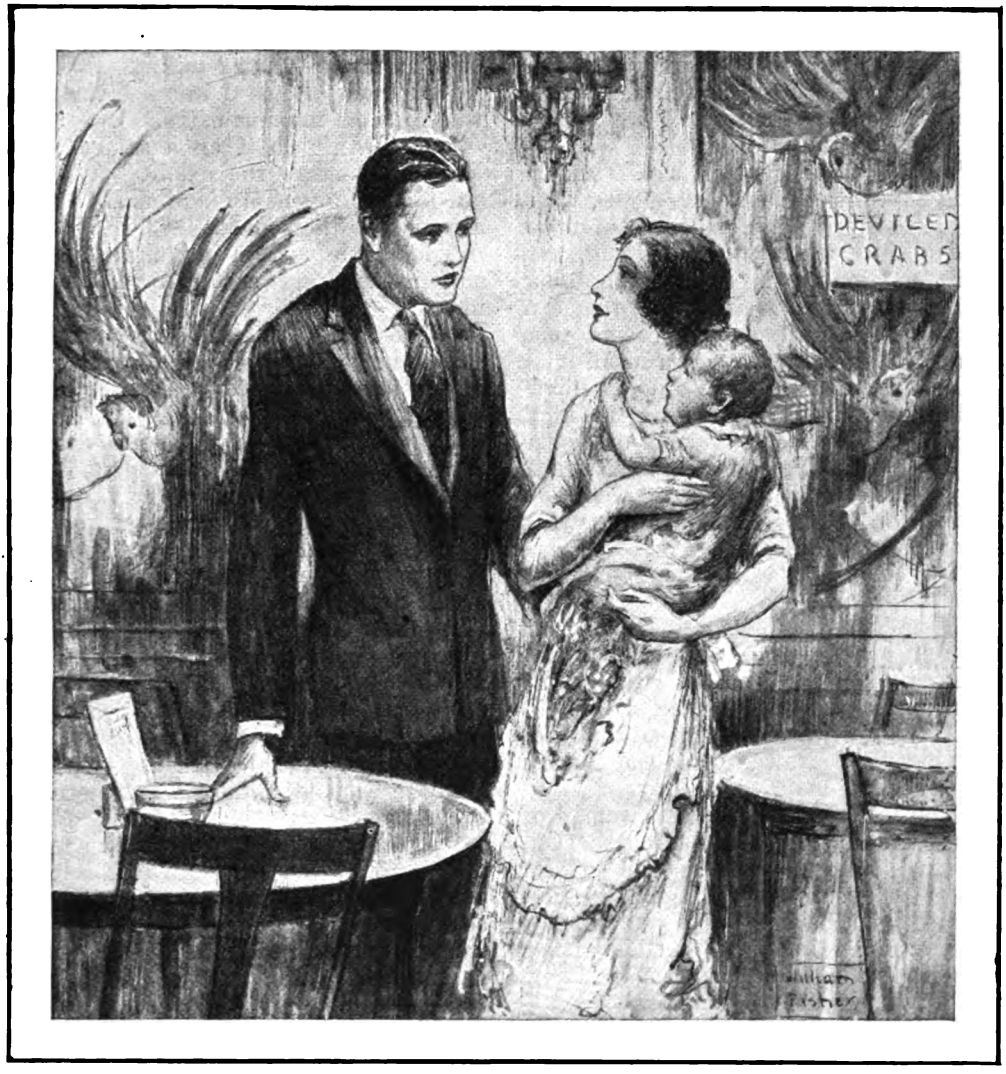

Well — he's a pretty big reason, isn't he? If you don't think so, try hefting him once!"

would have shown sundry and divers items of expenditure such as theater, café, taxi, flowers and candy aggregating the sum of $57.70; on the other side the entry would have been, "Two dates with Marge." Inasmuch as his salary was slightly less than $50 a week such a record staring him in the face might have given him pause to think. But he did not keep books, and not then, nor for a long time afterward, could anything have given him pause. The poor boob was what they call "in love," and if that isn't calling it by its own name, why—mix your own medicine!

The third time that Tim was with Marge he proposed to her in all seriousness and in all earnestness. That is to say, he would have done so had he been given but half a chance.

"Marge," he blurted out, "I've got almost two thousand saved and I'm making twenty-four hundred a year now, with plenty of chances to pick up extra money. What do you say——"

Quoth Marge, merrily and musically:

"All that I can offer is a loving disposition
And a w-i-l-d desire to succeed!"

"Aw, Marge! Listen to me, and be serious, won't you?"

"I'm listening, but I can't hear you,

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Timmus dear, and I couldn't possibly be serious about twenty-four hundred. I'm nicking the cashier for thirty per myself. Add that up and tell me why I should listen to your story!"

"But I've got prospects——"

"That's what they all say, Tim, me lad! Say, listen to me. My sister, Kate, married on prospects. Her husband was making just what you're getting, and that was a long while ago when a dollar would go almost across the Potomac if you threw it hard enough. And then he up and died, which was a mean trick on her, even if he didn't do it intentionally, and she was left with two kids. And she has to work, and my other sister can't get married because she has to help make a home for those kids, and I—oh, don't talk to me about getting married on prospects!"

"But, Marge, I want a home. I want to settle down——"

"Then you don't want to marry me. I couldn't settle down. I'm a wild, wild woman! Honest, Timmus, there isn't anything out in the Zoo half as wild!"

"Marge, you never let up on that kidding business. Now I'm in dead earnest about getting married."

"You would make a honest woman of muh, would you?" she mocked. "Oh, Timmus, Timmus! Come out of it! You're too young to talk about getting married, and, besides—oh, everything!"

Then Tim seized her, and kissed her fiercely. "I'm not too young to know that I love you!" he exclaimed.

"No, indeedy!" she laughed, as she evaded him. "Not any more! I've partaken, thank you! Run along and sell your papers, or roll your hoop, or whatever it is that little boys do!"

And that was that.

Tim purchased his automobile the next week. It wrecked his savings account, in which he had taken so much pride, but what of that? He was after something he wanted more than all the money in the world—the heart of a girl. He remembered that it should be "something with about six cylinders." It was a nifty roadster, and Marge approved of it unreservedly.

"Attaboy!" she cried, when she was told that it was his. "Let's go!" Later she said, "It's a perfect dream of a car."

And he said, "I got it for you, Marge, and if you'll only——"

"You'll be after saying you can support me and this car both on twenty-four hundred, I suppose."

"And why not? I know I can with what I'll be making extra."

"You can't do it on a salary, Tim. You can't make the grade. A man's got to be in business for himself to make any money these days."

That did give Tim pause, and he put on his thinking cap. Result—a big idea.

"I've been thinking over what you said, Marge," he told her a few days later, "and I've got a scheme. I'll go into business if you'll help me. You know people have always gotta eat and feeding 'em is a great business if it's handled right. Now my plan is to open a little café that will be something different from the ordinary hash-house. Nothing elaborate, but *different*. Specialize in just one or two things to eat and make 'em good. Deviled crabs, for instance—your deviled crabs. They'd be a world beater. Pretty soon we'd have a string of places like that and just coin money."

"Say, Timmus, let me get this—it's going to be good, I know. You want me to help you?"

"Sure! I'll have practically enough money to fix the place up if I sell the car, and I'd want to hold on to my job as long as I could while we're getting started, but with the time I could give to it and you being on the job all the time——"

"Me work in a beanery?" There was more than mere incredulity in Marge's voice, but it escaped Tim. "You'd have me work after we're married?"

"Of course I wouldn't if it weren't that we'd be building up a business, but that would be different, and——"

He might have blundered on until he had said something that really offended Marge, but one of her irrepressible imps possessed her and she burst out laughing.

"Oh, Timmus," she cried, "I can't. I'm sorry, but I just can't."

"Why?"

"I'm afraid of the kitchen stove!"

"What!"

"Honest I am! I was dropped on one when I was a baby and it's all I can do to make myself go near one. I just can't work around one regular."

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Tim eyed her dubiously. "I never heard anything like that before," he said. "I suppose it's another of your joshes, but it doesn't matter. If you won't do it you won't, and that's all there is to it."

"You've got the answer, Timmus. That puts you right up at the head of the class. Nix on the beanery! Tell me another one. Got any more big ideas?"

"I'll get one, all right!" Tim would have growled that—or barked it—if he had indulged one of the emotions that possessed him, but the trouble was that when he was with Marge he was always torn by conflicting emotions. His hands fairly itched to shake her. He wanted to hurt her—to make the tears come into her eyes and her lips tremble. She was a spoiled kid and he wanted to unspoil her, to discipline her. He wanted to be able to deny her things until she became sober and serious for once. But most of all he longed to take her in his arms, to kiss her and pet her; to be able to keep her always all smiles and laughter; to give her everything her little heart desired—to promise her the moon, if she wanted it for a bauble, and then go get it for her! So he grinned grimly and told her he knew where he stood with her.

"If I aim to be your little playmate I gotta be a go-getter. I've got to have the coin. Well—I'll get it!"

Ensued two bitter months for Tim—days when he essayed to be both worker and wooer—days of trying desperately to devise some means of making and saving money while at the same time, perforce, he was always spending it that he might sun himself in her smiles—days when he was wracked with jealousy, for he had rivals, and mad with fear lest one more fortunately placed might win her from him—days when he was so worried and solemn that she called him "Old Sourface" and declared finally that it gave her "the woollies" to go out with him.

"You know, I got no use for glooms, old dear," she told him. "If I go to a funeral it's just for the ride! And put this in your book, too: You've been showing me lots of good times, but I don't think you've been enjoying yourself particularly. Don't do it if it hurts! I like to have a fellow be nice to me, but I don't like to be made to feel that he's burying his best friend every time he spends a dollar on me."

Almost overnight, then, a new Tim was born into the world, one who was the gayest of the gay, reckless, lavish to the verge of folly. This Tim had assurance and confidence of a kind the other had lacked, and the air of a conqueror that was impressive—impressive, at least, to one young woman.

"You must have found a money tree, Timmus," she ventured, on one occasion.

"You said it, kiddo! I've found it and I'm shaking it. Just give me a little time and I'll show you something."

The hours had wings those days and it was not long, or it did not seem long, until he was ready to show her. They had finished a late dinner at the *Café d'Or*, as it might have been named. They were at a secluded table in a corner and after the waiter had been banished Tim asked her if she remembered he had told her he would show her something. She did. "Something" was one of those little boxes that no girl or woman ever opens without quickening pulse and bated breath. They hold such surprizes, such possibilities of joy and happiness, such promises, such commitments. This one held that which made Marge gasp.

"Oh, Timmus," she breathed, "it's gorgeous—perfectly gorgeous!" She turned the ring this way and that, the while the sparkle in her eyes rivaled that of the stone, started to slip it on her finger and paused. "You want me to wear it for you, Timmus?"

"That's the big idea!" He smiled complacently and added: "But there's something else goes with it."

"Something else" was a slender circlet of platinum and diamonds, and again Marge gasped. This time it was, "Oh, Timmus, I know now I've always loved you!"

Tim had other things to show her, among them a bank book, and a story to tell her. He had hit upon a side-line in which he was making money so fast it would keep her working overtime to spend it. He couldn't explain it in detail because she wouldn't understand, for it was a sort of speculative enterprise and yet it wasn't, because he assumed no risk of losses. The main thing was the profits which were large and certain and would be permanent.

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"It isn't gambling, is it, Timmus?" she asked, absently, as she fondled the rings, and scarcely heard his assurance in the negative.

"Not a bit of it!"

That was the only question she asked him. They were married that night by a justice of the peace in an historic Maryland county-seat.

Marge Brady was proud of the skill with which she could negotiate the congested traffic of Washington streets and avenues. She was proud of her smart coupé, proud of her own modish attire, proud of the beautiful home she had just quitted and of the husband who had provided it for her. In truth, she was a very prideful and a very happy young woman, for she was finding that life each day unfolded a new delight, something she could do, something she could have, something she could do for others. Right then she was driving her own car at night, which she had always wanted to do and had never before attempted. She was wearing a new jeweled wrist watch that it was a joy to possess and that she had not even known she wanted until Tim had surprized her with it. And by no means least of all, since she was anything but selfish, she was on her way to see her sisters who had sent for her and who doubtless wanted her to do something for them. So it was that all the way there she kept humming a gay little tune.

She was not singing on her way back home. Instead, she was repeating to herself something that sounded like an incantation and went around and around in a circle, "Be yourself! Do your stuff! Don't let him know! Don't let him know! Do your stuff! Be yourself!"

But Marge Brady was not a schooled actress and she could not play a part, and Tim sensed a change in her the moment she entered the apartment.

"What's the matter—what did they want?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing much"—Marge's voice was steady and she strove to make her manner casual—"just wanted to ask me if I knew my husband was a bootlegger!"

Tim had the feeling of one who has dived headlong from a great height, but knows he can stay his fall by the exercise of his own faculties. Presently he accomplished that.

"What—what did you say to them?"

"I said, 'Sure!' You don't think I'd let them think they had anything on me!"

"What else did they say?"

"Asked me if I knew you hadn't had your job on the Hill since the first month after we were married."

"What did you say to that?"

"I said, 'Sure!' You don't think I'd let them think you put anything over on me, do you?"

"What then?"

"Then I told 'em that if they'd attend to their own business, we'd attend to ours, and came home."

No one would ever know how good that "we" and "ours" sounded to Tim Brady—they placed her definitely and unmistakably with him and freed him instanter of the burden of fear and suspense that had been crushing him in the constant expectation of this hour of revelation. And with the feeling of relief and thankfulness that she would stand by came a surge of shame and contrition over the deception he had practised.

"Marge," he said, "you're the best ever, and I feel like a dog because I haven't been absolutely on the level with you. I've felt that way all along, and Heaven knows I'm glad the beans have been spilled and I can tell you all about it now."

He wasn't really a bootlegger himself, at least that was the way he felt about it—but was a sort of middleman. The people who sold the stuff did a lot of business on the Hill and in the departments and they needed some one to act as a go-between between them and their customers, or clients, as they called them. Tim explained that he merely took the orders on a commission basis, receiving his commissions in cash when he turned in the orders, and neither handled any of the stuff nor made any collections. It had been a chance to make big money, and to make it easily, without doing any of the "dirty work," and he had taken it because he wanted the money, because he wanted Marge.

"It meant you, and this home, and your car and mine, and everything we've got," he said, "and I couldn't pass it up. I didn't tell you about it in the beginning because we weren't married then, and after we were married I

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thought it'd be best for you to be in a position where you could honestly say you didn't know anything about it if it came to a show-down. I'm not ashamed of what I'm doing. I'd tell the whole world about it, but it's a business that's got to be kept secret because it's that kind of business. I don't buy the stuff and I don't sell it. I don't see where I violate the law."

A specious argument? Yes, to those who regard it, but not so to the youth who made it or to the girl who listened.

"I haven't even let you know just how much money we are making," Tim continued, "but take a look at that." It was a savings account pass-book made out in her name and the balance it disclosed startled Marge. "What do you know about that? We'll be fixed for life in a year or two more."

Once again Marge asked but one question. "Your old job, Tim—did you quit, or——?"

"I quit. I got to thinking that it wasn't exactly right for me to be using the chief's office for my office, and I told him about it and quit. And I don't mind telling you he's one of my best customers!"

Tim could breathe more freely after that memorable scene with Marge was over, and happily over.

Now he was sure of her, and sure of himself, and with his increasing prosperity—an exceedingly dangerous kind of prosperity with its too much money for too little work—it was not long before he developed a bit of a swagger, and Marge made the acquaintance of a Tim who was quite different from the one who had wooed and won her.

Also there was the matter of their increasing use of the wares in which Tim dealt. Gay parties at which they were guests or hosts speedily grew progressively gayer. First result: admonition—"I wish you'd go easy on the hooch to-night, Timmus." Second result: recrimination—"Kindly tell me who was cuckoo *last* night!" Third result: first quarrel—"I don't like to see *my* wife——". . . . "Is *that* so! How about somebody else's wife—Arch Freer's, f'r instance? I noticed that you and she——"

It was during that first quarrel that Marge said she wished he was out of the dirty business he was in, and it was after they had kissed and forgiven that she made her first earnest request that he abandon the business and he promised that he would—"in just a little while." The request was repeated and the promise renewed many times.

Tim wanted to please Marge and in his heart he hated what he was doing, but—he wanted to make enough money first so he could afford to keep his promise! Accordingly, what more natural or more inevitable than that he should extend his operations and "cut in on the big money?" No longer a mere middleman, he became one of those who bought and sold. Nothing risked, nothing gained.

Things began to happen. An automobile was seized by the authorities. Hi-jackers captured a truck with its priceless cargo. He was double-crossed by a trusted employee. There were other inroads on the bankroll. One of Tim's associates was arrested. Marge delivered an ultimatum: Tim had to quit; she had a reason—would not ask him again. Then, just to show what a perverse fate can do, Tim himself was arrested—walked right into a trap laid for him by the enforcement agent known as the Lone Wolf.

A nominal cash bond effected Tim's release without his seeing the inside of a cell, but the arrangements took time and when he reached home it was to find that officers had been there with a search warrant. They had found no contraband, Tim had been far too wise to store any of his wares where he lived, but the apartment looked as if it had been visited by amateur burglars or a skilled cyclone. The devastation was complete. All that was as nothing, however, for, capsheaf of all his woes, Marge was gone! Just a note:

"I'm going away from here as fast and as far as I can go. You needn't try to find me because it won't do you any good. I'm through."

The note was not tear-stained, as the dramatic conventions require of such missives, nor was it a trembly, heart-broken scrawl. The writing was Marge's firmest and best and most legible, and Tim knew that the note meant what it said.

Tim Brady proceeded to do what many a better man than he—and many a worse—has done in the same or similar circumstances. When he sobered up

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some days later he went through a period in which he plumbed the depths of real grief. He passed through that to the state of mind in which the male of the species feels sorry for himself and nurses and coddles his grievances against individuals and against the world. Then came anger, blind, bitter, corroding anger, and after that in no time at all he was an Ishmaelite. His business in Washington had gone to pot, but there were other fields. Eventually he became one of the most daring of the rum runners off the Jersey coast. With a recklessness that stood him in better stead than mere courage, he matched his nerve and his keen wits against those of the forces of the law and against those of the lawless. He was singularly successful for a time, but the turn of the wheel brought a series of small disasters and then the culminating one that left him stripped of his ill-gotten gains. Experience had taught him it was a game he couldn't beat. He was sufficiently clear of mind to get that, and he got it. Then something happened inside him, and whether he realized it or not, it suddenly became true that he was still sufficiently clean of heart no longer to want to beat the game.

April of a forward spring and Washington at her best, drenched in growing sunshine, radiant and fragrant with myriad flowering shrubs and trees. Tim Brady came out of one of the newer department buildings in one of the older sections of the city and started toward the car-stop on the corner. Then he hesitated. He knew that he should be hurrying back up the Hill where he had many things to do, but there was an urge or a vague stirring within him that seemed to rebel against the promptings of duty. Perhaps it was the spring weather that affected him that way, but whatever it was he found himself strolling down a side street toward the park. Half a block and he saw something that reminded him it was long past the luncheon hour and that suggested that the inward stirring was appetite. It was a window sign:

DEVILED CRABS A SPECIALTY

There was no resisting that and he turned in. He found himself in a small room, attractively decorated and cozily crowded with small tables. A long cushioned bench along either wall lent an unusual touch and saved space and chairs. There was no attendant in sight, so he seated himself at the nearest table and fell to studying the menu card. Without looking up, when he was conscious that there was some one ready to take his order, he inquired, "How are the deviled crabs?"

"I have been told that they are the best ever."

In the instant that he heard the voice he was struggling to his feet. "Marge! You!"

Her eyes were smiling at him. "I thought that sign would bring you in—if you ever saw it."

"It *is* you, Marge! If you knew how I've wanted to find you!"

"I've been right here for quite a spell, Timmus."

Various incoherencies tripped over his tongue, then: "You don't look the same—your hair——"

"I'm boss here and a bobbed-haired boss wouldn't go so good. It's still red, though!"

"But you have changed."

She touched her breast and then her head. "Here—and here," she said. "I'm a lot wiser, for one thing."

"So am I! Say, Marge, I've quit the hooch game, and I've got my old job on the Hill back again, and I'm making good."

She nodded.

"Oh, Marge, do you ever think—?"

She nodded again, gravely. "I've thought until my old thinker only hits on one cylinder. Wait a minute."

She turned toward the rear of the room where she disappeared behind a screen and Tim sank into his chair, elbows on table, face in hands. He did not know that she had come back again until she spoke.

"Timmus," she was saying, "how'd you like to meet the other member of the firm? Junior, how'd you like to meet your father? I couldn't let you know him as long as he was a bootlegger, but he seems to be all right now—as fathers go!"

"Marge!—You—I—Oh!—So *that* was the big reason——?"

"Well—he's a pretty big reason, isn't he? If you don't think so, try hefting him once!"

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TELL US HOW TO BE HAPPY

WHILE I was in Boston (writes Gertrude W. Fielder) I had the pleasure of meeting Alice Freeman Palmer. She was a doer of the word, and not a hearer only; for almost every week through the hot summer she used to leave her peaceful, calm retreat in the country and go to Boston to talk to children of the slums at a vacation school. These schools are kept up through the summer in the poorest localities. The children are given a morning's session of music, reading, and pretty water-color sketches to look at. They can bring the babies with them; and many indeed would not come at all without the little ones. Here is the story as Mrs. Palmer told it:

One July morning I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, with a few to spare.

"Now," I said, "what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?"

"Talk about life," said one girl. Imagine!

"I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time," I said.

Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee,

"Tell us how to be happy."

The tears rushed to my eyes, and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which, no doubt, she lived: perhaps dirty and foul-smelling! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the words and echoed,

"Yes, tell us how to be happy."

"Well," I said, "I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a single day." So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried,

"I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind."

"That's it, exactly!" I said. "Something you would like to remember if you went blind." And they all promised that they would, and not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you all can walk to?"—Yes, there was one—"And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!'

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Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?" They promised, to a girl.

"My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day—do something for somebody every day!"

"Oh, that's easy!" they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, "Oh, that's easy!" Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?

"Yes," I answered them, "It was."

At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said,

"I done it."

"Did what!" I exclaimed, looking down, and seeing at my side a tiny, tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. Now I will admit that it was awfully stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away, and I actually did not know what she was talking about.

"What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child in a rather hurt tone.

"Oh," I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it." So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awfully hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window, 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome."

It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

"And then, there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it, sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when"—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!"

"Saw the baby's hair!" I echoed.

"Yes, a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more!" And catching up the baby from the sidewalk, she said, "See," and I too saw the baby's hair. "Isn't it beau-ti-ful?" she asked.

"Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair, there were the browns, the reds, the golds, which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. "Now, shall we go on?" I said, taking the heavy baby from her.

The room was literally packed this time; ten times as many girls, and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I wish you could have listened with me to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.

When you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature.

—J. M. Barrie

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TO THE WIND

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

The lights hung out in the milky way
The star belt glittered and wheeled,
The heights and the depths of the night were full
Of the scent of the new-plowed field

Wonderful Elder Brother, the Wind,
Why do you rattle the window sill,
And drum on the pane with your finger tips,
And pipe in the chimney shrill?

And why do you harass the poplar tops,
And the pollard willow, his leaves,
And why do you winnow with ceaseless wings
The crest of the gabled eaves?

From the chin of the moon to the turnpike road
(A ribbon and girdle of white)
Is room and enough for the wind to blow,
With never a cloud in sight!

— *Elizabeth MacKinstry*

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THE BECKONING OUT

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

The coppers were gone from the old brown teapot,
Gaunt sorrow and care were crowned kings of the spot,
And the little old woman who knelt on the floor,
To blow up the ashes, was hoping no more.

O, the door was blown open and into the place
A Winged Stranger came, with a gay, handsome face
And with two laughing eyes that looked out of his head,
Like some fair woman's son, and, " Give over," he said.

" Whist, Mother! give over. Come out in the light
While the throstle's astir, and the dawn is as bright
As when, come forty years, you were up and away,
With the dew to your feet, on the first morn o' May.

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" Is it children you grieve for? I'll be as your son
For I'm old as the hills, yet a mother I've none.
Is it shelter you wish for? I'll find you a home
Like a cot in green valleys where no winters come.

" Do you grieve for the good things went out by the door?
Now cross but the threshold, you'll miss them no more,
Or it may be the winds that run laughing with God
Have but kept them awhile, or the sweet smelling sod.

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" Is it lonely you were? There's a bird in your breast
Was but spreading his wings; lone delight is his nest.
There is never a tie could have kept him for long,
I could lure him aloft with the lilt of a song!

" You have dreamed overmuch, as the old do alone
When the fire is low, and the children have gone.
But have done with the dreams, for to youth is the day;
You are young again, Colleen! Come out in the May! "

— *Elizabeth Mac Kinstry*

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GIRL'S SONG

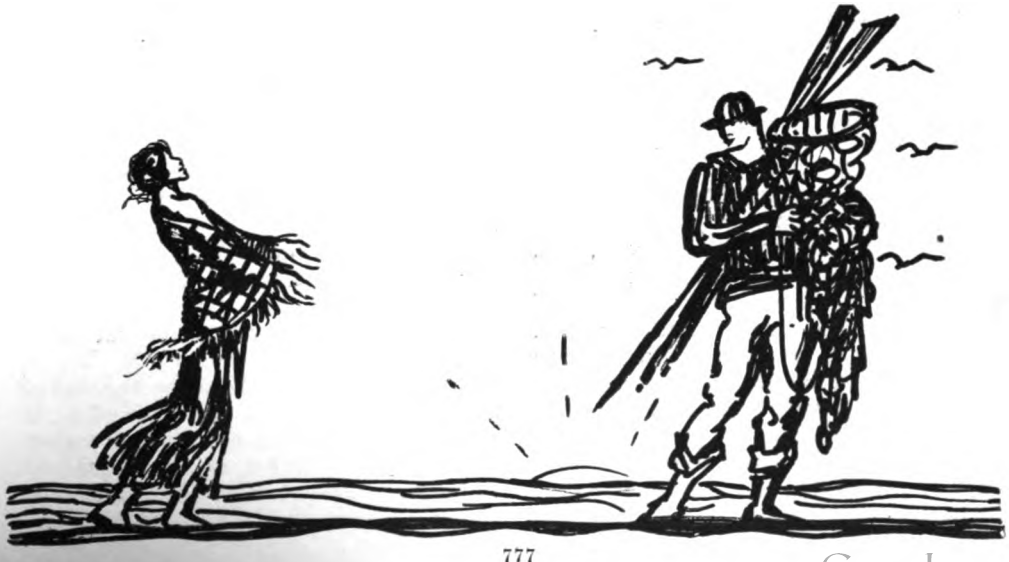
Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

O, Angus Og has four love birds
That follow him where-so-ever;
And two cry out, " I go, I go,"
And two cry out, " Come hither."

They are plumed like the blue-green water,
And the four birds call to me,
" I go, I go," and " Come hither."
I'm thinking they call from the sea.

O, maybe I'll go one sunrise
Where the breakers curl and comb,
And bare my breast to the four love birds
And say, " Come home, Come home."

— *Elizabeth MacKinstry*



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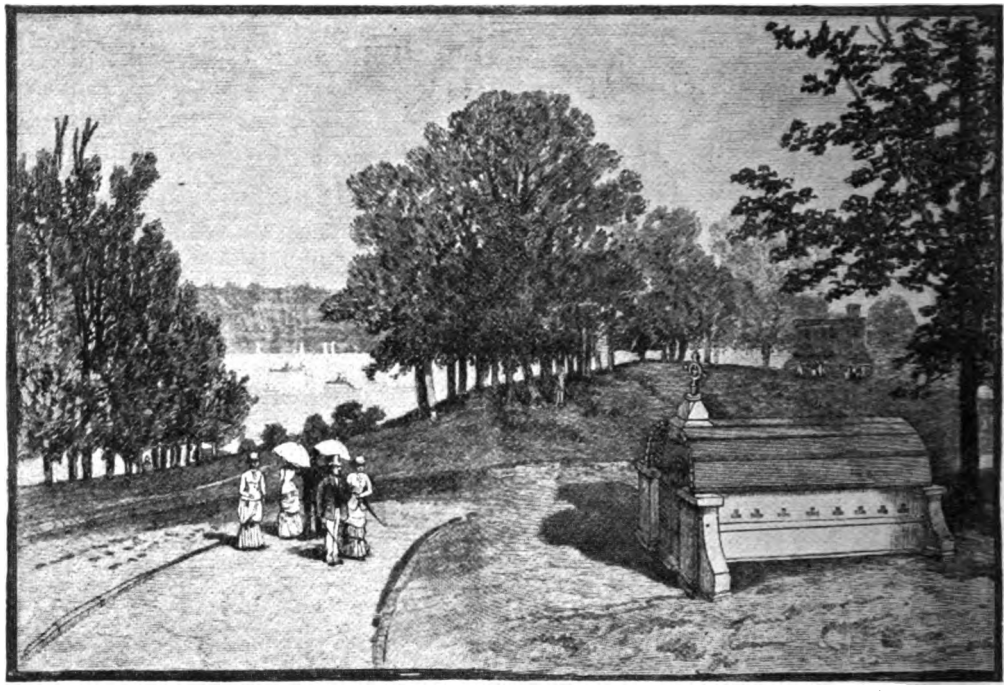

A view of Riverside Drive showing the temporary resting place of General Grant.

AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT OF THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL U. S. GRANT

By W. P. BUTLER

ONE may safely say that never before or since in human history has there been a funeral of any ruler or any person of great note to compare with that of General and ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, on Saturday, August 8, 1885; nor has there been in America a pageant of such magnitude and impressiveness, viewed by such a vast multitude and participated in by so many persons of distinction in every walk of civil, military and official life.

Few of the present generation have heard aught of the details of the funeral of General Grant—no record of which occurs outside the newspaper files of that time, and which, strangely, is either entirely ignored or fills but a brief paragraph in the histories of the great leader.

The civil war ended with the surrender of General Robert E. Lee to General Grant, at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865. Twenty years afterwards General Grant died at Mount McGregor, N. Y., on Thursday, July 23, 1885, at the age of sixty-three. There, at the home of J. E. Drexel, he had been a long and patient sufferer from cancer of the throat.

It was decided that the funeral of General Grant should be a military one,

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Major General Hancock and his staff led the second section of the procession.

befitting his exalted rank, and under the auspices of the Federal Government. Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, then commanding the Department of the East at New York, was assigned by the War Department to direct all arrangements for the procession, in conformity with the wishes of the Grant family. President Cleveland selected as pall-bearers General Wm. T. Sherman, Lieut. General Philip H. Sheridan, Major General John A. Logan, the

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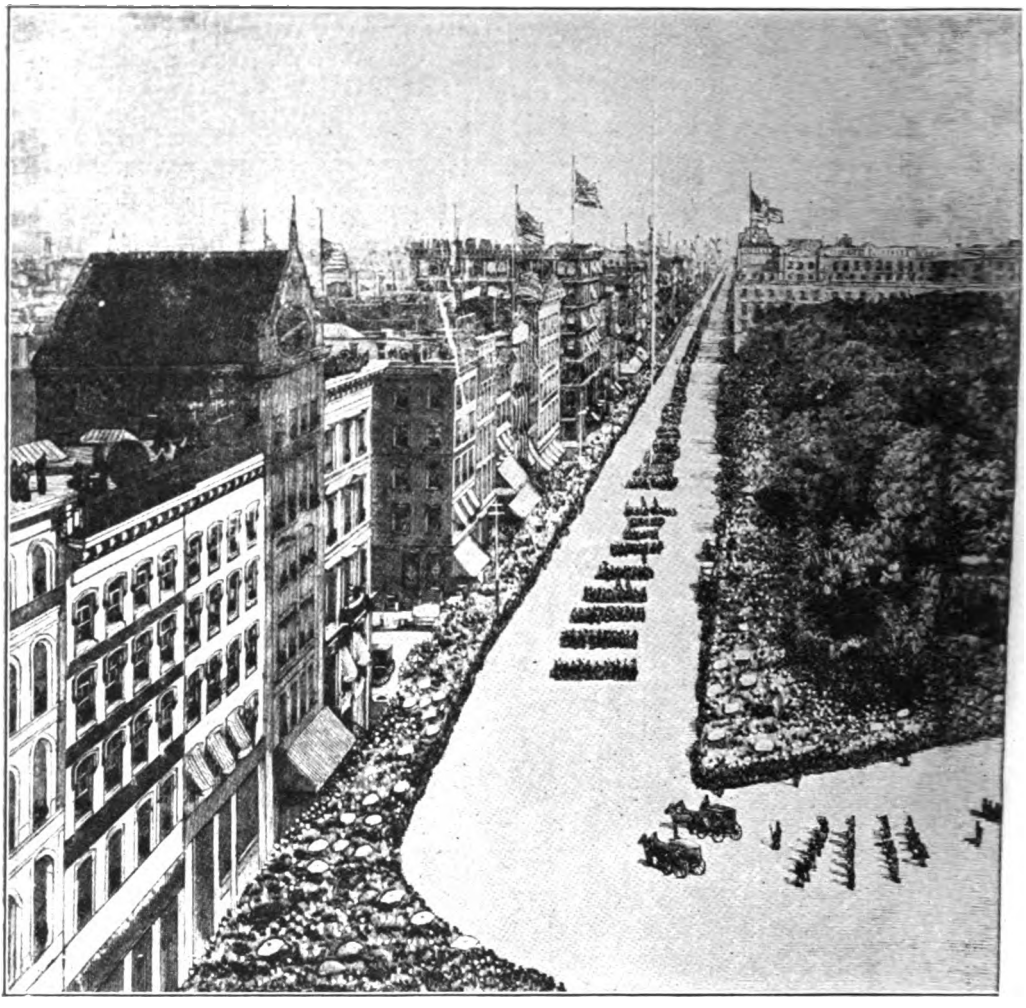

The procession turns the corner into Broadway. At the upper right can be seen the Stewart Building.

ranking generals of the Union Army; General Joseph E. Johnston, Lieut. General Simon B. Buckner, and Major General John B. Gordon, ranking generals of the former Confederate Army; Admiral David D. Porter, and Rear-Admiral J. L. Worden, of the Union navy; while from civil life he selected Hamilton Fish, of New York, George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania, and George Jones and Oliver Hoit, of New York.

General Johnston was in Portland, Oregon, when notified of General Grant's death and of his selection as one of the pall bearers. He left Portland at once, August first, on a special car, which made a record run across the continent in order that he might be present at the funeral.

The initial stage of General Grant's triumphal progress to his resting place in the mausoleum on Riverside drive, in New York, was the removal of his body to Albany, to lie in state at the capitol on August fourth and fifth. On the evening of Wednesday, August fifth, he was brought to New York City, there

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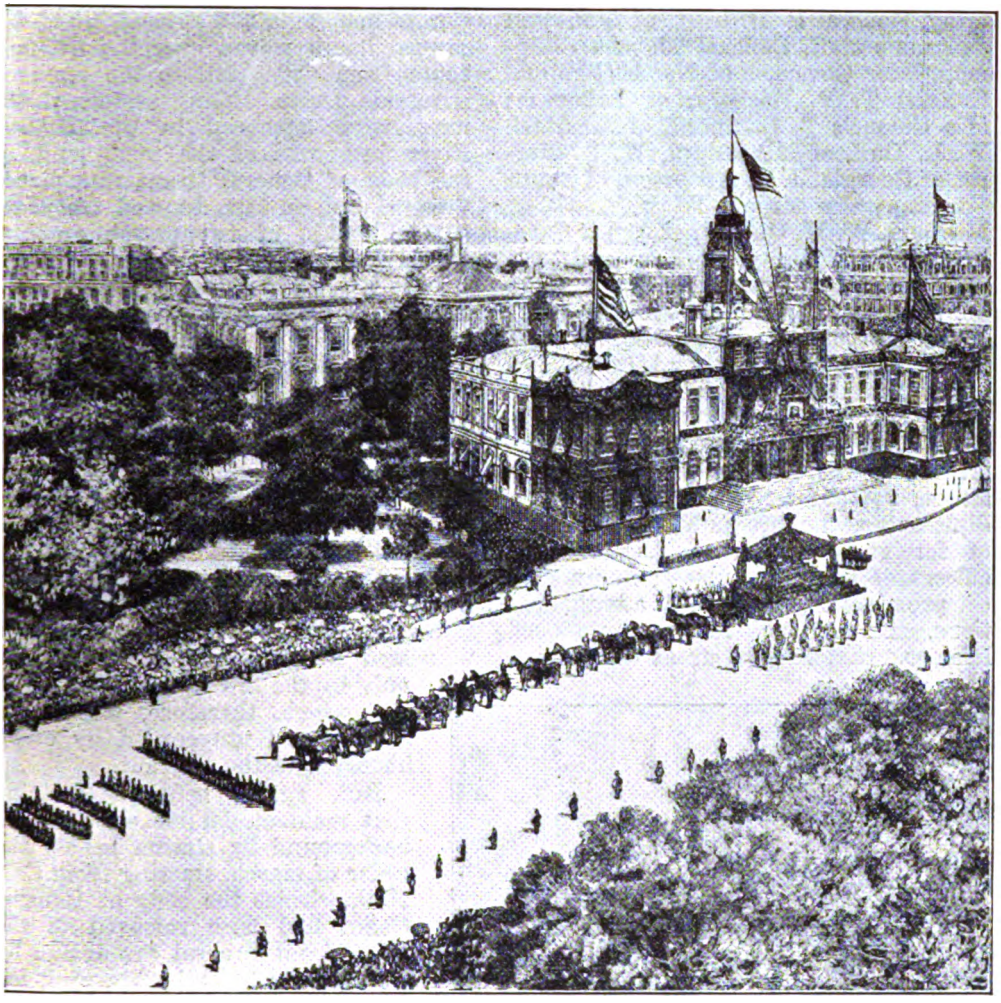

The city hall was draped in mourning and on the Court House behind it the flag flew at half mast.

to lie in state at City Hall until the final march to his tomb on August eighth. Every detail of that most magnificent and impressive funeral pageant had been worked out by General Hancock and his aids, in concert with offers of co-operation received from all over the land.

Participating in the parade were many troops from army and navy; thousands of Civil War veterans from every state in the Union; several companies of Confederate veterans from the Southern States; thousands of militiamen from various states; thousands from civic organizations, and such an array of military leaders of both Union and Confederate armies as had never before assembled to do honor to a leader and a conqueror.

Prominent among commanders of the former Confederate army were the following: General Joseph E. Johnston, General Simon B. Buckner, General John B. Gordon, as pall-bearers, and General Wade Hampton, then Senator from South Carolina, General W. W. Loring, later a general in the Egyptian

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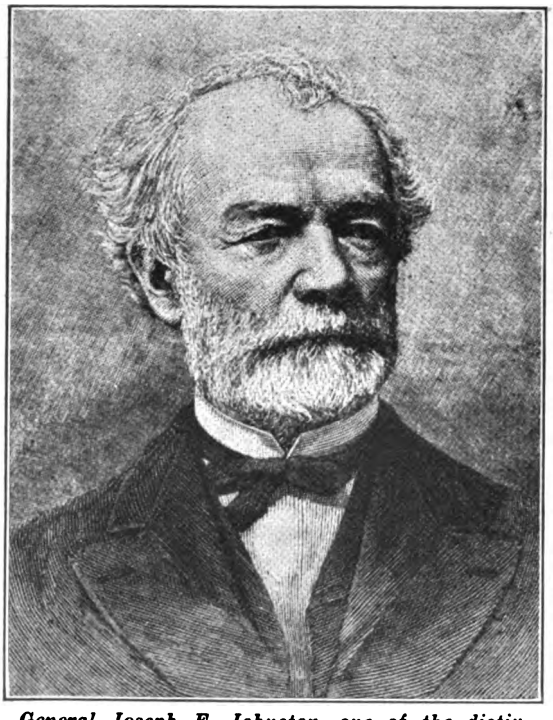
army, General R. D. Lilly, of Stonewall Jackson's staff, General Thomas Clingman, later Governor of North Carolina, General T. P. Dockery, of Arkansas; also Colonels T. L. Sneed, of Missouri, W. L. Duff, of Mississippi, W. B. Sterrit, of Georgia, J. H. Anderson, of South Carolina; also Majors W. H. Clark, of Missouri, W. H. Quincy, of South Carolina, J. R. McNulty, of Maryland, and many others of equal and lesser rank.

President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks, Ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, many Cabinet and ex-Cabinet officers, members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, and delegates from all departments of the government; the Governors of sixteen states; the greater part of the foreign diplomats and representatives designate of foreign governments; hundreds of officers of army and navy; many men of prominence in former administrations, and notables in every walk of life took part in that great demonstration of mourning and respect, which for several hours moved over the five-mile route from City Hall to the tomb on Riverside Drive. Many vessels of the navy were anchored in the Hudson River just west of the tomb, and, as the body of General Grant was placed therein, each in turn boomed the presidential salute of twenty-one guns as a final tribute.



General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the distinguished Southerners who acted as pall-bearers.

It is not my purpose to describe the miles of streets packed to suffocation with hundreds of thousands of spectators, filling every foot of standing room, every window, ledge and roof, every pole and point of vantage along the line of march; nor to tell of the somewhat wonderful combination of circumstances which enabled the present writer to secure, free of cost, a reserved seat which would have sold for $11, on the porch of a house on Fifth Avenue, a half-block south of Twenty-third street, whence, alone, could have been witnessed a wonderful spectacle, seen only by the few who overlooked it, and which, therefore, passed unnoticed and unrecorded by every historian of the pageant.

But, again, before describing that incident, let me complete its background by stating briefly the order of march, starting from City Hall, whence the body of General Grant had been removed to the magnificent funeral car drawn by twenty-four black horses, each led by a colored groom. The first section of the procession consisted of military divisions, flanked by the New Jersey National Guard, after which came the catafalque. The second section was led by Major General Hancock, and it is to this section that my narrative relates.

The family, relatives, and personal friends of General Grant, the President, Vice-President, two ex-Presidents and many other notables were drawn up in order at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Fifth Avenue. From this point they were to fall into line behind

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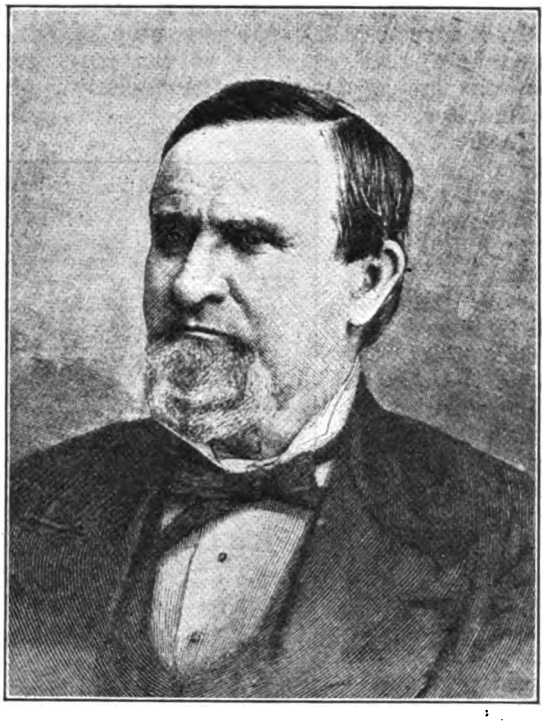
the catafalque when it passed the hotel into Broadway. At 9:45 A. M. the catafalque reached the hotel, and for nearly an hour thereafter the first section of the cortège marched slowly up Broadway, while as rapidly as possible the carriages containing members of the Grant family swung into line behind it, followed by the carriage of President Cleveland, drawn by eight white horses, and by that of Vice-President Hendricks, drawn by six horses. These were followed in turn by the carriages of ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, and by those of Cabinet ministers and others of special distinction.

Meantime the second section of the procession halted in Fifth Avenue below Twenty-third street, immediately in front of the house where the writer sat, in full view of a never-to-be-forgotten scene transcending in historic importance and pathos all other features of that memorable pageant.

At the head of this second section of the parade rode Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, in the full-dress uniform of his rank, mounted on the white Arabian steed Leopard, presented to General Grant by Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan had presented to General Grant two of the finest horses of the royal stables, Lindentree and Leopard. Leopard was a pure white Berber stallion, with creamy silken mane and tail which seemed to form a halo about him. In further indication of his rare and excellent breeding the skin underneath his white hair was black. His neck arched as could only the neck of an equine emperor. His eyes flashed with a seeming consciousness of his royal blood, his perfect training and of the significance of his participation in this spectacular event of which he was one of the leading animate features. He was said to be the gem of the Sultan's stables, the most beautiful horse in the world.

Leopard had been given by General Grant to his friend, General Edward F. Beale, of Washington, but was for a time in the possession of Mr. Sam Howland, son-in-law of August Belmont, by whom he was loaned to General Hancock to be ridden at the funeral of Grant.



General Simon B. Buckner, who did reverence to the memory of a generous foe.

General Hancock was reputed to be the best rider of all the cavalry officers of the army, and on this occasion he justified his reputation. He and his royal steed seemed to be a centaur—to be one, so perfectly did their motions synchronize, and so harmoniously were the lines of horse and rider blended, forming a superb unit worthy of transmutation into marble or bronze.

During the long wait, while the lines were forming ahead, horse and rider stood almost as motionless as a monument in bronze. All eyes were centered on the perfect rider of the perfect horse, and that fact may partly account for lack of interest in the still more wonderful details which made up the balance

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of the picture. Since General Hancock did not turn to look to the rear, even he must have been unaware of the momentous incident enacted immediately behind him.

In the first carriage behind General Hancock sat General William T. Sherman, then ranking general of the U. S. Army, and beside him sat General Joseph E. Johnston, the then ranking general of the late Confederate Army.

"BUSTS OF GRANT FOR SALE."

In the second carriage rode Lieut. General Philip H. Sheridan, then second ranking general of the Union Army; and beside him sat Lieut. General Simon B. Buckner, the second ranking general of the late Confederate Army. General Buckner and General Grant had been chums at West Point. They had fought together in the Mexican War, but during the Civil war they were on opposite sides in the struggle; the surrender of General Buckner and his army to General Grant at Fort Donaldson, on February 16, 1862, started General Grant on his career as a great military commander, and it was Grant's magnanimity towards his then defeated foe and friend that cemented a friendship that was to last through life, and that made possible the scene we are here picturing.

Generals Sheridan and Buckner also had been friends at West Point, but fought each other as foes in the terrible carnage of Murfreesboro' and Chickamauga.

In the third carriage sat Major General John A. Logan, who had served under General Grant in the Army of the Potomac; and with him rode General Wade Hampton of South Carolina, who had done battle against both him and Grant, as one of the leading generals of Lee's Army.

In the next carriage rode Admiral David D. Porter and Rear-Admiral J. L. Worden of the Union Navy. Following them were other carriages with the other pall-bearers and distinguished men, but it is to the leading three carriages and the six great generals that this narrative relates.

To complete this impressive picture, along the east side of Fifth Avenue were double ranks of Union G. A. R. veterans who had served under Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Logan. All stood at attention as the carriages containing their old commanders passed and halted. Their arms were reversed, their flags and guidons were draped with crape, and on their left arms they wore the military badge of mourning. On the opposite side of the street stood the seried ranks of Confederate veterans, sent by Governor Cameron of Virginia, men who had served under Generals Johnston, Buckner, and Hampton, as deadly foes of the men they now faced as friends and fellow-mourners.

As the head of this second section of the parade passed and then halted in front of where the writer sat, massed thousands stood in silent awe at the spectacle, and with attention chiefly focused on General Hancock and his superb horse. Word that the halt would

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be a long one seemed to have passed like magic along the ranks of the old veterans, who, with one impulse, dropped their arms, broke ranks, and rushed up to the three carriages bearing the gray-haired commanders under whom they had served in those years of bitter struggle.

The old generals held their hands out over the sides of the carriages in greeting to their men, who grasped and kissed them, as tears streamed down their faces; they seemed to feel the import of that solemn occasion, and that they would probably never see their old commanders again.

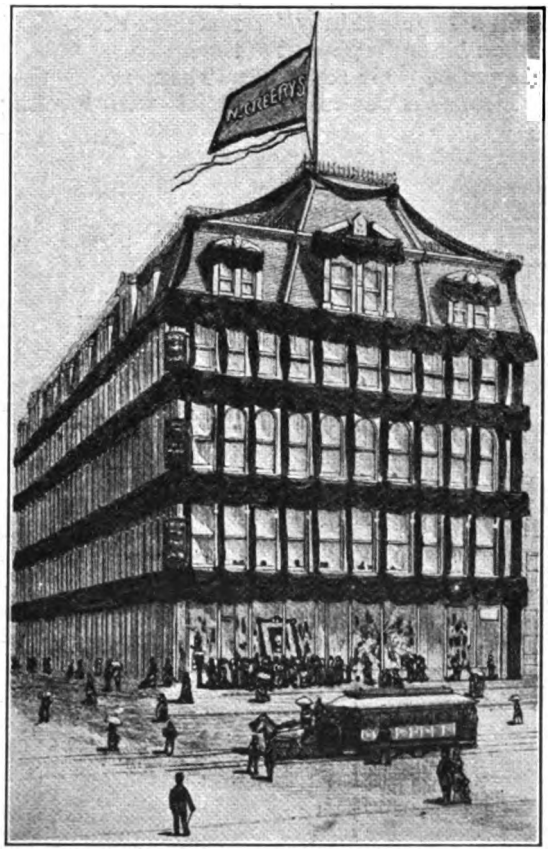
As the veterans of the Blue and the Grey returned with halting steps to their places in the ranks, they mingled in the street for words of brotherly greeting, and many, clasped in each others arms, dropped tears on their faded uniforms. Nor were the eyes of the generals undimmed; for they, probably more than their men, realized the significance of the drama which fate had staged, with themselves as leading characters.

As this fraternal reunion of officers and men who had fought each other on bloody battlefields was at its height, inspired by the passing spirit of the leader who had commanded one of the hosts and vanquished the other, I saw the hands of Generals Sheridan and Buckner clasp on the seat between them, as the hands of ardent lovers might have done; and in that grasp, perchance not seen by others, I recognized the token of a united Nation, as also in the commingling of veterans of the lately embattled hosts, who sanctified by tears an indissoluble Union.

I know not whether others saw and felt the significance of this brief incident, for few who knew the noted characters which gave it such rare interest were so situated as to see it all. The impression then made on me has lasted forty years as of the most solemn and moving event of my lifetime.

On August 1st Simon Cameron—twice U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, Secretary of War under President Lincoln, and Minister to Russia—wired to Colonel Fred D. Grant: "I am glad to know that Generals Johnston, Buckner, and Gordon are going to act as pallbearers with Generals Sherman and Sheridan. Your father's prayer for peace to his Country has been answered and the bitterness of the war wiped out forever."

The reestablished brotherhood recorded by this narrative proved the prophetic truth of the words of Grant—LET US HAVE PEACE.



The McCreery store at 801 Broadway on the day of the funeral.

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GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

An Artist Whose Humor Became Prophecy

By HUGH TORBERT

AS a child, George Cruikshank learned to laugh. That was remarkable because he learned to make others laugh with him. His pencil or his engraver's tool had the extraordinary genius to distort, to caricature, to invent good-humored satires upon vanities, customs, fashions, humbugs and to express all his feelings with a few lines cunningly drawn.

Two of his fancies, which amused England in the 50's were pleasant satires upon certain inventors and upon those "brazen women" who had organized the "Women's Rights Party" and were demanding not suffrage but civil rights for members of their sex.

The preposterous idea, as it was called in 1850, that women should be permitted to vote or serve on a jury, drew fire from George Cruikshank. He turned out his famous cartoon of a court room, in which a woman judge and women jurors listened to the pleas of female barristers at the trial of a breach of promise suit. Yet, seventy-five years later, the humor in the cartoon is found only in some of the mass of detail. Almost every state in the union has become familiar with its "first woman judge," and a law school without a quota of feminine students is as rare as women members of parliament in Cruikshank's time.

Then, about the same time that the artist was leveling his pen at John

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Stuart Mill's doctrines of equal rights for women, an inventor announced a "flying machine." Cruikshank seized upon the idea and drew an "air ship station" not unlike that from which one takes the planes from London to Paris to-day. His cartoons and his verse, "Air-um Scarum Traveling" were masterpieces of humor, until they became an amusing prophecy.

Cruikshank was born in 1792. He came into his inheritance of satiric draughtsmanship from his father, a humorous designer. The boy began to draw when seven years old, sold his first sketch before he was twelve and did not find time to attend an art school until well past sixty. He died at eighty-six, able and willing to dance a Highland fling until a few weeks before his death. His was no palsied old age.

He had the honor of illustrating the novels of Dickens, Thackeray and Victor Hugo as they were issued. Of the American classics which were published with his drawings, the *Biglow Papers* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are among the best known.

Thackeray greatly admired Cruikshank's work. The author of Vanity Fair wrote this tribute to his friend, when the artist was needy.

"Whether ill-paid or well, what labor has Mr. Cruikshank's been, week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new, some smiling offspring of painful labor? In hours of sorrow and ill-health he has been told by the world, 'Make us laugh or you starve.'

"All this he has been obliged to do, to wring laughter day by day sometimes out of want, sometimes from depression. This he has done and well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways. He has never used his wit dishonestly. Never, in all his frolicsome humor, has he caused a single painful or guilty blush."

CONTEMPTIBLE SCOUNDREL for a "BREACH of PROMISE."

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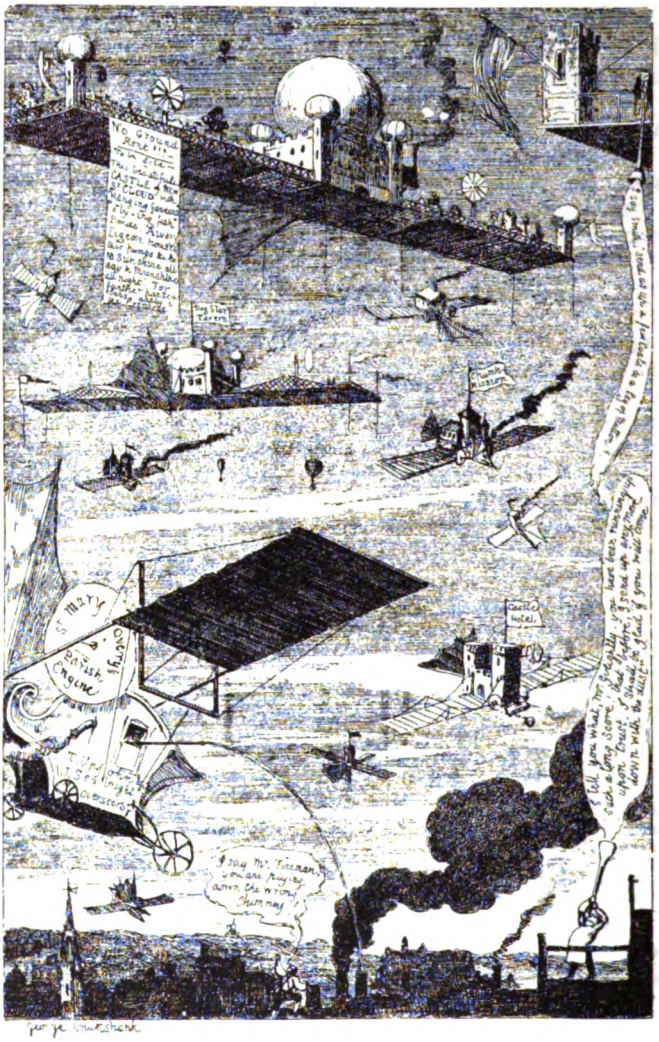

AIR-UM SCARE-UM TRAVELING

"Who's for the excursion round the moon?
Here's the 'Original Fly Balloon.'"
"Is it this that calls
At the top of St. Paul's,
Where I'm to take up my wife and babby?"
"No, sir, it's not ours;
We only touch at the towers
Of Westminster Abbey."

We stop at the Great Bear,
To take in air;
Then at once, without waiting at all, we fly on,
In hopes of being in time to hear
Some of the music of the sphere,
Accompanied by the band of Orion.
What a funny sensation it is the clouds to enter:
Oh, don't you know the reason why

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You feel rather comic when up in the sky?
'Tis caused by your distance from gravity's center.

ut here's the Zodiac, where we dine,
he Bull or the Lion is the sign;
o stop at Aquarius does not answer,
ut we call to-day at the Crab, if we *Can-sir.*
ere's a lawyer wants to be starting soon,
watch the action of the moon;

barrister wishes much to know
a place is vacant, that he may go
study the laws of the stars' rotation,
With them keep pace,
As they roll through space,
nd join their circuit in the long vacation.

he day of railways will be o'er,
And steam will be esteem'd no more,
When the result is seen
Of the experiment of Mr. Green,
Who says he can, as a matter of course,
a balloon the Atlantic cross;
al, by way of proving he can,
shows us a part of his plan,
ich looked, in miniature, very neat.
answered, the truth to tell,
Polytechnic in Regent Street,
mmonly well
ar as it we
the fact to
t but a ve
way.

e could dou
ccess of th
ion,

If Hanover Square
One might compare
To the wide Atlantic Ocean.
It's a very fine thing,
To take hold of a string
Attached to a pretty toy balloon,
Guiding it easily either way,
And undertaking to say
The Atlantic may be traversed soon,
By similar means;
Which will be credited by men
When all the world are Greens,
But not till then!

George Cruikshank

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A Slow But Sure Business Revival

SECRETARY Hoover placed himself in the front rank of the optimists by his comments which were printed as a foreword to the Commerce Yearbook. This is an annual review of world industry and commerce, which deals particularly with conditions which relate to the economic situation in this country.

"Transportation showed increasing efficiency," he said, "and its very efficiency has resulted in a mild revolution in distribution of goods. Under assured delivery long advance orders to manufacturers are becoming less in volume, thus tending to reduce capital invested in current national stocks of goods and consequently the cost of distribution."

Another point he made is that, with the exception of the bituminous coal industry, we have but few difficulties remaining which can be attributed to the effect of the war. Rising standards of living, he explained, keep the building industry at a high pitch of activity.

"Publication of the 1923 census results," he continued, "brings out vividly the rapid progress in industrial efficiency and in elimination of economic waste during recent years. The figures for 1923 when reduced to a quantitative basis show that our manufacturing output has increased by fully 60 per cent over that of 1914.

"Against this large increase in products the number of wage earners increased by only 25 per cent, and it is interesting to note that the horsepower used increased 50 per cent. Wages for 1923 and 1924 were generally maintained at about 100 per cent higher than in 1913, and with the cost of living on a basis of about 70 per cent over prewar, our labor is receiving a large share of the result of this increased efficiency in the highest real wages of our history."

Great Britain, on the other hand, just saw some figures which have caused her great uneasiness. Last year she overcame an adverse trade balance of about £344,000,000 and succeeded in establishing a credit of approximately £29,000,000. But the adverse balance for six months of this year was reported at £380,000,000 or nearly £80,000,000 in excess of that of the first six months of 1924.

In other words, Great Britain cannot continue to accumulate huge import surpluses and hold the pound at par. It is the gold standard which is at stake.

It may be that the failure of exports to go ahead was caused by the declining prices that followed the return to the gold standard. Purchasers avoided a declining market and may have been holding back until stabilization appeared or prices recovered. If this is

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true, the condition is that of intense darkness "just before the dawn" of a new day for British trade and finance.

According to the reports made by members of the National Wholesale Dry Goods Association, business for the first six months of 1925 was about the same as conditions in 1924. Their summary of prospects was made by a wholesaler, who said, "I believe we will find a good conservative but increased volume of business for the next six months."

The majority of the sections reporting to the association found that business in the past six months has been about the same as last year. The loss of 12½ per cent was reported from the South and a concern in the Central West gave 10 per cent as their decline. A Western member reported the only specific gain of 7.1 per cent, others mentioning slight increases.

One of the current topics of discussion in financial circles, and one that is almost equal in interest and importance to proposals relating to debt settlements, is the frequently repeated question, "When and where will this demand for public utilities end?"

This group of stocks began a sensational rise about a year ago, some time before the after-election boom was felt in the market. Last August there was a general feeling that the public utilities group was about to come into its own. The prophecy has been more than fulfilled.

Properties which could have been bought for a song immediately after the war, are now selling on the basis of prospective earnings in 1930. And this group of stocks seems to have taken the place held by the rails group twenty years ago, when rails sold mainly upon their prospects, instead of upon a basis of current returns.

Unless modern civilization, especially urban civilization, collapsed, these utilities stocks were bound to advance. Everything pointed to a large future development. Yet, in the face of post-war conditions, it took both courage and vision to buy and hold public utilities paper, when it looked most unattractive indeed.

There was another factor which influenced the rise. Utility bonds had long been neglected because of municipal and government ownership agita-

What 7% Means to You

This interest rate on SMITH BONDS is combined now with a record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years*

52 Years of Proven Safety Proven safety is the feature of Smith Bonds that appeals most strongly to conservative investors. And rightly so, for safety is the first essential of successful investing. But the rate of interest you receive—in other words, what you accomplish with the money you invest—also has an important bearing on the success of your investment.

Profitable as well as Safe In Smith Bonds, the proven safety of 52 years is combined now with the attractive interest rate of 7%, which adds impetus to the growth of your invested funds. Moreover, you have the privilege of using our Investment Savings Plan, which gives you the full rate of bond interest on every payment, and which enables you to *compound* your interest at the bond rate.

An Independent Monthly Income Money grows surprisingly fast when interest is compounded at 7%. If you invest $50 a month in 7% Smith Bonds, and reinvest your interest at the same rate, you will have saved, in 10 years, $8,657.10—enough to give you, at 7%, a monthly income of more than $50; that is, a monthly income greater than your monthly investment.

How $10 a Month Becomes $25,000 Here is another example of what 7% will do. If a man starts at the age of 25 to invest only $10 a month in 7% Smith Bonds, and reinvests the interest at the same rate, he will have, at the age of 65, more than $25,000. Yet he actually will have paid in cash only $4,800. All the rest—$20,971.91—is compound interest.

First Mortgage Security 7% Smith Bonds are First Mortgage Bonds, strongly secured by improved, income-producing city property, and protected by time-tested safeguards. You may buy Smith Bonds outright or under our Investment Savings Plan, in $100, $500 and $1,000 denominations. Maturities range from 2 to 15 years. Send your name and address for our two booklets, telling the facts you will want to know about Smith Bonds and explaining our Investment Savings Plan.

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Guard Against Fraud

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker who will gladly serve you.

Eliminate the Risk In Investment

For after all good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

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$25,000 in 10 years earns

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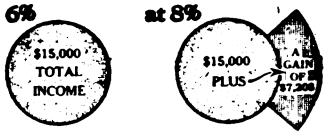

What 2% Extra Will Do

An investor with $25,000 at 6% converted his money into 8% Florida First Mortgage Bonds. For ten years he reinvested the extra 2%, or $500, and thus his principal grew to $32,208 which at 8% paid him $2,577 annually, a gain of 71.8% over his former 6% income of $1,500. How this was done is shown in one of the charts and tables in our new booklet, "2% to 4% Extra." Mail the coupon for free copy.

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tion. A distinct reaction to this attitude was observed after the election of 1920, when this type of securities again became popular. The stocks climbed after the bonds and then passed them in the general rise.

As usual, the market swung over to this idea with a rush so that now we see some utilities selling like corner lots in a real estate boom. Conservative investors seem to feel that it may end like a land boom, with the last purchaser holding the bag. Were the present values determined by earning power, there would be no danger of a collapse. But when the price is based upon earnings proposed or dreamed of for ten years ahead, there is more than a possibility of a slip. It is extremely probable.

Recent referendum elections to vote bonds for the purchase of municipal transportation lines, have invariably resulted in the defeat of the propositions. The voters are considering such holdings as a field for private investment.

It is very seldom that genuine humor appears in the financial columns. Yet S. S. Fontaine in the *World* succeeded in producing a better laugh than is the good fortune of most columnists.

Three items in the news of the day which have no relation whatever:

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The Commander of the Coast Guard, having mopped the Atlantic dry, has been transferred to the Pacific Coast.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL

June net income after all charges and taxes, $58,561, against $89,517 in June, 1924. Gross sales for the period were $431,257, against $273,267 in June, 1924. For half year net income $561,944, after charges and taxes, equal after preferred dividends on 7 per cent stock to $9.83 a share on $1,000,000 second preferred and to $1.96 a share on 200,000 no par common shares. In the same period a year ago net income was $416,193, or $6.92 a share on the second preferred and $1.38 a share on the common.

INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL ADVANCES PRICE

United States Industrial Alcohol Company increased the price of alcohol 2 cents to 49½ cents a gallon.

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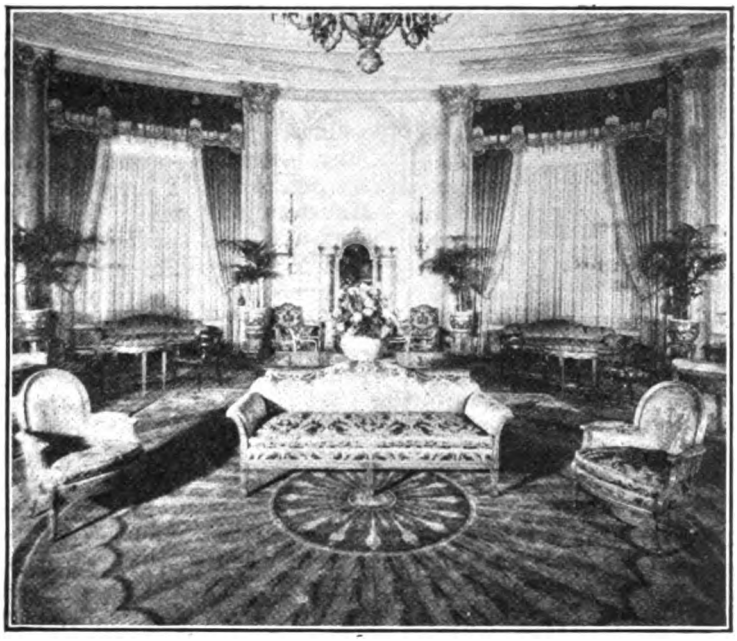

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EDWARD C. FOGG, Managing Director

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RELIGION IN THE PENITENTIARY

By KAIN O'DARE

SOME of the finest sermons I ever heard preached were preached in jail. Ministers of note will go out of their way to preach to prisoners. I presume this is the reason. On the other hand, a minister who had a pulpit in a small Kansas town once said to us fellows locked up in Leavenworth:

"Every time I come here I get inspiration."

And we fellows liked to hear him preach, too.

It takes an awful good minister to hold a prison congregation. And when one does you've got to take off your hat to him. Boys in prison usually go to church to get out of their cells and not to hear sermons. And again I lay stress on the fact that when a minister holds a prison congregation he is being paid a high compliment.

Any one knowing prison affairs never holds envy against a chaplain. The reason for this is that he is the most unpopular officer in a penal institution.

The Reverend Harmon Allen, chaplain of the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, once said to me, pointing towards a prisoner crossing the yard:

"You see that fellow going there. He just called me a rotten name. It hits me pretty hard, because last week I went to some good people downtown and took up a collection and sent the money to his wife and kids."

Of course the prisoner did not know this and never would know it if he had to wait for the chaplain to tell him.

Years before I knew Mr. Allen, I had talked to another chaplain by the name of Soldan, about the same subject. He put it this way:

"The poor devils just can't keep from cussing some one. It's their environment, their unnatural existence. They know they are safe in cussing the chaplain because it would not look nice for a minister to report them or have them locked up."

Of course all prisoners do not cuss their chaplain in such an unkind way.

One of the most touching incidents I have in memory to illustrate this is what Dick Osborne, escaper and escapader extraordinary, said to Chaplain Soldan the day he resigned from his position at Leavenworth.

"Chaplain," said Dick. "This is the first time I've ever been in your office, and I've never been in your church, but I've seen you pitch quoits and play ball with the 'victs out in the yard, and I've got you down for a fine preacher and I'm sorry we're going to lose you."

Soldan dried his eyes after the farewell handshake.

There's a religious organization that the boys always love to see come within the walls, and that is the Salvation Army; the same thing may be said of the Volunteers of America or any of the other mission workers.

Nine times out of ten the boys will laugh when some poor old come-backer gets to his feet and starts promenading the chapel platform while making his testimonial, but under their breaths this one will mumble, and that one will mumble:

"There's a guy that would give you a flop."

"There's a bird that'd give you grub if you needed it!"

"That's what I call religion!"

True enough. The boys in gray know that there on the platform is the unadulterated Christ love that is always theirs, whether they be in prison, in the dregs of Philadelphia's Race Street, New York's lowliest abyss or Frisco's Barbary coast.

One of my fondest memories is my memory of Maude Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. This beautiful character has come to every penitentiary that I was ever in. I never lost a word that she said. In my darkest hours, and in my most embittered hours, the influence of this remarkable woman has searched me out and has lifted me to higher ground. When God calls Maude Ballington

(*Continued on page* 798)

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ull or clever?—
aborers or creators?

OUR FIELD SECRETARY
Explains This Equipment In Your Home

No Obligation

WE send directly to your home or office an expert who explains everything about the Chatauqua Equipment.

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The Chatauqua Equipment makes the home the real centre of the child's interest; it encourages accuracy, neatness and order; it directs boys and girls into useful occupations for which the world pays money; it cultivates a taste for good and useful things; it arouses ambition, stimulates the imagination and reveals talent.

A glance at the photographs in this advertisement gives you some indication of the amazing adaptability of the Chatauqua Equipment. But it must be actually seen and used to be appreciated. Already more than one million families have used and benefitted by it.

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The complete Chatauqua Equipment includes (1) the Industrial Desk, (2) the Adjustable Table, and (3) the Adjustable Bench. The finest materials are used.

Considering its completeness, the quality of its construction, and its wide range of usefulness, you will find it surprisingly low-priced.

DESK CONTAINS

Simple charts which encourage study of drawing, architecture, penmanship, telegraphy, animal and plant life, business forms, shorthand and many other useful subjects.

Children find it so intensely interesting that they *forget* mischievous, wasteful playtime habits. What a relief to busy mothers—and tired fathers!

No Charge For Demonstration

We will guarantee you an interesting half-hour if you will invite our field secretary to call. Just mail the coupon below. If it happens that you are not near a large city, we will get complete descriptions of the Chatauqua Equipment into your hands by return mail.

Lewis E. Myers & Co.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

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LEWIS E. MYERS & COMPANY,
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Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission. Conservative $20.00 value.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 60,000 pairs of this model to date.

Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for $9.85. Order your field glasses today.

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Largest importers of field glasses in America
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Gentlemen:
Please send me on 5 days' free trial one pair German Army Officers' war glasses. After 5 days' trial I will either return glasses or remit $9.85.

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AT LAST — World's Best Typewriters with every modern writing feature at positively lowest prices and on easiest terms ever offered.

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Standard Machines so perfectly Re-Manufactured by the exclusive Young Process that they look and write like brand new. Our exclusive, distinctive process makes possible better typewriters at lower prices.

FREE Big Illustrated TYPEWRITER BOOK. Write now. See our amazing typewriter bargains. Read what users say and the unusual service we will give you. Don't wait. Write today.

Young Typewriter Co. 654 West Randolph Street Dept. 3479 Chicago, Ill.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 794)

Booth to her reward every penitentiary will be draped in mourning.

The minister who is full of jokes makes a hit with his prison congregation.

A preacher from Oklahoma came to Leavenworth. As usual the regular chaplain announced who he was, where he hailed from, his wonderful reputation and this and that and the other thing.

This preacher talked for a half-hour so dryly that all of us got thirsty, and as usual we began dragging our hob-nailed shoes across the chapel floor.

Then came a light in our chaplain's eyes. He jumped up and whispered in the visiting minister's ear.

"Your good chaplain," said the visiting minister, immediately, " has just informed me that I have only five minutes more——"

"To live!" interrupted a rough-neck, sitting near me.

"I didn't realize that the time was passing so quickly," the preacher continued. "I believe you'll all be glad to hear a story about your deputy warden, before I close.

"Your deputy warden," said the visiting minister, "was recently in a big storm on the Great Lakes. The boat he was on struck a leak and started to sink. The captain of the vessel called all on board around him.

" 'I've given up all hope,' he said. 'If any of you good people know how to pray, you'd better start praying.' "

"Well, what do you think! Out of that bunch of passengers came your deputy warden and stood by the captain's side.

" 'I'm a praying man,' he said.

"The ship's passengers bowed their heads, and this is what your deputy warden prayed:

" 'Lord, oh, Lord! I've never bothered you before because I know you're a busy man, and I'll never trouble you again if you'll help me to get to that island over the other side of this boat!'

"Boys, it just appears to me that perhaps some of you have, somewhere, a mother, a wife or a sweetheart that would be mighty glad to know that on this day you have said a prayer for them. I'll request those of you who agree with me to bow your heads in silent prayer."

The 2500 prisoners prayed silently.

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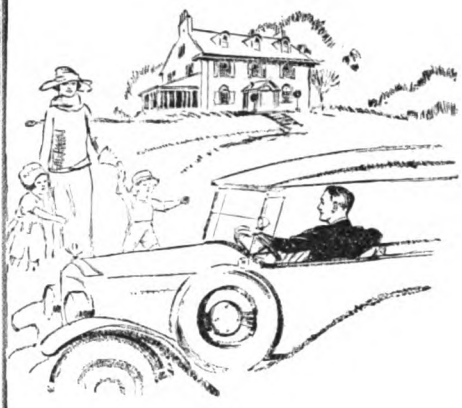

A Personal Message to Men Who Want to Earn More than $7,000 Every Year

By J. E. Greenslade

WHEN a civil service clerk earning only $25 a week suddenly surprises his friends by increasing his earnings to nearly $200 a week—when a farm-hand earning only $60 a month begins to earn $1,000 a month—when a railway mail clerk earning $1,600 a year changes his job and earns $1,000 in thirty days—when hundreds of others quickly jump from small pay to magnificent earnings—then blame yourself if you do not do equally as well.

I Pledge You My Word You Can Do It

What these men have done, hundreds have done, hundreds are doing today, and hundreds will do tomorrow. And you can be one of them. The same opportunity is yours with no possibility of your failing if you follow my advice. During 1923 the National Salesmen's Training Association received requests for more than 50,000 salesmen from wholesalers, manufacturers and jobbers—representative concerns all over the United States and Canada.

There are countless openings for men who really know how to sell—unlimited opportunities to make real money once you possess the secrets of master salesmanship.

A Foolish Notion About Salesmen

The average man imagines that, in order to make good in selling, he must be a "born" salesman. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no such thing as a "born" salesman.

There are certain principles, certain rules, certain secrets to selling just as there are certain principles in mathematics and medicine. Once you know these principles you can quickly make good.

And through the National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature of our System of Training—you gain actual experience in overcoming sales problems of all descriptions. Then through the N. S. T. A. System of Electives, you get the proved selling plans of Master Salesmen in the actual line or lines you want to sell.

Step by step this result-securing system of salesmanship training takes you through every phase of selling. Secrets of selling that have made millions of dollars are unfolded to you in a manner so simple and easy as to be immediately grasped.

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First Month $1,000
"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farm-hand."—Charles Berry Winterset, Iowa.

More Than $10,000
Your training has enabled me to learn more, earn more and be more. I am now President of a national organization, and my earnings for 1925 will easily exceed the five figure mark.—Charles V. Champion.

$554.37 In One Week
"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400."—F. Wynn, Portland, Ore.

$10,000 a Year
O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a $10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER — so thorough is this training.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship" — Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship." It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money-maker—how our Free Employment Service will help you select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. Mail the coupon today. It may be the turning-point in your life.

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NEW SERIES
VOL. I, NO. 6

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

WHOLE NUMBER 376

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

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THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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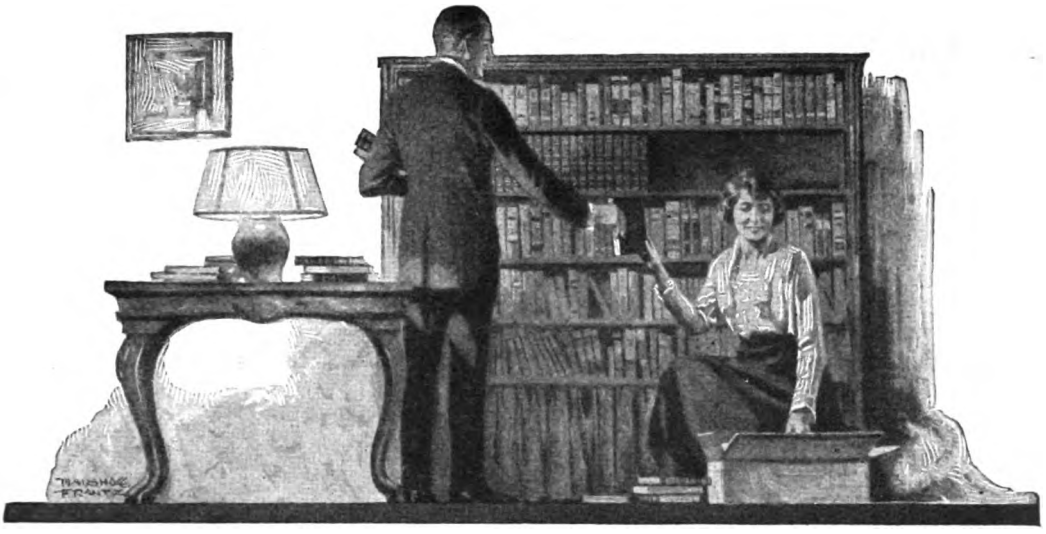

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Decide today that no matter how little time you have for reading you are going to make every minute count. Let Dr. Eliot guide you in this important department of your life as you would let a physician guide you in matters of health, or a banker in the care of your savings. His guidance is free; it is contained in the little book "Fifteen Minutes a Day." Send for your copy now.

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The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.

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Our Schools

Varying in type these schools are on the McClure's list

Birch Wathen in New York.
Modern day school for boys and girls

Miss Beard's School in New Jersey
Prepares for college and for life

A College Year Afloat
Trip round the world while studying in or for college

Dodge's Institute in Indiana
Telegraphy and Railway Accounting

Halliehurst Hall for Girls in West Virginia
For young women in connection with Davis and Elkins College

Kingsley School in New Jersey
For boys, small classes, long experience

Milwaukee School of Engineering
Teaches all kinds of commercial engineering

Hospital School for Nurses at the University of Michigan
One of the larger schools for nurses

St. John's School, Manlius, New York
College preparation with military training

Massanutten in the Shenandoah Valley
Preparatory and military for discipline

Old Dominion Academy in West Virginia
For small as well as big boys — part military

Riverside in Georgia
Academic, Military, Government Honor School

St. Elizabeth-of-the-Roses in Connecticut
A Mother School for younger boys and girls

Southern College in Virginia
Junior as well as preparatory

Stony Brook on Long Island
A preparatory school distinctly Christian

Wallcourt At Aurora-on-Cayuga, New York
Miss Goldsmith's school for high grade girls

Wayland Academy in Wisconsin
Coeducational, preparatory, junior

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Near New York, for young boys

Williston at Easthampton, Massachusetts
A modern school for boys on an old foundation

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COLLEGE PREPARATORY FOR BOYS AND FOR GIRLS
70th year Sept. 16. Endowed. $600 rate. A home as well as a school. Address Box F

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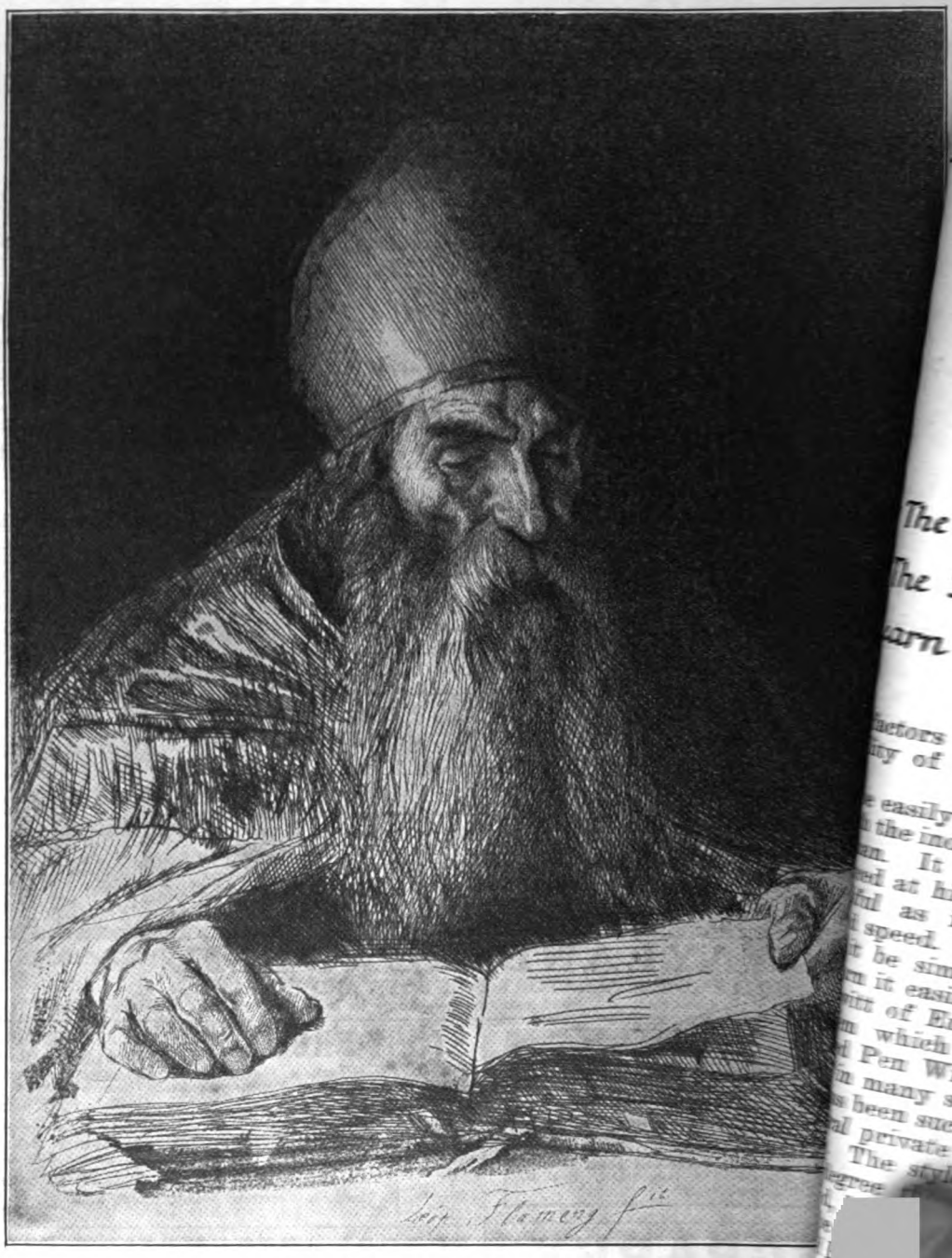

"A FATHER OF THE CHURCH."

The Monks Kept Learning Alive Through the Middle Ages and Developed the Beautiful Writing the World Has Ever Seen.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, OCTOBER, 1925 Whole Number
VOL. I, No. 6 *Founded 1893* 376

CHILDREN WHO WRITE AS MEN WROTE BEFORE PRINTING

By
Frances M. Moore

Using The Letter-forms And Style Of Handwriting Employed By The Scribes Before The Invention Of Printing, Children Learn To Write More Easily, Faster And Better

FOUR factors determine the practicability of a style of handwriting.

It must be easily legible to those unfamiliar with the individual chirography of the penman. It must be capable of being produced at high speed. It must be as beautiful as is consistent with legibility and speed. Finally, it is desirable that it be simple, so that children may learn it easily.

Graily Hewitt of England has sponsored a system which may be called "Broad Edged Pen Writing." It has been adopted in many schools in Great Britain and has been successfully introduced in several private schools in the United States. The style combines to a surprizing degree these qualities of legibility, speed, beauty, and ease with which it may be taught.

Broad Edged Pen Writing is an educational atavism harking back to the days before printing was invented. Mr. Hewitt and other students had studied the handwriting found in the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages. They were primarily interested in the beauty of the lettering. As they practised forming the characters they discovered, to their surprize, that legibility and speed were produced by the same strokes and the same technique that made the beauty of the letter-forms.

Then these artists realized that the manuscript writers of the Middle Ages, from necessity, must have discovered the best style of handwriting to meet the requirements of both reader and writer.

When a monkish scribe or copyist made a book by tracing each character with quill pen and ink upon pages of vellum, his primary concern was that his text should be legible. If his copy was difficult to read, his weeks and months of labor were in vain.

Next in importance for the monk's pencraft was the element of speed. Those custodians of the world's wisdom, who were copying the thoughts of the masters for the benefit of their own generation and for posterity, had little time to waste. There was an ever increasing demand for books, a demand so great that it could not be satisfied

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From the Present Crisis

New occasions teach new duties; time makes
ancient good uncouth;

Gothic Architecture

The Gothic church plainly originated in
a rude adaption of the forest trees with all

Two samples of the handwriting of the same child. Above, her writing before she learned the new method; below, the resulting improvement.

until the invention of the printing press. Therefore the monks wished to copy as fast as possible.

These scribes were good craftsmen, many of them artists. They took a conscious pride in the appearance of the books they made. They worked for beauty as well as utility.

The English investigators decided that our requirements to-day are essentially the same as those of the monks. When our children are sent to school, we demand that they be taught to write legibly. Writing still has the object of transferring thought, although to-day it is used in note-books, letters, ledgers and memoranda instead of in the manufacture of ponderous commentaries and histories, such as the monks worked upon. For the convenience of our children and ourselves, we also ask that handwriting be speedy. And we wish it to be beautiful, to satisfy our esthetic sense.

Narrower-pointed pen (at the left) for adults. Broader-pointed pen (at the right) for children beginning to write.

No person invented handwriting or any style of handwriting. It was clearly a development that reached its highest perfection about the time that printing began. One who compares Fifteenth Century writing with that of the Twentieth Century cannot fail to observe that the monks, not the modern school masters, were the successful specialists.

So, if the children of the Twentieth Century can be taught as the monks were taught, it will be possible to attain a perfection of style which has been forgotten or ignored for four hundred years.

In 1906, Edward Johnston published his text-book, *Writing, Illuminating and Lettering.* About 1913, he and Graily Hewitt lectured to groups of teachers, pointing out the value for ordinary handwriting of the use of the tools and methods of the old scribes. Shortly afterward Mr. Hewitt published his *Oxford Copy-Book.* The writing, he said, "is derived chiefly from the writing books of F. Lucas of Madrid and Giovan Battista Palatino in Venice." Those men of the Sixteenth Century wrote while the high standard of handwriting still prevailed.

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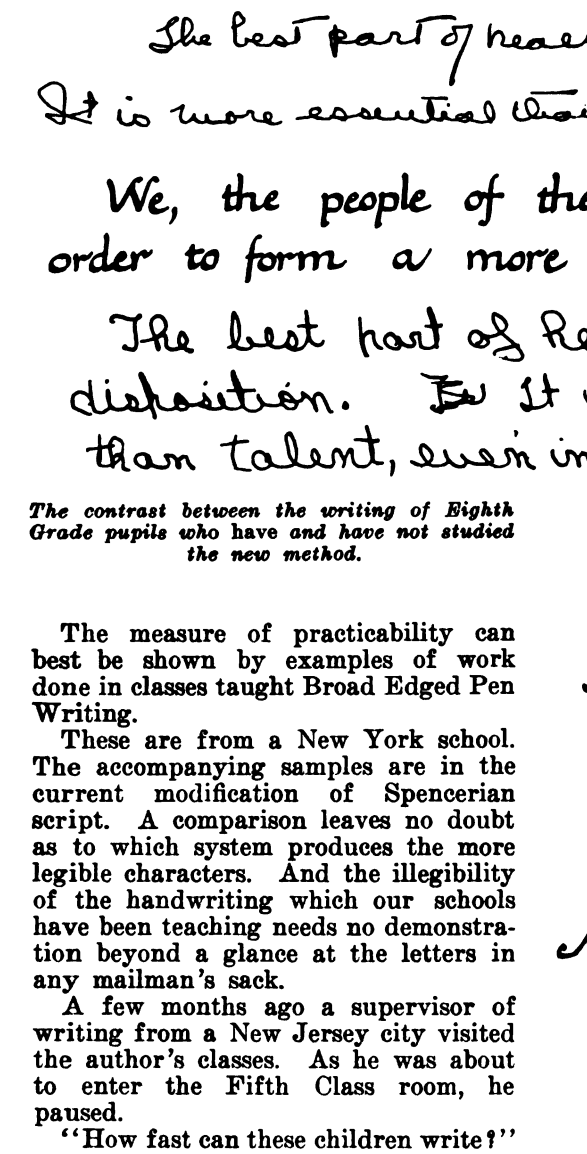
The best part of wealth is a good disposition
It is more essential than talent even in
We, the people of the United States, in
order to form a more perfect union,
The best part of Realth is a good
disposition. It is more essential
than talent, even in works of talent.
The Daffodils.
I wandered lonely as a
That floats on high o
When all at once I sa
A host of golden daffo
Beside the lake, beneat
Fluttering and dancing

The contrast between the writing of Eighth Grade pupils who have and have not studied the new method.

The measure of practicability can best be shown by examples of work done in classes taught Broad Edged Pen Writing.

These are from a New York school. The accompanying samples are in the current modification of Spencerian script. A comparison leaves no doubt as to which system produces the more legible characters. And the illegibility of the handwriting which our schools have been teaching needs no demonstration beyond a glance at the letters in any mailman's sack.

A few months ago a supervisor of writing from a New Jersey city visited the author's classes. As he was about to enter the Fifth Class room, he paused.

"How fast can these children write?" he asked.

He was assured that, although they had been using the Broad Pen Writing less than two years, they wrote as rapidly as any Fifth Grade children were expected to.

"I still doubt that," was his honest comment.

"How many letters a minute do you expect Fifth Grade children to write?"

"Fifty. They ought to write fifty letters a minute," the supervisor answered.

This Fifth Class was given a three-minute test, using as their copy the words, "Mary had a little lamb." The letters were counted and the averages for one minute computed. No child had written so few as fifty letters a minute and the fastest had written ninety.

Figures on speed in handwriting, however, to be authoritative, must cover the results obtained from many children. Since the new writing has been so recently introduced into the United States, no statistics of real significance are yet available. Dr. C. W. Kimmins, Chief Inspector of the London County Council Schools, has made tests in England which may furnish a standard of comparison.

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Tribune Office, N.Y.
May 2, 1869

Dear Sir:

I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand, - certainly not now.

Yours truly,
Horace Greeley

Horace Greeley's letter to M. B. Castle, copied in Broad Edged Pen Writing by a Seventh Grade pupil.

The first group of his figures (reported in *Child Study* for March, 1917) shows the results of five-minute speed tests given to about 150 boys using the "new" handwriting. They are compared with tests given to about 2,000 boys using ordinary writing.

The second group of figures shows the results of five-minute tests given to 7,355 girls (quoted by Dr. Kimmins in his foreword to Miss Wise's book, *On the Technique of Manuscript Writing*).

The third table gives the results of a speed test which was taken by pupils in New York at the end of the second year after the "new" writing had been introduced.

IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS

Boys

Average Number of Letters Per Minute

Age	The "New" Writing	Ordinary Writing
9	44	25.1
10	56	32.9
11	58	40.2
12	61.4	46.6
13	72.6	54

Girls

Average Number of Letters Per Minute

Age	The "New" Writing	Ordinary Writing
9	34.9	29.3
10	42.4	36.1
11	48.7	44.5
12	55	49.3
13	60.9	61

IN THE NEW YORK SCHOOL

Broad Edged Pen Writing

Age	Number of Pupils	Average Letters Per Minute
9	25	57.4
10	22	62.4
11	22	68.6
12	21	74.3

If reasonable speed and increased legibility were the only claims of the advocates of the Broad Edged Pen Writing, it would seem to have a distinct advantage over the methods now standard in most schools. But in addi-

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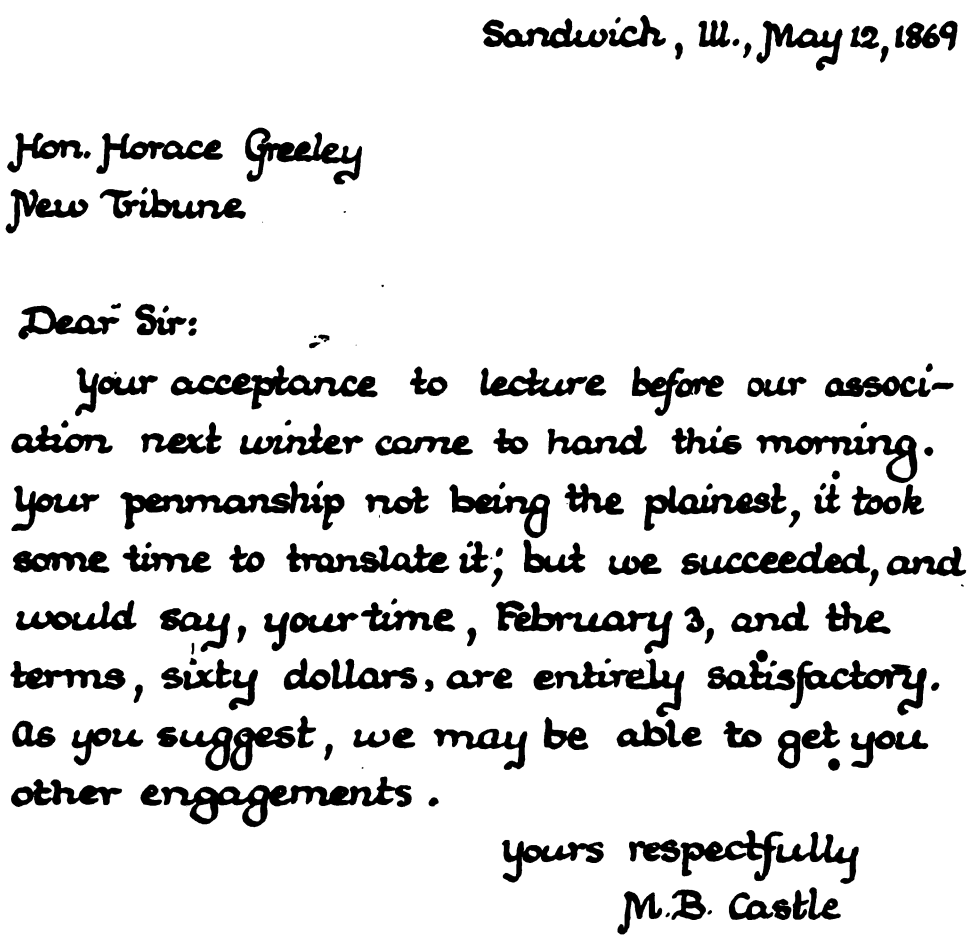

Sandwich, Ill., May 12, 1869

Hon. Horace Greeley
New Tribune

Dear Sir:

Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded, and would say, your time, February 3, and the terms, sixty dollars, are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements.

Yours respectfully
M. B. Castle

Castle's reply, which has become famous because of the writer's inability to read Greeley's hand.

tion to these essentials, it has a greater beauty, and instructors say it is easier to teach and learn.

When a child begins school and is required to study the improved Spencerian or Palmer handwriting, he is forced to learn four alphabets; an alphabet of printing capitals, of printing small type, of handwriting capitals and of handwriting small letters. On the other hand, if the child is sent to a school where the Hewitt system has been installed, he need familiarize himself with only two alphabets, the alphabet of printing capitals and of printing small letters, for the letter-forms learned are very close to type forms. He is saved nearly two years of drudgery.

It is significant that in the year Broad Edged Pen Writing was introduced into a New York school, the children were permitted to choose between using the "new" or using their old style of writing for their mid-year examination papers. A number of pupils in classes four, five, six and seven elected to use the "new." Not only did these girls finish their examinations in the required time, but in several instances they finished in less time than did those who were using the old writing.

Teachers whose pupils have been using this writing for a number of years claim that the improvement in spelling is extraordinary. The likeness between the written and printed form of the word is an aid in a process in which visualization is usually of more importance than any other factor. The distinctness of each letter in the alphabet tends to increase accuracy by making it impossible to conceal mistakes.

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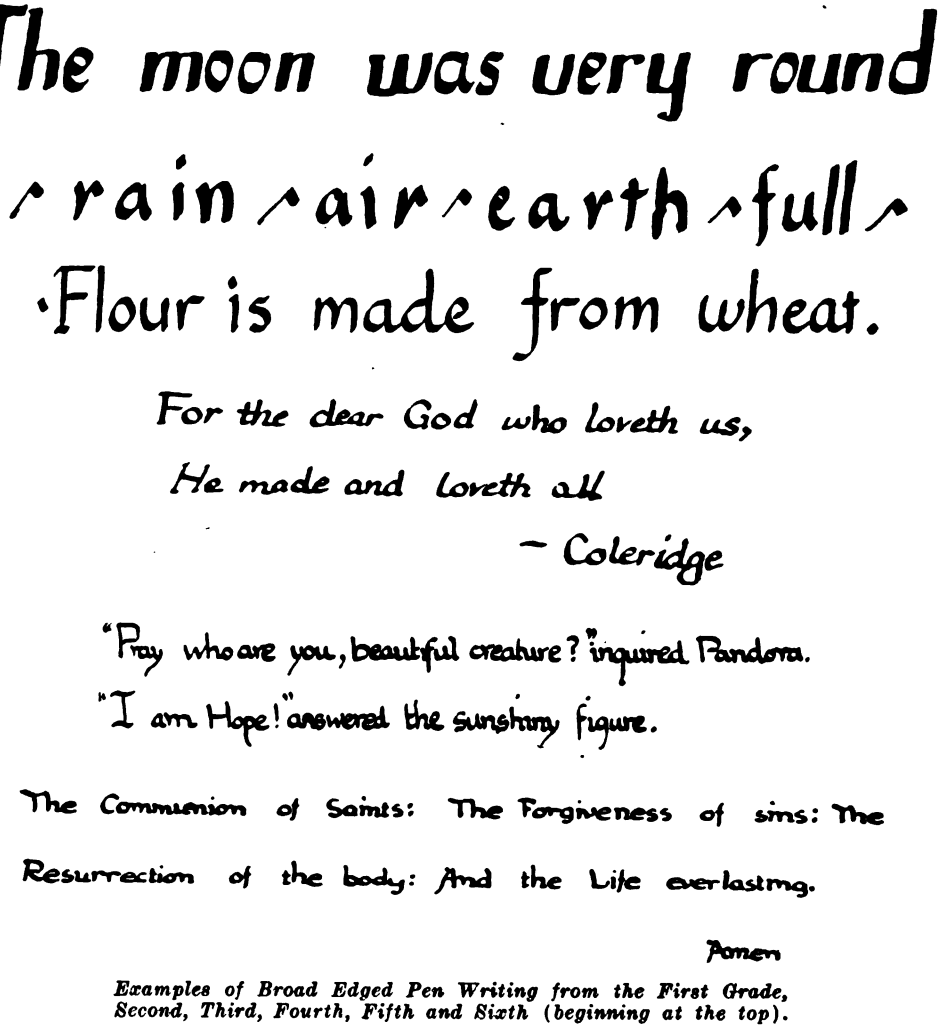
The moon was very round
rain air earth full
Flour is made from wheat.
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all
— Coleridge
"Pray who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.
"I am Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure.
The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins: The
Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting.
Amen

Examples of Broad Edged Pen Writing from the First Grade, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth (beginning at the top).

One cannot write an "i" and an "e" alike and place the dot between them.

The "high visibility" of the letters makes it easier for teachers to correct papers, for the mistakes appear immediately. The writing lends itself to orderliness of workmanship. It seems even to induce orderliness of thought. Since the letters in a word are separated, the writing cannot degenerate into a scribble.

The "new" writing comes to the United States, not as an untried theory, but as one which has proved its value through many years of use in English schools. It is particularly significant that no school has ever abandoned the method after once having adopted it. Its commercial worth is proven by the fact that several large English business houses provide instruction in it for all clerical employees who have not learned it.

In 1919 there appeared in a newspaper an interview with Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, in which she advocated the adoption of Broad Edged Pen Writing. That was the first notice of the new writing to be published in this country. Before that, several of Mr. Hewitt's copy-books had been brought to the United States by Miss Katharine Wilkinson, but, so far as is known, it was not until 1922 that the new writing was actually introduced into a New York school.

In 1922, several persons became interested in its immediate adoption for

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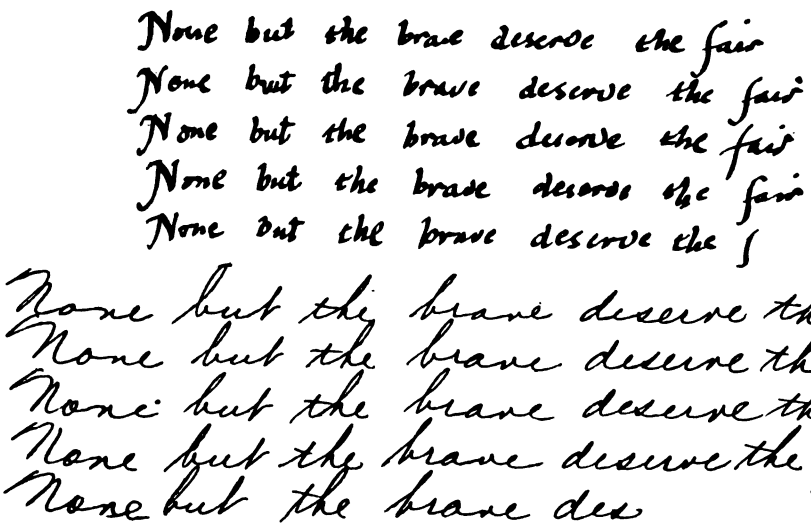
American children. In that year Miss Marjorie Wise of England, who taught the new method in London for several years, came to Columbia as a graduate student. She was asked to introduce it into the Lincoln School and the Horace Mann School of Teachers College at Columbia University, and later to give a course for teachers in the College.

There is one popular misconception about the Hewitt writing which supposes that it is an attempt to copy the form of printed characters, or an effort to reproduce with a pen the effect of type. Type-forms, history shows us, were made to imitate the letter-forms of the best manuscript writing. The *Oxford Copy-Book* is merely a return to one of the best of those models. It resembles type because type-forms were originally copies of manuscript letter-forms and have remained more or less stationary, while handwriting has been constantly changing.

To understand the logical and illogical changes in the character and appearance of handwriting, it is necessary to review briefly its history.

Sometime after "the Garden was planted Eastward in Eden" human beings devised symbols to serve as the visible counterpart of speech. These characters became the type of alphabet we know through the successive stages of pictograph, which was a crude picture of the object it was supposed to represent; the ideograph, which was a conventionalized picture of a whole thought; and the phonogram, which was a conventionalized symbol to express in writing a series of sounds. To-day ideograph and phonogram alphabets are in use in Japan and China. They are so complicated that more than three thousand type characters are found in a printing house, and Japanese children must spend three years to learn as much about their written language as English-speaking youngsters can learn of theirs in three months.

More than two thousand years ago, Roman square capitals were perfected. They are still the best design we possess for chiseling. The models of the lettering on our monuments may be seen to-day cut into the stone base of the Trajan column in Rome, where they have served as a standard for nearly twenty centuries. They are particularly well adapted for chiseling work. For convenience in writing it was necessary that they be greatly modified. An attempt to copy the inscription with a



An informal speed test (lasting one minute) conducted in the editorial office of McClure's Magazine. The writer of the new style formed 142 characters while the other writer formed 134. The writer using the Broad Edged Pen Writing has been practising that method only two years, changing his hand as an adult. The other writer wished it made clear that he was writing for legibility and not for speed, during the test.

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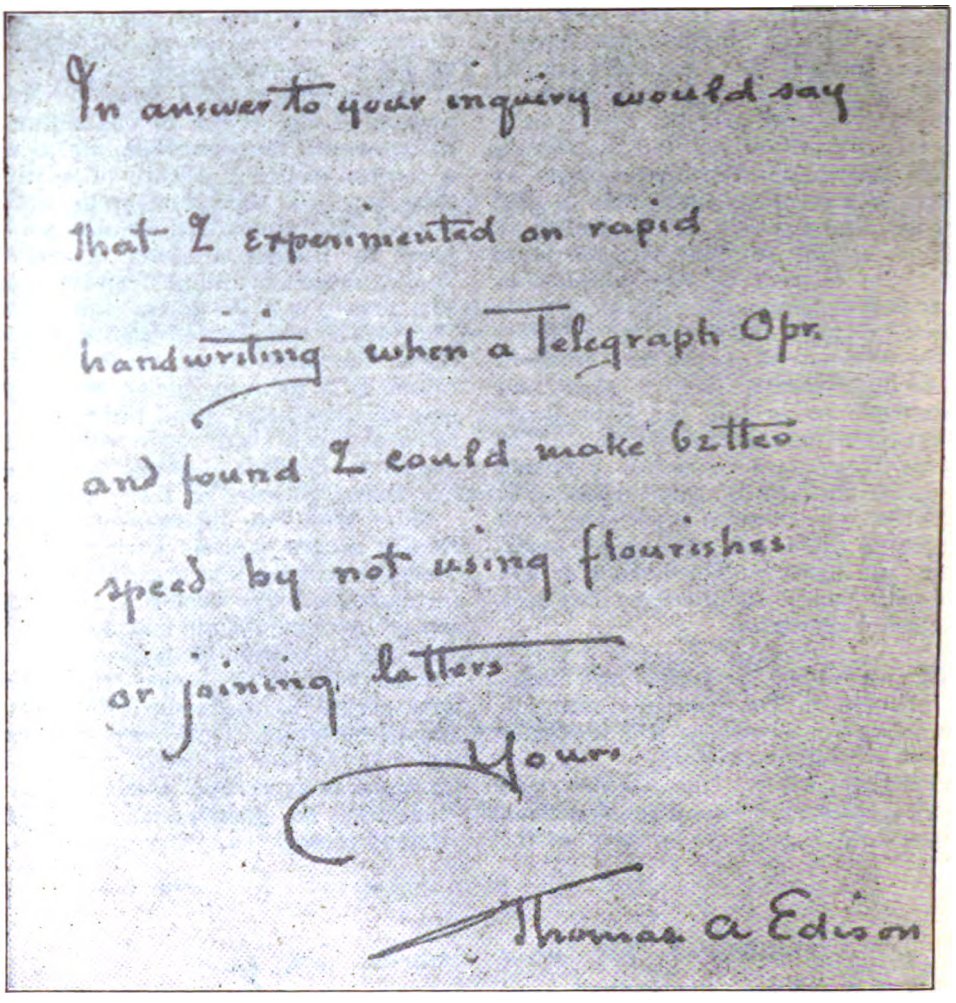
In answer to your inquiry would say
that I experimented on rapid
handwriting when a Telegraph Opr.
and found I could make better
speed by not using flourishes
or joining letters
Yours
Thomas A Edison

When Edison was working as a telegraph operator in Louisville, he took press copy from an erratic wire. He said of his experience, "I found it very difficult to write down what was coming and imagine what was not coming, therefore it was necessary for me to become a very rapid writer. So I started out to find the best style." By using this style of writing, he was able to copy as many as fifteen columns of press reports during his "trick." This remarkably uniform and legible handwriting pleased the type setters so much that Edison was invited to go East to a better job.

fountain pen or pencil will show the laborious process it would be to make a book with such characters.

Roman square capitals were used for important books until about the end of the Fifth Century, and along with them were used Roman rustic capitals, modified slightly for the sake of greater facility in writing.

In the meantime, papyrus had been gradually adopted as the most satisfactory writing material. It is not known when it was first taken from Egypt to Rome, but it was common by the time of the Christian Era. Its adoption led to changes in writing instruments. The sharp pointed stylus, which was admirable for scratching upon a waxed tablet, was superseded by the softer reed.

Then parchment or vellum came into general use for books. Until a short time before the birth of Christ, skins had been used as writing material with considerable difficulty because it was not known how to tan them so they could be written upon on both sides. Eumenes II of Pergamum (197–158 B. C.), according to the story, desired

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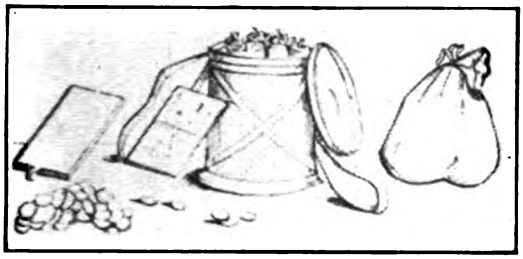
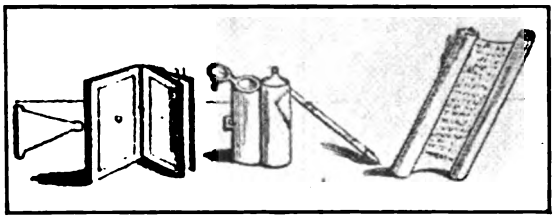


Manuscript box and tablets.
(Roman Era.)

to enlarge his library. He was opposed in his literary ambition by the rulers of Egypt, who forbade the export of papyrus. They hoped to prevent the growth of a library that might rival their own. It is the first recorded instance of a monopoly in knowledge.

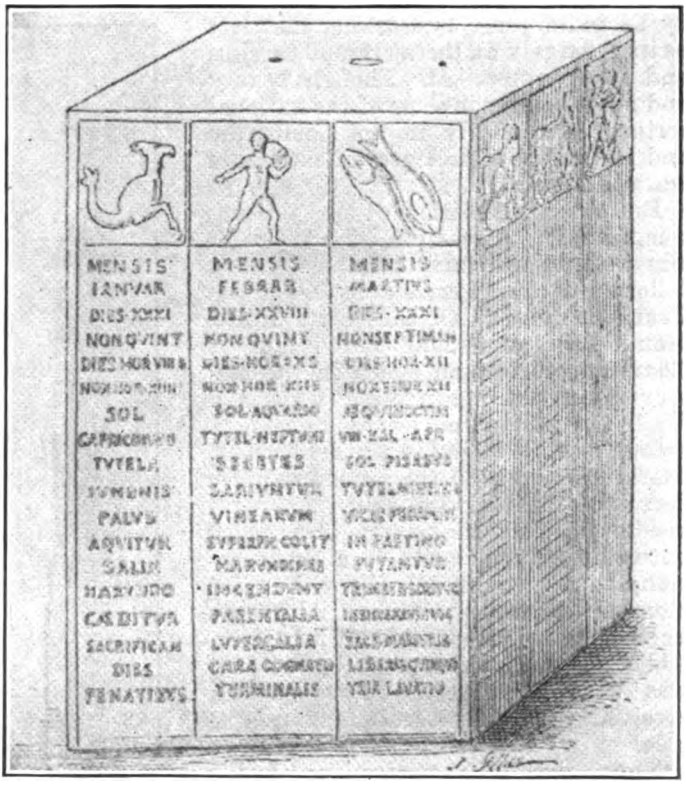


Tablets, papyrus and inkstand.
(From Pompeii.)

King Eumenes, not willing to be circumvented by an export boycott, turned his mind to the problem of the free library, and told his court inventors and chemists to provide a method of tanning skins so that one could write upon them on both sides. As failure in the experiment was likely to be followed by an execution, the chemists and inventors worked night and day and discovered parchment, which took its name from the city of Pergamum.

Again the use of a new writing material led to the introduction of a new tool, and again the combination brought about a change in the form of letters. The reed, as used in Egypt on sheets of papyrus, was commonly frayed at the end, so that it produced a brush-like stroke. The Greeks and Romans, however, discarded the brush and invented the pen, sharpening the reed to a broad point. This introduced into writing a new possibility, the contrast of thick and thin strokes. When parchment was universally adopted and the reed supplanted by a quill pen, the full beauty of this contrast between thick and thin strokes became apparent.

The tendency toward curved strokes was deliberately cultivated after the introduction of quill pen and parchment. This resulted in the unical alphabet of which the beautifully rounded letters are the characteristic forms. As early as the Fifth Century, this tendency to curved form had gone still further. There appeared practically a whole alphabet of curved



A marble calendar found at Pompeii.
The letters are Roman square capitals.

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Egyptian writer.

forms known in the history of writing as a "half-unical" alphabet. This came directly from the proper use of the broad edged pen on parchment.

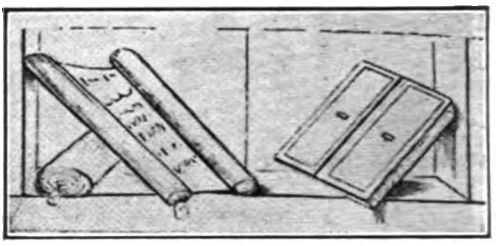
It was, in reality, the first small letter alphabet.

The disintegration of the Roman Empire withdrew the standard which Roman scribes had furnished for the entire realm. Distinct nations, each with its own national consciousness, appeared in Western Europe. National "hands" began to develop with characteristics as readily identifiable as the national characteristics of speech.

The readjustment of political and economic conditions was accompanied by an indifference to learning that left writing largely at the mercy of careless and ignorant scribes. Though beauty and grace appear in some of the national scripts, particularly in the Lombardic and Italian, no high degree of excellence was maintained.

But the appreciation of fine writing was not lost. A reaction from the careless work of the early Eighth Century followed Charlemagne's accession to the Frankish throne. Of this, Sir Edward Maude-Thompson said the reign of Charlemagne was an epoch in the history of handwriting in Western Europe. With the revival of learning, came a reform in the writing in which works of literature were to be preserved. A decree of the year 789 called for a revision of church books; this work naturally brought with it a great activity in the writing schools of the chief monastic centers of France. At Tours, under the reign of Alcuin of York, Abbot of St. Martin's from 796 to 804, was developed the hand which has received the name Carolingian minuscule.

Thus, with the perfection of the Carolingian minuscule which spread from France to adjoining kingdoms, the



Ancient books.

alphabet reached its consummation in the dual form of capital and small letters. The practise of the scribes established their respective uses to which we are accustomed.

The seven hundred years between the fixing of the letter-forms in Charlemagne's reign and the Italian Renaissance may be called the period of perfecting the art of writing, of which the basic principles had already been determined. Many types of script were developed in various countries, but each of them had as its foundation the letter-forms determined by the use of the broad quill pen on parchment.

A saint writing.
(From a manuscript at the University of Poitiers.)

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The Eleventh Century marks the actual beginnings of the different handwritings now typical of the several European countries; but all are cast in a common mold. Modifications appear as the expression of differing national or individual characteristics. But there was no radical change in the tools and materials used by scribes. Paper appeared about the close of the Century, but it is so like parchment in use and appearance that its adoption cannot be considered a fundamental change.

During the Renaissance handwriting reached its highest degree of excellence. It is the handwriting of the Fifteenth Century which has supreme interest for the student.

During these centuries, many true artists were writers by profession. Their manuscripts are proof of talent and painstaking devotion to their calling. They did not vary the letter forms, because the Carolingian minuscule was adapted to their purpose. They made no effort to improve upon broad edged pen and paper as their tools, because they found them eminently suited to their work—the best tools to satisfy their demand for legibility, ease of execution and beauty.

The "new" writing is not a slavish imitation of the "book hands" of the scribes. It is more exactly a reproduction of the "cursive" writing, which was the every-day hand of the copyists. It happened that the investigators found specimens of both "hands" of individual Fifteenth Century scribes; one was the formal hand which they used in copying books, the other was the rapid presentment of this formal lettering.

Papyrus book or roll.

School-master, historian, priest and publisher all in one. Many of the churchmen fully realized their responsibility.

In the writing of books, legibility and beauty mattered most; in the ordinary usages of the monks, speed superseded beauty in importance. The modifications that appeared in the "cursive" hand were those which resulted from drawing the letters more rapidly.

Among the most interesting manuscripts are those written in the copyist's "book hand" with marginal notes in the "cursive" writing of the scholar owner. The models for letter-forms are the same in both hands. It is on the informal "cursive"

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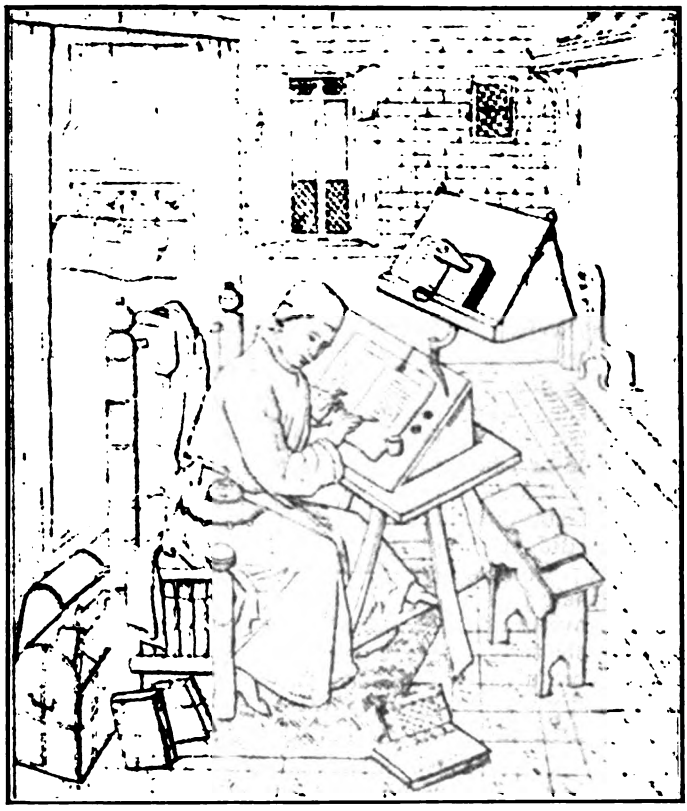


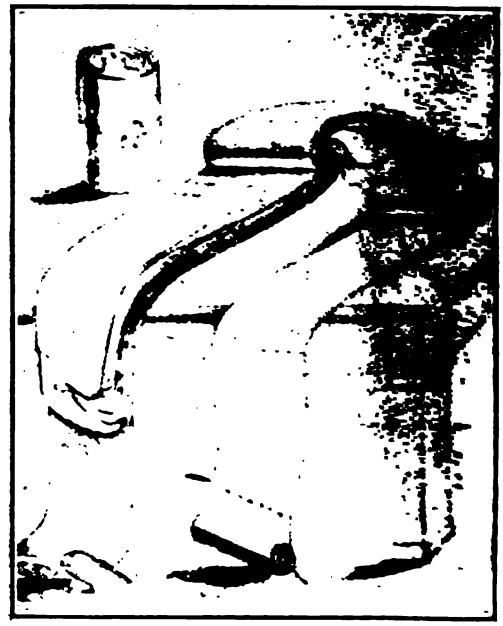
This copyist of the Middle Ages decorated his parchment book with this portrait of himself at work. Note the position of his writing desk and the way he held his pen.

characters that Broad Edged Pen Writing of to-day is based.

Modern handwriting, connected with the name of Spencer in America, appeared as a result and by-product of copper plate engraving. With the invention of printing, the number of professional scribes became smaller and smaller as the demand for their work diminished. This rendered the teaching of handwriting a problem. As a solution of the difficulty, the copy-book idea was born. Engraving had been invented in the Fifteenth Century and the newly discovered art furnished a convenient means of reproducing copies. Any casual experiment will show that working on copper with a burin, as the tool is called, requires a special technique, as different from that of writing with a pen as the technique of writing with a pen is different from tapping the keys of a typewriter. The copper is soft but resistant. The burin is sharp-pointed.

The attempt to imitate handwriting with this tool resulted in changes in letters that made them unrecognizable as descendants of the pen-forms of old. These are some of the changes:

Loops were added to straight line letters. There was a necessary connection of all the letters in a word, because, after lifting the burin from the metal, it was difficult to replace it at the right spot without scratching. In order to join the letters the form of some of them had to be changed. There was also a wider separation of letters in the words. Most important of all, there developed an excessive slope in writing. This was a forward slope because of the convenience of engraving with a backward slope and the subsequent



Old English manuscripts on parchment.

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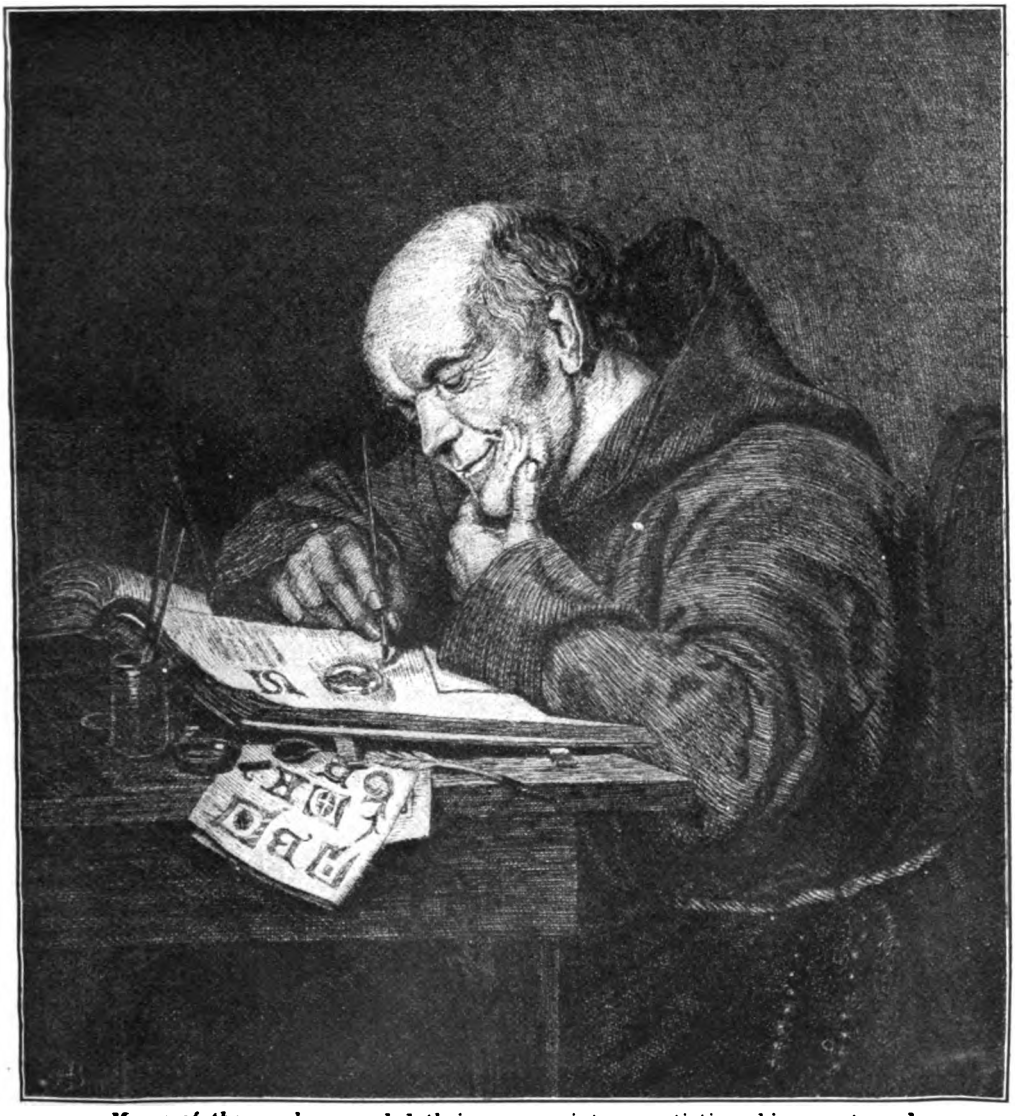
reversal of the copy in reproduction.

The addition of loops and the engraving slant effectually did away with the straight and regular lines of writing as it had appeared in the manuscripts, thus destroying the stability and downrightness of the old pen writing. It is the indefiniteness (due to the absence of straight lines) that makes the handwriting of to-day so difficult to teach and to read. One's first impression of poor handwriting, either a child's or an adult's, is that the writing does not seem to know where it is trying to go.

Then there soon appeared the pen cut to a fine point like a burin. This new pen enabled school children more easily to follow the copper plate models in their copy-books. It also introduced the necessity for depending upon alternate pressure and release of pressure to secure the beautiful gradation of thick and thin strokes which had been natural to the broad edged pen. It led to flourishes that effectually concealed the essential form of letters. The steel pen made it possible to imitate the burin more closely than did the fine pointed quill. The use of this new tool served



Many of the monks regarded their manuscripts as artistic achievements and made the copying of them a labor of love.

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to exaggerate more and more the deviation from old letter forms.

The recent reformers of handwriting had as their problem the restoration of the old broad edged pen. These pens had been used by artists for lettering. Now, with the effort to revive the old letter-forms, the pens are again being used for ordinary writing.

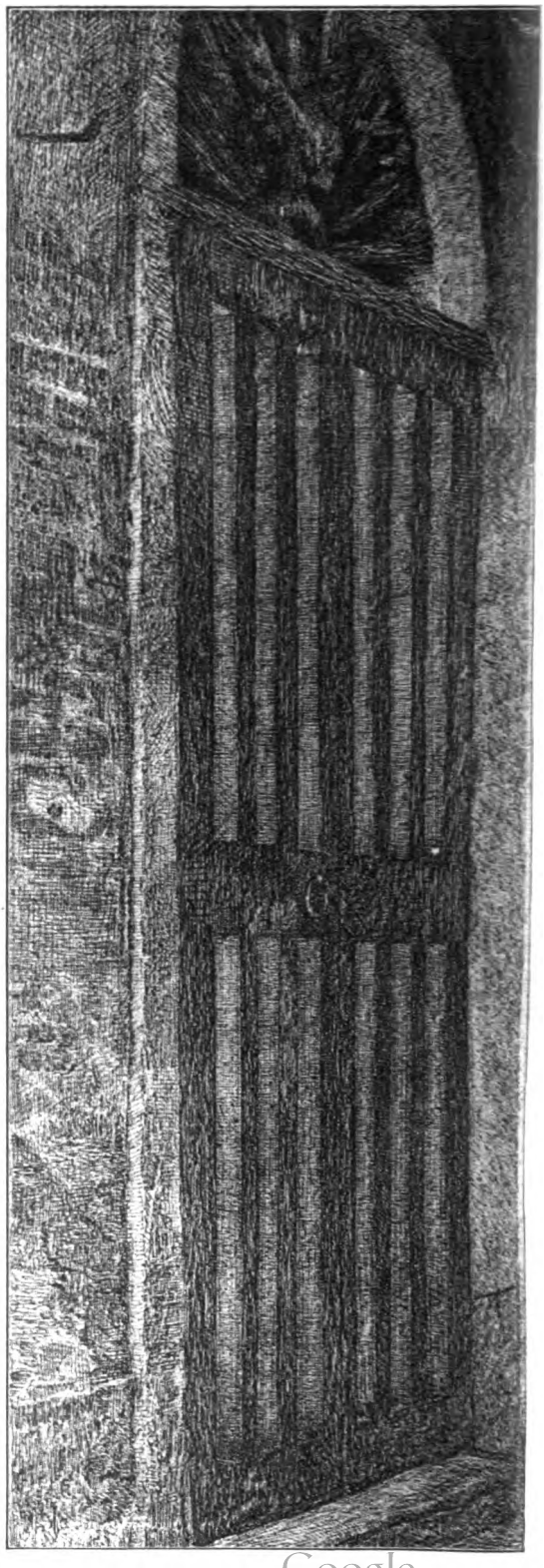
In the United States, as in England, this new-old writing has been called "Print Writing," "Print Script," "Manuscript Writing" and "Script." Of far greater moment than the name used by various exponents of the revival of letter-forms used in the Middle Ages, is the tool employed. With the idea of simplifying the first steps, some teachers have their pupils begin with the pencil or fine point pen, introducing the broad edged pen after the letter-forms have been taught.

This seems unfortunate because the broad, square-point pen by its peculiar conformation dictates to a great extent the very forms of the letters. In the large sized letters which the beginner makes, the pen has much to do with determining the size of the letters. Properly handled, this remarkable tool seems actually to do the writing. The expert may use whatever type of pen he chooses; the untrained beginner learns best the proper forms of his letters by using the tool which in the evolution of handwriting determined what these forms should be.

Freeman says that the majority of school pupils should learn to write in the first six years of elementary school.

The writer believes that this may easily be accomplished with Broad Edged Pen Writing. The forms of the letters will be mastered by the end of the fourth year, while the fifth and sixth will be devoted to gaining needed speed and to continued practise for uniformity of appearance.

This achievement should not be difficult with competent instruction



The monastery door was the only gate to knowledge, during the strife and ignorance of the Middle Ages.

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and the use of an instrument like the old broad edged pen.

With such a pen the Doomsday Book was written. With such a pen King John affixed his reluctant signature to the Magna Carta. With such a pen the Bishop of Beauvais signed Joan of Arc's death warrant, and his scribes used it to record the details of her "heresy."

There is a certain romance about handwriting not confined to the love letters of the ages:

Take away everything from the world except the inhabitants and those books that have been written by hand, and succeeding generations could reconstruct the best of the past and build a brilliant future. Handwriting is the most enduring, most powerful, most remarkable of the arts. You may raze a city, slaughter the inhabitants, destroy a nation, but written words live on. The written phrase, "The greatest of these is charity," will endure longer than the name of vandal, tyrant or conqueror.

A great thought, once written, will survive, though the paper be burned or the parchment crumble into dust.

In its form, handwriting should be worthy of the dignity of its mission.

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KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

Fourteen Years of Press Photography at the British Court

By ERNEST BROOKS

CHAPTER III

NOVEMBER of 1911 saw me on board ship again, this time journeying with the recently-crowned King George and Queen Mary to India and the Durbar. Their Majesties had together made a visit to India in 1906, as Prince and Princess of Wales, and both had been touched by the cordiality of their welcome. Their determination to re-visit that country so soon after the coronation occasioned no little surprize in England, and there were many who doubted the wisdom of such a tour. But the apprehension felt for the safety of the new sovereign was allayed when day after day progressed with reports of nothing but triumphant acclamation of Their Majesties all through India.

I remember the beginning of that trip particularly well, since it was then I took my first picture in colors. The King, the Khedive of Egypt and Lord Kitchener comprised the group at Cairo.

The Khedive was especially interested in photography, and was chatting with me on the subject while I was arranging my camera, until King George, tired of waiting, called out, "Come on, Khedive, we are to be taken in colors this time."

At Aden, where the King attended a garden party given by the Governor, an incident occurred that almost resulted in the stranding of the Official Photographer. I had failed to see King George leave the party, with the result that, when I arrived at the quayside, I discovered there was no vessel to take me out to the Medina.

I saw the Governor's launch returning, and I realized that King George was already on board. The Governor found me there in a state of anguish, for I knew the Medina was due to sail immediately. He was good enough to send me out in his launch, but, as we left the quayside, the Medina commenced to steam slowly off.

I stood up in the launch's bow and made futile gesticulations with my arms, shouting, "Hi, stop!" I

The author and Lee, the Royal hairdresser, play Darby and Joan for the amusement of the Court party on the Medina. The author is on the right.

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knew that if I missed it I would not get another for seven days.

The Medina did not stop, but we came alongside, and I was pulled up by a rope thrown down to me. Thus I made a not too dignified arrival on board. His Majesty, I learned later, had witnessed the whole performance with great amusement.

On the voyage out, King George had ordered me to take some photographs of himself, as he wanted them for Christmas card purposes. I did so and showed him the prints.

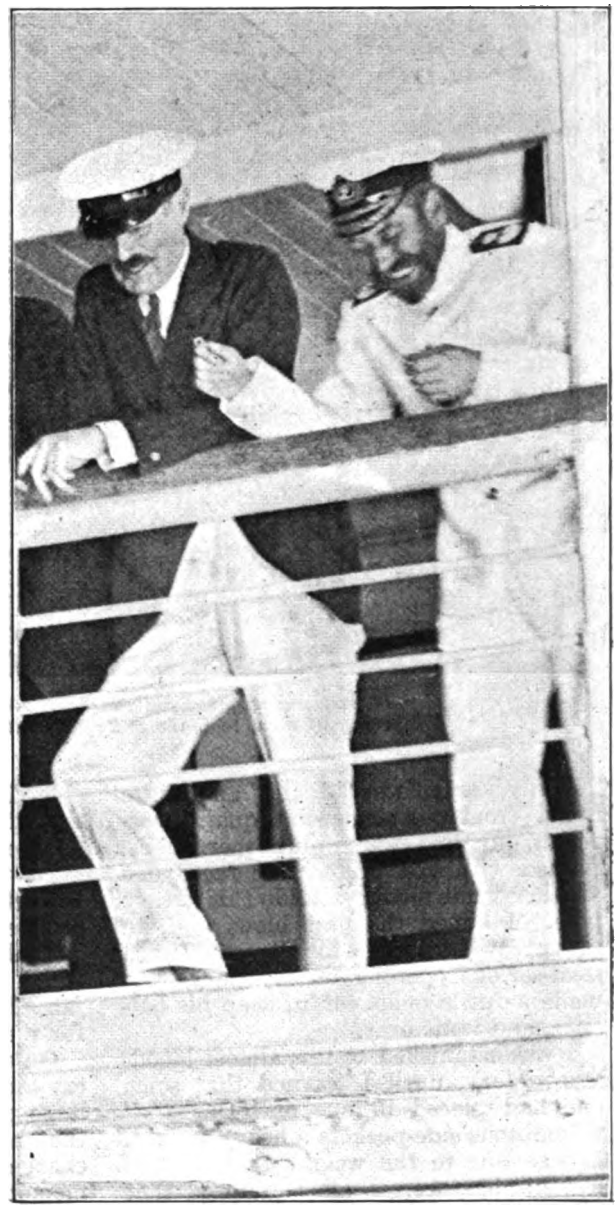
I knew that His Majesty was always very particular about his appearance in photographs, but I was not quite prepared for the "blowing up" I got on this occasion.

The King's eyes are extremely difficult to photograph accurately; they are so blue that they appear very pallid in a photograph. But it was not that weakness which aroused the King on this occasion. It was the fact that I had failed to remove the thin lines beneath his eyes. "Take these lines away," he ordered, giving me back the prints. I had to carry out a very careful retouching on the negative before the King was satisfied.

Life aboard the Medina was very pleasant. There were numerous diversions which made the time pass pleasantly on what was an ideal voyage, concert parties being not the least of these. One of the big occasions was the sports meeting held on the white deck under a turquoise sky. I remember Queen Mary's flushed elation when she won the egg-and-spoon race, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Mistress of the Robes, making a good second.

King George, although taking no active part in the program, was by no means aloof. He contented himself with the rôle of onlooker, and it was obvious from the frequency and heartiness with which he laughed that he was thoroughly enjoying himself. He smilingly congratulated the Queen on her victory.

The event from which His Majesty appeared to derive most amusement, however, was the pillow fight on the greasy pole, in which competition Mr. Lee, the Royal hairdresser, and myself were opponents. Lee was dressed as



King George, snapped as he was watching the antics of Darby and Joan.

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It requires eight hundred elephants, besides a small army of men, to make a Royal hunting party possible.

"Darby" and I was "Joan," and, quite apart from our somewhat quaint costumes, our turn caused much merriment. Armed with soft pillows, we faced one another while sitting astride this greasy pole. I aimed the first blow, and, to my great surprize (for it was but a semi-serious opening on my part) Lee made a futile endeavor to keep his balance, and went over.

I was astonished at this almost bloodless victory, until I learned that some one had placed in one of "Darby's" voluminous side-pockets a heavy weight. It was due to the weight that he had lost his balance. I am convinced that King George, if not the actual instigator of the affair, at least had a hand in it. He certainly enjoyed a good laugh over the contest.

I shall never forget the pomp and gilded ceremony of the state functions in India. They were dazzling affairs, the like of which I had never seen before, nor since. I secured some wonderful photographs, but I must confess that by the time I had seen the last of the official pageantry I was glad. I was tired of it, and it was with relief I [illegible]at we were forsaking the staged display of glittering Indian festivities and leaving for the jungle.

In the Royal train we traveled to Biknathori, from which point the party journeyed by swift motor cars along a specially prepared road to the camp which had been laid out by the Maharajah of Nepal, whose guest the King was for the time being.

On the way we had our first touch of excitement in the early evening when a huge panther, attracted by the glare of the headlights of one of the cars, charged into it. No one thought for a moment that the animal could have survived such a furious full-tilt charge. Yet, when the car was pulled up and careful search made, there were no signs of the animal beyond some bloodstains on the hard surface of the road. Apparently it had had sufficient strength, although seriously wounded, to gain the shelter of the surrounding tangle of undergrowth.

Nepal is one of the most closely guarded states in India, and we were proceeding right into its heart. Foreigners are barely tolerated here as a rule, and, in fact, only gain admittance

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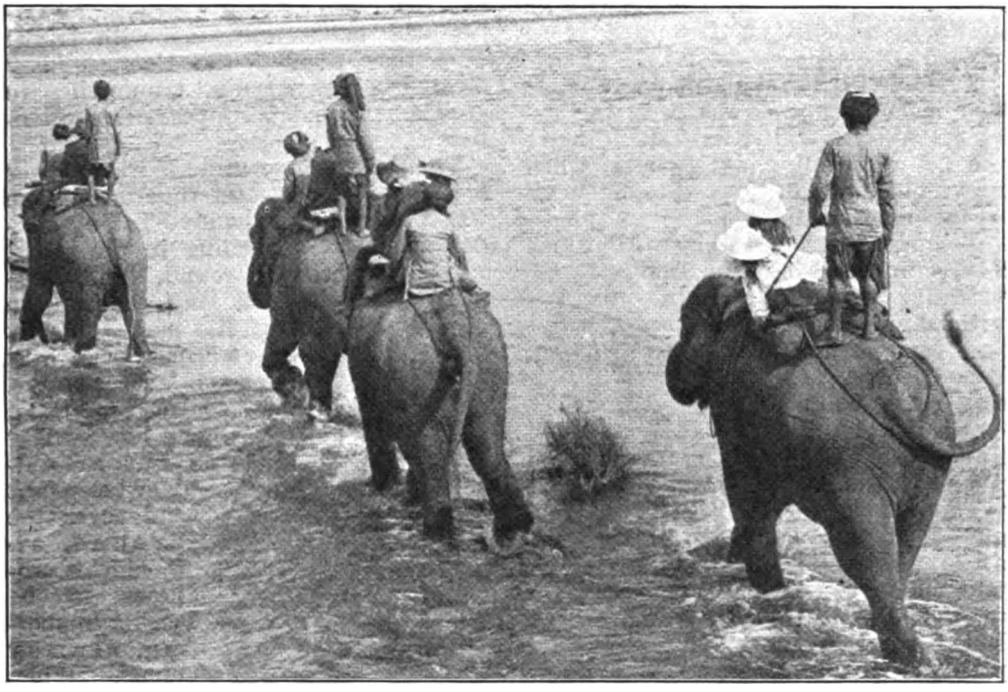
by special permission. All the members of the Royal party on this occasion were supplied with buttonhole badges on which was King George's photograph. One could not travel without displaying one of these badges. Special permits were also issued, and, I believe, even His Majesty carried one.

As time was limited, and since the Maharajah of Nepal was anxious that the King should enjoy good sport, no fewer than eight hundred elephants were brought together from different parts of the state and housed in several great compounds near the camp.



My elephant enjoyed bringing up the rear. He was small, and his perversity was in inverse ratio to his size.

These elephants were used for "beating" purposes, and to surround selected areas into which wild animals had been lured by means of live bait.

I saw the preparations for the first shooting expedition. A buffalo was tied to a tree quite close to the river, and the scent soon attracted the wild animals of the neighborhood. I heard their throaty rumblings during the night, mingled with the anguished calling of the buffalo. The buffalo had ceased to exist by the time the eight hundred elephants, in charge of the shikaris, commenced to work inwards towards the center of a circle, about half a mile in diameter, the following morning.

King George is a wonderful shot with a rifle. I have seen him achieve some almost miraculous feats in bagging game in England, and I wondered how he would fare in this more serious and more dangerous sport.

He was as cool as ice, and the fierce nature of the animals seemed to make no impression whatever upon him. He might have been shooting grouse or partridge for all his demeanor showed.

One morning, two magnificent tigers and a goodly-sized bear crashed out of the jungle into a small clearing where the King sat, alert, in the howdah of his elephant. His Majesty stopped the two tigers within ten yards of each other with successive shots. Luckily, I had just time to secure a photograph of the tigers charging before they were laid low.

It was a difficult matter for me on occasions to work up close enough to the

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King to secure the pictures I desired. I was mounted on a very small elephant whose perversity was in inverse ratio to its size.

It seemed to enjoy bringing up the rear, and I was almost exhausted by my efforts to keep pace with the others who were mounted on more tractable and longer-striding animals. One day my mount was particularly laggard. Only by dint of great patience and coaxing had I reached the side of the King from time to time, and, on each occasion, my elephant had changed its mind again and had stood like an obstinate mule when I wanted it to proceed.

I had failed to take a photograph all that morning and I was becoming exasperated. Several times I would be in the act of leveling my camera, when my elephant would proceed to amble off in the opposite direction.

I suppose the frequency with which I was approaching him, only to fall into the rear again without making use of my camera, annoyed King George. At any rate, when eventually I reached the position I wanted, he glared at me and testily told me to go to the devil! But I got the picture I wanted

King George thought the elephant a particulary sagacious animal. My opinion was that it was the personification of perversity. I remember, after some pictures of mine had been published, that he took me to task about one.

The scene was described something like this: "H.M. King George big-game shooting in Nepal. His Majesty's bag included six fine elephants."

"What do you mean by saying that, Brooks?" he asked. "You know that I would never kill such an intelligent creature as an elephant."

I explained that, while the picture was undoubtedly mine, I was not responsible for the description. I know King George was more than annoyed at the slip that had been made.

Another example of my elephant's wilfulness was provided the following day. I should have thought that elephants would have become quite accustomed to their work in connection with game hunting, and would have shown little signs of uneasiness. Such, however, was not the case. Almost without exception they were quivering with fright once they scented the tigers. They created a terrific din, trumpeting to each other what I suppose were warnings.

The beast on which I was riding seemed to be the most timorous of the whole army of elephants. Taking sudden fright at a rustling in the grass, it headed round, and, despite all my efforts to check it, made off at a terrific pace. It was a revelation to me to learn just how swiftly a fear-maddened elephant can cover the ground, although it appears to be such a lumbering, clumsy animal. When I saw it was making for the camp I felt relieved. Once having arrived there, it halted as suddenly as it had started, and I took a flying fall from its back, but fortunately escaped with little more than a shaking.

King George waiting for a tiger to break cover.

There was one member of the Royal party, at least, who was heartily glad when the shoot was over. During the few nights spent at the camp he lived in constant dread of tigers, and could seldom sleep. This was partly due to the fact that a practical joker who knew

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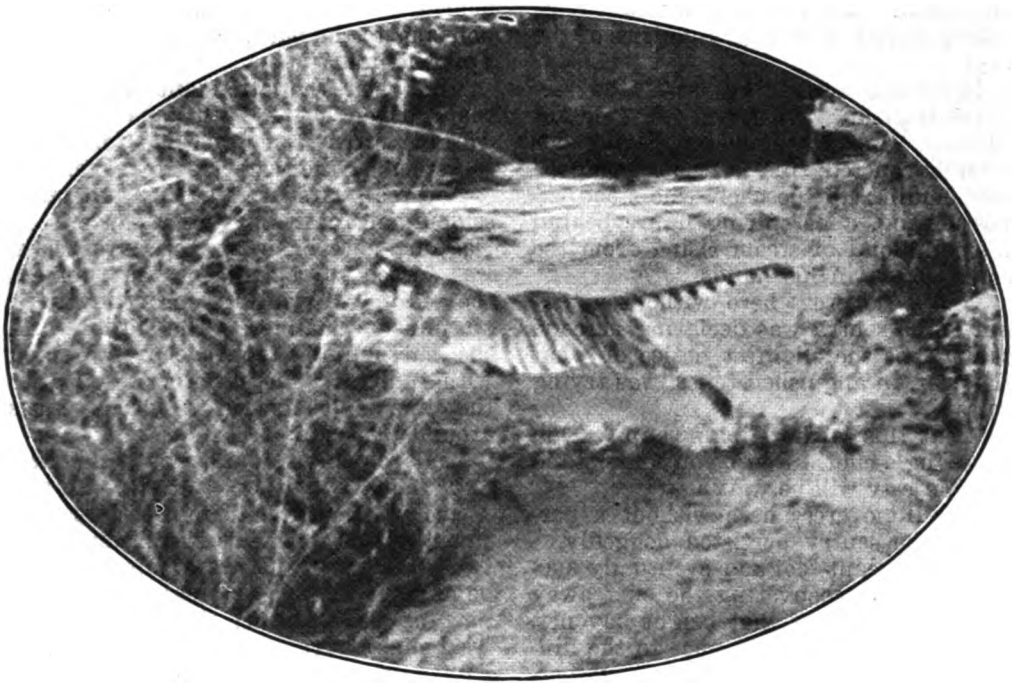

The tiger, snapped at the moment the King shot him.

of his fears made a habit of serenading him outside his tent each evening. The poor fellow was too scared to venture outside, otherwise he might have discovered that a human agent was responsible for the blood-curdling roars, which had so terrified him.

In some way the affair came to King George's ears, and one day during an expedition His Majesty, turning quickly towards the timid one and pointing to a thick patch at the fringe of the jungle into which a startled deer had sprung, inquired, "Did you see that tiger?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," the poor fellow stammered obviously very ill at ease.

"Good Lord! Who'd have thought it?" was the King's comment. "Fancy any one mistaking a deer for a tiger."

During expeditions such as these, lunch would be served to the company in a clearing which would be cut in the heart of the jungle by the shikaris. The native party and the Royal party dined in distinct camps, and around each group, as they lunched, would be drawn a cordon of men to prevent any interruptions from denizens of the jungle.

A little incident which happened on the occasion of one such halt is worth recording. King George had crossed the intervening space between the two camps and was approaching the Maharajah, when his shadow fell across some of the native food already laid out in preparation for the meal. Unobtrusively the potentate made a signal, and the food was at once removed, to be thrown out later as refuse and "unclean!" All because the shadow of one who was not of their faith had passed across the table!

It was while we were staying at the Circuit House at Delhi that King George almost missed his soup through the over-zealousness of a Cameron Highlander on sentry duty.

The Royal party were living in tents on the grounds of what was called the King-Emperor's Camp. Food for the dinner table had to be brought across the lawn from the kitchens to the marquee that served as the dining-room.

The first night the Royal party sat down to dinner there was a strange delay. King George has a distinct partiality for soup. No soup appeared on the table. Indeed none of the course materialised. His Majesty, unaccustomed to being kept waiting in this manner, could not surmise what had

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happened. He had his sergeant-footman despatched to make inquiries of the chef.

Hurrying across the lawn, the sergeant-footman witnessed a quaint tableau. A sturdy Cameron Highlander with bayoneted rifle at the "engage," was holding up the chef, who stood expostulating, a perspiring figure behind a small cloud of steam rising from the soup tureen in his hands.

"Ye'll no cross here without a permit," the sentry was declaring fiercely, taking not the slightest notice of what the chef, in anguished tones, was trying to say.

"But this is the King's soup. I am the King's chef. Don't you understand His Majesty will be waiting?"

"Ye'll no cross here without a permit," the sentry persisted doggedly.

The sergeant-footman eventually succeeded in manoeuvering the chef away from the point of that bright bayonet, and despatched him at once to the dining tent. In the meantime, he persuaded the sentry that the chef was not to be hindered in the future.

Naturally, the sentry reported the matter to his orderly officer when he came on his rounds, and so through different channels the story went until the matter was reported to the Master of the Household, who promptly told King George. And the King enjoyed the joke thoroughly.

Every one of the Europeans with the Royal party suffered dreadfully from the extreme heat, even at those times when we were sitting about idling. During a journey one day the heat was even more oppressive than usual.

A good story was related to me about this trip. King George, as a rule, is able to endure tropical conditions very well, but on this occasion even he was affected. The train was luxurious with a wonderfully equipped bathroom. En route, His Majesty decided to make use of the cold plunge and spray in the bath. Before disrobing, His Majesty had a look at the bath, and tentatively commenced to manipulate the various knobs and stops and taps which governed the water supply. Having tried all the various regulators, the King was perplexed by the fact that no water appeared.

At length an attendant was summoned. "Is this," said the King, pointing to the bath, "a shower-bath or a harmonium?"

And then the attendant discovered that, although the bath taps were in working order, some one had forgotten to replenish the water tank above.

A three hours' wait at any station is seldom an interesting experience. At Nagpur, however, where the Royal train was forced to remain for that period, the tedium of waiting was relieved in an unusual manner. The station and the surrounding approaches swarmed with Indians. They even crowded onto the line and formed a dense mass around the train.

And for three hours they sang *God Save the King* without a break. It was a weird choral effort, perhaps the strangest the King has ever heard. No two sections of the crowd appeared to be singing in time or singing the same part of the anthem; the lung energy used must have left these Indians exhausted when ultimately we moved on. For months they had been rehearsing the anthem, and, doubtless, they thought it was in consideration of their vocal efforts that the wait was prolonged from one of a few minutes to something approaching three hours.

I secured some excellent photographs during our stay in India, as well as during the two voyages. Upon my return, I was commissioned to compile albums, each containing a complete pictorial record of the tour. These albums were intended as souvenirs to be presented to the various maharajahs.

The selection of the pictures and the general make-up of the albums was left entirely to me, and I took particular pains with the task. I had each album bound in Royal red morocco lined with gold, and I felt rather proud of my work.

Her Majesty, however, pointed out to me very soon that I had made a serious error in the lettering on the cover of the album. The Queen had one of the albums in her hand at the moment, and at first I thought she might be referring to a typographical error, although I had passed the proofs very carefully and had observed nothing amiss in the first specimen copy. She explained herself in the next sentence.

The title was "King-Emperor's

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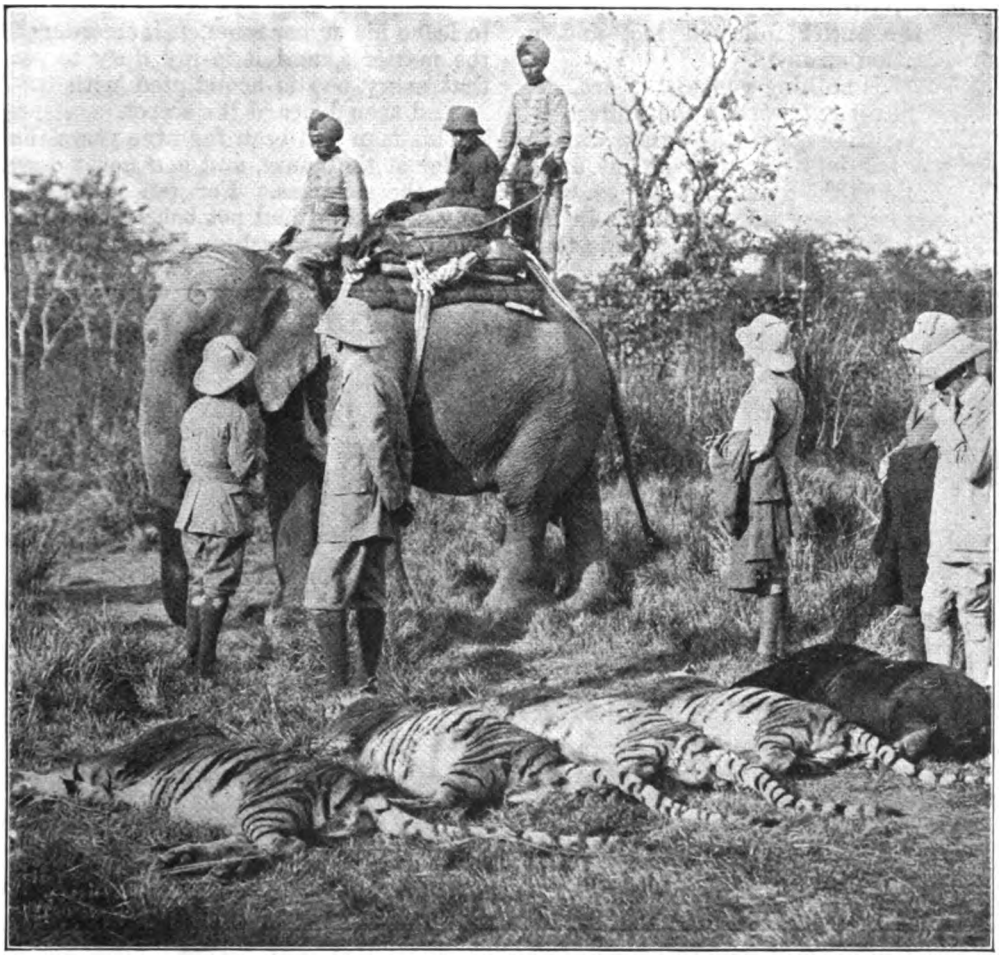
Indian Durbar Tour." Queen Mary observed that the correct title should have been "Indian Durbar Tour of King-Emperor and Queen-Empress." I apologized for my oversight, and the Queen graciously allowed the subject to drop.

This incident afforded me yet another example of how particular Her Majesty is about many matters. I have the highest regard for Britain's Queen, and I admire her business-like methods. On another occasion they were brought before my notice.

A letter reached me from Her Majesty's secretary, asking for an explanation of a certain charge I had made. Queen Mary frequently ordered from me for her own purposes prints of photographs I had taken. My usual charge for these was 6d. each. It was when I charged an additional 3d. per print that I was taken to task for the increase.

My explanation that the cost of materials had risen appeared to be satisfactory, for the letter I had in reply was to the effect that Her Majesty quite appreciated my point, and accepted the explanation. A postal order for 1/–, the additional charge, was enclosed.

When I was sending prints to Buckingham Palace, I was in the habit of wrapping them up in hand-made paper tied with a piece of pink tape. Queen Mary told me that I was not to use such expensive paper for the purpose, and that ordinary wrapping paper would do quite as well. This was a typical example of those little economies, in themselves almost insignificant, that collectively resulted in a considerable sav-



King George and four tigers he killed.

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ing, which Queen Mary set about making immediately after she came to the throne.

During the course of my work as Official Photographer I learned many secrets about Royalty, and society. None was stranger perhaps than that of the "Veiled Lady" who was wife to a former Lord-in-Waiting to His Majesty, King George.

It happened that I was staying at the beautiful country seat of this peer for the purpose of obtaining photographs of the visit of Their Majesties. I observed that the Lady of the Manor had not been present in person to welcome the Royal guests, but, beyond inwardly remarking that this appeared somewhat extraordinary, I thought little of the matter. It was only when night fell that I was made aware of the significance attaching to her absence.

As I returned to my room for the night, the butler followed me, and a conversation ensued.

"There is nothing you will desire, sir, after you retire?" asked the butler.

The question was quite an ordinary one. It has been put to me time after time in much the same phraseology. But this evening there was something in the manner of the speaker and in his tone that seemed to me to remove this question from the ordinary. I felt that there was more than routine courtesy prompting the question.

"No, I don't think I shall require anything," was my reply.

"Then, in that event, you will not require to leave your room until being called in the morning."

Again I had the feeling that there was something unusual about this fine old mansion. There was just a suggestion of an order about the butler's remark.

"Of course not," I rejoined. "But you appear to be rather solicitous on my behalf."

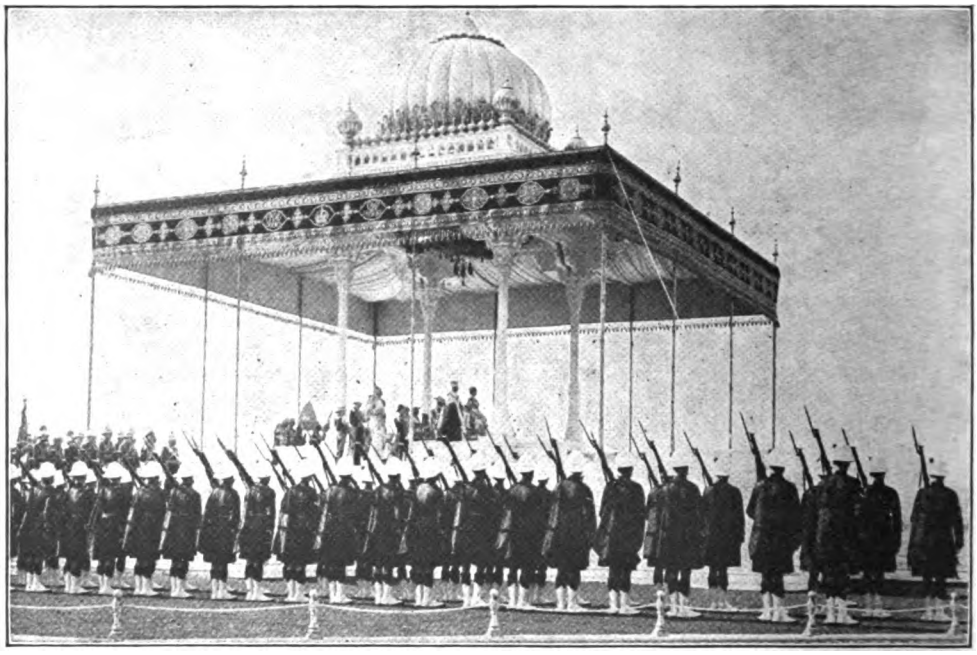
"Ah, I see, sir, that you are not aware of the custom of the house."

I looked sharply at the man. His face remained impassive. Observing that I remained silent he continued.

"After retiring, no guest is permitted to leave his or her room. It is an order of the master's, and it is my duty to see that every one is acquainted with it."

And then I heard the secret.

This man had been for nine years the butler at the house, and had never once seen the mistress. For ten years the lady's husband had not beheld his wife. She remained, a recluse, closeted in her



"I shall never forget the pomp and gilded ceremony of the state functions in India." The Durbar of 1911.

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room, attended only by a personal maid and a footman. Only during the night and in the early hours of the morning did she leave her seclusion and move about the house, a white-robed and white-veiled figure, inspecting the work done by the servants during the day.

After the butler withdrew, and before finally retiring, an irresistible impulse overcame me. I opened my bedroom door a bare inch, and, with my eye fixed to the aperture, peered out into the dark landing, straining to catch a glimpse of that fair, fragile wraith of whom I had heard. Then there came to me the realization that I was breaking a confidence, and I quietly closed the door and stole into bed.

I learned later that her Ladyship's eccentricity was ascribed to religious mania. Others declared that a broken love romance was at the bottom of it. Whatever the cause, she lived a silent, lonely life in this beautiful mansion.

She slept during the day and generally rose about one A. M., retiring again at five or six in the morning. Sometimes she would travel up to London in a closed motor-car with black glass windows, and walk about in Berkeley Square Gardens for a few minutes. The chauffeur had orders to turn away his head from the moment he brought the car to a standstill till the signal came to start.

In the absence of special ceremonies or out-of-town visits by Their Majesties, I frequently took pictures of them in their domestic surroundings for their private albums. Sometimes I would do some extra prints which I would hand over to the Master of the Household to use in conjunction with the dinner menus, on which the photographs were pasted.

These pictorial menu cards became quite a feature of many state banquets and other dinners at the Palace. I believe President Poincaré still retains one on which are pictures of his arrival at Portsmouth and in London.

He was greatly surprized at what was, to him, quite a novelty, and asked for and obtained the autographs of both the King and the Queen on his menu as a memento of the occasion.

It is not often that Their Majesties give autographs, and I recall how I once, quite innocently, was the cause of both the King and the Queen having to sign their names forty times in one evening.

The King was leaving for Ascot

King George, just before the Durbar. It is the only photograph ever made of the King walking while wearing the crown.

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one day. I photographed his departure from Windsor Castle, and made about fifty prints from the negative. I knew that a large and distinguished company would be dining in the evening. The photographs appeared on the menus as usual.

Among the guests were the Duchess of Portland, Lord Roseberry, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Ilchester and Lord Lonsdale. The photograph was considered excellent, and, before the company adjourned, each member of the company had passed his or her menu card completely around the table for autographs.

The result was that King George had to sign his name about forty times. The following day the Master of the Household, Sir Derek Keppel, tactfully informed me that I must not print so many copies of photographs for the menus in future.

Shooting expeditions allowed me ample scope for photographs. I obtained a very fine picture of the King with the gun at his shoulder pointing upwards, and many newspapers printed it. Some time afterwards, on another shoot, I approached his Majesty and asked if he would pose for me in a somewhat similar position. It was very difficult taking His Majesty when in the act of shooting, as he fires rapidly and swings in all directions.

"No," King George replied at once. "I am not going to pose for you. Every Tom, Dick and Harry is being photographed in that pose just now."

During grouse-shooting at Balmoral, the Royal party were enjoying a rest on the open moor. Game had been plentiful, and one and all, without exception, had had creditable bags. Members of the party were sitting about resting.

Lord Dynevor, who was accompanying our present King, then Prince of Wales, squatted down and, producing pen and paper, began to write.

His Majesty smiled at him, and inquired genially if he were writing to Her Ladyship.

"Yes, sir," Lord Dynevor replied. "I always write twice a week when I am away from home."

"Why, I wrote every night when I was away," came the rejoinder.

"Yes, sir," came the ready response, "but you did not have to pay the postage!"

One of the best stories of the King's earlier life as Prince of Wales refers to a visit he paid with General Mundy to Victoria Barracks. It was a semi-official visit of inspection and both the King and the General were in mufti.

The General requested the sentry at the gates to allow them to pass. The Irish Guards were stationed there at the time and discipline was very strict.

"I am sorry, sir," was the sentry's reply. "I cannot let you pass."

The old martinet was not to be put off by a sentry, and he repeated his request, more authoritatively this time.

"I cannot open this gate without orders, sir," repeated the sentry.

"Don't you know who I am, man," thundered the General in a rage. "I am General Mundy."

The sentry's reply was disconcerting.

"I don't care if you are General Tuesday week! I am not letting you pass."

In connection with my first shoot I remember I made myself look foolish. I was on a newspaper at the time and, when told that I should have to proceed to Bolton Abbey, the Duke of Devonshire's place, to get some exclusive pictures, I realized that I must appear in my best.

I rigged myself out carefully. My sartorial efforts, however, caused the greatest amusement, particularly as I had donned a brand new pair of shiny patent-leather shoes.

The weather broke down, and I received a soaking. Even then, it never occurred to me how ridiculous I looked in patent shoes at a grouse shoot, until the Prince of Wales (our present King) pointed out the fact.

"The man's an ass," he remarked to one of the party.

Nevertheless, it was the Prince who ordered the superintendent of his wardrobe to see that I had a clean suit of clothing in which to return to London, a kindly act which I appreciated.

When I arrived at the office I was greeted with the remark: "Hello, Brooks, how did you fare in all that rain? Weren't you drenched?"

"Oh, I was soaked all right, but the Prince loaned me a vest and a pair of his pants!" And such is the atmos-

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A Royal Christmas card, which King George and Queen Mary sent to their friends in 1911.

phere of skepticism in a newspaper office that I had to display the Prince of Wales's feathers done in red on the silk vest before my story was accepted.

I still have the garments in my possession.

I have often wondered from whom King George inherits his remarkable ability with a rifle or gun. I should not say it was from his Royal father. King Edward was a very different shot.

Possibly that was why he was so pleased with a photograph I had given to him. It represented the late King in the act of lowering a gun from his shoulder while, high up in the corner of the photograph, a dead bird was falling.

Perhaps I may now admit that I had superimposed the picture of the bird. There was no falling bird in the original picture.

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It was King Edward, too, who demanded of me why I had to come so close to him when I was taking a photograph.

"So that your Majesty will appear larger in the negative," I replied.

"Umph!" was the only comment.

I have been in some awkward corners during the course of my work in photographing Royalty. One very uncomfortable predicament in which I found myself was, I remember, when I had to photograph King George and Queen Mary together. The intention was that two million copies of the photograph should be sent to the troops at home and at the front. These pictures were sent, but the prints were not from my negative. I missed the order.

The story of that lost opportunity revolves around soup, of all things. I may be giving away a Buckingham Palace secret, but it is necessary to illustrate what I am about to relate. King George is at times inclined to be a little "touchy" unless he has a plate of soup about eleven o'clock each morning. This morning soup is invariably served in the gold tureen, on which a crown is embossed, a vessel which was a coronation present from the Prince of Wales to his father.

His Majesty had been rather rushed on the day appointed for the photograph. Hurry of any kind is disliked in the Palace, where, as a rule, everything goes with the smoothness of efficient machinery. As a matter of fact every clock in the Palace is fifteen minutes ahead of Greenwich time, and this device has, I am certain, much bearing upon the extreme punctuality for which the Royal Family are famous.

It had been necessary for King George to travel to Tring to review some troops there, consequently he had had no opportunity to partake of his eleven o'clock soup. By the time he had returned to the Palace it was close on the luncheon hour, which is one o'clock.

I had everything in readiness when the King returned, accompanied by the Queen, who was looking beautiful in a wonderful sable fur coat.

"We must be photographed before luncheon, George," Her Majesty said.

"I am tired," was King George's rejoinder.

The Queen insisted, however.

"Come along, don't be tiresome," was what Her Majesty said. The King came. I could see that, in all probability, I should have some difficulty with my work.

I had no assistant to help me, and had previously arranged a nice cloth background of painted pillars in the conservatory, where His Majesty plays squash rackets and tennis all the year round.

The moment King George saw the back-cloth, he objected to it.

"I am not going to stand against that," he declared testily, and he took up a position a little to the left of it. As His Majesty did so, I observed that he was standing quite clear of the background to which he objected, and I might still be able to get him where I wanted him.

"Will your Majesty kindly come a little more to the right?" I asked while focusing my camera. King George took a tiny pace in the required direction. It was not sufficient.

Again I tactfully repeated the request.

King George took a longer step this time, angrily exclaiming as he did so, "Get on with it, man, don't take so long."

Great beads of perspiration were massing on my forehead. I was the acme of discomfort. However, I had now got His Majesty into the position I wanted against the pillars and with the Queen beside him. Quickly I took my picture.

All the time this was happening I could hear chuckling and laughter behind me. Princess Mary, the Duke of York, and others of the Royal children were peeping through the conservatory door, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

I developed my plates very carefully. Technically the photograph, which I presented to Their Majesties for approbation, was very good but King George appeared in it just as he felt. There was a suggestion of a frown on his features. The Queen, however, looked charming, and thought the photograph of herself very nice.

King George was very obviously displeased with it. "I don't scowl like that," His Majesty said. "What have you been doing to the photograph?"

To that Queen Mary's comment was,

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"Well, George, you know you were not very helpful that day."

The proof prints were returned to me as unsuitable.

On the following day, Their Majesties attended the funeral service for Lord Roberts, at St. Paul's Cathedral. I was present at St. Paul's, obtaining photographs, and, in my absence, a messenger had come from the Palace to state that I could take another photograph of the King and Queen upon their return. No one at my studio knew where I was to be found. The result was that another photographer was commissioned to do the work.

I understood later that the King was very pleased with this photograph, but that the Queen, on the other hand, was not. She was not wearing her sables, and, in the photograph which was issued to the troops, Her Majesty was portrayed in a low-necked dress with pearls.

His Majesty was always a very strict censor of the photographs I submitted for approval. Once he was very decided about a photograph I had taken of Princess Mary. It showed her in her first evening frock—Princess Mary was quite a girl then. It was a lovely, pannier frock, which showed to the fullest advantage in the photograph.

But King George was not pleased with it. He didn't like the panniers, and said they had to be cut out of the picture. Princess Mary was so disappointed at this edict—she thought both frock and photograph delightful—that I took only a very slight trimming off each pannier.

King George returned the print again, still dissatisfied, with the instructions that the photograph was not acceptable unless still more of the side panniers was removed.

In its final form, the photograph showed Princess Mary in a frock cut almost to her figure. The pannier frock which she so admired had given place to another. That is the only time I have combined photography with dress designing.

Although His Majesty invariably liked to see proof prints of all the photographs of Royal interest which I took, and to choose from them the ones that I could circulate to the press and those of which he desired copies personally, I came to the conclusion that he would very often accept Queen Mary's decision in regard to them.

The first intimation of this I had was in the form of a letter from Her Majesty's Lady-in-Waiting, thanking me for a set of prints I had sent to the Palace. The letter continued: "The Queen would be glad if Mr. Brooks would always send a duplicate set to the King, when he sends to Her Majesty, as she knows His Majesty would like to have probably the same ones that the Queen has chosen."

I often wondered how artists found King George as a sitter and whether they ever had any experiences similar to mine of that day when His Majesty returned from his review of the troops at Tring.

Then I learned that the King was relieved of the tedium of too many sittings by a deputy, one of the Household servants. When Sir Luke Fields painted the now famous picture of King George in his coronation robes, His Majesty sat only for his head and other essentials. The robes were worn for the most part by the King's brusher, the man who cleans his boots. On more than one occasion, I believe, this man has thus posed for a Royal picture.

When H. M. King George returned his German uniform and decorations after the outbreak of war, I followed his example and sent back to the ex-Kaiser the diamond scarf-pin which he had given to me on the occasion on which I was presented to him in 1911 by Prince Christian at the outset of our shooting expedition in the Carpathians.

I have often wondered if the ex-Kaiser recalled that. Not many months ago I wrote to him at Doorn, reminding the fallen Emperor of our meeting and asking permission to photograph him. This was the reply I received:

"His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Wilhelm II, remembers Mr. Brooks quite well, but has no wish whatever to see him."

Yet, prior to the war, I received many privileges from the ex-Kaiser, through the instrumentality of Prince Christian, and I still have a remembrance of a most unfortunate mishap that lost me a considerable sum of money.

I had gone to Berlin to photograph the Crown Prince's wedding, and spe

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cial facilities had been granted to me. The result was that I obtained many exclusive pictures. After the ceremony, when I returned to my hotel in the famous Unter den Linden, I pulled down the blinds in my room and switched off the lights while I changed the plates from my dark slides into a special box, preparatory to their despatch.

I was in a hurry. This proved my undoing because, when I switched on the light again, I discovered that I had omitted to replace the covering on the box, with the result that my plates were fogged.

In despair, I dashed back to the Schloss in an endeavor to get at least one picture of the bridal pair. But they had left on their honeymoon.

While the ex-Kaiser refused to see me, I had less difficulty with Ludendorff, with whom I recently took lunch in his beautiful villa on the outskirts of Munich.

Learning that I was visiting Germany, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Christian's son, wrote to me asking if I would stay a few days at his palace at Primkinau in Silesia.

He received me very hospitably, and one of the first remarks he made was, "How sorry I am that I cannot return to England again." He spoke of old times at Cumberland Lodge with a wistful sort of expression in his voice and eyes, but became indignant at the attitude of the British Government in depriving him of the right to wear his British decorations.

Before I left, he gave me a message to take to Lord Burnham to the effect that that newspaper proprietor had treated him in a fashion such as his father would never have done. Prince Albert was referring to a scathing article which he said had appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, on *Enemy Princes*.

A letter of introduction from Prince Albert paved the way to my meeting with Ludendorff, who received me with great courtesy.

After lunch we sat in his study, I at the window which overlooks one of the most exquisitely kept gardens I have ever seen, and he in his armchair beside his desk with his favourite Alsatian wolfhound at his feet.

A man of action Ludendorff undoubtedly was, but I received the impression that there was much of the dreamer about him. Lines that added a sternness of his face altered when he laughed or smiled. His features softened surprizingly as he stopped to stroke the fine head of his dog.

He showed a polite interest when I said that I had been Official Photographer with the troops in France, but he made no move to talk of the War.

"You see I have been reading your Shakespeare," he remarked.

"You say 'our' Shakespeare, sir. I thought the German savants claimed Shakespeare as their own?"

His eyes twinkled beneath the heavy brows. "Oh, well," was his rejoinder, "I suppose if you never claim anything you will never receive anything."

"But, again, he that does not expect will not be disappointed."

"So! But he is a poor fellow who would not enjoy the thrill of anticipation on account of the possibility of disappointment."

We went outdoors, and I secured some pleasing negatives before leaving.

I have mentioned that the ex-Kaiser presented me with a scarf-pin as a souvenir of my visit. The gifts of King George and Queen Mary generally take the same form, and I still cherish a beautiful gold and enamel scarf-pin which Their Majesties presented to me after the Durbar. The Prince of Wales usually gives watches or pipes or walking-sticks.

When Prince Christian, who was also in the habit of giving scarf-pins, asked if I would rather have such an article or a five-pound note, I promptly declared for the note, a decision which caused him much amusement. His pins were worth much more than that.

NEXT MONTH

In the third instalment of the story of his life as Court Photographer, Ernest Brooks tells of his adventures as official war photographer. He reveals the luxurious life of staff officers at the British Headquarters during the dark days of 1915, and tells how a famous General sent him to Boulogne for a bottle of hair oil, because baldness worried that commander more than a German attack.

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FORTY YEARS BETWEEN

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

AH, if it had been any one but him!" exclaimed Captain Hadow.

"It's horrible to call him a deserter," said Francis.

"Don't let's do it!" said the Captain.

"We have to say something, sir," returned the first lieutenant helplessly.

"One can always lie, I suppose," said Hadow.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do myself for Jack Garrard," said Mr. Francis.

"Why not say he was kidnapped here by the hill tribes?" said Hadow. "We aren't certain sure he wasn't, and no one can deny but what he might have been."

"But the admiral would be bound to inquire into it," said Mr. Francis. "Sooner or later he'd send a ship."

"Trust Jack to do his own lying when she gets here," said Hadow. "Besides, he'll be sick of the whole thing by that time and only too glad to step aboard."

"But won't we be asked why *we* didn't rescue him?" asked Francis.

"No, no, I have it!" cried the Captain.

"It's certainly a case for stretching a point, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Enter in the log," said the Captain, speaking very slowly and thoughtfully, "that passed Midshipman John de Vigne Garrard, failing to report himself at the expiration of his leave, was afterwards discovered to have been kidnapped by the hill tribes of Borabora Island. On my threatening to land a party to recover him I was dissuaded by King George, who cleared himself of any personal responsibility in the matter, and who promised, if only I would give him time, to recover the man without bloodshed or any cost to Her Majesty's Government. The King urged that the use of force would imperil the officer's life, which otherwise he had every confidence would be spared."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"You'll give old George a flaming character," added Hadow.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Pile it on about his reverence for the Queen, and the way he gave beef to the ship," said Hadow.

"And what then, sir?" inquired Mr. Francis.

"Well, you know," said Hadow, "my orders here leave me a pretty wide latitude. You can't tie down a surveying ship in wild waters the way you can a simple patrol. By George, sir, I'll lay the ship back here in nine months and retake Master Johnny Garrard."

"If he has any realization of his position he will then go down on his knees and thank you, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"He's more likely to come aboard whistling!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Of course it will involve a little—insincerity," said Mr. Francis.

"You mean we'll have to lie like blazes," said the Captain.

"Well, yes," observed Mr. Francis.

"I hope that's understood," said the Captain. "But I can't bear to see a fine lad ruined for a bit of squeamishness. Were he thirty he might go hang; but nineteen—Good Lord, one must have a little mercy."

"Where would any of us be now, sir," said Mr. Francis, "if we had each of us received full measure for a boyish error?"

"I know I was a rotten bad egg myself," said Captain Hadow.

"If I may say it without offense, sir," said Mr. Francis, "I think you are taking a very noble course in respect to this unfortunate lad."

"Of course I don't want you to think I justify desertion," said Hadow quickly, not ill-pleased at the compliment. "Gad, sir, it's a shocking thing; bar actual cowardice, I positively know nothing worse. Were Jack my son, I'd rather see him stretched dead at my feet. I tell you, Mr. Francis, that when I first heard the news I was stunned; I

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felt myself trembling; the dishonor, the infamy of it struck me here!" Captain Hadow laid his hand on his heart.

Mr. Francis nodded a silent assent.

"But we'll save him!" cried the Captain. "We won't permit this ugly business to blast his life."

"You may count, Captain Hadow, on our most loyal and hearty support," said Mr. Francis.

"Thank you," said the Captain, "and you will pass the word along that the subject is not one to be discussed."

"Quite so, sir," said the first lieutenant.

"Not a word!" exclaimed the Captain. "Though you might coach the King a bit about the hill tribes. But, of course, not a whisper that we're ever coming back!"

"No sir," said Mr. Francis.

"This must go no further than you and me," said Hadow.

"It shall not, sir," returned the first lieutenant.

"We shall sail to-night at the turn of the tide," said the Captain.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

It was not nine months—it was fifteen and some days to spare—before the *Dauntless* again raised the peak of Borabora and backed her main-yard off the settlement. In the course of that eventful year and a quarter she had zigzagged the whole chart of the Eastern Pacific, and from French Frigate Shoals to Pitcairn, from Diamond Head to Little Rapa, she had sounded and plotted reefs innumerable, and had covered with a searching persistency vast areas of blue water dotted on the chart with e. d's and p. d's.*

She had twice taken the ground, once so hard and fast that she had shifted her guns and lightered a hundred tons of stores among the gulls and mews of a half-sunken reef; she had had an affair with the unruly natives of the Walker Group, and had blown a village to fragments and not a few of the Walkers themselves into a land as unchartered as their own; she had tried a beachcomber for murder and had dangled him at the main-yard-arm, giving him later on a Church of England service, a hammock, and the use of a cannon-ball at his feet. She had poked her nose into cannibal bays, where women of wild beauty and wilder license swarm off to the ship in hundreds until the marines drove them back with muskets, and fired at their own comrades, who, in their madness, leaped after them into the waters; she had laid for weeks in enormous atolls, where the only life was that of birds and the silence was unbroken save for the long roll of the surf and, at night, the ghostly scurrying of turtles over the sand; she had been everywhere in those labyrinthian seas, those haunts of romance and mystery, with love, danger, and death always close aboard.

It was morning when Hadow raised the island, a fleecy speck of cloud against the sky-line, and he shortened sail at once and lingered out the day, so as to bring him up to it by dark. After supper every light on board was doused, and the great hull, gliding through the glass-smooth water, merged her steep sides and towering yards and canvas into the universal shadow. With whispering keel and a wind so fair and soft that one wondered to see the sails stiffen in the bolt-ropes, the man-of-war stole steadily to leeward, with no sound but the occasional creak of cordage, or the hoarse murmur of voices from the lower deck. Hadow himself, pacing the quarter-deck in his boat-cloak, was lost in reverie, while the ward-room and the steerage, in unredeemed darkness, held nothing but dozing men.

By ten the ship was hove to close ashore, and the lights of the little settlement glimmered through the palms. The warm night, laden with exotic fragrance and strangely exciting in the intensity of its stillness and beauty, hid, beneath its far-reaching pall, the various actors of an extraordinary drama. With pistols buckled to their hips, Brady, Winterslea, Hotham, and Stanbury-Jones, four officers of the ship, together with Hatch, a flinty-faced old seaman who could be trusted, all slipped down the ladder into the Captain's gig and pulled with muffled oars for the break in the reef. Picking their way through the pass, with the surf on either hand roaring in their ears, they slowly penetrated the lagoon and headed for the king's house. The shelving beach

* Existence doubtful: position doubtful. Familiar contractions still on any Pacific chart.

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brought them to a stop, and, all jumping out to lighten the boat, they drew her over the shingle and made her painter fast to a pandanus tree. Then, acting in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Winterslea was sent forward to track down their prey, while the rest huddled together to await his return.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, passed in palpitating suspense. A girl drew by, wreathed in flowers; she looked out to sea, then up at the stars, and shrank again into the shadow. From the neighboring houses there came the sound of mellow voices and of laughter. A pig rooted and rustled among a heap of coconut shells. Half an hour passed, and from far across the water, as faint and silvery as some elfin signal, the ship sent her message of the time—six bells.

Panting and crouching, Winterslea groped his way among them.

"Come!" he said.

They followed him in silence, unloosing their holsters and grimly ready. A pair of handcuffs clinked in Hatch's jumper. They inhaled the deep breath of tried and resolute men, inured to danger, and accustomed to give and to receive an unflinching loyalty.

Winterslea, with keen perception, led the way like a hound, skirting lighted houses and following devious inland paths. The comparative openness of the village began to give way to the ranker undergrowth of the plantations behind it. The path sank into a choking vegetation that stood on either side and brushed their faces as they followed in single file. A fallen tree gave them the passage of a stream.

"There!" said Winterslea.

The path opened out on a little clearing among the trees, and showed them, set on high, the outlines of a native house. Like all Tahitian houses, it was on the model of a bird cage, and the oval wall of bamboo, set side by side, let through vertical streaks of light from the lamp or fire within. As the whole party drew nearer, they heard, deep below them on the other side, the pleasant sound of falling water, and realized that the cliff they were mounting overlooked a little river at its foot. Here, in exquisite seclusion, Jack Garrard had chosen the spot for his moral suicide.

Creeping up to the house and looking through the cracks of the bamboos, his comrades saw him sitting within, dressed like a native in tapa cloth, with bare chest, and flowers in his tawny hair. He was sitting in a hammock, and with her head against his knee a beautiful girl was looking up into his face, one hand locked in his. In that land of pretty women she was the one that outshone them all, Tehea, the sister of the king, for whose sweet favor every man on board had sought in vain. And here she was, with her long hair loosened and her eyes swimming with love, looking up at the lad who had given name and honor to win her heart. The pair were hardly more than children; and Brady, a sentimentalist of forty, with red hair, sighed as he peeped through the eaves and thought of his own dear girl at home.

Garrard laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and, in happy unconsciousness of any audience but the woman at his feet, began to sing. His voice had always been his greatest charm, and the means of gaining him the friendship of men much older than himself. It had won Hadow. It had won Francis. There was not a bluejacket on board the *Dauntless* but whose eyes had moistened under the spell of Jack's clear tenor. No one could render with such delicacy, purity and sentiment those ballads, now so old-fashioned, that used to solace our seafaring fathers in the 50's. Jack lay back in the hammock, and with wonderful tenderness and feeling sang *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*, repeating the last verse several times over. It was plain that something in it—some phrase or line—had deeply moved him, for he suddenly bent over and laid his face in his hands, shaking with a strange emotion. Tehea arose, and, throwing her arms round his neck and forcing away his hands, pressed her lips to his wet eyes. Even as she did so, Brady gave the signal for the whole party to move round to the door.

He entered first, the others close behind him. Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless, his wide-open eyes those of an animal at bay. Brady, Winterslea, Stanbury-Jones, Hotham, Hatch, the familiar faces daunted him like the sight of ghosts. Friends no

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longer, they were now avengers with the right to track him down and kill him.

"Jack!" cried Brady in a stifled voice.

The lad took a step back. The girl moaned and tried to run between Hatch and Stanbury-Jones. The old seaman caught and shook her like a dog, tearing away the whistle she put to her lips and dashing it on the floor. Jack put up his hand and snatched a pistol hidden in the thatch of the roof. Brady on the instant leveled his own and thundered out:

"Drop it, or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot and be hanged," returned Jack, and with that he turned his pistol on himself, and, placing the muzzle against his forehead, pulled the trigger.

It missed fire.

Before he could try again, Brady had caught him round the neck, while Hatch, resigning the girl to Stanbury-Jones, ran in and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Jack!" cried Brady, "we aren't going to hurt you. We're rescuing you from the hill tribes. Man, you're saved!"

"You never was no deserter," said Hatch.

"Mind you back us up, old fellow," said Winterslea.

"Give us your fin, boy," said Hotham.

It was some time before Jack could pull himself together. When at last he did so, and began to appreciate the generosity of his Captain and shipmates, and their astounding concern to save him from the penalty of his crime, he underwent one of those reactions when despair gives way to the maddest gaiety. He swore at Hatch, and made him take off the irons; he got out a bottle of white rum and forced them all to drink his health; he kept them in a roar with the story of his adventures, and laughed and cried in turn as he described his life ashore.

"What does she want?" demanded Brady, as Tehea insistently repeated some words in native.

"She says," said Jack, calmly picking up the whistle from the floor and touching it to his lips, "she says I've only to blow this and you will all be dead in five minutes!"

A hush fell upon the company.

Jack, with an oath, flung the whistle from him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am grateful. I am d—d grateful. If I live I shall try and repay each one of you. I shall be worthy of your kindness." He went round and shook hands solemnly with every one of them.

"D—d grateful!" he repeated.

"Let's be off," said Brady.

"Now, lad, your word of honor," said Winterslea.

Jack looked about him helplessly.

"I suppose I've no right to ask such a thing," he said. "I know how good you've been to me already, and all that. But—but, gentlemen—she's my wife. I love her. I shall never see her again. May I not entreat a single minute for myself?"

"No," said Brady.

Jack went over to Tehea and took her hand. He put his arms about her, and, unashamed before them all, pressed her comely head against his breast. He tried to explain the inexorable fate he was so powerless to resist; in incoherent whispers he told her he would break his chains and return to her, free in the years to come to devote his life to the woman he loved. He called her the dearest names and begged her not to forget him. But she, with a perception greater than his own, swept away these despairing protestations with disdain. The daughter of one king, the sister of another, could she not meet force by force? These fierce intruders with their rough voices and drawn pistols, who were they to threaten a princess of royal blood and carry away her lover before her eyes? If they were strong she was stronger, and what ship cannon, she asked, however murderous or far-ranging, could penetrate those mountain recesses whither she would carry him before the morning. Ah, she said, it was for him to choose between her and them; between Britain and the Island; between love and the service of the white Queen beyond the seas.

"I have chosen," he said.

Her eyes flashed as she freed herself from his arms.

"I am hateful in my own sight for having loved you," she said.

"Will you not even wish me well, Tehea?" he asked.

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"No!" she cried, "I hope you will die."

He turned away.

"*Siati,*" she cried after him.

He came back to her, downcast and silent.

"Remember," she said in an agony of sweet relenting, "that wherever thou goest, however many the years that may divide us, however wide the waters or the land, I shall be here waiting for thee, here in this house of our happiness, and if I die before thou comest, here thou wilt find my grave."

"Tehea," he said, "as God sees me, some day I shall return!"

She took his hands and looked up into his face with such poignant longing and tenderness that Jack's comrades, already uncomfortable enough, were quite overcome by the scene. Tough old Hatch snuffled audibly, and Brady could hardly speak.

"Come, come, lad," he cried huskily, "you mustn't keep us longer!"

Jack unclasped the girl's hands and suffered himself to be led away by his comrades. Stumbling and falling against one another in the dark, they made shift to find the uncertain path, Winterslea in the lead coo-eeing like a bushfellow for them to follow. Little by little they gained the sleeping village, and pressed on to the beach beyond, where their boat was already afloat on the incoming tide. They took their places without a word, and pulled out in the direction of the ship. In the pass, rising and falling in the swell, they burned a blue light, which the Dauntless answered with another and ran up a masthead lantern to guide them. A few minutes later they clambered up the ladder, the boat was hoisted in, and the boatswain's whistle was rousing the watch on deck.

"Mainsail haul!"

By morning the island had sunk behind them, and, standing on the dizzy main-royal yard with one arm round the mast, Jack could make out nothing but a little cloud on the horizon.

At sixty John Garrard was a post-captain, a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and within a year of receiving flag rank and the command of a fleet. His career had been more than distinguished, and he had won his way to the front as much by his fine personal qualities as by his invariable good judgment and high professional attainments. He had earned the character of a man who could be trusted in situations involving tact, temper, and diplomatic skill; and no captain in the navy was more confidently ordered to those scenes of international tension, which, in spite of statesmen, so often arise in some distant place to menace the peace of the world.

He had never married, and when rallied on the subject was wont to say, with a laugh, that the sea was his only mistress. No one had ever ventured to question him much further, though his friends were often piqued—especially the women—as to an implied romance in the Captain's earlier life. It was known he supported two old maid sisters, the Misses Hadow, the impoverished daughters of his first commander; but in view of his considerable private fortune this drain on his resources seemed scarcely the reason of his renunciation. Nor did it seem to his admirers that any woman could have had the heart to refuse him, for even at sixty he was a noticeably handsome man, and was endowed besides with more than the advantage of good looks—a charm of manner, a distinction, a captivating gallantry that made him everywhere a favorite.

"But, you see, Jack isn't a marrying man," his friends explained, as though that well-worn phrase explained everything.

He was in command of the Inflexible battleship, one of the Australian squadron, when she developed some defects in her hydraulic turning gear and was ordered home to England by Admiral Lord George Howard for overhaul. The Captain's heart beat a little faster as he realized his course would take him south of the Societies. He spread out the chart on his cabin table and sighed as he laid his finger on Borabora. He shut his eyes and saw the basaltic cliffs, the white and foaming reefs, the green, still forests of that unforgotten Island. He was a boy once more, with flowers in his hair, wandering beneath the palms with Tehea. How often had he thought of her during all these years, the years that had carried him unscathed through so many dangers

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in every quarter of the world. For him she was still in her adorable girlhood, untouched by time, a radiant princess in her radiant isle, waiting by the shore for his return. It shocked him to remember she was not far short of sixty—a fat old woman, perhaps, married to some strapping chief, and more than likely with grown children of her own. How incredible it seemed!

But a word and he might land and see her. But a word and the questions of forty years might yet be answered. Answered, yes, to shatter as like as not, with pitiless realities, the tender figment of a dream. No, he said, he dared not expose himself to a possible disillusion, to play into the hands of sardonic nature, ever mocking at man. No, but he would carry his ship close inshore and watch from the bridge the unfolding bays and tiny settlements of that lost paradise; and then, dipping his flag to his vanished youth, he would sink over the horizon, his memory thrilled and his sentiment unimpaired, to set his face for England.

Dawn was breaking as he slowed down to leeward of the Island and watched the shadows melt away. It was Sunday, a day of heavenly calm, fresh yet windless, with a sea so smooth that the barrier reefs for once were silent, and one could hear, from across the hushed and shining water, the coo of pigeons in the forest. Under bare steerage way, with the leadsman droning in the forechains, the ship hugged the shore and steamed at a snail's pace round the island. On the lofty bridge, high above the wondering faces of his command, the white-haired Captain, impassive, supreme and solitary, gave no sign of those inner emotions that were devouring him. Along the shore the sight of the battleship brought out here and there a startled figure or a group. A couple of laughing girls, astride on ponies, raced the Inflexible for a mile, and then, their road ending in a precipice, threw kisses with their saucy hands. Little children ran out into the lagoon, shouting with joy; old men, in Sunday *parius* and with black Bibles under their arms, turned their solemn eyes to seaward and forgot for a moment the road to church. A white man, in striped pajamas, was surprised at morning coffee on the veranda of his little house. He darted inside, and reappeared with a magazine rifle, which he emptied in the air, and followed up his courtesies by raising and lowering a Union Jack the size of a handkerchief. The battleship dipped her stately white ensign in acknowledgment, as a swan might salute a gnat, and swept on with majesty.

With every mile the bays and wooded promontories grew increasingly familiar as Sir John was borne towards Lihua, the scene of his boyish folly. He looked ashore in wonder, surprized at the vividness and exactness of his recollection. He might have landed anywhere and found his way through those tangled, scented paths, with no other guide but memory. There was Papaloloa, with its roaring falls; there, the *ti'a a Peau*, where he had shot his first goat; yonder the misty heights of Tiarapu, where Tehea and he had camped a night in the clouds in an air of English cold. It was like a homecoming to see all these familiar scenes spreading out before him. He looked at his hands, his thin, veined, wrinkled hands, and it came over him, with a sort of surprize, that he was an old man.

"That was forty years ago," he said to himself. "Forty years ago!"

As Lihua opened out and he perceived, with an inexpressible pang, the thatched houses set deep in the shade of palms and breadfruit-trees, he felt himself in the throes of a strange and painful indecision. He paced up and down the bridge, he lit a cigar and threw it away again; he twice approached Commander Stillwell as though to give an order, and then, still in doubt, turned shamefacedly on his heel.

"By the deep nine!" came the hoarse murmur of the leadsman.

It lay with him to stop the ship or not—a word and she would come shivering to a standstill; a word and the boatswain would pipe away his gig and the crew would be running to their places. His heart ached with the desire to land; but something—he knew not what—withheld the order on his lips. Let him remain silent and the opportunity would pass away forever. It was passing now with every turn of the propeller. Had he not told her he would return? Had he not whispered it that

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night when they were torn apart? Did he not owe it to her to keep the promise of forty years, a promise given in the flush of youth and hope, and sealed with scalding tears?

His resolution was taken. He ordered Commander Stillwell to stop the ship and lower a boat.

"I am going to treat myself to a run ashore," he said by way of explanation.

The vessel slowly stopped. The covers were whipped off the gig. She was hoisted out and lowered, the crew dropping down the ladder into their places at the peep-peep-peep of the whistle.

"I leave the ship," said Sir John, not to convey a fact patently obvious, but in obedience to a naval formula.

He was landed at a little cove where in bygone days he had often whiled away an hour waiting in charge of Hadow's boat. It gave him a singular sensation to feel the keel grate against the shingle, and to say to himself that this was Lihua! He drew a deep breath as he looked about and noticed how unchanged it all was. There were some new houses in new places, and grass on the sites of others that were endeared to him in recollection; but it was Lihua after all, the Lihua of his boyhood, the Lihua of his dreams. For a while he strolled about at random, walking with the phantoms of the past, hearing their laughter, seeing their faces, recalling a thousand things he had forgotten.

It came over him with a start that the village was empty. Then he remembered it was Sunday, and they were all in church. Thank God, there were none to watch him, no prying, curious eyes to disturb his thoughts. But they would soon be out again, and it behooved him to make the best use of his solitude while he might. He struck inland, his heart beating with a curious expectancy; at every sound he held his breath, and he would turn quickly and look back with a haunting sense that Tehea was near him, that perhaps she was gazing at him through the trees. He approached his old home through overgrown plantations. It awed him to part the branches and to feel himself drawing near at every step to the only house he had ever called his own. As he heard the splashing waterfall he stopped, not daring for the moment to go on.

When at last he did so, and mounted the little hill, he found no house at all. Nothing but ferns and weeds, man high. He moved about here and there, up to the armpits in verdure, in consternation at discovering it gone.

His foot struck against a boulder. He had forgotten there were any rocks on the hill. He moved along and his foot struck again. He pressed the weeds back and looked down.

He saw a tomb of crumbling cement, green with age and buried out of sight under the tangle.

It had never occurred to him before that Tehea might be dead.

He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths. Yes, it was the grave of a chief or a woman of rank, one of those artless mounds of cement and rock that the natives, with poetic fancy, used to call *falelauasi*, houses of sandalwood; *oliolisanga*, or the place where birds sing; or in vulgarer speech simply *tuungamau*, or tombs. These words, unspoken, unthought of for forty years—lost, overlaid, and forgotten in some recess of his brain—now returned to him with tormenting recollection. He laid both hands on the thick stem of a shrub and tore it out of the ground. He seized another and dragged it out with the same ferocity. It was intolerable that she should suffocate under all this warm, wet jungle that intruded itself, like a horrible canaille, where there were none to drive it back. He would give her air and sunshine, she that had loved them both; he would uncover the poor stones that marked her last resting-place; he would lay bare the earth that wrapped her dead beauty.

He worked with desperation until his hands were bleeding, until his eyes were stung and blinded with the streaming sweat. Dizzy with the heat, parched with thirst, and sick with the steam that rose from the damp ground, he was forced again and again to desist and rest. He cut his waistcoat into slips and bound them round his bloody hands; he broke the blades of his penknife on recalcitrant roots that defied the strength of his arms; he labored with fury to complete the task he had set before him. Here he stood, within four walls of vegetation, the sky above

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him, the cracked and rotted tomb below, satisfied at last by the accomplishment of his duty. The gold on his sleeves was dirty and disordered; one of his shoulder-straps dangled loose from his sodden coat; his trousers were splashed with earth. But for the moment the Post-Captain was forgotten in the man, as he mused on the tragedy of human life, on the mysteries of love and death and destiny, on his own irrevocable youth now so far behind him, when he had forfeited his honor for the dead woman at his feet. He called her aloud by name. He bent down and kissed her mossy bed. He whispered with a strange conviction that she could hear him, that he had kept his promise to return.

Then, rising to his feet, he turned towards the sea and retraced his steps. The people were still in church, and the village was deserted as before. He walked swiftly, lest they might come flocking out before he could reach his boat, to torture him with recognition, with the question they would ask, with their story of Tehea's death. Then he laughed at his own fears, remembering his white hair and the intervening generation. Time had passed over Borabora too. The world, he remembered, was older by forty years. Older and sadder and emptier.

He swung himself up the ladder, mounted the bridge, and put the vessel on her course. The telegraph rang, the engineers repeated back the signal, and the great battleship, vibrating with her mighty engines, resumed once more her ponderous way.

TIR-N'AN-OG*

O it may be the path that the sea gull takes
  Will bring us to Tir-n'an-Og to-night,
The sorrowful spell of the sea foam makes
  Their wings so white.

Or it may be the gold and the crimson proud
  Of to-morrow's sunset will see us come
Where far from the trouble of wind and cloud
  The soul finds home.

I'll be holding you close in a quiet place
  And may be the trouble will cease
That came from wanting your beautiful face,
  Or turn to peace.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

*Tir-n'an-Og, Land of the Fay, Land of the Young.

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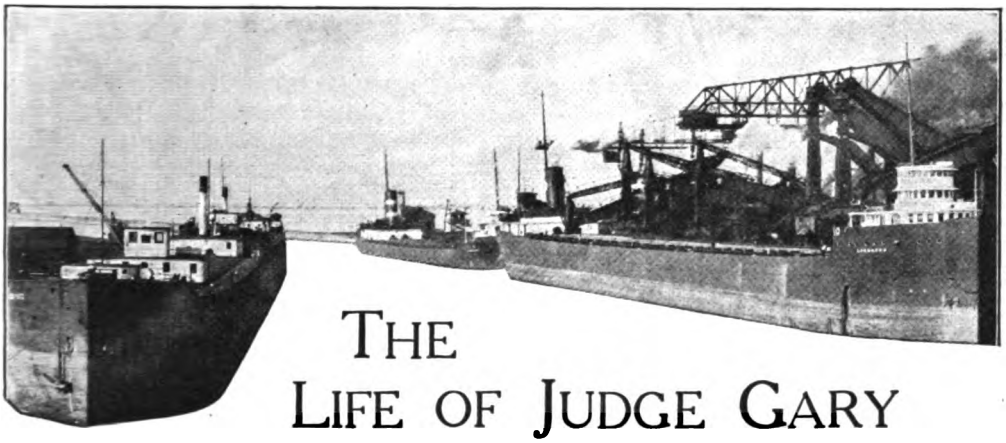

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

IRON sinks'' was the statement in the text of the old New Hampshire primer. The Twentieth Century, with fleets of metal ships on the water, revised it to read, ''steel floats.'' Steel is used for pens, for ships, railroads, automobiles, for a million and one purposes. To manufacture it, the world's first Billion Dollar Company was formed, the U. S. Steel Corporation, with a Chicago lawyer, Judge Gary, at its head as Chairman of the Executive Committee. He was placed there by J. P. Morgan, who financed the consolidation.

Then began a conflict of opinion, especially between members of the Executive Committee and Mr. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Corporation and former President of the Carnegie Steel Company. At times Mr. Schwab seemed inclined to over-reach his authority. By frequently repeated arguments, Judge Gary helped to secure the rights of the Executive Committee to actually direct affairs, and induced his fellow board-members to give more consideration to fair play with the public and to the rights of the stockholders. The report of the results at the end of 1901 was most encouraging—large profits without an advance in price. In 1903 Mr. Schwab resigned.

This instalment tells of the Corporation's differences with organized labor.

CHAPTER VII

What Shall We Do With Labor?

WHEN the United States Steel Corporation began in 1901 to look over the kingdom which it was to rule, at no point did it find greater contrasts in physical conditions, in practises, in attitudes of mind, in relationships, than in labor. If there were as unsanitary, disorderly, and utterly unfit mills and mines as ever existed, in its acquisition, there were certainly some of the finest that the country had seen at that day; nothing

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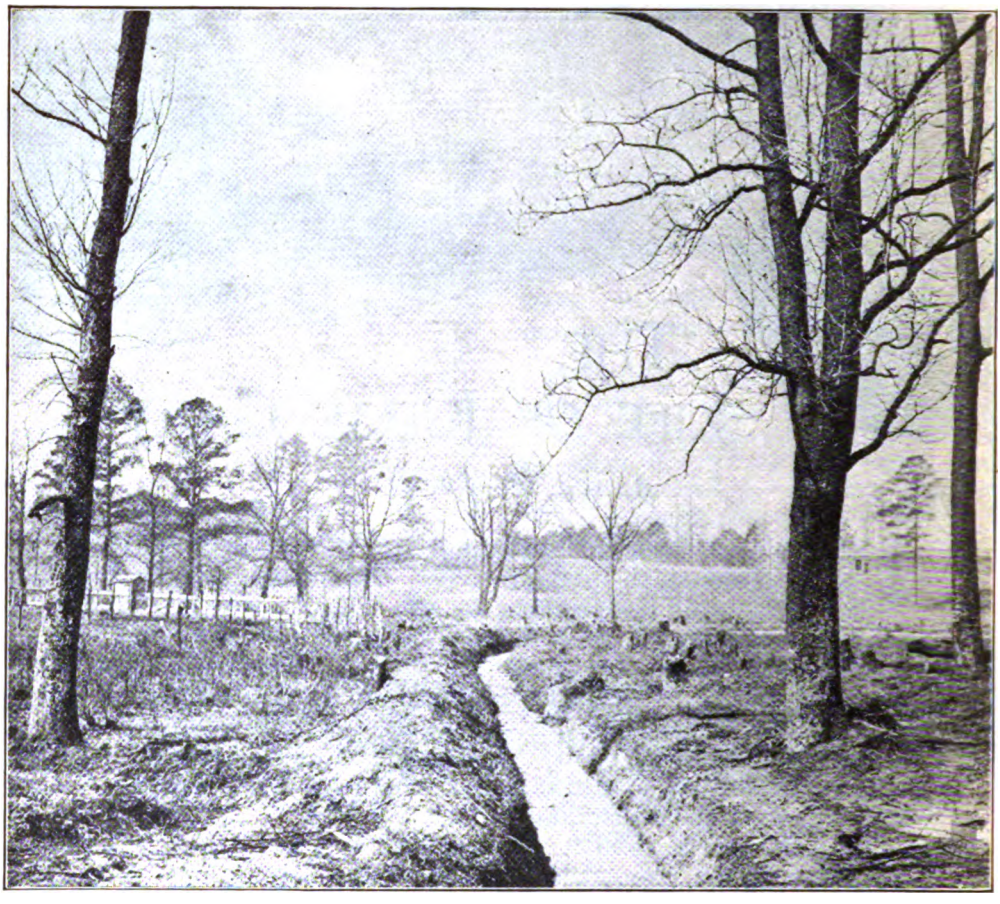

Mosquito control by draining swamps through open ditches at the Muscoda Ore Mines of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company.

better than the Worcester Wire Mills, nothing finer than the Pencoyd Iron Works or the McKeesport Tube.

If at many points there had been entire inattention to the living conditions of the workers, the Corporation had inherited the finest industrial town then existing in the country—Vandergrift, forty miles northeast of Pittsburgh. It was entirely owned and officered by workers and had been built by George McMurtry in the 90's as an adjunct to what was then probably one of the finest rolling mills in the world. If, in the majority of the plants, there was no attention paid to the health or the cultural advantages of the workers, this was not universal. Homestead had its imposing Carnegie Library, offering many opportunities for study beside books. The Illinois Steel Company had founded at its Joliet plant in 1889 what all contemporary students of conditions in industry declared to be a model institution. Any employee of the company was eligible to the Steel Works Club as it was called. Its headquarters, "The Athenaeum," was leased by the men and contained a good gymnasium, a swimming pool, a library. The men ran classes, a savings bank, a mutual life insurance company, bought homes on the instalment plan, and cooperated in the buying of flour, coal, potatoes and other necessaries.

The Steel Corporation not only started with this model club but with the man who had set it going, Walter Crane, who had gone from Joliet to the Carnegie Steel Company.

The temper and relations of workers and management were as varied as their conditions. There were plants like the Pencoyd where sons, fathers and

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grandfathers had worked and always in peace—self-reliant, independent men, interested only in making steel. There was every variety of unionism, from the out and out idealist unselfishly intent on improving his group, to the out and out venal union politician selfishly intent on keeping his group in turmoil. According to the best authority, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin Workers, which led unionism in the industry in 1901, numbered only about 13,800 men out of about 433,600 iron, steel and tin workers in the country. Their hold in the plants which the Corporation had taken over was strongest in tin, practically the whole industry being then organized.

The most serious factor in this labor inheritance, however, was not numbers or conditions; it was an after-war state of mind in the Carnegie plants. The terrible Homestead strike of 1892 had left a suspicion and bitterness in the minds of men and management which made natural free cooperation out of the question. There was a will to war on both sides. Management had been the victor and as a body it was resolved that unionism never again should strike riot in its plants. Mr. Carnegie had come to feel that one of the assets of his company was its non-union basis. Frick, who had been the active head of the Carnegie concerns at the time of the Homestead strike, had been shot and stabbed nearly to death by an anarchist sympathizer of the workers, and was determinedly anti-union. The majority of the Carnegie executive officers and superintendents who now held important positions in the Corporation—Mr. Schwab, Mr. Gayley, Mr. Corey—were heartily with him. They had been leaders in the Homestead war.

While there still were hostile aggressive groups among the men, probably two-thirds of them were by temperament non-union. Many of them were almost if not quite as suspicious of organized labor as of organized employers. They no more liked the idea that they could not get a job without joining a union than they did that they could not get it if they did join.

Now what was the Corporation to do with this labor situation? Was it possible to bring living conditions to the standard at Vandergrift, to build up institutions in which men could by cooperation provide for a rainy day, build homes, make sure of opportunities for recreation and self-improvement? Could they harmonize the divergent views of unionism so that one spirit would run through the body? That is, was it possible for the Corporation to have a labor policy, or should it be left to the subsidiaries, each to develop its own? The question was forced on the Executive Committee only three weeks after it came into existence by one of its ablest and most experienced members, William Edenborn, of the American Steel & Wire Company. The public ought to be informed at once, said Mr. Edenborn, that the U. S. Steel Corporation was not an employer of labor, that each of its companies looked after labor in its own way—took care of its troubles—settled it own strikes.

What did this mean? Chairman Gary and Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., saw at once. It meant a degree of independence in the subsidiaries that might be fatal to the new undertaking, preventing the growth of a common spirit and of uniform policies in other things beside labor. To perpetuate the motley collection of practises they had inherited, to continue the antagonism and contradictions meant disintegration, not integration. They must have a uniform labor policy, but that meant time—time to examine what they had, to sift. com-

Judge Gary and one of his closest associates.

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pare, decide, educate. This was no question to settle as one might the purchase of ore lands, the building of a new furnace. They must take time, and the upshot of Mr. Edenborn's remarks was a decision to keep hands off the labor situation at the different plants until the Corporation was fully established—"temporize for the next six months or year"—the minutes put it.

But they were not to have time. The scales which the Union Mills of the Corporation had signed with the Amalgamated were soon to be reconsidered; it was rumored the Association proposed to deal not with the individual plants, but with the "trust." The Corporation might decide to keep its hands off, but it could not remain deaf and blind to the fact that there was increasing danger of a challenge. Rumors and reports reached it from the newspapers, from its visiting subsidiary presidents and executives. The question it had decided to dismiss, was—so the minutes show—receiving more time than any other. It was not merely whether or no the Corporation, as such, was to have a labor policy or was to allow each subsidiary to develop its own, it was their attitude toward labor—was it to be militant or cooperative?

The discussion developed wide divergence of view, as an early incident shows. Judge Gary had asked a member of the Committee, of large experience in handling men, for his opinion.

"I have always had one rule," said this gentleman. "If a workman sticks up his head, hit it." It was the Carnegie rule, born of war. "So long as I am here," said Judge Gary, "no workman's head shall be hit! You can get another chairman, but I shall never recognize that policy."

As the days went on, the discussion continued and uneasiness grew. Judge Gary particularly did not like what he heard of the plan of the Amalgamated. One may fairly ask why, if Judge Gary was uneasy, he did not insist on his publicly expressed policy, quoted in the last article: "Laboring men and capital should be brought together and we should know all the facts, and on that evidence all of us will properly consider and decide these questions." It was a policy that, as things were in the or-

Privates in the U. S. Steel Corporation's army of workers.

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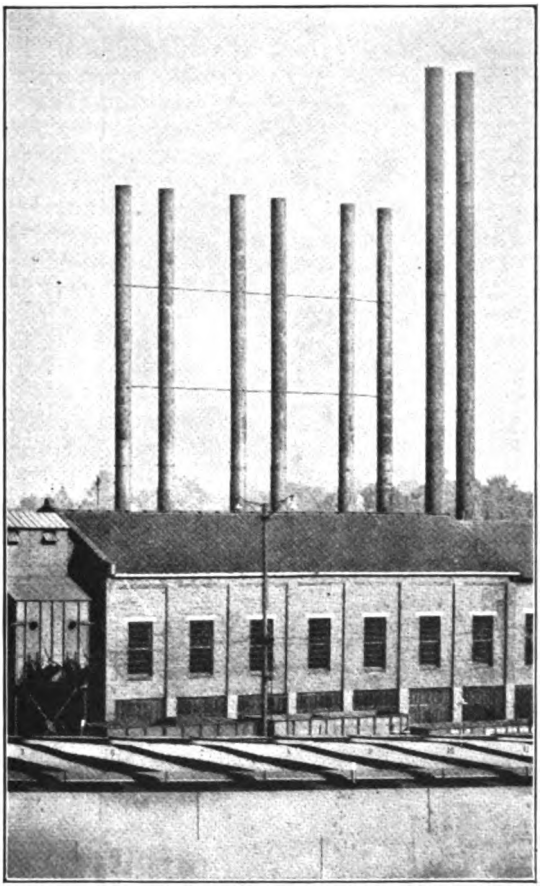
ganization, had not a shadow of a chance. President Schwab was speaking for operation in all its phases at that moment. He had assumed the direction of the subsidiary presidents. The last thing Mr. Schwab, with his Carnegie traditions, would have countenanced in 1901 was a call upon the Amalgamated for a conference. Moreover, the minutes show Mr. Schwab from the start most optimistic. There was no reason for anxiety, he insisted. He and Judge Gary made a hurried survey of their kingdom in May, and Mr. Schwab came back to tell the worrying members of the Committee that nothing he had seen gave him any reason to believe that the Amalgamated would force their hand.

If the Amalgamated held to its reported position, the anxious objected, a strike would follow.

"Only a remote possibility," laughed Mr. Schwab.

"If you are wrong," warned Gary, "it may be a big strike."



One of the many small plants of the Steel Corporation.

Out of their uncertainties and their divergence of view, they were steadily forced by events to find points on which they could agree. By the middle of June they adopted a resolution declaring:

1. We are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor.
2. When the question comes up, we advise subsidiary companies to say that they are not going to recognize any extension of unionism in mills where it does not now exist.
3. Great care should be taken to prevent trouble.
4. Promptly report trouble and confer with the Corporation.

It was the resolution of a divided and irresolute set of gentlemen who found themselves adopting policies which they were not sure they wanted to adopt, and, as Mr. Roberts claimed, before it was necessary to take any position, since they were still uncertain as to the Amalgamated's action. Mr. Roberts was the more emphatic because he had been insisting that the policy in regard to unionism should be uniform throughout the Corporation, this being of course the logic of his contention that the undertaking was a consolidation not a combination. If it was a good thing, said he, everybody should recognize it; if bad, nobody. The latter was the view of the Carnegie group. It was for casting out the unions, root and branch.

Judge Gary took a middle ground. "We found them here," he said, "we have contracts with them; we should let things stand as they are."

The uncertainty which led to the June resolution was soon removed, for on July 1st, the President of the Amalgamated, Mr. T. J. Schaeffer, declared

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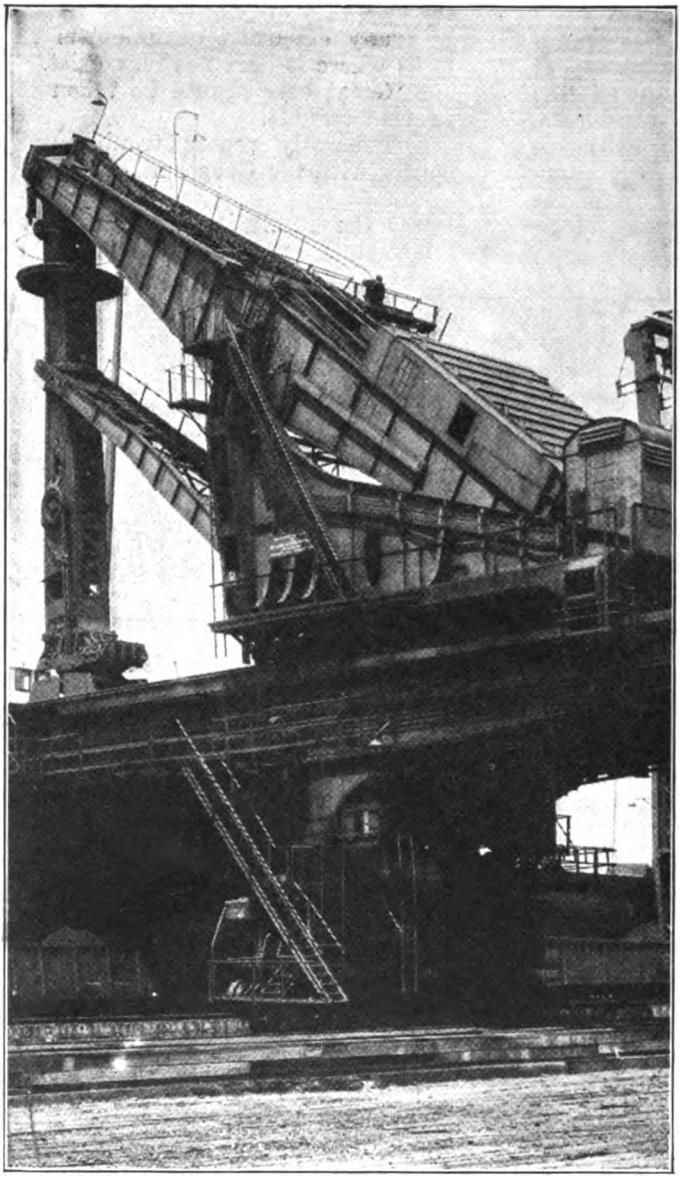

A fifteen ton Hulett electric machine.

that unless all the mills of the Sheet Steel Company and the Steel & Hoop Company, both of which were partially unionized and were prepared to grant something—not everything—signed the scales, he would call out not only these companies, but the Tin Plate company, regardless of the fact that it had already signed. The threat brought matters to a head in the Corporation. The Board of Directors became active now. "We believe," they resolved, "it would be a fatal mistake to accede to the demands of the Amalgamated Association. It would compel us to recognize union labor in all of our works."

But if the Corporation was not willing to extend the union, it was not obstinate about consulting with its officers who were threatening to strike. Committees were appointed and there was much running to and fro. Anxious outsiders—members of the newly organized Civic Federation—put in their oar. There were meetings at Mr. Morgan's office, out of which nothing in particular came, though the fact remained that the financial head of the new Corporation had been sufficiently open-minded to make at least a cooperative gesture. Nor was the Corporation unyielding in regard to acts in the subsidiary companies which seemed to it unfair, for when a non-union plant at Wellesville, Ohio, finding that a lodge of twelve men had been established in the plant, discharged the men, the Executive Committee, looking on this as an unnecessarily hostile manoeuver, ordered the men reinstated.

When Mr. Schaeffer found the Corporation would not accede to his demands, he called the strike for July 15th. Thus, just three and a half months after the great aggregation began business, that disaster happened which the minutes of the Executive Committee show its Chairman especially dreaded. "It was the worst time of the worst year to have any trouble," he had told the Committee. He had counseled concession—temporizing—anything, even if humiliating to pride to settle.

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But the strike was on in spite of his best efforts.

His chief anxiety now was lest the men in the Illinois Steel Company should go out. This company, it will be remembered, was part of the Federal Steel Company of which he had been the president up to the time that it went into the United States Steel Corporation. The men there had formed a plant organization and had affiliated with the Amalgamated. Judge Gary had been proud of the friendly relations between the workers and the management in the Illinois Company. He dreaded to see them disturbed now. The men had signed the scales—would they follow Schaeffer's order to strike? He became so anxious about it that he went to Chicago to consult with the particular vice-president of the Illinois Steel who had labor relations in charge and who was known to be on good terms with the officers of the plant association. If the men had any legitimate grievance, he told the vice-president, anything which would incline them to follow Schaeffer's order, he wanted to know it, and, if possible, adjust it.

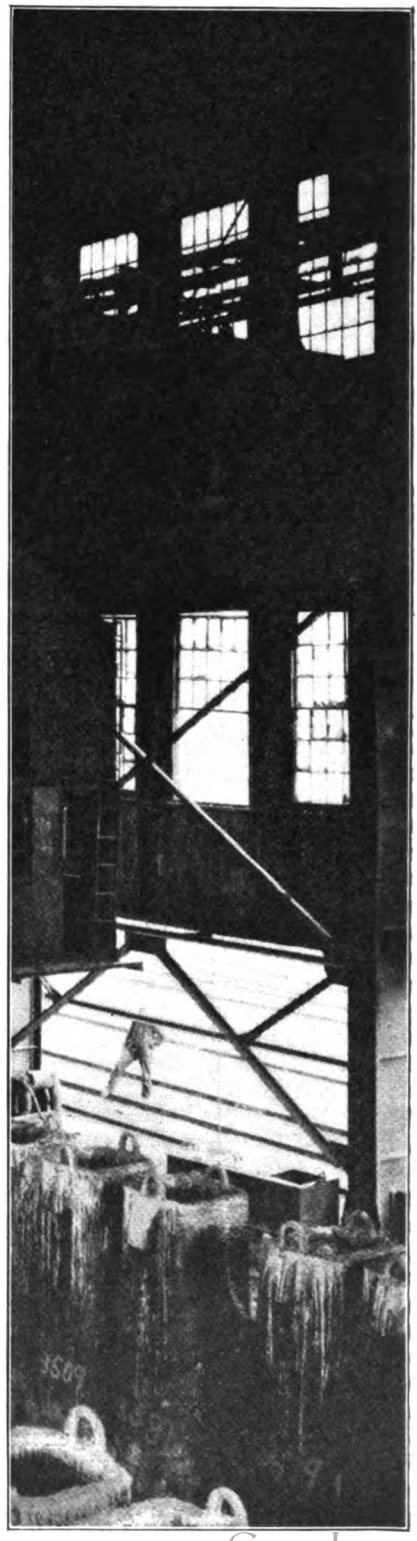
But the men soon took the matter into their own hands, and in August they issued a circular to the public, explaining their reasons for not obeying the order of the President of the Amalgamated to strike.

"The principles of union labor are as dear to us as to any men in the country who earn their living by honest toil," they announced, "but we do not think we should be expected to violate every rule of business integrity and personal honor for a matter of sentiment, for this is a time when we must not let our sympathy get away with our better judgment."

It was not many weeks before it became apparent that the strike was to be far less disastrous than Judge Gary had feared. As a matter of fact, the Amalgamated strike of 1901 was not popular in labor circles. Leaders like John Mitchell of the Mine Workers, and Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, had advised against it, and, when Schaeffer ordered out men who had already signed scales and certain groups refused to break their contracts, the strike was lost—though it did drag on until September, when the Amalgamated gave up.

Mr. Schaeffer came down to New York, and in Mr. Morgan's office he and the Association's secretary signed a compact with Mr. Morgan, Judge Gary and Mr. Schwab, which a report to the Board declared "most satisfactory."

"It was on the basis," said this report, "that all mills which had been non-union heretofore should continue as such, and that all mills in which we had made even a



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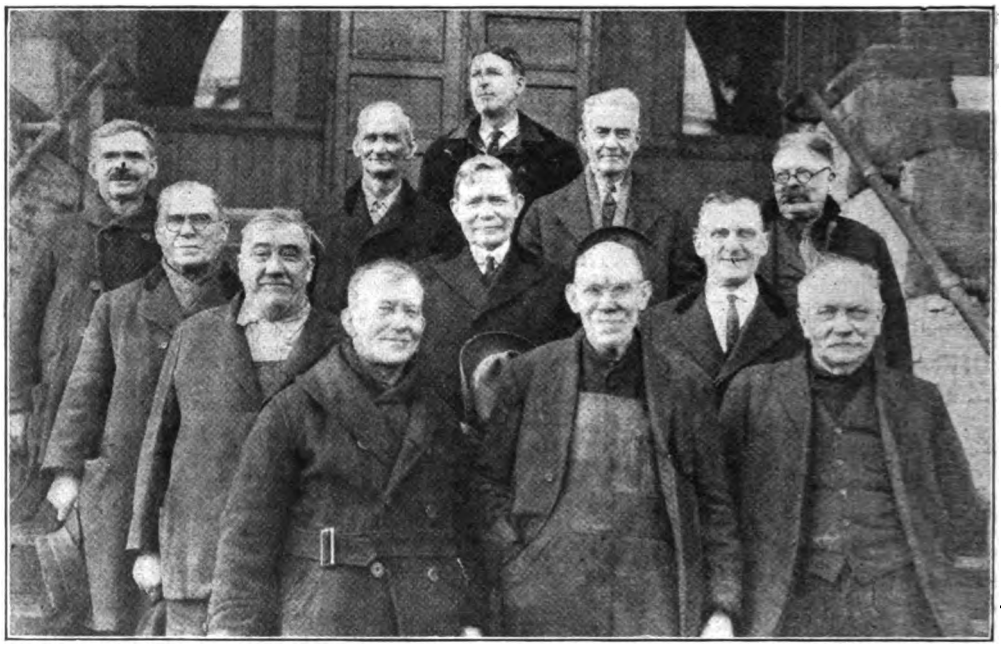

Employees of the Steel Corporation who were still holding in January, 1924, the first stock in the company offered to them in 1903.

preliminary start since the strike was declared should be continued as non-union in the future. This was agreed to. We might have exacted harsher terms with reference to the number of non-union mills, but it was not thought wise by your Management to take the position of openly oppressing organized labor. We established other principles which we considered of much more importance; for example: that the Amalgamated Association would not endeavor to organize men in our non-union mills, that if such men were organized, they would refuse to receive them into their Association or give them charters; this they agreed to."

The explanation of the settlement given by the Amalgamated press was in a very different tone:

"The causes that led up to this unsatisfactory settlement were the overwhelming odds that the Association had to battle against—the daily press, public opinion, the advice of prominent labor leaders and the withdrawal of credit by merchants. The injunction issued by the federal courts, the degeneracy of the ex-members who happen to hold managing positions in the tin plate mills becoming strike-breakers and teachers of strike-breakers, going among their former associates in unionism, tempting and seducing them from the standard of unionism by bribery and promises of prominent and steady employment, the unlimited use of money by the United States Steel Corporation, and its evident willingness to spend millions to teach green labor to become experienced and skilled, its power to use all of the aforesaid agencies show that the Amalgamated Association was left almost entirely to its own resources to battle with the greatest combination of capital the world has ever known, while the trust, with its immense money power to begin with, was aided by every agency the public could furnish it with. Thus it became evident that it was suicidal for the Association to keep up a contest that would result in greater losses each week that it was prolonged."

The statement does not mention the act which did more than anything else to turn public men against the Amalgamated—breaking their contracts. It gave the Corporation a powerful weapon for the future. "You can't trust the Amalgamated. It signs and repudiates."

The strike of 1901 forced the settlement of two important points. The first was that the Corporation was to

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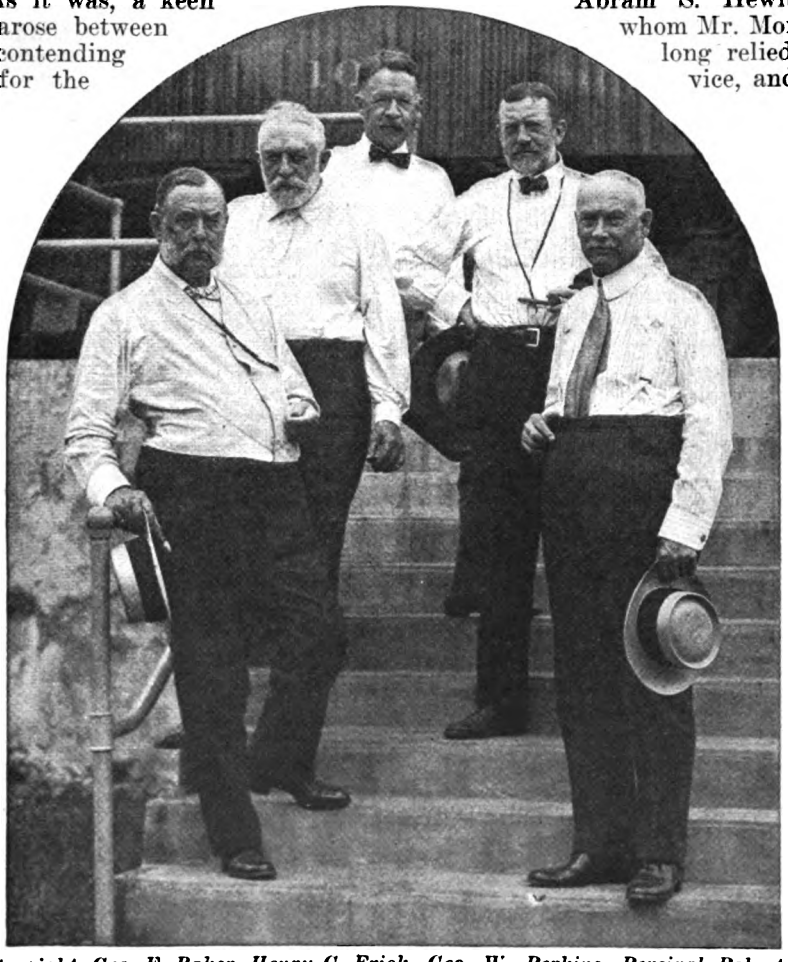
have a labor policy, the second was that the first article of that policy was to be the open shop—no dealings with organized labor save where it was established when the Corporation was formed. That plank has never been changed. To-day it is stronger in the Corporation probably than ever, though one element involved in organized labor, some better means of communication between management and men, is recognized to-day as one of its unsettled problems. But more of that later.

If it had not been for discussions as to authority going on between the Chairman and President of the Corporation, as well as between the Executive and Finance Committee, the next plank in its labor policy might well have been the first and certainly would have followed on the heels of the first. As it was, a keen rivalry arose between the contending factors for the honor of originating a plan whose acceptance was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Robert Bacon in his testimony in the steel suit says that "one of the first things" considered by the new company was "a plan of cooperation and participation in the benefits and profits of the company" by labor. Judge Gary had long been interested in such a scheme and had talked it to Mr. Morgan, who, Bacon claims in this testimony, had the solution of no question so near to heart as that of creating more satisfactory conditions of labor. "This interest," declared Mr. Bacon, "had been evidenced in hundreds of ways in dealing with the questions that came up between the different corporations in which he was interested"—which has never been the popular notion of the Morgan attitude.

Abram S. Hewitt, upon whom Mr. Morgan had long relied for advice, and who, at



Left to right, Geo. F. Baker, Henry C. Frick, Geo. W. Perkins, Percival Roberts, Jr., Hon. Elbert H. Gary. Members of the Finance Committee, Bayview, Ala., June 7, 1917.

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his earnest request, had gone into the Corporation Board, had no doubt strongly influenced him in these matters. Mr. Hewitt was one of the thoughtful students of industry who saw that what was needed under the changing industrial conditions was the development of points of mutual interest—practises which would overthrow by demonstration the prevailing notion that the interests of labor and capital were inherently antagonistic and could only be settled by force. Ten years before this, in 1890, Mr. Hewitt had laid down his views; he had continued to talk them, and undoubtedly to Mr. Morgan in particular.

"Most of the writers of the day," said Mr. Hewitt, "have failed to comprehend the significance of the great movement which pervades all civilized people. It is toward concentration of management, accompanied by diffusion of ownership. This is the keynote to the mighty wave of association which is passing over the world, and is particularly felt in this country, where the opportunities for development are greater than anywhere else. The harmony of capital and labor will be brought about by joint ownership in the instruments of production, and what are called 'trusts' merely afford the machinery by which such ownership can be distributed among the workmen."

That was the philosophy which Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary had accepted and which they especially were anxious to see realized in the new venture—but which was delayed by internal politics and jealousies. The delay was particularly exasperating to the outspoken Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., who finally, in February, insisted that there be a decision. He pointed out that profit-sharing among officers existed in some of the companies and not in others, that there was complaint—rightfully—that if the inequality continued there would be serious trouble. And, to force immediate attention, Mr. Roberts introduced a resolution whereby all employees shared, and which made the Corporation and not the constituent companies the distributor.

The debate that followed shows better than any others recorded in the minutes how far personal differences had gone as well as what inroads on the authority of the Executive Committee the Finance Committee had made, for it brought out the fact that Mr. Schwab had started that Committee at work on a profit-sharing plan. Mr. Roberts protested that it was a violation of the by-laws—the Executive Committee was the originating committee. "The Finance Committee feared that if the matter got in here," commented Mr. Schwab, "there would be a row!"

The "row" was so imminent that Chairman Gary read the Committee one of his little lectures. "None of us ought to forget," he told them, "that this United States Steel proposition is something that a few years ago no man would have had the audacity to conceive, it has so many ramifications. It is to be doubted whether under ordinary circumstances ordinary individuals could have succeeded as we have succeeded. It is not possible we should not have difficulties in this Committee, that there should not be difficulties between this Committee and members of the Finance Committee. You remember I suggested to you at the start the line between these two Committees was not fixed, that would have to be found out. Like ourselves they have the best interests of the United States Steel Corporation at heart. It is only a question of what is the right and proper thing, under all circumstances. Let us get together, talk it over and come to some mutual understanding."

The matter dragged until the summer of 1902, when Mr. George Perkins, who by this time was beginning to realize that the patience and spirit of accommodation which Judge Gary had been showing through the multitude of trials was an asset which he had underestimated, brought whatever had been gathered so far to him for consultation. The two men spent much time over the scheme. It is to Judge Gary that Mr. Perkins gives chief credit for the result, in a most generous tribute he once paid his colleague.

"Judge Gary," said Mr. Perkins, "has a positive passion for doing good things, big things, behind the screen of somebody else's personality; and credit that belongs to him—tremendous credit—lands elsewhere. Over and over he has made me protest against his insistence that I or another should accept applause for accomplishment directly belonging to himself; for instance, in em-

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ployees' pensions and profit-sharing."

It was on December 31, 1902, that the circular announcing the perfected plan was made public—a New Year's gift.

What the plan proposed was to make it possible for every wage and salary earner in the Corporation, from the one with $800 or less a year to the one with $20,000 or more, to invest in the 7% cumulative preferred stock of the Corporation. As the par value of that stock was $550,000,000 and the most conservative estimate of the tangible value of the properties—good will not considered—was around $680,000,000, it was a safe investment even at par. The Corporation offered the stock at $82.50. Its market value was from $86.50 to $89.75 in January of 1903, the month when the employees were first mulling over the proposition.

The amount of the stock the employee could buy was graded. It amounted to 20% of his income if he was receiving $800 or less, 12% if from $2,500 to $5,000, and 5% if $20,000 or more. He paid for his stock in monthly instalments running over three years. He received his 7% interest from the first payment and was charged 5% on deferred payments. If he kept his stock, remained with the Company and showed proper interest in its welfare, he was to receive a premium of $5 a year for five years.

The announcement of the scheme—the first any corporation had tried with all grades of workers—naturally attracted a great deal of attention—often surprized attention, as in the case of the New York *World!*

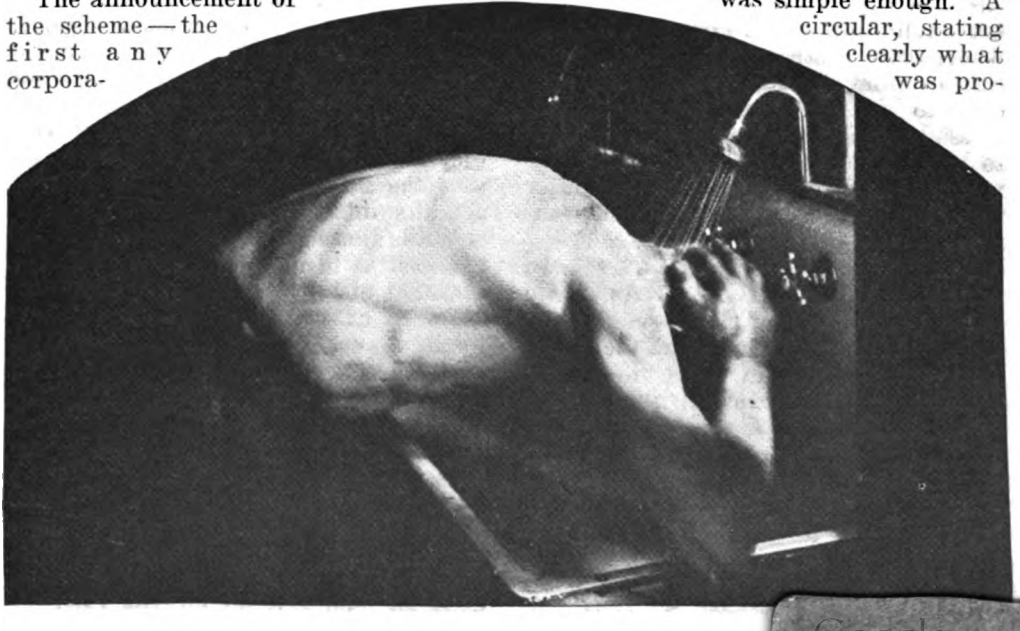
> It reveals Mr. Morgan as something besides the most successful organizer of trusts and mergers. Behind this comprehensive scheme, carefully worked out as it is in all its details, there is evidently a mind moved by humanitarian impulses.

Some of it was begrudging attention like that of the New York *Evening Post:*

> The scheme seems well adapted to its declared aim of attaching to the company its officers and employees and will probably be accepted by most of them, since they risk very little by so doing. It does not bear the character of benevolence or philanthropy in any sense, and makes no pretentions of that sort. It can be judged only by its results from the business point of view.

What interested the authors of the undertaking much more than public opinion, however, was the response from the workers.

The method of presenting the offer was simple enough. A circular, stating clearly what was pro-



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posed was sent to the superintendents of the various plants, with an order to post it on the bulletin board and make it available in the men's reading rooms. The reception that this circular met in the various plants and from the different classes of employees is interesting. Mr. C. E. Close, the present head of the Safety and Sanitation Bureau of the Corporation, was at that time an assistant superintendent in the plant at Greenville, Pennsylvania. He studied the scheme closely, and, making up his mind that it was an excellent thing for everybody, promptly subscribed for all the stock that the class in which he stood allowed. Other men in responsible positions did the same, but not a single one of the six hundred laborers, so far as Mr. Close could discover, took a share. He was disturbed by this. "It is because they don't understand it," he told his chief. "They take stock in all sorts of questionable enterprises, diamond mines and oil wells. Now here is something solid—sure. It ought to be explained to them." His superintendent warned him that he should do nothing more than explain, not try to influence, so he went out among the men in the plant, explaining. The result was that about one hundred of the six hundred men subscribed according to their means. Mr. Close will tell you that it often happens to-day, when in the discharge of his duties as head of the Safety Bureau he goes into a plant where there is still at work some one of this original group, that a man will come to him and thank him for the interest he took in explaining the scheme to him. Often he will say that the investment made it possible for him later to buy a home which he now owns outright.

In all, 26,399 subscribed to the scheme in this first year. It is interesting to know that through all the ups and downs of the steel stock—and they have been many—some of these men still hold on to their original investment. In the South Works of the Illinois Steel Company there are nine working men who still own twenty-four shares of what they bought in 1904. They form the majority of a group of twelve stockholders whose income from stock subscriptions in the last twenty-one years was recently reckoned. It is running ahead of my story, but it shows how this plan has worked out. These twelve men, all of them in manufacturing processes, have bought in twenty-one years 172 shares of preferred stock for $62,274. They have had a gross return on this stock of $30,223.21. They have also bought 354 shares of common—common was first offered in 1908—at a cost of $30,266. They have had a gross return on this in sixteen years of $25,377.38. The market value of these stocks which cost them about $46,500 was at the close of 1924 about $63,500.

That is the way it has worked out for those who held it. But back in 1903 it was anything but sure, and when in the fall of that year the long period of prosperity which the steel industry had enjoyed came to a sudden halt, when wages and the quarterly dividend on common were cut and steel preferred bought at $82.50 fell to $49, it looked serious enough.

There was much bitter criticism of the Steel Corporation for having led workers into something unstable and speculative. "It has been a matter of much amazement to practical men," said John Moody in his *The Truth about the Trusts*, published in 1904, "that such an irrational and ill-considered scheme should have been accorded serious thought for a moment. Instead of being a *profit*-sharing plan it has already turned out in the short space of one year a *loss*-sharing plan and the frightened employees, instead of being won to friendliness by being made partners, are apparently feeling that they have been unfairly dealt with and that the managers of the Corporation actually intended to unload on them."

While there were employees no doubt that felt as badly as Mr. Moody, it is a fact that in 1904—the year in which the earnings of the Steel Corporation fell to the lowest point in its 24 years of history—its employees dropped from 168,000 to 147,000, its average wage from $716 to $677 and its common stock received no dividends—9,912 employees subscribed for stock. Six of these were working men in the group of the Illinois Steel Company whose adventure under the plan we have already related. There is no doubt that thoughtful working men throughout the Corpora-

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tion had their confidence materially strengthened at this juncture by the serious effort that was made to take care of subscribers who had lost their positions through the slump in business. It was not to be held against them, so a circular they received announced, that they were not able now to meet their payments, and, when the plants opened again, if they came back they could take up their subscriptions where they left them. They were to have their bonuses regularly too. It looked like an effort to play fair.

Then they were impressed by the fact that the Corporation was passing its common stock dividend. "At last," they said to one another, "they are not helping themselves out of earnings when dropping wages and closing plants." But the men could not know the good-natured though royal battle that Judge Gary had had with Mr. Morgan in order to bring this about.

Mr. Morgan had been very proud of the showing made so far by the Corporation. He had perhaps said more than was wise about its earning power and its ability to stand shocks. At least, when Judge Gary came to him at the end of 1903 to say that he believed the dividend on the common stock should be entirely passed until business had righted itself, he was obstinate in his refusal to consent.

"My business," says Judge Gary in telling of the episode, "was to look after the future. I did not think it was safe to pay dividends at that time, and I took great pains to tell him why. But he did not agree with me. One morning in the course of this discussion, we began to talk about eleven o'clock and went on until it was time for him to leave between three and four. He had not given in. 'Come back in the morning,' he said. I went back and we talked nearly all that day. At last I felt it was hopeless.

"'Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'I am going to be very frank. If it had not been for you this Corporation could not have been formed. It was your name and influence which brought in the competing companies. No other man could have done it. If anything happens to it, you, more than any other man, will be held responsible. For two days you have been trying to convince me that we should continue to pay dividends on the common stock, but you have had no influence on my judgment. For two days I have been trying to convince you that no dividends should be paid, and I have not influenced your judgment. I am going to leave you. You must decide the question. I think I can bring the Board of Directors to ratify whatever you decide.'

"He got up and, putting his arm around my shoulder, said, 'My dear boy, I would not do that for anything in the world. You shall have your way!'"

And the dividend was passed—passed not only that quarter but for eight successive quarters. The passing of the dividend probably influenced a considerable number of employees to keep the stock they had taken in 1903 and to buy of the offerings made in the two hardest years the organization ever saw. They seemed to agree with a steel roller who came to a stockholders' meeting of the Corporation a few years ago and exercised his privilege of speaking. Among other things he told how he felt about the stock subscription plan:

"I am not compelled to buy it; we take it as we want it. I am still buying every year, and I have every share that I have bought. I find it is a good investment; in fact, you cannot get an investment anywhere where you can pay two or three dollars a month on a share of stock and have the interest coming in to you right along from the moment you start."

The appearance of steel workers at the annual stockholders' meeting is not infrequent and usually they speak—if not on their own initiative at Judge Gary's invitation. It is an evidence that one of the objects of this stock scheme has been realized in at least a few cases; that is, a point of mutual interest and natural contact has been found.

Moreover, from the start in 1903 there have been proofs that the ownership of even one share aroused in some men, if not all, a sense of proprietorship and a consequent sense of responsibility about property. Stockholders resent waste of materials and watch not only their fellows but their executives. From 1903 until today, presidents of companies

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and Judge Gary himself frequently received letters calling attention to waste, carelessness, improper use of materials.

Here is a letter to Judge Gary:

> As a stockholding employee of the U. S. Steel Corporation I consider it my duty to call your attention to some things which I think the Board of Directors should be informed of.
>
> For instance, wagon loads of lumber and other material have been hauled away from the works in this city and used in the building extension and repair of residences in different parts of the city.
>
> Not only have the materials of the Corporation been used in this way, but the teams of the Corporation have been used to haul the goods away and the skilled labor of the Corporation has been used to work such material into the buildings and laborers from the mills have been used to excavate for the foundations for new residences.
>
> Also stockholding employees have been discriminated against, being laid off in time of scarcity of work, thus making it necessary for them to withdraw their subscriptions while less competent men have been retained at higher wages.
>
> If you think this matter worthy of investigation, I am prepared to furnish proof of the above statements.

Another very striking reaction is the pride in the certificates. Men frequently carry them about and, when a superior officer appears, seize the opportunity to pull out their bill cases from their hip pockets and show the amount of their possessions. It not only offers proof of their thrift to their superior, but it puts themselves in his class—partners in the undertaking. As for the dividends, regular and extra, I have heard a Corporation president state that he had men who were as proud of them as any banker.

While the stock subscription scheme took a first step toward "joint ownership," it did not meet the problem of rewarding the extra services, the improvements in methods, the unusual contributions of various kinds which continually come from executives and workers in all industries, and which the Carnegie Company had always recognized by liberal bonuses.

When the Corporation was formed, men in subsidiaries where there was no bonus system, or a niggardly one, clamored for its extension. Early in 1902 Mr. Buffington, President of the Illinois Steel Company, reported to the Corporation that he was losing technical men because they had no bonuses. Reports of dissatisfaction in the American Bridge Company and in the American Steel & Wire Company came from their presidents, because of what they claimed was unfair discrimination. The upshot was that there was attached to the stock-subscription scheme a profit-sharing plan, based strictly on value of service. It was for those who did more than routine work. The money for it is raised in this way: When the year's profits exceed $100,000,000 but do not exceed $150,000,000, 2% of such profits is set aside; when the net profits exceed $150,000,000 but do not exceed $200,000,000, the amount set aside is 2¼%; when such profits exceed $200,000,000 the amount set aside is 2½%. No amount is set aside in any year when the net profits for the preceding year do not exceed $100,000,000.

In a recent report on this scheme, which is operating today in the way it was originally planned, Judge Gary said:

"Only 4 or 5% of all the employees profit by it. Sometimes the percentage is less. The number of men to whom additional compensation has been given has rarely gone above 10,000 during any one year. They are the persons who especially are building the success of their respective plants. The majority of them are in executive positions, some major, some minor. A plant manager, a superintendent, a foreman who, by virtue of observation, study and ingenuity, discovers and applies a labor-saving process, a new operation, a better way of doing things, of speeding up production, of improving quality, is the man who largely adds to the profits of the Corporation; and it is only fair and just that he should share in them.

"It is not executives alone, however, who profit by this plan. Position has nothing to do with it. It is service that counts. Our experience has been that the men who have come to the top have

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been the recipients of additional compensation. There have been numerous instances where workers in the shops have received large rewards.

"Such a case was that of a colored worker in one of our mines. The cashier and he were entrusted with the carrying of the company's payroll and cash to one of the coal districts. On the way, the wagon was attacked by highwaymen and the cashier shot dead. The money was being transferred when the colored man in question pulled out his gun and shot the first robber, who was instantly killed, then shot the second, who later died of his wounds, and finally shot the third, who was afterward caught in a wounded condition and was subsequently hanged. That colored man had more than saved the company's money. He had staked his life. Nobody could have blamed him for running in an effort to save himself. But he didn't. It may have been foolhardy, but it was splendid. To-day that colored boy carries an engraved gold watch. He knows that he will never want for anything."

By this so-called profit-sharing the Corporation takes care of the inventions of employees. This was one of the problems that Mr. Schwab put to them. An assistant superintendent at Braddock had invented a skimmer for use in a blast furnace, which was so useful that thirty-eight furnaces had adopted it. He wanted $9,500 for it. Mr. Schwab put the matter up to the Committee. Many large iron and steel companies, he explained, when an employee got out a patent, or new process, paid the expenses of the patent for the privilege of using it in their mills, the patentee having the right to sell to others. In the Carnegie Company they usually made the employee a present and took over the patent. That was done in this case—that is, the man who had made the invention got the $9,500 and the Corporation got the skimmer. The profit-sharing plan now adopted was utilized to take care of these expenditures.

So before the Corporation was two years old, it had to handle very essential labor problems; but others dogged their steps.

From long discussion of the stock-subscription scheme the Executive Committee learned of various enterprises for improving labor conditions, which the companies they had united had initiated or had in mind. They also clearly saw, before their second plank was disposed of, other steps they must take if they could agree on a way which would not oblige them to give up their favorite notions about organization.

There was the matter of the proper care of the injured, their compensation, the relief of their families. Mr. Edenborn had devised a plan before the wire trust was organized, and it had been adopted by that concern. They heard more or less of that from him.

Mr. Carnegie had set aside $4,000,000 for helping the families of those workers who lost their lives or their earning power. Were these undertakings to be made general? Judge Gary was deeply interested in such problems, but for the moment other matters claimed his attention. Another of his favorite policies was fighting for its life.

Judge Gary believed that corporations should work with the government, not against it. Theodore Roosevelt, had challenged big business—not because it was big, but because it was wicked. Almost the only man of importance in the financial world who publicly recognized the President's right to question the methods of corporations was Judge Gary. It is to the story of his relations with President Roosevelt that we will now pass.

NEXT MONTH

Soon after he became President, Roosevelt sent for Gary, whose opinions regarding corporations were much like his own. Gary supported Roosevelt in 1907 when practically the whole business world was berating him. This chapter contains hitherto unpublished letters of Roosevelt, Gary and Carnegie.

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DOLLARS AND SCENTS

By CARL CLAUSEN

MR. LEON NUSSBAUM, President of the Cosmo-Met Film Company, after reading the letter, tossed it into the wire tray at his elbow, then reached for the next one on top of the imposing pile of opened mail which his private secretary had neatly arranged on the pale amber blotter of his Circassian walnut desk.

His hand, upon the third manicured pudgy finger of which gleamed a modest two-carat-and-a-half flawless solitaire in a platinum setting, paused in midair, then almost involuntarily moved back to the wire tray. A frown of annoyance flitted across Mr. Nussbaum's smooth, pink face. Adjusting his heavy rimmed glasses, which hung suspended about the creases of his short, fat neck by a black silk band of just the correct width, he picked up the letter from the wire tray and read for the third consecutive time the following brief but pointed message:

Mr. Leon Nussbaum,
Cosmo-Met Studios,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Sir:

About one year ago I sent you a story entitled *Vengeance of the Storm.* After keeping it for two months, your scenario department returned it to me with the information that it was unsuitable. Day before yesterday I saw a picture at the Sunbeam Theater, our local show under the Cosmo-Met release, in which three of my situations were used. Neglecting to send me the check is of course an oversight on your part. I shall look for it within ten days of date.

Yours truly,
Steve Cardigan,
Cedar Creek,
Kern County,
California.

Once more Mr. Nussbaum frowned. Laying down the letter, he pressed the buzzer for Wurlitz, his production manager.

"Read that, Dave," he said, tossing the letter across the desk to his subordinate. Mr. David Wurlitz picked up the missive and ran a red-rimmed eye down the page.

"Nut letter," he commented, briefly. "You should worry."

"I don't," Mr. Nussbaum replied. "Just the same, Dave, you know the rules of the Cosmo-Met. Don't use no outside situations—unless you have to. And if you have to, be sure there ain't no come-back. There's a flock of dead authors with situations that was never copyrighted, so why be reckless."

David Wurlitz flecked an imaginary speck of dust from his pearl-gray trousers. In his younger days he had been a pants presser on Sixth Avenue. Well-creased trousers were still his religion. Adroitly he switched the subject.

"We'll be ready to shoot on the six-reeler early next week. Benning finished the continuity last night. It's a whale, Mr. Nussbaum."

The President's teeth clamped shut about his dead cigar.

"I betcher. Only don't mistake my roll for Jonah, Dave," he admonished with sinister jocularity. "Already I got writer's spasms, O. K'ing vouchers. If I don't get a locomotive attack oder something before you shoot the clinch, I should wonder." He paused. "I've decided to change the title of it to *Dope. Seeds of the Poppy* don't mean nothing to the public."

Dave Wurlitz' lips parted in protest. His artistic soul revolted.

"But *Seeds of the Poppy* has got exploitation angle, Mr. Nussbaum. Two hundred thousand copies of the book has been sold. It made a reputation for the author. *Seeds of the Poppy* above his name is worth real money."

Mr. Nussbaum raised a silencing hand.

"Glen Warren is a nice boy, and his name goes on the advertising as per

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agreement. But he is a fiction writer. Those birds don't know the dramatic value of a title. *Seeds of the Poppy.* Mein Gott! The public will think it's one of them Pasadena flower parades. Now *Dope,* Dave, there's a title for you with punch."

"Warren will be wild when he hears you went and changed the title on him," Wurlitz reminded his employer.

"Let him get wild," Mr. Nussbaum shouted. "Already I paid him thirty thousand for a story which we could have made right here on the lot for fifteen hundred dollars."

With this he dismissed his production manager and plunged into his correspondence once more. But first he took Steve Cardigan's letter from the wire tray, tore it up, and tossed the pieces into his waste basket with a gesture of infinite contempt. It was little things like that letter which ruffled the serenity of his otherwise satisfactory existence.

At noon of the tenth day after this episode, Mr. Nussbaum stalked into his office, shutting the door behind him with a bang. He was cross, tired and out of sorts. He had spent the morning quarreling with Glen Warren over the change of the title. Also, the biggest set of the six-reeler just finished, a facsimile reproduction of the interior of a certain very notorious European gambling resort, had run into nearly double the estimated cost. Mr. Nussbaum was furious. He paced the floor, hurling anathemas upon the heads of extravagant production managers and unreasonable authors.

Suddenly he paused in his tracks, as his eye caught the yellow envelope of an unopened night letter on his blotter. Plumping down in his massive swivel desk chair, he tore it open. His purple face turned a shade lighter as he noted that the message was dated Cedar Creek, Kern County, California.

"Check not received," he read, "so am coming down to see you. Better have it ready. Will be at your studio at three P. M. Friday, the seventeenth. Am bringing along persuader. Steve Cardigan."

Mr. Nussbaum glanced about the luxuriously appointed office in a helpless sort of way. His eyes wandered automatically to the calendar on his desk, and read there July 17 in bold red letters. Beneath it was the word Friday in smaller black type.

With a curse he crumpled up the telegram and threw it into the waste basket. Then he jammed his hat on his mottled bald pate and went to lunch.

Over *kalbsnierenbraten,* his favorite dish, he sought to forget the travails of the morning. The horribly extravagant set and that obdurate idiot, Glen Warren, and his absurd notions of what constituted motion picture titles faded away before the casseroled righteousness of Rothmeyer's dollar-and-a-half Merchant's Lunch. But Mr. Steve Cardigan and his telegram refused to be thus summarily dismissed. Even the glass of *schnapps,* served discreetly by the waiter in a tea cup, was of no avail. The sinister allusion to the "persuader" stirred Mr. Nussbaum's imagination profoundly. He remembered having read in a newspaper of a man shot to death with a bullet that had been dum-dumed by the assassin. The reporter's assertion that the hole in the dead man's chest had been big enough for a cat to crawl through sent a chill percolating down Mr. Nussbaum's spine. He wondered with a shiver how it would feel to have a cat, or even a kitten, prowling about his vital organs.

When passing through the outer office after returning from lunch at two o'clock, he said to Miss Levy, his secretary:

"If any stranger wants to see me the rest of this week, I ain't in, Miss Levy. Y'understand."

"Yes, Mr. Nussbaum."

With his hand on the doorknob of his sanctum, the motion picture magnate paused for a moment.

" 'F a fellow by the name of Cardigan—Steve Cardigan—calls, tell 'im I have gone to——to Halifax for a couple of weeks," he added, pleased at his own little pun.

"Very well, Mr. Nussbaum," Miss Levy laughed with the enthusiastic appreciation of thirty dollars a week.

Cardigan thus disposed of, Mr. Nussbaum returned to his office and plunged resolutely into cost sheets and overhead. For ten minutes he worked steadily, running a fat bulbous index finger around his collar from time to time. At the end of that time, he laid

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down his pencil, leaned back in his chair and wiped the perspiration from his face with a purple-bordered silk handkerchief. His small gimlet eyes roved furtively about the office, as if he expected Steve Cardigan of Cedar Creek to materialize from soft mulberry window drapes. He glanced at the waste basket beside him. With a quick feline movement, his pudgy hand shot out and his fingers closed about the crumpled telegram.

Smoothing out the yellow slip of paper on the blotter, he sat staring at it helplessly for some moments. Almost surreptitiously his fingers moved to the jewel-incrusted watch in the pocket of his cerise waistcoat. A shock passed through his heavy frame as he noted that it lacked just twenty minutes to three.

Although the day was excessively hot, he shivered slightly. Returning the watch to his pocket, he arose and crossed the Bokhara rug, stealthily, to where his hat was hanging on the rack, and tiptoed out of the office by the side entrance.

When Steve Cardigan entered and asked for Mr. Nussbaum, Miss Levy looked up from her task of boiling down to screen essence a certain famous classic, the author of which had shown his poor judgment by dying four years before the copyright law went into effect.

"Mr. Nussbaum left for—Halifax day before yesterday. He will be gone for several weeks," she replied without the suspicion of a smile. "Will any one else do?"

Mr. Cardigan replied with emphasis that no one else would, also, with further emphasis, that, as he had traveled two hundred miles to see Mr. Nussbaum, he guessed he'd stick around for the two weeks mentioned.

Miss Levy blinked her doe-brown eyes, then let them travel from the top of Mr. Cardigan's red head to his number nine and a half hobnailed boots. She noted briefly that he looked like a young man who liked to have his own way and was used to getting it. She also noted that, although he was quite evidently of the working class, he wore his clothes with an air. His pongee shirt was spotlessly clean, and his black knitted silk neckwear was tied with a flourish. His corduroy trousers were new and the hob-nailed boots were bright with a recent shine.

She noted further—this with a slight flutter of apprehension—that the right pocket of his Mackinaw bulged considerably. She drew her breath in sharply. Then, pulling herself together, she gave him her best secretarial smile.

"If you will leave your telephone number, I will call you as soon as Mr. Nussbaum returns—from Halifax," she replied sweetly.

Mr. Cardigan smiled back. At least his lips parted, exposing a double row of teeth which Miss Levy would have given ten years of her life to possess, but in his green-gray eyes there lurked something which told the secretary that the smile was at her expense, not for her benefit.

"I have no telephone," he replied, looking at her intently, "so I'll just call around once in a while until I catch Mr. Nussbaum in."

Miss Levy averted her face. Instinctively she knew that he sensed the lie, and woman-like, she resented it.

"Very well, Mr. Hartigan," she replied, stiffly.

"Cardigan," her visitor corrected gently. "Steve Cardigan of Cedar Creek, Kern County."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Cordagin."

Steve cocked his head on one side and stood looking down at her with a quizzical expression on his freckled face. His right hand moved to the bulging pocket of his Mackinaw, then, as if changing his mind, he turned on his heel and left the office.

"The fresh Irisher!" was Miss Levy's mental comment as the door closed upon him.

A moment later when Steve passed the freight entrance, a furniture van loaded with stage properties for the Cosmo-Met Studios turned the corner. To see was to think, and to think was to act. Steve swung himself aboard, peeled off his coat, lit a cigarette and went through the gate with his long legs dangling over the tail board of the van. The Missouri-faced gatekeeper gave him one fleeting look of suspicion, then, his fears allayed as Steve waved his hand to him in comradely greeting, he hooked the chain back in place and returned to his chair.

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Steve Cardigan was no literary genius, no mute, inglorious Milton doomed to blush unseen. No one knew this better than Steve himself. But he had seen some seven hundred motion pictures, six hundred and ninety-four of which had left him with the firm conviction that if he couldn't write a better one he'd eat his hat, sweat-band and all. This conviction was not peculiar to Steve. He shared it—not without some foundation—with about seventy-nine million other 100% Americans. As a result, some baker's dozen or so of highly colored melodramas had flowed from his facile pen. Of technique he knew nothing, of characterization and motivation, less; but—as later events will prove—he had a well developed sense of drama, and humor of a sort. Also his inventiveness, his gift for devising new and startling situations, was nothing short of phenomenal. More than once the ideas in a script of his had saved a studio hack his job for another two weeks.

When the furniture van slacked up speed, Steve put on his coat, hopped off and looked around. He had never been inside a studio in his life before. He had no idea of where to direct his intended attack, but, with a confidence born of ignorance, he stroked the bulging right pocket of his Mackinaw reassuringly, and decided that the twenty-five hundred dollar check was as good as his.

From the entrance of a large barn-like structure roofed in with glass, emerged a youngish man in a sport shirt, white trousers and a black flowing tie. Upon his prematurely bald brow the weight of centuries seemed to lie. He was the Third Assistant Camera Man on the hunt for a lost focus.

"Excuse me," said Steve. "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Nussbaum?"

The T. A. C. jerked a perfunctory thumb over his shoulder.

"Stage 6, Set 23," he muttered cabalistically.

"Then he isn't in—Halifax?" Steve asked innocently.

The Third Assistant Camera Man blinked. He seemed to awake suddenly as from a stupor.

"Who? Nussbaum? I wish to Gawd he were," he replied with feeling, then turned his back upon Steve and went muttering on the trail of the misplaced focus.

Steve mounted the steps of the structure with some of the feeling that Hannibal must have had when he visioned himself walking up the steps of the Stock Exchange in Rome before the battle of the Metaurus stopped his perambulations. He emerged in a great vaulted space that looked like a cross between a hothouse and the doll's boudoir of some Gargantuan infant, who had got tired of playing with the sets and had left them strewn about carelessly, to slide down the north side of Mt. Whitney with the boy next door.

A man wielding a mean hammer directed Steve to Set Number 23.

"Over yonder," he said, pointing ahead. "Don't get too near the battleship. I just gave her a coat of glue sizing."

Steve nodded. He passed through a bedroom interior into a bank vault, along a balcony overlooking a Venetian canal which a husky-looking individual in rubber boots was bailing dry with a canvas bucket, down a short flight of steps into the sacristy of a church, the altar of which was preempted by four men playing pinochle in their shirt sleeves, through another bedroom set, across a cobbled court, and stood at last in front of Set Number 23.

He paused awestruck before it. It was an exact reproduction of that most notorious gambling hell in Southern Europe—Monte Carlo. To Mr. Nussbaum's eminently practical mind, the only hellish thing about the set was its cost sheet, which showed a neat set-back to himself of $27,268.31.

Steve's eyes wandered from one to the other of the distinguished company assembled before it, then back to the sumptuous draperies, the soft-hued oriental rugs and the massive carved furnishings. From the raftered gloom above, a score of Kleig lights hissed and spluttered, flooding the scene with an eery radiance which penetrated shadowless to the last fold of the cunningly draped hangings.

"Save 'em!" shouted a tall man.

A muffled echo on Steve's left repeated the order, and the lights went out.

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"Miss Lake! Where is Miss Lake? Has any one seen Miss Lake?" the tall man inquired loudly.

"Coming, Mr. Buse," a girl's voice answered.

Steve drew a deep breath as an apparition in a silver-sequined gown stepped out of the gloom behind him. He sighed contentedly. So this was the famous Sophronia Lake! The man in the riding breeches must be Lawrence A. Buse, her equally famous director. Steve smiled softly. He had penetrated to the very heart of the enemy's camp.

A canvas chair on his left was vacant. He sat down and watched with much interest the rehearsal which followed. It was the big gambling scene that has since added much glory to the effulgent Miss Lake and much fame to Lawrence A. Buse as a director. Two score of extras were crowded about the big gaming table, at the ends of which, opposite each other, sat the hero and the beetling-browed croupier. At the moment when the hero was about to place sixty thousand francs ($1.40 gold) on red, the heroine (Miss Lake) reached forth one dainty hand and covered the bale of currency with it.

"No more to-day, Walter," she whispered in the hero's ear. Then with a haughty look at the beetling-browed croupier, who coveted her slight, spirituelle beauty as well as Walter's currency, she swept the money into her lap. Leaping up on a chair, she placed her right silver-slippered foot on the edge of the table. "Cheats! Brutes! Canaille!" she stormed. Then, carried away by her own emotion, she sank sobbing into the hero's outstretched arms.

"I've learned my lesson, sweetheart," said Walter. "Come, let's go back to Oregon and raise onions."

"Save 'em!" the director shouted again.

"How do you like it, Mr. Nussbaum?" he asked as the lights went out, turning to a small, fat, dark-visaged man sprawled frog-like in a chair nearby. A shock passed through Steve's body at hearing the name.

"Great stuff, Lorry!" the man replied, his small, gimlet eyes glowing like balls of fire. "It'll knock 'em dead."

"You said it!" Glen Warren, the author, groaned from his post of vantage on a stack of lumber in the wings, from where he was watching his first-born die by inches.

"Hit 'em, Charlie," the director shouted. Then, as the lights went on, "Everybody take their places. Miss Lake, when you put your hand on the dough, and Walter turns his head and looks at you, close your fingers slowly, one by one. I'm shooting a six-foot close-up of your hand, remember. All set? Camera! What—why—who? Say you there, get offa the set. Don't you see we're shooting?"

The man addressed, a tall, freckled youth in a Mackinaw, Stetson and hob-nailed boots, dropped to a seat in a gilt Chippendale chair, directly in front of the three cameras, stretched his long legs luxuriously, and lit a cigarette.

Lawrence A. Buse stared hard.

"Who the dickens is this nut?" he stormed, addressing no one in particular, and getting a reply from no one. He glanced beseechingly toward Mr. Nussbaum, who had risen half-way in his seat, his bullet head shot forward and his pudgy, jeweled fingers clutching the arms of his upholstered chair. The extras stared from one to the other. Miss Lake blinked her wide, questioning eyes. The croupier reached nervously for his rake, and Walter swallowed the butt-end of his cigarette. His coughing and the soft purring of the roulette wheel were the only sounds that disturbed the death-like quiet of Set Number 23.

Mr. Buse drew a deep sigh. His first impulse was to leap at the intruder and drag him off the set, but something in the stranger's eyes made him pause. Also, the expression on Mr. Nussbaum's face puzzled him. So the director merely said, wearily, and with a slight edge of sarcasm:

"If it's all the same to you, mister, would you just as soon get off the set while we shoot this scene?"

The stranger's reply was brief but to the point.

"I will—not!"

The director's jaw dropped. He glanced helplessly at his employer.

"Is this a friend of yours, Mr. Nussbaum?" he asked.

The motion picture magnate did not answer. He sat on the edge of his

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chair, staring pop-eyed at the stranger, who at this moment ran his hand into the deep pocket of his Mackinaw and drew from it a small ball of white and black fur. Stroking it tenderly, he deposited it on the edge of the gambling table. The ball of fur uncoiled, sat up on its hind legs, yawned, and blinked a pair of button-bright eyes in the glare of the Kleigs.

Miss Sophronia Lake, who, in her younger days, had been a saleslady in Kaminsky's exclusive fur store under the name of Sophie Puddle, said just one word before she fainted away in Walter's arms. It was a short, brief word, uttered as a piercing scream. Its effect was magic. In ten seconds the set was deserted except for the Mackinawed stranger and his pet. The little animal, quite unconscious of the consternation its presence was causing, was enjoying itself immensely by chasing the small colored balls around the revolving roulette wheel.

Lawrence A. Buse sank weakly into his chair. His megaphone fell from his hand and rolled clattering across the floor, accompanied by a burst of demoniacal laughter from the lumber pile behind him.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Glen Warren, the eminent author. "What do you know about that! A skunk in Monte Carlo. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Nussbaum had risen to his feet. His face was a study in varied emotions.

"Gott in Himmel. My set! If he should—ach du lieber!" He took a step forward, arms raised above his head in horror. "Why don't somebody grab him quick before he does——"

A husky stage carpenter stepped forward. Steve shot the man a warning glance.

"Better not get him excited, or he might," he said. He reached a protecting hand toward the little beast. "A dog scared him once in a hotel where I was stopping. They had to tear the hotel down." He paused and glanced about the barbaric sumptuousness of Set 23, as he ran his finger along the animal's back and scratched it gently. "His name is Abie."

Abie backed up against his master's finger. That he liked to have his back scratched was evident. It was also evident that he did not like the looks of the husky stage carpenter. Bracing his four small feet firmly on the table, he faced the man, teeth bared, and emitted a low, sibilant hiss.

"I'd go easy if I were you, son," Steve said. "Strangers make him nervous. No telling what'll happen if he gets excited."

The man backed away discreetly.

"Who in blue blazes are you, and what are you doing on my set with that absurd—er—beast?" Director Buse demanded, regaining his faculties one by one.

Steve pointed to Mr. Nussbaum.

"Ask him; he knows." He smiled at the motion picture magnate. "You know Steve—good old Steve Cardigan of Cedar Creek, don't you, Mr. Nussbaum."

Mr. Nussbaum moistened his dry lips.

"What d'you want?" he demanded hoarsely.

"You mean how much do I want?" Steve inquired. "Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"I'll—I'll see you in blazes first," Mr. Nussbaum shouted. "For three situations he wants twenty-five hundred dollars. Oi, the crook!"

Steve pulled out an old Colt's forty-five.

"I guess you've got to do your duty, Abie," he said, addressing the skunk. He sighed. "I hate to scare you out of a year's growth, old socks, but we've got to eat next winter."

He glanced about the draped magnificence of Set 23 as he broke the gun and slipped a shell into one of the chambers.

Mr. Nussbaum backed way before the weapon, knees trembling.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars," he stuttered.

Steve pulled the hammer of the gun and pointed it at the ceiling, within a foot of the skunk's inquisitive nose.

"Two thousand!" Mr. Nussbaum shouted, beads of cold perspiration gleaming upon his forehead.

Steve brushed the animal aside.

"Back up, Abie, or you'll get your nose scorched. She's loaded with black powder. One—two—"

"All right! Twenty-five hundred then, you crook!"

Mr. Nussbaum fairly screamed the words. He sat down heavily.

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"Somebody go quick to the office and get me a check blank," he moaned.

Steve shook his head as a messenger started off.

"We don't cash checks. Big bills, please." He pulled out his watch. "Fifteen minutes to three. You can make the bank if you hurry."

"All right," Mr. Nussbaum groaned. "Tell Miss Levy she should go right away and draw me twenty-five hundred dollars."

Half an hour later when Steve climbed into his old battle-scarred roadster and pressed the self-starter, a hatless and breathless figure came dashing down the sidewalk abreast of him.

"How much rent," Glen Warren, the eminent author, asked between gasps, "would you charge me for your pet for one day?"

Steve grinned as he stroked the animal's long, pointed muzzle.

"I had Doc Shale, the vet in Cedar Creek, take Abie's cassolette away when he was a little shaver," he said.

Then he waved his hand and stepped on the gas.

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT

"Wally, what's at the keyhole?"
"Whist Jane, whist! Speak low."
"If some one were outside peering in
Would you know?"
What's that at the Keyhole?
Granny said, " 'T is the wind you hear
Wandering to and fro."

"Whist, Jane! What's at the window?"
"Wally, whistle a tune!
"There's a gay light goes from the old blue plate
To the pewter spoon."
What's that at the window?
Granny said, " 'T is the tree-low light
Of an old, old moon."

"Whist, Jane! What's by the rose bush?"
"Wally, it is fourscore
Wee green Riders on snow-white steeds,
With the Queen before!"
What's that by the rose bush?
Granny said, "There were Good Folk once
But they come no more."

Elizabeth MacKinstry

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Hoover made the Czar's palace a soup kitchen.

HERBERT HOOVER

The Man Who Brought America To The World

By HERMAN BERNSTEIN

Author of "Celebrities of Our Time," etc.

MR. HOOVER visualized the grave menace of bolshevism perhaps better than any of the statesmen in Paris. He felt certain that the only way of checking anarchy, of stemming the rising tide of discontent, was by feeding the hungry, by restoring order amidst chaos.

He never meddled in the internal affairs of nations, he never interfered with their politics, but, when their politics interfered with the feeding of the children or the civil population, he found ways of persuading the leaders to change their politics so that his organization might proceed with America's errand of mercy.

Mr. Hoover exerted a far greater influence than the military representatives of the Allies. Hoover's men could do what others regarded as impossible, because they held in their hands the source of life for millions of people. And wherever they worked they were a power for good, for order, for stabilization—the strongest antidote to anarchy and bolshevism as well as to reaction and the restoration of monarchies.

Immediately after the armistice, Mr. Hoover worked out a plan for the feeding of the starved populations of the enemy countries, and President Wilson sent him to Europe to cooperate with the various governments in the matter of supplying food to the populations of both the Allied and the enemy countries.

It was then that Hoover, with his remarkable far-sightedness, undertook the greatest and most constructive mission of his life. And it was through that mission in Europe that America made its most constructive contribution to the peoples of the world. The war was over. The rulers of many of the countries had been overthrown or discredited. The people had lost faith in their governments and in themselves. The spirit of revolt was abroad, and hunger, bolshevism and chaos were spreading among the masses.

Hoover realized that unless something was done immediately to feed the starving people in both the Allied and the enemy countries Europe would follow the horrible example of Russia, and the

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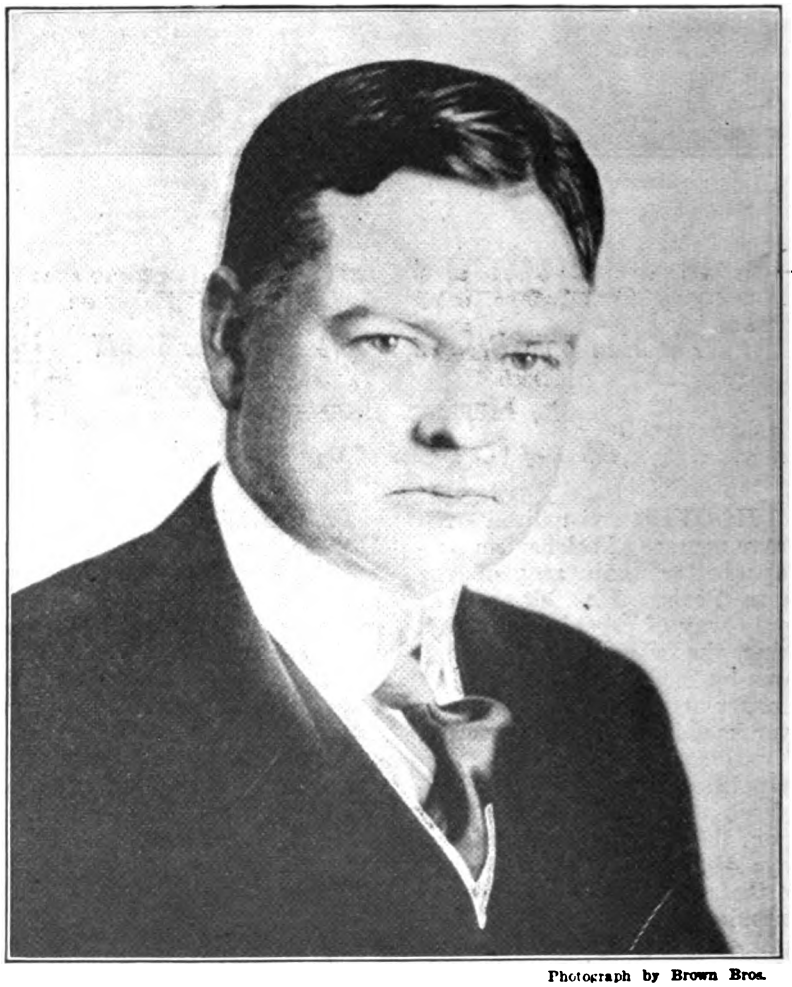
entire organization of Europe would be upset. Even the victorious countries were in danger of being swept by the wave of unrest and revolt.

The Supreme Economic Council, of which Herbert Hoover was the guiding spirit, saved Europe from the bolshevist epidemic by establishing order, by taking control of shipping, railways and limit of its ability, pay in gold or securities for such food supplies.

Hoover continued his relief work in 1920 and 1921, particularly for the children of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Austria, Esthonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania and Yugo-Slavia. When the famine broke out in Russia in 1921, Hoover came to the rescue of



Photograph by Brown Bros.

HERBERT HOOVER

"Our problem in Europe was economic rehabilitation."

mines, by supplying food-stuffs, and by organizing food administrations in twenty-three countries. Millions of children were cared for, housed in asylums and provided with food, clothing and medicines, through Hoover's efforts and American generosity. Hoover always insisted that each country, to the the Russian people, and thus made another great American contribution to the world. With the aid of other important American charitable organizations, such as the Red Cross and the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, with the help of appropriations from Congress, and with the $12,000,000

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from the Soviet Government, he had almost $70,000,000 with which to secure food for the starving Russian population.

Hoover made an agreement with the Soviet Government by which the American Relief Administration was permitted to work in Russia unhampered by official interference. Thus he succeeded in saving millions of children, without being disturbed by the Soviets, who might have discriminated even against children because of the political beliefs of their parents.

In order to transport and distribute about five million tons of American foods shortly after the armistice, Mr. Hoover had to organize a machine that could operate amidst confusion, among populations stirred by old and new animosities, irritated by old and new grievances and rivalries. Within a brief period, the relief organization assumed temporary control of Central and Southern European railroads; initiated commercial or governmental exchange of foods and raw materials between the newly established states; directed ten thousand miles of telegraph and telephone lines; reinstated shipping on the Danube, the Elbe and the Vistula; took over and managed international coal distribution; secured and transported United States Army supplies in France; established a temporary monetary system between America and Europe; aided the American Red Cross in the distribution

American orphans received presents made by Polish orphans, whose lives had been saved by the American Relief.

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of large quantities of clothing; and stimulated the import of raw materials so badly needed for the industries of these countries.

The distribution of food was carried on in twenty-one countries. Some of the deliveries to the new states were made either as outright gifts, or as long term loans. And the work was done with the utmost speed. The following territories were supplied with food: Belgium, Northern France, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Serbia, Croatia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Finland, Russia, Armenia, and the city of Danzig.

The number of persons whose lives were saved by the American bounty which Hoover's organization distributed varied from one to ten million between April of 1919 and June 1923. The high mark was in August of 1922, when 10,541,347 were entirely or partially dependent upon the Relief Administration.

The total supplies from America, the Allies and the neutrals that were distributed under Mr. Hoover's direction in less than one year, from the armistice until September 1, 1919, are estimated at 5,000,000 tons of food, valued at more than $1,147,600,000. Of this, America's contribution was about 77%, or $870,000,000. American charitable organizations conducting independent operations during this time also distributed food valued at about $33,000,000.

According to Mr. Sidney Brooks, the historian of the American Relief Administration, about 8,000,000 different children were fed by this organization, including 1,000,000 children in Germany fed by the American Quakers in conjunction with the American Relief Administration. During the whole time more than 1,500,000,000 meals were cooked and given to children from the supplies of the A. R. A. Warm clothing valued at $8,000,000 was distributed among 2,000,000 children.

The relief organization also helped a vast number of poverty-stricken members of the educated and professional classes in Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary and gave assistance to about thirty thousand needy university students in seven countries. A large number of refugees in Poland and elsewhere were also helped.

During the Russian famine the American Relief Administration furnished food to about 4,000,000 children daily, and to nearly 1,000,000 adult refugees and hospital patients. A daily ration of one pound of bread was given to more than 6,000,000 famine-stricken peasants, making a total of almost

Fachy Achmidoulin, Ural Cossak and Soviet officer. He acted as Liaison Officer between his government and the American Relief.

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11,000,000 in over 20,000 cities, towns and village communities. The relief forces combated diseases and distributed hospital supplies throughout Russia. They also furnished 200,000 tons of seed grain among the peasants in the Volga region and the Ukraine.

The other American organizations affiliated with the American Relief Administration in the relief work in Russia were: The Society of Friends, Mennonite Relief, European Students' Relief, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, National Catholic Welfare Council, Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, National Lutheran Council, Volga Relief Society, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association.

Hoover has been accorded numerous honors both at home and abroad. He was president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, in 1920, and of the American Engineering Council. He received the medal of honor of the National Institute of Social Science. The French Academy awarded him the Audiffret prize for his services in the war. And Belgium, Finland and Poland made him an honorary citizen; while Reval, Warsaw and Antwerp each made him a freeman of the city. Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, George Washington, Dartmouth, Rutgers, Alabama, Oberlin, Liège, Brussels, Warsaw, Krakow, Oxford, and Manchester Universities and Colleges have conferred upon him honorary degrees.

A mountaineer from Zakopane near Krakow.

While the Russian people were deeply grateful to America for the great service rendered to them by the Hoover relief organization, some of the Soviet leaders looked askance at it, suspecting that Mr. Hoover, through his organization, established a network of economic espionage in Russia. These leaders were not aware of the fact that Mr. Hoover needed no organization to ascertain the economic resources of Russia. Several years before the war, Mr. Hoover had thoroughly familiarized himself with the natural resources of Russia, and it is safe to say that he is in possession of more information concerning the resources of Russia than the Soviet experts possess to-day.

The Russian people practically idolized Hoover. In many village homes the American relief workers found Hoover's pictures next to the holy *icons*. He was to them a savior and a saint, and they prayed for him and for the American people he personified.

I have met Mr. Hoover many times and have had the opportunity to discuss with him the problems which absorb his attention and energies. I met him in Paris, during the Peace Conference, when as head of the Supreme Economic Council, he was conducting the greatest work of his life, saving millions from starvation and rescuing mankind from the avalanche of bolshevism.

Herbert Hoover is a truly modest man. He is embarrassed when his own achievements are mentioned in his presence. He brushes all praise aside with the remark that his own part in the work is not of importance—it is the work itself that matters. He refuses to speak

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of his own rôle in these achievements.

When I asked him to summarize the chief purpose of his activities in the Department of Commerce, he said:

"To administer effectively the complex duties entrusted to the Department; to direct the spirit of its services and energies to the fundamental question of a wider diffusion of comfort and of better homes. The accomplishment of these purposes is furthered by cooperation with the business world to enlarge information upon business generally, to expand foreign trade, to improve the processes of production by scientific research, and to eliminate industrial wastes by economic research."

Analyzing the work of the economic reconstruction and salvation of Europe, Mr. Hoover said:

"My contact with the stupendous social ferment and revolution in which Europe attempted to find solution for all its social ills by practical experiments in Socialism convinced me that this whole philosophy was bankrupting itself from a startling quarter—in the extraordinary lowering of productivity of industrial commodities to a point that was below the necessity for continued existence of their millions of people.

"And I also became all the more convinced of the enormous distance that we of America had grown away from Europe in the century and a half of our national existence, in our outlook on life, our relations towards our neighbors, and our social and political ideals. The supreme importance of this Americanism does not permit us to abandon the moral leadership we have undertaken of restoring order in the world.

"The Central Powers collapsed not only from military and naval defeat but from total economic exhaustion. In that race to economic chaos the European Allies were not far behind. By this exhaustion, the whole of Europe stood facing a famine, the like of which had not been since the Thirty Years War, when a third of the population died of starvation. In the midst of all this was a struggle of a score of new democracies to establish themselves, with friction along every frontier, and with the destruction of governmental institutions, without financial resources to buy supplies, with the miseries of their people offering fertile soil for every economic patent medicine and for all the forces of disorder, bolshevism and anarchy, and overhanging all, there could be no hope of restoring normal economic life until the completion of peace. In all this situation, with its desperation, greed, and century-old animosities, its idealistic and proper aspirations, there was only one hope. That hope, expressed by every city and state, was that the American people, being the one disinterested and uncrippled economic and political force still existing in the world, should again intervene. It was in response to this call that President Wilson, comprehending the real heart of

A Russian official and an orphan standing beside a Relief Administration truck in the Volga Valley.

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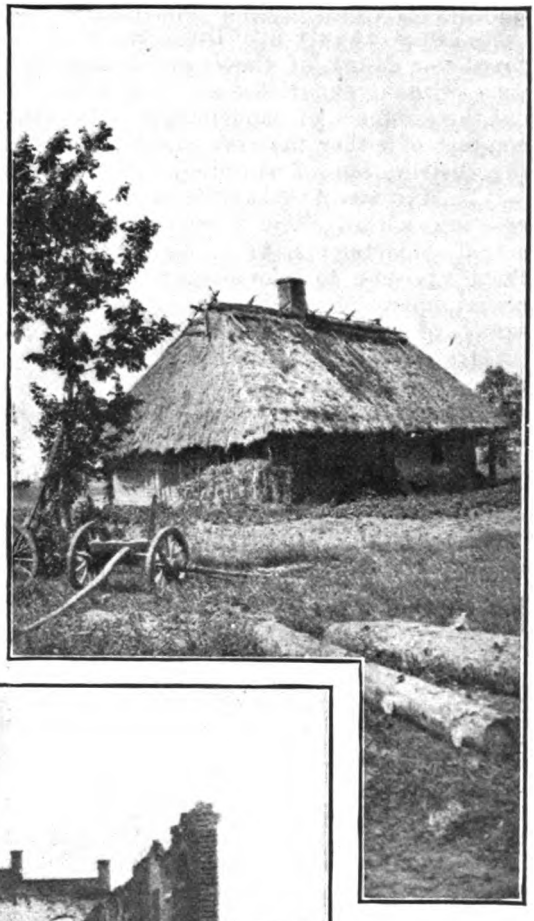
the American people, intervened in Europe a second time, and took those steps which resulted in a practical economic organization of Europe, while the peace negotiations were in progress.

"This second intervention was not merely a relief problem. It was not alone a problem of finding foodstuffs for starving populations of the ravaged regions; it was a problem of finding a large margin of foodstuffs and other supplies for the whole of Europe—Allies, liberated peoples, neutrals and former enemies; and in a mass of at least two hundred millions of these people formerly under enemy domination it was a problem of absolute economic rehabilitation. Further that this, it was a problem of warding off bolshevism on one side and reaction on the other, in order that the new-born democracies could have an opportunity of growth.

"Its practical consummation was a problem of the organization of the economic strength of the United States and its coordination with the remaining economic strength of Europe, and in large areas the imposition of absolute dictatorship over economic forces. Thus, the shipping of the world required sufficient coordination to transport thirty millions of tons of supplies from all quarters of the globe. It required the provision of credits to those countries whose total exhaustion abolished all hope of normal payment. It required the insistence upon payment from those who had gold or commodi-



Stone buildings were destroyed as easily as thatched peasants' huts and misery was as common in a palace as in a hovel.

Above: A Peasant's hut near Brest.

Below: All that remains of a cloth factory near Pinsk.

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ties. It required sufficient coordination of purchase in this vast quantity of supplies that the markets of the world should be affected in the least possible degree. With the dissolution of the organization of the old channels of communication, river craft and railway rolling stock were hoarded by each state; telegraph and postal communications were broken down; every frontier was the scene of more or less military friction, until at one moment there were twenty-five little wars in progress. Many of these governments were without experience or even without the existence of departments for the conduct of either the transportation or the distribution of supplies.

"Thus it was necessary to secure the creation within their governments of actual departments, to furnish them advisers, to take over actual operation of thousands of miles of disintegrated railway systems, to open rivers and canals for traffic, to stimulate the production of coal and other primary commodities, to control their distribution through large areas, to find a basis for exchange of surplus commodities from one state to another, to exercise the strongest political pressure to obtain the disgorgement of surpluses into areas of famine, to resort to barter on a national scale where currencies had broken down, to stimulate peoples discouraged and disheartened to efforts in their own salvation, and, last but not least, to help in the saving of their children and the stamping out of contagious diseases. And, through all of this economic disorganization, it was essential to inspire the maintenance of order on one hand and the defeat of reaction on the other. And, in addition to all, our constant friendly intervention in frontier quarrels was required to prevent the starting of more wars.

"These things have been solved not by the service or direction of any one man. They have been accomplished through the coordination of the men of good-will in twenty governments of Europe, and by the creation of a thread of American personnel, directed from a single center. On our side it required the cooperation of Congress, the Grain Corporation, the Treasury, the Shipping Board, the Army and the Navy. A thousand Americans were sent into these communities abroad with but little authority beyond their own assurance and the confidence on all sides that they were disinterested, that their only desire was to solve a great and human emergency for no political and no commercial advantage. It was our desire to do this from the background, without ostentation, to act at all times through established institutions, to build up their strength for the time when they must rely upon their own resources. I cannot pay enough tribute to all these thousand Americans, many of them engineers, men taken from the common life of the United States, thrust into the face of staggering political-economic problems, the solution of which affected the well-being of millions. The proof of their performance lies in the fact that Europe has come through the most terrible period of its history with a stronger democracy and a glow in its heart for the United States. The American people, by this second intervention in Europe, have saved civilization, and have done so with no thought as to the burden or cost to themselves.

"My own contact with these forces in Europe has reenforced my Americanism. It revealed to me the distance of our departure from the political, social and economic ideals of Europe. I realized that there has grown in these United States a higher sense of justice, of neighborly service, of self-sacrifice, and above all a willingness to abide by the will of the majority in every section of this country."

Herbert Hoover has perfected the art of selecting the right men as his aides. Among his assistants many have distinguished themselves for executive ability, initiative and courage. Hoover always gives all the credit to his men. He did this when he was working as a mining engineer in China or in the Ural

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Mountains, in Australia or in Mexico. He did this when he directed his monumental relief work during and after the war. And he is doing it now, as Secretary of Commerce.

"One of the hardest jobs I have is that of constantly finding new young men to take the places of those who have worked with me, and who have branched out for themselves," Mr. Hoover remarked to me the other day, in the course of an interview at his office. "I have been most fortunate in the men who have cooperated with me."

Here is a characteristic tribute paid by Hoover to one of his men in Russia. In a report to President Harding, in 1923, he wrote, in part, as follows:

> I cannot let this occasion go by without paying tribute to the superb piece of work which has been done in Russia by the chief of the medical division of the American Relief Administration. In the effective and efficient distribution of the medical supplies which Congress was generous to transfer to the ARA, he has been instrumental in saving the lives of many millions of Russians and in effectually checking the start of those great epidemic diseases which were threatening to pass beyond the borders of Russia into western Europe. I cannot commend too highly the service and devotion which he and his staff have shown in the execution of this work.

A refugee brings his child, wrapped in a carpet, to the feeding station.

And the following excerpts from the report of Colonel William N. Haskell, Director of the American Relief Administration during the famine, to Mr. Hoover are typical both of Hoover's representative in Russia, and of his loyalty to his chief.

To the mind of the Russian common people the American Relief Administration was a miracle of God which came to them in their darkest hour, under the Stars and Stripes. It turned the corner for civilization in Russia. It lifted the Russian people from despair to hope. Our medical supplies encouraged the medical profession. Our distribution of literature gave life to the scientists. Our free food packages revived hope in the intelligentsia. We purified water systems, disinfected millions of people, opened public baths, repaired roads, required improvements in schools, but above all we demonstrated that at least one organization could exist and succeed in Russia without submission to dictation.

I should be, indeed, ungrateful and properly censured by my 300 American and 125,000 Russian assistants as well as by millions of Russian beneficiaries, if I failed to express to you their deep affection and gratitude. To you alone, who dared to conceive and execute one of the greatest administrative operations to relieve famine in the history of the world, is due whatever credit the world sees fit to bestow, but among us who felt your constant encouragement, moral support and intimate contact guiding our efforts, there will always remain a mystery as

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how you could spare the time to maintain such detailed touch with every phase of our work. The will to succeed which imbued all of the Americans in Russia and which was a great factor in the successful accomplishment of the task was a direct translation of your humanitarian spirit to Russia.

In his report to President Harding, Mr. Hoover defined the significance of American relief in Russia as follows:

> I believe this effort has stemmed one of the greatest catastrophes that has followed the war. There is a deep feeling of gratitude in the minds of the Russian people and the result will, I am sure, be of lasting satisfaction to the American people. Without it certainly many millions of people would have died from starvation; millions more would have perished from the disorder and disease that would have followed.

He lost his family and his home; but, being a true Russian, he saved the samovar.

Speaking of the men in Russia, Mr. Hoover reported to the President:

> Their task has been difficult beyond description in a country of degenerate transport; with government, economic and social life just emerging from chaos.

It is impossible even to list the names of the prominent business and professional men who became aides to Mr. Hoover during his activities as Director General of Relief under the Supreme Economic Council. Colonel James A. Logan acted as Mr. Hoover's Chief of Staff in Paris. He is now European representative of Dillon Read & Co., Bankers. E. A. Peden became the Chief of the Children's Relief Bureau. He is now President of the Peden Iron & Steel Co., Texas. Colonel A. B. Barber was in charge of shipping in 1919. He later became Technical Adviser to Poland. Professor Lincoln Hutchinson, after his association with Mr. Hoover, became Technical Adviser to Czecho-Slovakia. Colonel W. B. Causey was first associated with Mr. Hoover and then served as Technical Adviser in Austria. He is now the City Manager of Norfolk, Virginia. Colonel W. G. Atwood headed the Transportation Commission with control of Central and South European Railways. Colonel A. C. Goodyear was the Chief of the Allied Coal Commission in Central Europe. He is now President of the Great Southern Lumber Company.

Immediately after the armistice there came a telegram addressed to Mr. Hoover, through the Hoover offices in Holland, offering to get food into Germany. The offer came from Baron von der Nalncken and his associate, Dr. Rieth, who as General von Bissing's principal political advisers were known to have treated the Belgian population cruelly, and on various occasions interfered with Hoover's relief work in Belgium.

Hoover dictated the following characteristic telegram in reply:

> Mr. Hoover's personal compliments and requests to go to hell. If Mr. Hoover has to deal with Germany for the Allies it will at least not be with such a precious pair of scoundrels.

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One of Hoover's former aides states: "Mr. Hoover is sometimes what people would call profane. But it is by no means ordinary profanity. He never swears for the mere pleasure of swearing. His profanity is always appropriate. When he uses strong language about a person, that person usually deserves it.

"He was one of the hardest workers in Paris. He worked all the time. When he came to the office in the morning his pockets were stuffed with all sorts of memoranda which he had made since leaving the office the night before. Dinner menus, newspaper margins and book jackets were covered with notes which contained numerous ideas and suggestions, and which afterward became a grain corporation, or an operation amounting to billions of dollars, or a measure that saved thousands of children.

"His ideas of public service are always divorced from selfish motives or personal comfort. He displayed an extraordinary fearlessness during his numerous trips over mine-strewn waters between London and the Continent. And he was calm in times of the gravest danger. At Boulogne, during an air raid, when the British Headquarters nearby were destroyed, Hoover remained perfectly calm, while others were frightened and excited."

Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana recently told how he was sent to Russia by Mr. Hoover.

"I can tell you now how I got into the American Relief Administration," he said. "I had just finished a rather trying term as Governor of Indiana during the war period. I was motoring with Mrs. Goodrich up through the Berkshires when I was called to Washington by Mr. Hoover. I went to see him, and he told me to go to Russia.

"'I don't know anything about Russia,' I told him.

"'That's why I want you to go,' he replied.

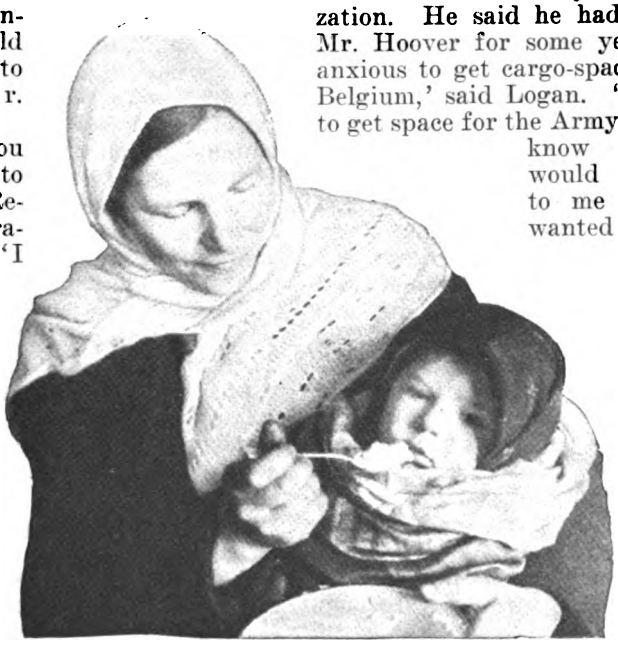
"I felt that appealed to me a hundred per cent, and asked if he had any instructions. No, he had none; he depended upon others to use their heads. So I went to Russia."

Mr. Roland W. Boyden, speaking of Hoover's methods of choosing his men, said:

"I had the honor of being, during the war, Mr. Hoover's 'hangman.' That was my official title; and no hangman was ever allowed to run things, or not to run them, as much as I was. After the war, I was sent out to express the thanks of Mr. Hoover. I said 'goodbye' to Mr. Hoover, and asked him what I should say.

"'Say anything you damned please,' he told me. And so I went out to thirty-two states, and said anything I damned pleased—and had a good time doing it.

"I went abroad in 1920 to become the unofficial reparations delegate for the United States. My first contact was with Colonel Logan, who afterward became my successor. Colonel Logan represented the American Relief Administration in the distribution of food. He told me how he joined the organization. He said he had been fighting Mr. Hoover for some years. 'He was anxious to get cargo-space for food for Belgium,' said Logan. 'I was anxious to get space for the Army men. I didn't know Mr. Hoover would care to speak to me after that. I wanted to meet him.



Mr. Hoover said to me: "I have a lot of ships on the water, and I want some one to direct the movements of those ships; will you help?"

"'I said I would.

"'"That's

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Delousing refugees' clothing by freezing; one of the activities of the American Relief in Russia.

fine," said Mr. Hoover. "There's a list of the ports to which they are scheduled."'

"Whatever Colonel Logan thought of Hoover during the war, he is now one of his greatest admirers."

One of Hoover's most trusted aides relates the following characteristic episode which illustrates Hoover's methods of work:

"When it became necessary to send food down the Danube for the starving populations, the Supreme Economic Council discussed ways and means of patrolling the boats that were to carry the cargo. The discussions and negotiations took about fourteen days. Mr. Hoover attended all the conferences and listened to the discussions. At the close of the negotiations, one of the leading representatives of the Supreme Economic Council turned to Mr. Hoover and said, 'Now that the details have been elaborated, I suppose you will have to put the plan into execution. How soon do you think you could get the ships started for the distribution of food there?'

"Mr. Hoover answered, 'I have been running the boats for the past fourteen days.'"

Some time after the armistice Herbert Hoover decided to go over to Prague and to Warsaw to see with his own eyes how the little children were being fed by his organization. He came to the capital of Poland unheralded. He wanted no receptions, no honors. But the Polish officials were determined to show their beloved guest the gratitude of the nation, and they hit upon the most effective plan of expressing that gratitude. They knew that the reports of the children's feebleness had reached Hoover, and they now wanted to show him how he had helped the little tots to their feet. So they decided to have a children's parade.

About seventy thousand boys and girls, armed with their tin cups and paper napkins, bearing the American flag, marched past the grand stand where Hoover was standing. The man who saved them from starvation stood amidst the Polish officials, while the children cheered and waved their cups and napkins.

Mr. Vernon Kellogg, describing this scene, says:

"All went by as decorously and in as orderly a fashion as many thousands of happy, cheering children could be ex-

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pected to, until suddenly from the grass an astonished rabbit leaped out and started down the track. Then five thousand of these children broke from the ranks and dashed madly after him, shouting and laughing. And they caught him and brought him in triumph as a gift to their guest. But they were astonished to see, as they gave him their gift, that this great, strong man did just what you and I or any other sort of human being could not have helped doing under similar circumstances. They saw him cry. And they would not have understood, if he had tried to explain to them, that he cried because they had proved to him that they could run and play. So he did not try. But the children of Warsaw had no need to be sorry for him. For he cried because he was glad."

People in America and particularly abroad are wondering what Mr. Hoover has been doing at the head of the Department of Commerce since 1921. Few people realize the immensity and manysidedness of his present job. Mr. Hoover's assistant, the well known journalist, Harold Phelps Stokes, was asked by a woman's publication to describe the activities of the Department of Commerce in popular terms. He answered:

> Look up the description of the functions of the Department of Commerce in the fine print of the Congressional Record, which reads as follows: "The Secretary of Commerce is charged with the work of promoting the commerce of the United States and its mining, manufacturing, shipping, fishery, the transportation and so on."
>
> Without doubt the ordinary mortal would find that description rather vague and unsatisfying. The average American woman, for instance, would not learn from that account that, if she has a seal skin coat, those skins were taken and sold under the auspices of the Department of Commerce, that, if she prepares canned salmon for her husband's supper, that salmon was in all probability caught under regulations issued by the Department of Commerce; that if, after supper, they tune in on XYZ, that broadcasting station got its wave length assigned to it by the Department of Commerce; that, when their daughter comes home from a year's study abroad on a vessel flying the American flag, her safety is assured by the inspection of that vessel by the Department of Commerce and the licensing of her officers by the Department of Commerce, and that they, vessel and daughter alike, are guided and welcomed to their home shores by Fire Island Lighthouse, lighted by the Department of Commerce.

When Secretary Hoover assumed charge of the Department four years ago, he proposed a reorganization of departmental activities which had as its purpose "to change the attitude of government relations with business from that of interference to that of cooperation." He wanted the Department to be "effective in service to the producers, manufacturers, and distributers of commodities, able to give economic interpretation of importance to the American public generally, and to stimulate American trade." During the first few months, this reorganization was successfully carried out in the closest cooperation with the commercial and industrial community. The industries concerned were consulted and often some of the specialists they recommended were called to the government service to help make the reorganization effective.

The Bureau of the Census; the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, with attachés abroad and specialists at home, studying the foreign markets for American goods; the Bureau of Standards, a national research laboratory for science and industry, seeing to it that a yard is a yard and that a pound is a pound; the Division of Building and Housing, working to lower costs of the construction of homes, and cooperating with "Better Homes in America," an unofficial organization for education and public service of which Mr. Hoover is President, stimulating home ownership, and aiding the solution of housing difficulties; the Division of Simplified Practise, dealing with the problem of eliminating industrial waste; the Bureau of Fisheries; the Lighthouse Service; the Bureau of Navigation, enforcing mar-

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time laws, and in charge of radio control; the United States Patent Office; the Bureau of Mines—these are the activities of the Department of Commerce, the greatest business office in the world, conducted by Secretary Hoover.

Discussing business ethics, Mr. Hoover said:

"The basic principles laid down in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are as applicable to-day as when they were declared, but they require a host of subsidiary clauses. The ten ways to evil in the time of Moses have increased to ten thousand now.

"A whole host of rules and regulations are necessary to maintain human rights with this amazing transformation into an industrial era. Ten people in a whole county, with a plow apiece, did not elbow each other very much. But when we put seven million people in a county with the tools of electricity, steam, thirty-floor buildings, telephones, miscellaneous noises, street cars, railways, motors, stock exchanges, and what not, then we do jostle each other in a multitude of directions. Thereupon our law-makers supply the demand by the ceasless piling up of statutes in attempts to keep the traffic open; to assure fair dealing in the economic world; to eliminate its wastes; to prevent some kind of abuse or some kind of domination. Moreover, with increasing education our senses become more offended and our moral discrimination increases; for all of which we discover new things to remedy. In one of our States over one thousand laws and ordinances have been added in the last year. It is also true that a large part of them will sleep peacefully in the statute book.

"National character can not be built by law. It is the sum of the moral fiber of its individuals. When abuses which rise from our growing system are cured by live individual conscience, by initiative in the creation of voluntary standards, then is the growth of moral perceptions fertilized in every individual character.

"No one disputes the necessity for constantly new standards of conduct in relation to all these tools and inventions. Our latest great invention, radio, has brought a host of new questions. No one disputes that much of these subsidiary additions to the Ten Commandments must be made by legislation. Our public utilities are wasteful and costly unless we give them a privilege more or less monopolistic. At once when we have business affected with monopoly we must have regulation by law. Much of even this phase might have been unnecessary had there been a higher degree of responsibility to the public, higher standards of business practise among those who dominated these agencies in years gone by.

"There has been, however, a great extension of government regulation and control beyond the field of public utilities into the fields of production and distribution of commodities and credit. When legislation penetrates the business world it is because there is abuse somewhere. A great deal of this legislation is due rather to the inability of business hitherto to so organize as to correct abuses than to any lack of desire to have it done. Some times the abuses are more apparent than real, but anything is a handle for demagoguery. In the main, however, the public acts only when it has lost confidence in the ability or willingness of business to correct its own abuses.

"I am one of those who believe in the substratum of inherent honesty, the fine vein of service and kindliness in our citizenship. The vast volume of goods and services that daily flow through the land would cease instantly were it not for the instinctive dependence of our people upon the moral responsibility of the men who labor in the shops and farms and the men who direct our production and distribution.

"In these times of muddled thought it is sometimes worth repeating a truism. Industry and commerce are not based upon taking advantage of other persons. Their foundations lie in the division of labor and exchange of products. For through specialization we increase the total and variety of production and secure its diffiusion into consumption. By some false analogy to the 'survival of the fittest' many have conceived the whole business world to be a sort of economic 'dog eat dog.' We often lay too much emphasis upon its competitive features, too little upon the fact that it is in essence a great cooperative effort.

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"The problem of business ethics, as a prevention of abuse, is of two categories: those where the standard must be one of individual moral perceptions, and those where we must have a determination of standards of conduct for a whole group in order that there may be a basis for ethics.

"The standards of honesty, of a sense of mutual obligation and of service, were determined two thousand years ago. They may require at times to be recalled. And the responsibility for them increases infinitely in high places either in business or government, for there rests the high responsibility for leadership in fineness of moral perception. Their failure is a blow at the repute of business and at confidence in government itself.

"The second field is the great area of indirect economic wrong and unethical practises that spring up under the pressures of competition and habit. There is also the great field of economic waste through destructive competition, through strikes, booms and slumps, unemployment, through failure of our different industries to synchronize and a hundred other causes which directly lower our productivity and employment. Waste may be abstractly unethical but in any event it can only be remedied by economic action.

"If we are to find solution to these collective issues outside of government regulation we must meet two practical problems:

"First, there must be organization in such form as can establish the standards of conduct in this vast complex of shifting invention, production, and use. There is no existing basis to check the failure of service, of the sacrifice of public interest. Some one must determine such standards. They must be determined and held flexibly in tune with the intense technology of trade.

"Second, there must be some sort of enforcement. There is the perpetual difficulty of a small minority who will not play the game. They too often bring disrepute upon the vast majority; they drive many others to adopt unfair competitive methods which all deplore; their abuses give rise to public indignation and clamor which breed legislative action.

"I believe we are in the presence of a new era in the organization of industry and commerce in which, if properly directed, lie forces pregnant with infinite possibilities of moral progress. We are, almost unnoticed, in the midst of a great revolution, or rather, a transformation in the whole super-organization of our economic life. We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associational activities."

In answer to my question as to whom he regards as America's most constructive American industrialist to-day, Mr. Hoover remarked:

"We have three types of industrialists in America. The old type of industrialist leader was interested mainly in but one thing—in milking the public, in accumulating millions by exploiting the great mass of the people. A great industrialist leader is Henry Ford. But he is unique, in a class by himself, and he has practically no followers. The really significant type of the new industrial leader in America is one who has risen from the ranks, who looks after the interests of his company of investors, knowing his duty to his associates and giving his working people a square deal, and who realizes that the public must be pleased by giving it the best possible service at the lowest price. Success in American industrialism lies in the coordination of these elements. The man who best typifies this new American industrialist leadership is Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company."

I also had occasion to discuss with Mr. Hoover some of the most vital problems of the international situation. I was most eager to hear from Mr. Hoover whether he believed that Europe had learned the lessons of the World War, and whether there was danger of Asia succumbing to the concentrated propaganda of bolshevist Russia, thus arraigning the two fundamentally opposite conceptions of civilization, of the Oriental against the Occidental, in such a way as to draw us into another great war. But it is obvious that at this time, when America is dealing with the questions of foreign debts and other serious political problems abroad, Secretary Hoover could not make public a frank expression of his views on these questions without running the risk of their

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being twisted and misconstrued by diplomats and propagandists to suit their diverse purposes. Yet, knowing Mr. Hoover's outlook upon international problems, I may perhaps sum up the answers without drifting too far away from his own conception of these problems.

It is doubtful whether any one knows yet what all the lessons of the war are. Most European statesmen are well alive to certain fundamental things, but with populations that have been stirred so deeply by a sense of injustice and by enormous personal and property losses, by hate and fear, it does not follow that their leaders can pursue logical and straight lines of indicated policy. As the war recedes further in the background, the opportunities of states en become greater, and in time the obvious lessons are bound to sink in.

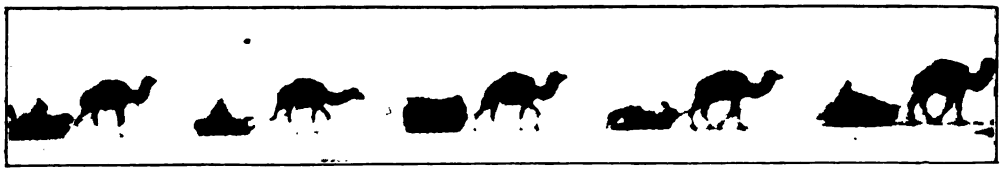
In the meantime, some nations still have faith that they can abrogate certain laws of human behavior. They cannot. For instance, despite legal fiat, self-interest is still the dominant motive force of production. Again, governments can no more spend above their income and not go bankrupt than can individuals. But some populations are not yet willing to stand the necessary burden of taxation or reduction of expenses that would enable their governments to live within their incomes. Taxes have to be paid from current production, and governments can mortgage only a small per cent of future production, either by issuing paper currency or bonds, without the value of these documents shrinking back to this small per cent.

Real peace cannot be made in an atmosphere of hate and fear, nor will divided races cease to yearn for racial solidarity and freedom, according to their own race instincts. In this transition stage there is some lingering belief that military alliances, with their supporting armies and balances of power, are the stuff that permanent peace will be made of. All these are evident lessons of the past few years. Nevertheless, Europe is steadily emerging from all these illusions through the usual human process of trial and error.

As for the danger of the spread of bolshevism in the Orient and the menace of a conflict between the two civilizations, there is no doubt that, with the more emotional Oriental mind, with the desperate poverty and destitution and the very large percentage of illiteracy, the Orient offers more fertile ground than the Occident. But bolshevism tends to destroy intelligence, leadership, and constructive impulses in the nations afflicted with it. So, if such a very unlikely thing as a general invasion of the Occident should happen, it could be stopped by any one of the greater Occidental nations single-handed.

Herbert Hoover interpreted the heart of America to the world. He translated the idealism of America into humanitarian service by not only saving the starving populations of Europe during the world's greatest catastrophe but also by checking the wave of anarchy and unbridled revolt that threatened civilization and the welfare of coming generations.

For the first time in the history of nations, America became her brother's keeper, without expecting any reward, without any selfish motives, without any thought of aggrandizement or gain.



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FAWN O'MERA

Had you never, Fawn O'Mera,
  Never heard the magic bell
Tolling from the belfries airy
Of the towered land of Fairy
  Where the Elfin people dwell?

Had you never, Fawn O'Mera,
  Seen the Laughing People ride,
Gold, and green, and rowan, trooping
Like a flock of sea gulls swooping
  Out to sea, by some roadside?

Little bits of sticks, and snatches
  Tattered too, of roadside straw;
Here and there the dead leaves whirling
In the wind; the gray dust pearling
  Over them was all they saw!

They, the New Born souls, that newly
  Grow to threescore year and ten,
Ancient only in the cradle,
Crafty with the porridge ladle,
  Children still as greedy men.

But the lovely, loving, lilting,
  Laughing Wise Ones who are Old,
Whom a thousand years make tender,
And whose kind eyes know the splendor
  Of the Dawn, saw fairy gold!

Hear them singing, Fawn O'Mera!
  Girlhood guessed the song before.
Now, the candles flare and dwindle,
And a burden grows the spindle,
  And the flax falls to the floor.

Leave the young, whose love is asking,
  Leave the old whose love's a chain,
Ere they strew your head with ashes,
Dim the eyes and dew the lashes,
  Come into your own again.

I will take you, Fawn O'Mera,
  To the Fairy Glades apart,
And where green leaves know no falling,
Hush the old unhappy calling,
  Wake your soul, and still your heart.

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

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MARIE

By SAPPER

HE WAS a little wizened-up old thing, his face a net-work of wrinkles. Seventy I put his age at—perhaps more—though in his eyes there still dwelt something of the fire of youth, and the hand that lifted the glass of vermuth to his lips was steady. It was the choice of that drink as an aperitif that had started the conversation, for our own countrymen of the class to which he obviously belonged do not, as a rule, indulge in vermuth.

He was French, of course, though for the last twenty years he had lived in London, and save for a few little mannerisms of speech he might have been English. He kept a barber's shop, and every night, when business was over, he came to the Dubonnet for his glass of vermuth.

Georges Pitou was his name; possibly Monsieur had observed his shop in Wardour Street? I fenced delicately, but the matter was dismissed with a wave of the hand. There were two assistants. . . .

"And Madame," I put in thoughtlessly.

"No, Monsieur," he said gravely. "I am not married."

He signed to the waiter to refill his glass.

"And Monsieur is what? I have not seen you here before."

I broke the news of my trade to him gently.

"Then," he said quickly, "you are here in search of copy."

"Principally, Monsieur Pitou," I laughed, "I am here in search of a cheap dinner. It is one thing to write, and quite another to be read."

He nodded sympathetically.

"I know, Monsieur; sometimes one works one's very best and yet one is not appreciated. Even in my saloon I have known it to happen."

"Indeed," I murmured politely.

"Yes," he went on after a few moments, "it is an unpleasant thing not to be appreciated. Though good for a man, Monsieur, when he is young. Always there lies in front of him the goal of success, and so he is spurred on. It is when a man is old—when a man who has once been appreciated and made much of begins to lose his hold—it is then that it becomes a terrible thing. You think not, perhaps; you say that he has had his day, and that it is time he made way for some one else. Listen, Monsieur, and I will tell you a story. And you shall write it down and send it to a magazine. Listen—for I am in the mood this evening."

He lit a cigarette and, in the light of the match, his face seemed even more amazingly wrinkled than before.

"Do not imagine, Monsieur," he began, "that I was always a barber. For twenty years, true, I have cut hair—and twenty years is a long time. So long that sometimes I think that I have cut hair all my life—but that is only when the black dog is about. And then I remember that there is always a bottle of wine and that life is what we make of it ourselves.

"Have you ever heard, Monsieur, of Blom's Celebrated Circus? It was before your time, I know, and yet I thought every one must have heard of it. For never was there a circus quite like it. In every corner of France—from Perpignan to Reims, from the Gironde to the Vosges, Blom's Circus was a household word. To welcome it villages would hang out their flags, and towns declare a general holiday.

"It was superb, magnificent. There was a giraffe, and a tiger in a cage; there was a pig with five feet and a bearded woman. And, *mon Dieu!* what a woman! Never shall I forget the blow she gave me when I trimmed that beard one day in a manner that was—how do you say it—lopsided. But I was young, Monsieur; to me it was but a jest until she hit me."

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He sighed reminiscently and indicated his empty glass to the waiter.

"As you will have guessed, I, too, was of the circus; I might almost say I was the circus. I can still hear those bursts of laughter, those shouts of applause as Pitou the clown darted into the ring. But it is not of myself that I would speak; merely is it necessary for Monsieur to grasp my position, and to realize that I am well qualified to tell the story by which Monsieur will make his name. It is the story of Henri Dardot, the conjurer—and of Marie, his wife.

"It is not too much to say that the name of Henry Dardot was almost as well known as that of Pitou the clown. The amazing things he could do—with cards and rabbits and things in a hat. Once I remember there was a slight accident with regard to a top-hat he had borrowed, and in which he had promised to make an omelette. You will understand that he had in reality two top-hats, which he substituted from time to time. Behold then Henri breaking eggs gaily into the second top-hat. The *omelette aux fines herbes*, cooked to a turn, was all ready on its plate waiting to be slipped into the hat he had borrowed. He laughed and jested, and the crowd laughed too. And then suddenly the laughter froze on his lips; his face turned white under his make-up. Inadvertently he had mixed the two hats. And the hat of Monsieur le Maire, instead of containing a delicious omelette on a plate, was half-full of raw eggs.

"A mistake, Monsieur—but the greatest men have made mistakes. And natural, too, at the time. For Henri was in love—in love with the most adorable girl. You have seen the field of waving corn; you have seen the scarlet poppies peeping out from between the stalks; you have seen the blue of the southern seas. Even so was the gold of her hair, and the scarlet of her lips, and the wonder of her eyes. I, too, was in love with her—we all were—but we soon saw that Henri was her choice. At the time I thought it strange, for, though Henri was a superb conjurer and could juggle with soup plates, such qualifications seemed unnecessary in a husband. After all, in a happy marriage one does not make omelettes in top-hats, and the dinner service reposes on the dresser. Whereas a sunny disposition and a pretty wit, such as is vital to a clown, must be great assets in the home.

"However, it became evident that Marie had eyes for none but Henri. With her own handkerchief she wiped the inside of Monsieur le Maire's hat; with her own hands she cooked the second omelette with the eggs she had so carefully saved out of the hat, and shared it with Henri. And a few days later they were married.

"Monsieur is married himself? When success comes, as it will when he writes this story, he hopes to be, I see. Well, I can think of no better wish to offer to Monsieur than that his marriage will be as the marriage of Henri and Marie was during the first nine or ten years.

"It is incredible, but it is the truth. Never for one moment did Marie look at another man; never for one moment did Henri look at another woman. Monsieur may think now that it is not at all incredible. I can only hope that he will always be of the same opinion. And yet—who knows? There is happiness in this world too great to last, even as the happiness of those two. Fate—Nature—call it what you will—is hard and stern. If she sees us too happy, she steps in and cries 'Halt.' She keeps a book and she adds things up. And if the total is too big she gets angry. Sometimes you pay in instalments, Monsieur, and sometimes in a lump sum down. And so, though I wish you the happiness of those two during the first years of their married life, I hope at the end that the total will not be too big. Because they paid. *Mon Dieu!* How they paid!

"There was one child, a boy, and naturally his name also was Henri. And as the years passed by he became the pet of us all. He alone was allowed to pull the beard of the show lady; he alone was allowed to undo the waistcoat buttons of Monsieur Blom himself. Everywhere we went he went with us, and sometimes, as a treat, I would make him up as a clown and he would pretend that he was the great Georges Pitou. We would watch him capering round the ring, turning somersaults, and Marie would laugh and clap her hands and say that he was better than his instructor.

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"And then, when the boy was about nine years old, there came a day when I found Marie in tears. She was sitting upon an old packing case, and standing by her knee was little Henri. And Henri the big—her husband—was walking up and down, blowing his nose and muttering to himself.

"'It is imbecile, Marie,' I heard him cry. 'You do not understand what the good Abbé has offered. Why, name of a name, he will make a gentleman of the boy. An avocat, or maybe a doctor. Does he not say that the boy has the bump of much knowledge upon his head?'

"'But I don't want him to be a gentleman,' cried Marie. 'I want him just as he is—my little boy.'

"And the boy clutched her knees and cried, too, for he loved the circus and didn't want to go away. Was not the dream of the young rascal's life to be the second Georges Pitou?

"They asked me my opinion—and I—what could I say? It was a big question to decide, Monsieur, the future of little Henri. On the one hand, the convent school of the Abbé where the boy could be educated at no great cost; on the other, the circus with its free and easy life. And for two days I thought it over, whilst they naturally waited for my advice.

"'*Mes amis,*' I said, 'it is thus that I see it. Incredible though it may seem to us now, there may come a day when Blom's Celebrated Circus will no longer draw the public as it does at present. True, you cannot believe me; to you such a thing is inconceivable. And yet the day must come when Henri Dardot can no longer produce omelettes from top-hats. Another will take his place, you say. Perhaps so—perhaps not. But what will happen when I, Georges Pitou, wish to retire? For no man goes on forever. What will happen then, *mes amis*?'

"The argument impressed them, Monsieur, for the idea of Blom's Celebrated Circus without Georges Pitou was frankly absurd.

"'But that is many years away, Monsieur Pitou,' said the bearded woman.

"'Who knows?' I said easily. 'I have my eye on a little café not far from Avignon. And when Monsieur Blom sees fit to reward me as I deserve . . . But, enough. It is not of myself I would speak. It is of little Henri, and what it is best to do for the boy. What then will happen to him if, in ten years from now, the Circus is no more? Ten years is a long time, and many things may take place. The good Monsieur Blom may be dead; I, George Pitou, may have had an accident, or I may have retired. And if that is so, what will the boy do? For what training he has had will be of no use to him if there is no Circus.'

"Common sense, Monsieur, you will agree. From every point of view it was better that the boy should go to a good school—from every point of view, that is, save one."

Monsieur Pitou drained his glass and stared over my shoulder into space. A strange, wrapped look was in his eyes, and I think he was back again at the council of war where the fate of little Henri was being discussed, with the bearded lady gazing at him with suitable reverence, and Marie holding her baby tightly, fiercely, as she realized that opinion was against her.

"Yes, Monsieur, from every point of view save one—his mother's. What fools we men are—weighing up the points for and against; treating a soul as if it was a mathematical problem. For laws must conform to the soul; not the soul to laws. Monsieur perhaps may regard that as dangerous philosophy. Nevertheless, it is the truth. And that is why women drive men to the verge of insanity when they argue. For argument is based on law, and women know better than the law. At least they do on some things.

"Marie knew better than the law. I see it now, though at the time I didn't. Point by point I showed her the advantages that little Henri would gain by going to school. And when I'd finished, and her husband was nodding in agreement, and Alphonse, who trained the performing fleas and was always losing them—*mon Dieu!* every day, and he slept next to me—when all of us, as I say, had shown Marie clearly and logically that we were right, she just shook her head and whispered, 'You're wrong.' And then the Abbé himself interfered, and he was as big a fool as the rest of us. But he went on a dif-

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ferent line and so he was more successful.

"'My child,' he said to her, 'are you quite sure you are thinking of the boy and not of yourself?'

"Monsieur, it was a devilish question. Even now I can see the dawning look of terror in those wonderful blue eyes as she stared at him. For she realized she was beaten. With her woman's intuition she knew, at once, that he had penetrated her defenses, and that she had lost. For she understood the hopelessness of explaining to men that if she thought of the boy she must be thinking of herself, too. You can't divide a good mother and her son and treat them as two beings. A father and his child—yes—but not a mother.

"She walked away, I remember, and as she passed me I caught my breath at the look on her face. And when she'd gone we talked foolishly together, as is the way with men at such times, of the crops and politics and things that didn't matter, until Alphonse lost another of his cursed fleas, and praise be to God the Abbé went off with it. At least he swore it was on him, and he was searching for it angrily when Marie returned. She went straight up to little Henri and picked him up, and, though thirty-five years have gone by since that day, the picture she made is as clear in my mind as ever. Their two heads were together, and the little chap's arms were round her neck. For a while she stared at the Abbé in silence, till at length he gave up the search and contented himself with an occasional scratch.

"'Monsieur l'Abbé,' she said quietly, 'take him. Take him now before I change my mind.'

"'You have decided well, my daughter. You will not regret it,' he answered gravely, and then he muttered maledictions under his breath, for Alphonse never overfed his pets.

"'I will come and see him before we leave to-morrow,' said Marie, and I saw her arms tighten round her baby. Then she started to whisper in his ear, and I —I am not ashamed to confess it—I blew my nose with violence. There are moments, Monsieur, when the strongest of us find it difficult to speak.

"Ten minutes later we stood at the door of the tent watching the little figure trotting gravely along the dusty road at the side of Monsieur l'Abbé. Was he not going to something new, where he would play with other little boys? And is not the world very good when we are nine years old, and a funny man is beside us making sudden darts at various parts of his anatomy? Is not such a performance expressly intended for the purpose of making little boys laugh? And so we watched them till a turn in the road hid them from sight.

"'He never even waved,' whispered Marie, half to herself. 'He never even turned round once.'

"'Ah! Marie, my dear, little boys don't turn round and wave when they are laughing. And little boys should always be laughing. It is the only way to balance the world's tears. They look so intently at the present—and surely an Abbé with a flea is good enough for any one. It's not the past or the future that matters; they leave uninteresting things like that to the grown-ups.' Which is, perhaps, why Marie wiped the tears from her eyes, as she thought of the last nine years, and then turned on us like a tigress.

"'Oh! you fools,' she stormed. 'You miserable fools.'

"There was fear as well as anger in her voice as she thought of the years to come."

The wizened-up little man drained his vermuth and lit a cigarette.

"Monsieur can perhaps picture those years," he continued after a while. "From Perpignan to Reims, from the Gironde to the Vosges, Blom's Celebrated Circus continued its triumphant career. And once every year we performed at the town where little Henri was at school. Ah! the first of those occasions; it was unforgetable. The excitement, and the laughing, and the kissing that went on. Henri and all his little friends came and sat in the front row, and cheered and talked all through the performance; never did Georges Pitou provoke such amusement. Never did Henri the elder produce his omelette so superbly.

"'That is my father,' came the proud voice of little Henri, 'and if you're good he will give you the omelette to eat.'

"But naturally. Who else would have that honour on such a day? And after it was over they all came and

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stared at the bearded woman, and the fleas of Alphonse, until Marie caught up her boy and carried him away from the others. Was he happy? Were his socks mended? *Parbleu!* At ten years of age one is always happy, and what is a hole in a sock, more or less?

"Monsieur—he fidgeted. Out of the corner of my eye—when I was doing one of my tricks for the others—I could see that his eyes were fixed on me. He did not want to sit with Marie in a corner and talk of his socks; he wanted to show the others that he could jump through a hoop. And Marie wished for nothing but that he should sit on her knee with his arms round her neck, and pretend that he was her baby again.

"It was the Abbé himself who came to fetch them, and he said nothing but good of little Henri. His father was delighted, and Monsieur Blom himself presented the boy with a silver franc.

"'He will make his name, that boy,' said Henri to me that night. 'Truly we did wisely in giving him his chance.'

"And Marie, who was sewing, said nothing, though we didn't notice it at the time. She knew, Monsieur—she knew even then. Women are like that. And there was nothing she could do; the matter was out of her hands.

"It came little by little, almost imperceptibly at first, the—how do you say it—the crack in the violin. And with it there came another thing which again was almost imperceptible at first—the waning popularity of Blom's Celebrated Circus.

"I think it was little Henri who first put it into words with the brutal frankness of the young. He was twelve then, and for the last two years none of his school friends had turned up to see the Circus.

"'It is so dull, maman,' he said. 'Always you do the same tricks. And one gets bored with seeing the same tricks.'

"'But there are always new people to see them,' cried his father. 'And an old trick is new to those who have not seen it. What, for example, of the boy—the new boy of whom you wrote—Jean? He has not seen the tricks. Why did you not bring him?'

"And little Henri turned red.

"'Jean,' he said, 'does not like circuses.'

"'Ho, ho,' cried his father, 'and who is this strange fellow who does not like seeing an omelette produced from a hat?'

"He is the son of the Comte d'Albuise,' answered the boy.

"'*Mon Dieu*!' chuckled his father, 'but we have swagger friends. Tell him that if he should come to-night, I will show him a new and wonderful card trick.'

"And the boy turned redder than ever.

"'He does not know that I am here, papa,' he muttered. 'And anyway he would not be allowed to come to-night; Monsieur le Comte d'Albuise is very particular. He fears the—the measles for Jean.'

"'And that is why you have kept silent,' cried his father. 'Good boy. Otherwise the little Jean would be jealous, *n'est-ce pas?*'

"'Yes—he would be jealous,' repeated the boy.

"'Considerate, you see,' cried his father when he had gone. 'A good trait which I am well pleased with. *Mais mon Dieu*, Marie, you are crying. Was there ever such a woman? What is the matter?'

"'Nothing, Henri, that matters,' she said quietly, but to me later she told the truth.

"'It is not the measles, Georges,' she said sadly, 'that has kept him away. It is that my little Henri is ashamed of us. He does not want his friends to know that his parents are in a circus.'

"And though I told her that she was wrong, I knew that she was right. I realized that it was what she had feared and dreaded all the time, and now it had come. To her husband she said nothing, and she made me promise that I, too, would keep silence.

"'It is done now, Georges,' she said. 'My little boy has been taken away from me, and now we can only hinder him. But I wonder if he's really any happier than he was when he was here with us in the circus.'

"'He had to have his chance, Marie,' I answered. 'And look how well he is doing.'

"She nodded her head a little wearily, and went on with her sewing.

"'Georges,' she said, 'there was a time many years ago when I used to

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dream of the future when we should leave the circus. Henri and I should have saved a little money—enough to buy a cottage somewhere and grow vegetables and keep some hens and a pig. And in the next cottage would be little Henri and his wife and babies. And we would be all together—and so happy. But now—what is going to happen? He would not be happy in a cottage, and the money that we might be saving goes in his schooling and his clothes. He must be dressed better there than if he were still with us here, and it is terrible how much it costs. And what is to be the end of it all, Georges? If only I could be sure he was going to be happy. Nothing else would matter at all then.'

"That was all she seemed to think about, Monsieur; was her boy going to be happy? Her own dreams had vanished; she was trying to find others to replace them. Sometimes when I painted for her pictures of her boy as a great man—as a deputy—nay, as the President himself—her eyes would sparkle and she would nod her head and laugh. And then the joy would fade from her face, and the life die out until I grew almost angry with her. But she knew, Monsieur; she knew.

"It was when the boy was eighteen that the crisis came. For a long time we had seen it coming, but, as is the way with true artistes, we had hoped against hope. Business was going from bad to worse, and Monsieur Blom grew more worried every day. No longer did the people flock to see us; in fact there were performances when the only spectators were those who had been given their seats free. And the most worried of all of us were Henri Dardot and Marie. The boy's expenses were increasing, and, whereas the rest of us had saved a little, they had saved nothing at all. In fact they were in debt. They had struggled and struggled to make both ends meet, but you cannot get a quart out of a pint pot. And now the last premium of their insurance was due, for when the boy had gone to school they had insured their lives so that, in case anything happened to them, his education should not be interfered with.

"Then came the final blow. Never shall I forget that afternoon to my dying day—the afternoon that Monsieur Blom called us all together to tell us the news. We had known things were bad, but we had not realized that they were as bad as they were. A man was with him, a nasty-looking man smoking a large cigar. He had on a fur coat and Monsieur Blom seemed very much afraid of him.

"'*Mes enfants,*' he said and his voice was trembling, 'we are in a bad way. For twenty-five years we have been together all over France, and now . . .'

"'The show is broke,' put in the man with the cigar. 'Cut the cackle, Blom. It's not to be wondered at. It's rotten. I watched it last night. It's as dull as ditch-water. You're doing the same futile tricks that you did ten years ago. Why I saw the conjurer—what's his name—Dardot—do that fool stunt with an omelette when I was a boy.'

"Henri Dardot's lips trembled, and Marie put her hand on his arm.

"'It wants freshening up,' went on the man. 'And, if I'm to take over the good-will in exchange for the money you owe me, all these people will have to go. This show as it stands at present is enough to make a deaf mute sob like a child.'

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur—it was terrible. We knew, as I said, that things were bad, but this news overwhelmed us. To go—to be sacked after twenty-five years! What was to become of us? Above all, what was to become of Henri Dardot and Marie? We, as I told you, had saved something; they had nothing at all.

"I saw them, after we had left Monsieur Blom, sitting together in a dark corner, and this time it was he who was crying, whilst she had her arms round his neck as in the days when they were first married.

"'My dear,' she said tenderly, 'we shall manage, somehow we shall manage.'

"'It is little Henri,' he sobbed. 'For how are we to send him to the avocat's office if we are turned away?'

"Then he got up and dashed away his tears. Evidently a great idea had come to him.

"'I will learn new tricks,' he cried magnificently. "Now—this minute—I will think out something fresh.

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"And Marie clapped her hands together.

"'I will go and tell that pig with a cigar,' she cried, 'that you are perfecting a new wonder.'

"'Then he will not sack us. But I wish we had the money for the insurance.'

"Monsieur—had I any alternative? You, who are an artiste, will know how a paltry trifle like that will prevent a man from giving of his best. He is worried; he cannot concentrate. Assuredly we would show this pig in the fur coat what we could do. I myself had already sketched out some new turns. And Henri Dardot also.

"'*Mes amis,*' I cried. 'Do not worry about that insurance. Are we not friends? And what is mine is thine. I will pay it.'

"We embraced, Monsieur. I would brook no refusal. And then we concentrated on our new tricks. The accursed man with the cigar was persuaded at length into giving us all a week's further trial; principally, as he said, because it would take him a week to replace us. And for three days Henri Dardot thought and thought, whilst we all tried to help him. But it was hard, for undoubtedly his hand had lost its cunning.

"And then, when we were almost in despair, there came the great idea. Monsieur, it was a masterpiece; it was the idea of genius. At once we knew that it would make the name of Henri Dardot famous throughout Europe. Any thought of their being sacked was now gone. It would be the making of the circus, and in my joy and excitement I told the pig-dog who smoked cigars as much. He laughed.

"'We'll see,' he said. 'Anyway it couldn't be worse than their present show.'

"For two more days we worked out the trick, and assuredly it was a creation of genius. At least so it seemed to us. I will not weary you, Monsieur, with the details of it; enough to say that at the great culminating moment a box which the audience thought to be empty was opened and revealed Marie dressed in her most beautiful clothes standing in a blaze of light. It was done by electricity. Little bulbs were sewn into her frock and into her hair, and the good God alone knows how much Henri had had to pay the local electrician to do it. I know he had obtained his week's salary in advance, and there was nothing of it left. But what did it matter; success and fame were his at last.

"'It is true, Georges,' he said to me. 'That man is correct. I have been lazy. I should have used my great skill before to perfect other masterpieces. Then we should not be in the position we are. But there is still time; this is but the first of many by which we will save Monsieur Blom.'"

The wizened-up little man paused and lit another cigarette.

"The circus was fuller that evening, Monsieur," he went on after a while. "Almost as it had been in days gone by. And we performed superbly. Were we not all worked up at the thought of Henri Dardot's masterpiece that was to come. At length the moment arrived. I stood, Monsieur, in the wings and I trembled with excitement. At my side was the accursed one with the cigar, and over and over again I said to him, 'Now you will see, my friend, see and understand the genius whom you thought to sack.' And he only smiled, and dug his hands deeper into the pockets of his coat.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur, even now I can hardly bear to think of the next few minutes. For it failed. It was a ghastly, miserable failure. Everything went wrong. Marie was not in the box at the right moment. The fool of an electrician had bungled with the lights. And, what was worse, I realized that, even if it had come off as Henri intended, it was not a masterpiece at all. It had all seemed so different when we planned and rehearsed it; now it was just a silly, stupid thing.

"The audience giggled and somebody hissed. I dashed on to try and save the situation. I passed Henri, and his face was gray, whilst Marie was sobbing under her breath. To have one's most magnificent hopes dashed to the ground is a terrible thing, Monsieur. And they had built so much on it.

"I darted off again as the next turn started, to find them both talking to the man with the cigar.

"'If possible, Dardot,' he was saying, 'your show this evening is more

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utterly futile than when you produce that damned omelette out of a hat.'

"'But, Monsieur,' stammered Henri desperately, 'it went wrong. To-morrow night——'

"'There will be no to-morrow night,' answered the other. 'You're sacked now.'

"Henri gave a little gasping cry as if he had been struck in the face. They were standing side by side, he and Marie, and for a moment or two they clung together like children; then Marie, with a sudden strange look on her face, stepped forward.

"'You engaged us for a week, Monsieur,' she said quietly. 'To-morrow is the last night. Give us that one chance.'

"For a few seconds he looked at her —did the man with the cigar. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"'All right,' he said gruffly. 'But I warn you that your show is no good, and I'm not going to take you on again.'

"To Henri it was a reprieve. The next night all would be well. He slaved and worked at his trick all through the following day, and I helped him though my heart was heavy with misgivings. Only Marie seemed strangely silent, so much so that I tried to cheer her up. Henri was busy with the electrician, and we were standing alone. She listened to me with a little sad smile on her lips and when I'd finished she laid her hand on my arm.

"'Dear Georges,' she said, 'it's no good, and you know it. The trick is a failure. We're too old, Henri and I, for new things. To-night is the last night, *mon ami*,' and she seemed to be looking at something I couldn't see.

"'Funny how the shadows play tricks, Georges,' she went on. 'I thought I saw little Henri playing with his hoop over in that corner, as he used to years ago.'

"'Marie,' I cried, and I was almost in tears, 'what are you going to do when you go. You must have half of my money. I insist.'

"And then, Monsieur, she kissed me on the lips for the first and last time."

He paused—that wizened-up little man—and there was such a wonderful light in his eyes that I understood why he was not married.

"It came at last," he went on gravely, "the final performance. Henri was trembling like a child, whilst I was no better. Only Marie was calm, with the same strange inscrutable look in her lovely blue eyes that had been there all the day. You see, she knew, Monsieur. All along she had known. I can't tell you how it happened—it was all so quick. The electrician swore it was no fault of his. Maybe he was right. Maybe, on the other hand, it was an accident, and the fool was to blame. For suddenly, without warning, Marie —my beautiful Marie—was just a sheet of flame, and Henri's agonized cry rang through the tent. We darted to her, whilst the audience screamed in terror, but it was too late. We could do nothing; her flimsy dress had blazed too fiercely. The flames, it is true, were out, but they had done their deed.

"She never whimpered, nor cried, though she must have been in agony. Only once did she speak, and then she just whispered, 'Lift me up, my husband.'

"Henri, who was sobbing pitifully, lifted her up. I was watching her, Monsieur, through my tears, and her poor glazing eyes turned to the corner of the tent which had been little Henri's playground. For a while she stared across at it and a faint smile crossed her lips. Then she died.

"You see, Monsieur," said the wizened-up little man gravely, "now that the premium was met the insurance money would be paid. And that was enough for her two Henris—the big and the little."

A moment later I was alone.

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THE MAN THAT GOT THE CALL

O it's not for fame and glory
And the guns of Trafalgar,
Nor to walk with foreign lady
In a cypress garden shady,
Nor to court to get a star,
That he's going, Captain Spanish;
Captain Spanish leaves you all!
O he's careless, careless, careless,
He's the man that got the call!

O it wasn't in the morning,
And it wasn't by the stream
Where the birches' lovely daughters
Dip their tresses in the waters,
For they summoned in a dream.
Weep your gallant, Dublin ladies,
Captain Spanish leaves you all!
O he's careless, careless, careless,
He's the man that got the call!

Pretty Lady Kitty Cooley
Nor your taffeta, nor lace,
Nor your gold, can bring him nearer;
You can look into your mirror,
He has seen another face,
A White Woman with the Green Blood!
Captain Spanish leaves you all,
O he's careless, careless, careless,
He's the man that got the call!

Father Hogan of the hunters
Better stay the county sport!
Go and tell his mother weeping,
That she set his hounds to leaping
Round the ancient Fairy fort.
Where the sunset turned it emerald
Near a bit of rosy wall,
Captain Spanish left the ladies . . .
He's the man that got the call.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

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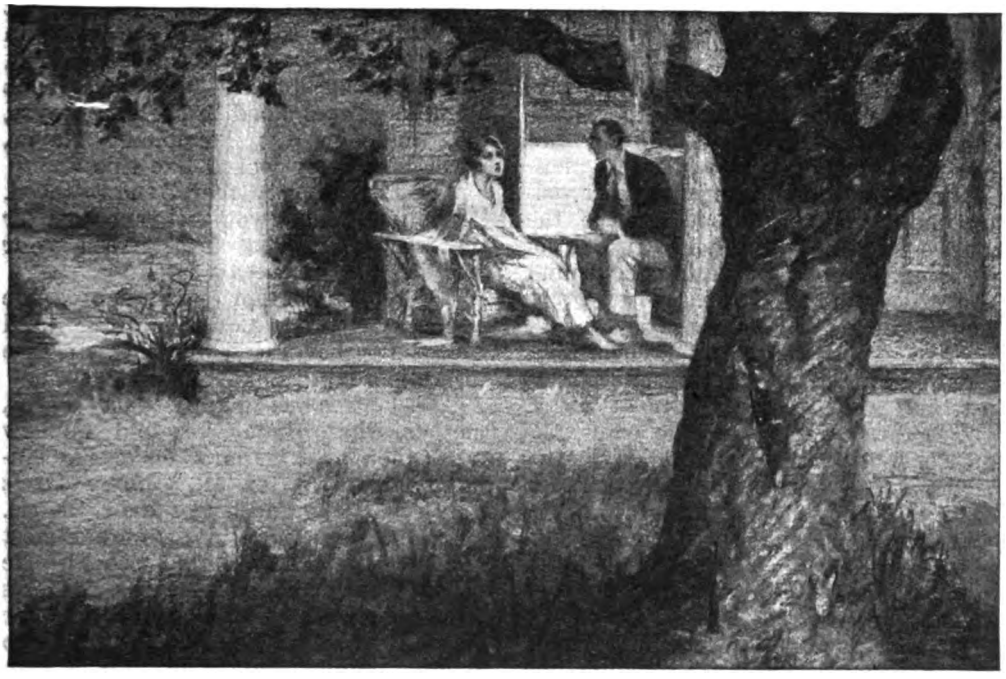
THE LAST LYNCHING

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Illustrated by W. C. Nims



"The river looks like all the rest of you, Jimmy Lee," she said, "so lazy."

BUT you can't object, mother, just because he's a Southerner!"

Betty Sherman smiled down upon her mother's parted hair, with the affectionate tolerance that twenty-one often bestows upon its elders. In the vernacular of her generation Betty was termed "a peach," whereas her mother, at the same age, had been called "a rose." Yet they were astonishingly alike—as alike as the difference in their ages would permit; and they frankly adored each other. Mrs. Sherman declared that in Betty she saw "the lovely April of her prime," while Betty retorted that if she attained anything like her mother's prime she would be fortunate.

Indeed, Anne Sherman was no bogy to frighten Betty's beaux with the thought of what Betty might become with ripening years. She was small and dainty and patrician; and looked, in spite of graying hair and three small grandchildren, almost as young as her daughter. Now, though not glancing from her work, she knew the expression in Betty's eyes, but she didn't smile.

"I've lived in the South, my dear," she asserted quietly. Betty laughed.

"But, mother, that was centuries ago, when they'd hang a man for horse stealing, and let him go scot free for shooting a neighbor! Oh, I've heard dad tell about it! And you were in the mountains, too; not in a civilized town like Langdonvale. No wonder you got an awful impression of the South—a poor little frightened bride like you! But things are different now. Men don't go 'round shooting at their neighbors any more."

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"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Sherman quietly, "but they occasionally lynch their servants."

Betty sobered instantly. Only that week there had been a ghastly happening of the sort, not far from the town she was defending. Though her mother protested, the girl had read every lurid word, solely because of her friendship for Jimmy Lee Langdon, who came from that locality.

"I think, mother," she said seriously, "that we can't understand the situation without living there. Jimmy Lee says that when they're out at the plantation, his sisters or any young girl visitors never venture out of sight of the house. Imagine it, mother! Just think of living where I couldn't go 'round safely anywhere I pleased! Maybe they're not so hot-headed as they seem."

"Are you defending lynching?" asked her mother, raising her eyes at last, and looking searchingly at Betty.

"Goodness no! What do you take me for? I think it's frightful—unpardonable—everything that you do. So does Jimmy Lee. His father's a lawyer. He's retired, of course, but he'd have to believe in law and order, wouldn't he? But just the same—I think if we *lived* there——"

"Thank heaven we don't!" interrupted her mother. "My child, you don't understand my attitude toward this Langdon boy. I think he's charming. For that matter, most Southern gentlemen are. There's something about them—well, I can't describe it, but even when they're dressed shabbily, they have an air that most men here completely lack. And this boy is unusually that way. He makes me feel like a royal princess, his manners are so delightfully old-school. I only wish *my* boy had a touch of it; though your father says he can't enjoy his paper when young Langdon's here. He hops out of his chair every time I move, and it makes dad feel lazy and unmannerly."

A joyous laugh escaped the girl.

"Well, mother, that's a good reason for you to keep still occasionally. Then Jimmy Lee could rest, and dad's conscience would be easier. For my part, I think his manners are adorable."

"But you can't live on manners," replied Anne, "and when you consider that men, even as refined and gentle as this Langdon boy appears, have been known in the excitement of the moment to join a mob of lynchers——Well, Betty, I don't claim that we are any better than the Southerners, but I do think we're different, and I should feel very badly if——"

Anne Sherman paused, then caught her breath at something she saw in Betty's face. Color had rushed into it, only to recede quickly, leaving it white as milk. Tears stood in the girl's eyes, too, and her lips trembled. Never, never had Betty looked like this.

"I—I'm sorry, mother," she faltered. "I wouldn't make you feel that way for the world, but—but I'm afraid your warning has come—too late."

Before her mother could reply, she slipped off the porch railing and dropped to her knees, burying her face in Anne's lap.

"I—I was so happy last night, mother, when Jimmy Lee told me how much he cared. Don't make me unhappy now. After all, Jimmy Lee's South isn't the South you knew, dearie. Why, he loves his old mammy almost as much as he loves his mother! He thinks the world of Joe, his father's stable boy. They used to play together just like brothers. And his father, who fought against the Union, thinks Lincoln was *wonderful*! Oh, you needn't worry about the Langdons. And as for Jimmy Lee—why he loves me! Do you think he'd let any harm come near me?"

"I sure wouldn't, honey," said Jimmy Lee.

The women raised startled faces. Wholly absorbed, they had not heard the approaching footsteps of Jimmy Lee, who stood before them, an all-conquering smile in his dark eyes before which Anne's heart sank, even as she returned the smile.

One couldn't help smiling at Jimmy Lee. He possessed a subtle charm that disarmed criticism; and, as he looked down on Betty with adoring eyes, Anne Sherman knew she had lost the battle. Well, she thought quickly, if she must surrender, she might as well surrender gracefully. After all, she had nothing against this boy, save that he came from people of different traditions from her own. Her experience in the South,

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so long ago, had left a lasting impression of hot-blooded lawlessness; but she knew that her life there had been among very different people from the class Jimmy Lee Langdon represented. Probably her fears were groundless, and the boy *was* lovable. There was no denying his charm, his breeding, nor his love for Betty. Even a less interested observer than Betty's mother could see that. And she must not make them unhappy, since her fears were mostly fears of the imagination. So, with a smile on her lips that belied the premonition in her heart, Anne Sherman arose and gave her son-in-law-to-be the welcome he deserved.

"I'll take care of her, mother-of-my-Betty," he said gravely; and with that promise Anne had to be content.

People still talk of the Langdon-Sherman wedding. Betty was an only daughter whose doting father told her to "go as far as she liked," and Betty certainly knew how to "go." Her own gown of softest lace—the bridesmaids' dresses of blush-pink satin—the shower bouquets of orchids and sweet peas—two small nieces who led the bridal procession straight from the church to the Shermans' garden which conveniently adjoined it—and the reception to which Betty insisted the whole town be invited, were things not lightly forgotten by those who witnessed them. Even the bridegroom received more than the customary attention.

"The handsomest couple that I have ever had the honor of joining in the holy bonds of matrimony," said the old minister to Betty's mother, who inwardly agreed with him. For if Betty was beautiful in her soft laces, there was something very near to beauty in the eyes of the man who promised to love and cherish her.

"Reconciled?" asked Betty's father, late that night when the last guests had departed.

Anne Sherman smiled wearily, now that the great event was over. "He's a good boy," she answered. "I think he'll make her happy."

"If he doesn't," was the quick retort, given with unexpected grimness, "he can settle with *me!*"

"Let us hope, then," replied Anne, with a soft laugh, "that for Jimmy Lee's sake he will not have to settle with any one so belligerent! They are nice people, Rob."

"You mean the Langdons? You're right, Anne. The old Colonel's a trump, and his wife must once have been a beauty. As for the two sisters—they're dears; and Jimmy Lee's a fine, clean fellow, Anne. I don't think we need worry about Betty; but Lord! how we're going to miss her."

Yes, they missed her. Even her frequent letters, telling of every detail of the new home and the wealth of hospitality that was being showered on her, did not fill the void made by Betty's vacant chair. For six months they held out rigidly against her frequent requests that they come south and occupy her guest chamber; for Anne was firm in the belief that the young couple should be left alone—it was enough having the bridegroom's family near at hand. But they couldn't resist the lure of Christmas. Even the prospect of spending the day with their beloved grandchildren paled before the thought of being with Betty in her own home; and Christmas eve found them alighting at a station in the far-off Southern city, where, amid an amazing number of dusky faces, it seemed to Anne, they received a joyous welcome from Betty and her husband.

It was not until after this visit that Anne Sherman's heart was quite at rest regarding her daughter's future. Anne had been only nineteen when she went with her husband into the Southern mountains, where he was to superintend a coal mine. Three years later they returned, leaving behind two tiny new-made graves—bringing with them memories of abandoned lawlessness that the years had but intensified. Things had happened that, after more than thirty years, Anne couldn't remember without a shudder. Never since had she cared for mountains. Those Appalachian heights had seemed too much like prison walls.

That was Anne Sherman's impression of the South. After those weeks in Betty's home she realized how foolish had been her fears. She was rendered almost breathless by the round of hospitality that greeted her. The Langdons had lived in Langdonvale for

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generations. The Colonel, when hardly more than a boy, had fought under Lee in the last year of the war—his military title being merely the complimentary misnomer which in that locality descended upon many who had worn the gray. Betty's husband was the son of his second marriage—the "child of his old age," and the apple of his eye. Mrs. Langdon, who had been a far-famed Southern beauty, was much younger than her husband, and as fond of gaiety as a girl; while Jimmy Lee's two half-sisters, married, and living near at hand, did all in their power for the entertainment of Betty's parents.

"I felt like a débutante," confessed Anne to her husband, when at last they found themselves aboard the train for home.

Robert Sherman chuckled.

"You looked like one—at times, Anne. As for me, I found it extremely difficult to remember the fact that I'm a granddad! If I sink into a dissipated old age you can thank your handsome son-in-law. Are you satisfied now that our Betty is not living in an uncivilized wilderness?"

"Oh, it was civilized!" admitted Anne. "I was never so exquisitely entertained in my whole life. Yet, do you know, Rob, there were moments when it all came over me—the thought that just such cultured gentlemen as those we met have been known to——"

"Anne! don't say it! After all, it's not only in the South that men are lynched. And how fond they all seemed of their old servants. Mrs. Langdon was noticeably upset the day when old Aunt Lyddy was taken sick; and Betty says that Jimmy Lee would sell his last shirt for Joe, the black boy who looks after the Colonel's horses. They grew up almost like brothers on the plantation. It hardly seems possible——"

Yet next morning, glancing at the headlines in the paper, Robert Sherman chose to mislay it in the smoking room, after perusing the news of a happening not twenty miles from the scene of their visit. It was just as well that Anne shouldn't start worrying again.

And it was this same news that made the first rift in Betty's happiness. She had read the whole ghastly thing before Jimmy Lee, who had gone for an early morning canter, came in to breakfast. The happening seemed somehow much more realistic than when she had read such things in far-off Massachusetts. She looked very sober when she handed the paper to her husband.

"Isn't that horrible?" she said.

Jimmy Lee, between sips of delectable coffee, glanced down the page.

"Isn't it frightful?" reiterated Betty. Her mind had swung back to the conversation with her mother on the day she had told her of her engagement.

"Yes," agreed her husband, "it's terrible." He was buttering a delicious beaten biscuit. "But I'm glad they got him. I tell you, Betty, these things have got to stop."

"Jimmy Lee Langdon!" cried Betty with indignation, "are you telling me you're *glad* that ghastly thing occurred?"

He looked up, suddenly aware of how his chance remark would strike his wife. "Oh, look here, honey, don't worry your precious head about such things. You ought not to read 'em, Betty. Anyhow, you couldn't understand——"

"I don't want to understand how a lot of men—men like you, Jimmy Lee, can hunt down another fellow creature, no matter what he's done, just to torture him. They were worse than he. They were men of intelligence and education—a lot of them. You say these things have got to stop, and I agree with you; only, Jimmy Lee, I'm referring to lynchings."

Betty's eyes were two blazing stars. Her husband dropped the paper and arose. Betty arose also. She didn't want him to kiss her then, and she knew from experience that he meant to do so.

"Why, sweetheart!" said Jimmy Lee reproachfully. For an impulsive man he was very tactful. He didn't touch her, but he said quietly: "Come, dear, sit down and finish breakfast. You didn't understand me. Of course I don't believe in lynching any more than you do; but I was thinking suppose you had been that woman. Would you expect—— Oh, let's not discuss it, darling. You haven't lived here long enough to see——"

"If I lived here a thousand years,"

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said Betty quietly, as she resumed her seat, "I should still know right from wrong. Would you like a fresh cup of coffee, Jimmy Lee? Yours must be cold."

But it wasn't so cold as Betty's voice. Her husband winced as he sat down again—without his kiss! It was the arrival of his father that broke the tension. He, also, had been for an early morning ride.

"I just dropped in for a cup of Betty's coffee," he said genially, drawing up a chair. His eyes fell to the newspaper on the floor, and his face saddened. "You've read it?" he questioned Jimmy Lee; then he glanced at Betty, and, reaching out, laid a firm hand on hers. "I wish you wouldn't read such things, my dear. They're not fit reading for any one. They're a disgrace—a blot on our country and our state—a blot on a world that boasts of civilization."

His words fell like balm on a bruised heart. Betty's eyes softened. She arose and, stooping, kissed her father-in-law upon his cheek. Then, because she saw that Jimmy Lee's sensitive mouth had trembled, she kissed him, too, before she went back to pour the coffee for his father.

But, though they talked pleasantly of other things, the cloud that had descended on her didn't lift. It hung, a foreboding shadow, over her whole day. Even a ride with her husband in the witching moonlight failed to dispel it; but, if he realized that anything was wrong, he said no word; and that night, when he was sleeping, Betty cried into her pillow. For the first time since her marriage she felt acutely homesick and alone—a stranger in a strange and alien land.

The new home was Colonel Langdon's wedding gift to the young couple. It stood just outside the town and from its wide hospitable porch one looked out, between fluted pillars, to a lawn shaded by an immense live oak which was a never-failing delight to Betty's beauty-loving eyes. At the back an old-fashioned garden sloped to a slowly flowing river which, to the Northern girl, seemed typically Southern in its movement. "It looks like all the rest of you, Jimmy Lee," she said laughingly, "so *lazy*. I wonder if ever I'll get that way myself."

"It wouldn't hurt you, honey," answered her husband. "Your energy gets on my nerves. I didn't bring you down here to work like a steam engine. To see you flying 'round with that dust cloth——Why not let that lazy Mandy do it?"

"Because," replied Betty sensibly, "it would never get done. Mandy *is* lazy; but I can't see any difference in her and the rest of them. It takes your precious Joe longer to saddle my mare than it would take me to harness all the horses in your father's stable. Perhaps I'll get used to it in time."

"You'll have to—unless you want to waste away to skin and bone. You act like every day's a race and you're trying to beat yourself. I feel like I ought to apologize for the time it takes to kiss you good-by when I go down-town."

"Oh, I don't begrudge time spent *that* way," laughed Betty whimsically.

Yet, the morning when they discussed that happening twenty miles away, Betty did not linger willingly over her husband's kiss. To all appearances Jimmy Lee perceived no difference. He greeted her ardently at night, and was his own blithe self during the evening. He even went to sleep in an incredibly short time after they went to bed—so Betty cried. Evidently her husband didn't realize how the difference in their viewpoints hurt her.

But Jimmy Lee was not so blind as his wife thought. Beneath a gay exterior, donned in the hope of wooing her away from gruesome thoughts, he carried a heavy heart. If he could somehow make Betty understand! Yet, how could he? One had to *live* these things to understand them. Stored away at the back of Jimmy Lee's brain was the memory of a time long years ago when his sister Edith had strayed for an hour or two from the plantation. He was only a little boy. He wasn't told why his father started off on horseback with Uncle Ike, nor why his mother paced the veranda and watched the road. But he *understood*. He knew that something menacing was hanging over Edith, and he shared in full measure the family's relief and joy when she returned, safe and unharmed.

That was the thing which Betty

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couldn't comprehend. In his love for her Jimmy Lee didn't want her to comprehend it. Such thoughts should not be hers. Yet it was monstrous that she should misunderstand him. So, if there was a shadow on Betty's heart, there was one also on her husband's. It was the following evening, as they sat before the hearth-fire, that he said wistfully: "Sweetheart, don't—don't you love me like you did last week?"

Betty, who had been gazing into the fire, stretched out her hand and moved a little nearer.

"Of course I love you! What a goose you are! But—I believe I'm homesick. Perhaps it's just that I'm missing dad and mother; but—well, I'm homesick. I can't help it, Jimmy Lee."

Her voice trembled, and he drew her close.

"But this is your home now, dearest."

"I know." Betty whipped out a handkerchief to dry a tear. "I know I'm silly, Jimmy Lee, but—but somehow it hasn't seemed like home since—yesterday."

"Oh, don't say that!"

His voice told her that she had hurt him—terribly. In contrition she drew his face to hers and kissed him.

"Just give me time, dearie," she whispered. "Perhaps I'll get used—some day—to the way you feel. But there's one thing, Jimmy Lee, that'll never change. I've got to say it. If ever I should see *you* in a mob like that——"

"You won't."

Jimmy Lee dropped his protecting arms and arose, looking down on Betty almost sternly.

"I hadn't finished," she persisted. "I mean that if ever you joined a mob of that sort, dear, I—I'd never feel the same to you again."

"You don't seem to now," replied her husband coldly.

Betty arose and threw her arms about him.

"Yes I *do!* Don't look like that, darling. It's because I love you so terribly that it hurts to know that we think differently on anything so vital."

"We think a great deal more alike than you know, Betty," he answered soberly.

And, in a measure, this assurance satisfied her when life had once more settled into the normal. She began to realize that she had been a little morbid. It was, after all, just as her mother said: Southerners were "different." She must just get used to it. She must remember their splendid traits—their warm hearts—their boundless hospitality—their charm, and their loyalty to their old servants. Colonel Langdon had told her many tales of the old days. He had fought to maintain slavery, yet now he knew that slavery was wrong.

"But they loved us, some of those old niggers," he said reminiscently. "We couldn't have driven them away after the war. And look at Joe! I reckon he'd die for Jimmy Lee or any one belonging to him; and there's not much we wouldn't do for him. He was born the same day Jimmy Lee was. I carried him up-stairs to show to mother when he wasn't twenty-four hours old. I laid him on the bed beside our baby, and I can see 'em now, staring at each other so comically! No, I reckon there's nothing we wouldn't do for Joe."

Betty loved her father-in-law. Of Jimmy Lee's mother she felt a bit in awe. She knew that Mrs. Langdon had wanted her son to marry Olivia Bruce, the daughter of her girlhood's chum, and a native of Langdonvale. Her two sisters-in-law she loved from the start, for they took Betty straight to their hearts and made her one of them. And she loved their children, long-legged boys and girls who made her feel decidedly the matron by calling her "Aunt Betty."

To his half-sisters, Edith and Marion, Jimmy Lee had been a beloved "baby brother." Through his childhood they had tended him like devoted little mothers, and he repaid them with a warm-hearted, loyal love which had grown stronger with the years.

Everything considered, thought Betty, she ought to be very happy at Langdonvale. After all, Jimmy Lee couldn't help the prejudices of his environment. Probably Colonel Langdon at his age had had them, too. Age had mellowed him—cooled the hot-headedness that had descended in a measure to his son. And to Betty, Jimmy Lee was all tenderness. It was impossible, she thought, that he would ever be tempted to do what some

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of their neighbors had been known to do. She had been foolish even to dream of such a thing. So, as the days passed, the smiles came back to Betty's eyes, and Jimmy Lee's heart lightened.

That winter passed very quickly for Betty. It was her first experience away from severe cold and drifting snow; and though, in loyalty to her native state, she protested that she missed the winter sports, she realized that there was ample compensation in the warmer climate. In the months following that rift in her happiness, she resolved that if such a thing occurred again she would not discuss it with her husband. There was no need of arguing upon a subject on which they could not agree. Perhaps as Jimmy Lee grew older he would see things more as his father did.

Spring came—then summer. In July, when the Langdons had fled to the plantation or the mountains, Betty went north, to be followed in a month by Jimmy Lee, whose precious two weeks' vacation was spent in a motor trip with Betty and her parents. It was a wonderful vacation, yet Betty found herself happy in the thought of returning to her own home, and her mother had promised that they would come again for Christmas.

Anne Sherman had almost forgotten her foreboding thoughts of Betty's future. "It's turned out all right, after all," she admitted, when, after seeing the young people aboard the train, she and her husband returned to a house that seemed almost alarmingly empty.

"But I wish she were nearer," said Robert Sherman sadly.

Anne smiled. "Perhaps it's better for Betty that she's not. We'd always be 'butting in,' and she'll enjoy our visits all the more because they're not too frequent. Cheer up, Rob! Jimmy Lee's a darling. Sometimes I have to laugh at the fears I had when Betty told me that she loved him. He'd no more join a mob than you would; and there have been no lynchings for a long time anyway."

"But there's a race riot raging in Oklahoma," replied her husband. "The morning paper's full of it. I hope our young people don't read the stuff and get upset."

They did read it, but, as both refrained from comments, they were not upset. Inwardly Betty longed to get Jimmy Lee's ideas upon the subject; but, realizing that they were likely to disagree with hers, she closed her lips.

Back in Langdonvale—to a hearty welcome from friends and family—to a round of gaieties, dances, sugar boilings, and cross-country riding, which Betty loved—such things as race riots faded from her mind. It was an old friend, stopping over for a night after a Southern business trip, who brought the subject up. Tom Lane had grown up with Betty. They had gone through every grade in school together, and graduated from high school in the same class. Once Anne Sherman had hoped that it would "come to something," but Tom did not act like a disappointed suitor. At least, thought Betty, he had an appetite, and did full justice to Mandy's delicious cookery!

"Do all Southerners serve such meals as this, Betty?" he asked as they arose from the table. "If they do, I think I shall woo me a Southern wife."

Betty laughed, glad that her efforts as hostess were appreciated. "They don't all have Mandys in the kitchen, Tom, but they surely know good things to eat. If you'll stay over another night I'll produce a fairy for you. There's Olivia Bruce, a darling girl whom Jimmy Lee's mother hoped fondly to welcome as a daughter. But you'd have to live down here to get the cooking, I'm afraid; and you're so energetic you might not like this lazy atmosphere."

"I could stand the atmosphere all right, my dear; but there are other things——" He stopped abruptly. They had drifted into the living-room and were seated before the fire. Rain was beating against the windows, and the blaze seemed warm and cheerful. Jimmy Lee, who had bent down to straighten a falling log, inquired:

"What things, old man?"

Tom cast a quick glance at Betty, but she didn't catch it.

"Why, frankly," Tom answered, "I was thinking of these lynchings that happen periodically. Honestly, Langdon, I can't understand it. You're all so highly civilized every other way, and —— Well, anyhow, what do you think about 'em?"

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Jimmy Lee straightened up. His eyes met Betty's reassuringly. "I reckon," he said, with a slow smile, "that I think just about as you do. Will you go for a ride before breakfast in the morning if it clears?"

It was a beautiful hint, but Tom didn't take it. Indeed, he seemed not to have heard the question, and went on persistently.

"Of course I'm not saying that the South's the only place where men get lynched. We came mighty near having such a party right down on old Cape Cod, not long ago; but they're certainly more frequent in the Southern states, and I believe that men of a different class go into such affairs. How people of intelligence can lend themselves to——"

He stopped, for Betty had put out a warning hand; but Jimmy Lee said quietly, "Perhaps if you lived here six months you'd understand."

Tom smiled. "But you just said you believed as I did! If you do, there isn't anything to understand. One evil won't right another, will it?"

"I reckon not—in principle. Still—there are circumstances——"

"Circumstances!"

Tom's voice was scornful. His impulsive nature not infrequently got him into trouble; and Betty saw that he shouldn't have spoken to Jimmy Lee like that when he was accepting his hospitality. Her husband would never have been guilty of such an error, however his theories were trodden on; yet, knowing Tom, she understood that he meant nothing personal. For years Betty had been accustomed to calming her old friend down in just such moments. She did so now, saying, with a laugh that was meant to sound light:

"Oh, come, Tom! don't get excited. Of course Jimmy Lee doesn't believe in lynching. Let's talk of something pleasant."

But Tom was not to be easily sidetracked. "You've changed some, Betty," he said quietly, "if you can toss aside a subject like lynching as lightly as if we were discussing airy nothings. Perhaps because you've 'lived here six months,' as your husband says, you've caught the Southern viewpoint; but if it has made you regard such things as —well, I'm sorry."

Betty felt a sense of suffocation, as if she were caught in an unexpected whirlpool. She wouldn't take sides against her husband, yet it was unbearable that her old friend should misinterpret her silence. It was Jimmy Lee who came to her rescue.

"I can't let you misunderstand Betty," he said quietly. "It's because she regards these things so seriously that she doesn't talk of them."

He laid his hand on her shoulder, and Betty reached up and clung to it a moment gratefully.

Tom was looking into the fire. "But silence won't help, will it?" he said thoughtfully. "And Betty in the old days would have wanted to help if she felt deeply."

Betty stirred uneasily. Jimmy Lee had gone back to his chair, and she said, with some of her old impulsiveness: "I don't always keep silent now, Tom. Perhaps the difference you see in me is just the discretion one learns with years. I'll admit I don't like to talk about this subject, but since we're discussing it I'll tell you how I feel. You're right when you say one evil won't right another; but it goes deeper than that, it seems to me. We make our laws for the safeguard of the people, and if we, who are supposed to possess a measure of intelligence and education, break them, in whatever cause, how can we expect those more ignorant than ourselves to understand? That's the backbone of the whole thing —to me. And when men raid jails and capture, only to kill, a prisoner whose punishment was bound to descend upon him lawfully, they seem to me worse than their prey. However horrible his crime, he is not so horrible as they."

Betty had forgotten her listeners. She was leaning forward, the firelight falling softly across her face, speaking what had been seething in her heart for months—what she had never quite dared to say to Jimmy Lee. Both men were looking at her intently, Jimmy Lee with growing adoration in his heart —Tom, wondering why he had never realized how beautiful his old chum was. It was he who spoke when, after a breathless silence, Betty sank back out of the firelight's glow.

"They haven't made a real Southerner of you yet, Betty," he said.

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"I think," said Jimmy Lee, also quietly, "that Betty is something bigger than mere locality. She's an American—the best sort of an American—the kind that has made our country what it is."

Betty smiled, though her eyes smarted with sudden tears. "That's mighty sweet of you, Jimmy Lee." She spoke lightly, in an effort to break the tension of the moment; but Tom was ruthless.

"You mean, Langdon, that you agree with Betty's views?"

Jimmy Lee stood up, his back to the fire, facing them as if answering a challenge.

"I agree with everything she says; but, perhaps because I was raised here, I can agree with her and still understand the madness that makes such horrors possible. You can't, Lane. Nor can Betty. But I don't want to make a Southerner of her, either. I only want her to understand us."

His voice was wistful, and Betty sprang up, slipping her arm through his.

"But—but if I sometimes fail to understand the Southerners,' she said gently, "you'll have to admit that I *love* them, Jimmy Lee."

Jimmy Lee quietly squeezed her hand; and Tom said lightly, "Well, so long as she continues to love *one* of you, I don't think you've anything to worry about, old man."

Thus was the subject dropped, to be almost forgotten in the months that followed.

Their second Christmas visit to the South was, Anne Sherman declared, every bit as delightful as their first; and on the day in late January when they departed for a colder clime, Betty confided a precious secret to her mother.

"It seems as if my cup was just running over, mother," she said joyfully. "This is all I need to make me completely happy. And Jimmy Lee is just as pleased as I. We've already named him Robert William after his two granddads; and if he's a girl (which I'm secretly hoping that he may be!) we'll call her after you and Mother Langdon. You see, we want to be impartial toward North and South!"

So Betty's parents returned home with added happiness in their hearts at the thought of all her baby would mean to them. Anne spent the next few months making delightful little garments; but in June, when Robert Sherman found that an unexpected business trip to England was imperative, she hesitated about joining him.

"I'd love the trip; but I hate to go so far from Betty now."

"Don't be a goose, my dear," urged her husband. "Since you're not in Langdonvale, you may as well be in Timbuctoo. This is a wonderful opportunity for us, Anne. I'll take two months and we'll see Paris and Scotland, or anything you say. Look here! If you'll go, I'll put it off ten days and let you run down and say good-bye to Betty."

That settled it. Anne started south next day, and returned two days before sailing time, glowing with good accounts of her blessed daughter.

"Betty never looked better in her life, Rob, and she agreed with you that I'd be ridiculous not to go. If things happen before we get back, they'll cable; and Betty made me promise not to cut short a moment of our vacation on her account. She's plucky as a soldier, and Jimmy Lee is tender as any mother. Everything's beautifully arranged for, and she's so well I'd be foolish to worry, I suppose. I think I'll take Jimmy Lee's advice—forget my children and pretend we're starting on a second honeymoon."

"Now," approved her husband, "you're talking sense!" Yet, in the weeks that followed, Anne noticed with amusement that it was Rob who was most anxious for the home mail—who always asked, on returning from an excursion, if a cable had arrived.

"But, my dear," she once protested, "it's not time for the cable that you want! It can't possibly come for another month."

"I know—but——" He hesitated, walking back and forth across the room uneasily. "I've felt nervous all day, Anne. I can't keep Betty out of my thoughts." Then he stopped, looking at his wife intently. "Anne, what's up? You don't look well."

Anne shivered. It was warm in the room, but she had a cloak about her.

"Oh, I'm all right! I got a trifle chilled, and—well, Rob, I'll admit that

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I've not felt well for several days. I think I'll go to bed without dinner; but don't worry. Possibly I've taken a little cold."

But when Robert Sherman came up from dinner and saw his wife's flushed face, he sent for a doctor, who advised moving her to a nursing home if there was no improvement in the morning. Anne protested that she would be all right; but beyond her earshot the doctor gravely said that it looked suspiciously like typhoid.

So it happened that Anne didn't see the cable that came next day—a cable which seemed to Robert Sherman, already terrified with fears for Anne, like the drop too much. He stood by a window, the message crushed in his hand, not knowing whether the blurred atmosphere was due to fog or his own tears.

"I seemed to know," he said brokenly to the empty room, "all yesterday I seemed to know that *something* was happening to Betty—and now—her mother . . ."

He smoothed out the message drearily and read it once again, though the words were already engraved upon his heart; then, walking like an old man, he went out to the hospital for news of Anne.

Betty felt something in the atmosphere when she came down to breakfast that July morning. Jimmy Lee, who had gone for his customary canter, was late; and, though he greeted her with his habitual tenderness before putting her in her chair and taking his place across the shining table, she felt that something was on his mind.

And it wasn't only Jimmy Lee. Mandy, coming in to pass the biscuits, looked frightened. Betty watched her curiously. Her eyes were big, and her dusky skin wore a strange pallor. She clumsily dropped a fork, and started, as if at an explosion; while Jimmy Lee said kindly, "That's all, Mandy, I'll do the waiting."

The door closed behind her, and Betty looked a question at her husband. "Jimmy Lee, what's happened?"

He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "I wish you wouldn't ask, dear; but I suppose it's inevitable that you should know. Three niggers were turned out of the chain gang yesterday. They'd served their term, but they'd not gone fifteen miles before they beat up the proprietor of a country store, robbed him, attacked his daughter—— Oh, I sha'n't go on! That's only the beginning. Lynching's too good for 'em, and the mob's out . . ."

He sprang up. Betty's face was now as gray as Mandy's had been a moment since.

"Will—will they come *here?*" she questioned.

Jimmy Lee sat down on the arm of her chair, and drew her close.

"I don't know, darling; but you mustn't leave the house to-day. I——"

"But I can't stay here *alone,* Jimmy Lee."

"You'll have Mandy, dear; and I telephoned father to send Joe in from the plantation. He'd guard you with his life, Betty. You needn't be afraid. Probably they won't come within miles of here anyhow, but——"

"Oh, Jimmy Lee! don't—*don't* leave me," pleaded Betty. "I know I'm safe, but it's horrible thinking of what's happening. Surely if you explain things they'll give you a day off."

Jimmy Lee hesitated, then turned toward the telephone.

"I'll get Joe anyway, Betty, and then I'll go down-town and see if I can't get away. Now eat your breakfast. Choke it down some way." He came back and kissed her. "You must keep well, honey, and like as not those niggers are safe in jail by now."

But he didn't believe what he said, and Betty knew it. She found it extremely difficult to "choke down" anything, and even Jimmy Lee seemed to lack his usual morning appetite. He was restless—champing at the bit—secretly longing to get downtown and hear the latest. But he didn't leave until his father telephoned that Joe had started.

"He'll be here within an hour," Jimmy Lee assured her cheerfully. "Maybe I'll get back first; and you needn't worry, Betty. Those niggers wouldn't come so close to town." He stooped to kiss her. "Gee!" he exclaimed with mock enthusiasm, "it's a pretty morning! How soft the moss looks on the oak tree."

Betty didn't speak. Her bosom was

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rising and falling quickly in agitation. He had moved a step away before she found her voice.

"Jimmy Lee——"

He turned—came back, and put his arms about her.

"I won't go, honey, if you feel scared; but I'd rather leave you now than later. I sha'n't be long. Of course I wouldn't leave, Betty, if you weren't safe."

Betty straightened up. "I know. I suppose I'm silly. And you'll be back soon?"

"Soon as Lightfoot will bring me. I'll ride him in so as to save time. Now don't you worry, sweetheart. I'll be back before you finish that eternal dusting. Here, kiss me!"

He was gone. Betty stood on the porch watching him ride away. At the gate he turned, waving a gay farewell; and, as she answered it, tossing a kiss lightly into the air, something foreboding gathered about her heart. She knew, as she went within with dragging feet, that Jimmy Lee would never be quite the same again.

An hour passed—two hours. Jimmy Lee had not returned, and Joe, who should have been there long before, had not arrived. Out of sheer longing for companionship Betty had wiped the breakfast dishes for Mandy, though of the subject uppermost in their minds they did not speak. Afterwards she left the girl alone and went up-stairs, thinking that, if she looked at her array of precious little garments, it would change the tenor of her thoughts; but after one hasty glance she closed the drawer. She could not touch them while this nameless terror tugged at her heart.

Why didn't Jimmy Lee come back? . . . And where was Joe? She tried to get the plantation on the telephone, and failed. Either they didn't answer or the line was out of order. She began to worry about Joe. Joe was slow, but he was also dependable. He ought to be here . . . And Jimmy Lee had promised to come back. Betty tried to sew, but found her fingers trembling queerly. She barely suppressed a scream at the sound of a slamming door somewhere below. If both Edith and Marion had not been in the mountains she would have asked one of them to come to her. As it was, she must simply wait. She had the uncanny feeling that she was waiting for something, she knew not what. The time dragged. She found herself going repeatedly to the window, watching the road, starting nervously at any noise without, expecting—*something*——

Then suddenly Betty knew for what she was waiting. Her bedroom window looked out toward the garden and the river. As she stood there straining her eyes tensely, a shadowy figure emerged from behind some shrubbery, darting stealthily from tree to tree. For a moment her heart ceased beating; then she saw with immeasurable relief that it was Joe. But why this stealth—this caution? Betty watched for a moment, puzzled; then light came to her and she flew down-stairs.

"Mandy!" she called wildly. "Mandy!" But there came no answer, and she reached the kitchen just as Joe, spent and breathless, crept inside, bolting the door behind him. In his bloodshot eyes was terror, and his face wore the same strange pallor that had been on Mandy's earlier in the day.

"Fo' God's sake, Miss Betty, hide me! Dey's a'ter me. Dat good-for-nothin' mare went lame, an' when I got off ter see what ailed her, she cut an' run fer home. I started runnin' cross country ter get heah quicker, an' dey done saw me. I's been clear roun' by Bruce's mill ter get away from 'em. Dey think I's one o' them niggers what dey's huntin'. I——"

"But they *know* you, Joe. They wouldn't——"

"No, ma'am; dey's strangers. Most everybody's jined de mob fer miles 'roun.' Likely dey'll be heah any minute. Oh, Miss Betty, save me!"

His teeth were chattering with fear. Betty looked despairingly around. If only Jimmy Lee would come! But there was no time to spare in idle thoughts. Where, oh where would Joe be safe? Only one hiding place occurred to her—a closet beneath the stairs, its door seeming a part of the paneled wood. If Joe could squeeze in there. . . . If she placed a chair carelessly against the door to hide its lock. . . . It was her only hope.

"Hark!" whispered Joe hoarsely. "Dey's comin'. I heah 'em."

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"F o l l o w m e!" cried Betty. "Quickly!"

They were by the stairs—the cupboard door swung wide. Joe, shaking with dread and fear, crept in as Betty closed it. She reached for a chair, placing it as she had planned, but the lock still showed. From the distance came voices—the trampling of horses' feet—and in despair she caught up her garden hat, hanging it carelessly upon the chair. Yes, that did the work. They wouldn't guess——

They were near now—very near. Betty ran toward the window, but a sharp rap on the old brass knocker halted her.

"Mandy!" she called; but no sound came from the kitchen, and dread filled her heart. She must answer the knock herself. She wondered if they would see her labored breathing—if she could speak without a tremor in her voice. The knock sounded again, more insistent, and some one hammered with a riding crop against the door.

Then Betty opened it.

Her first sensation was one of sickening fear. This was no mob of "Southern gentlemen." The faces that greeted her were mostly unshaven and repelling. The spokesman brushed past her roughly, looking about with insolence.

"Seen anything of a nigger, missis?"

"None but my own nigger, Joe. He—he's just stepped out."

Others were crowding into the hall as the self-constituted leader said, "Reckon you mean just stepped *in*, don't yer? Come on, lady, turn the boy over to us 'less you'd ruther have yer house ransacked. We see him headed this way, an' some one said——"

"Will you step outside, please," said Betty coldly.

There was a whispered word amid the crowd. It caught the leader's ear. "Oh," he said insolently, "you're Northern, are yer? A nigger-lover? Well, ma'am, there's one nigger too many in this house, and, seein' you don't mean ter hand him over, we'll take a look fer him. Come on, boys."

As they pushed past Betty's indignant form, it flashed through her that indifference was her best weapon. If they thought she didn't mind their searching, it might disarm suspicion. She made only one move to stop them, saying, as she shrugged lightly, "The man you're hunting isn't here; but if you won't take a lady's word for it ——"

But they did not even hear. They were crowding past her into her dainty living-room, up the stairs, out through the kitchen to the shed. Betty, standing breathless by the door, heard doors opened, chairs overturned, coarse oaths. Suddenly terrified for Joe, she moved toward the little cupboard, as if her very presence would give courage to the hunted creature within. For herself she had no fear. That throng of grim, repugnant faces had resolved itself into a hideous composite whole—a face coarse and menacing, but, strangely, not menacing to her.

The mob was getting uglier. They had been sure of their prey, and had, seemingly, failed. Betty stood by the little closet, a scornful expression on her face as once more they crowded into the wide hall. She had seen amid the throng at least two faces that bore the mark of breeding. The sight repelled her. Where, oh where was Jimmy Lee? Was he perhaps . . .?

She sickened at the thought. Her strength was waning. She was conscious suddenly of nausea, whether physical or mental she could not tell. Clutching the wall for support she found her arm imprisoned in a twisting grip that brought an involuntary cry of pain to her frightened lips.

"Now, missis, you'll tell us where you've hid that nigger or have another taste of the same medicine. Feel that?"

Betty writhed. The brute was twisting her arm again, and she cried shrilly: "Let me go! You are breaking my arm! I tell you I *haven't* hidden him. I don't know where he is. I——"

"Once more, and she'll tell," said a cool voice behind her; but the torture was not to come. The closet door flew open, and Joe, his furious bloodshot eyes glaring like some wild beast's at night, burst out upon them.

"Take dem dirty hands o' yours offen Miss Betty!" he thundered. "Don't *tetch* her. *Damn* yer!"

His arm shot out, and Betty's tormentor crumpled up. It was the torch that lit the fuse. They were upon him, those mob-mad creatures, rushing him toward the door, toward the tree——

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"Well, ma'am, there's one nigger too many in this house, and, seein' you don't mean ter hand him over, we'll take a look fer him. Come on, boys."

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"Stop!" screamed Betty, "that's Colonel Langdon's Joe. He's not the man you think. Wait!" But she might as well have tried to stem the rising tide. They swept him with them, out to the big live oak that had been Betty's joy. Once only did she hear his voice, raised in a pitiful appeal:

"I ain't the nigger youse a'ter, gent'-men. I ain't—done notin.' You ask de Cun'l——"

Then, after a silence, the sound of a creaking rope and Joe's voice, shrill this time in fear and protestation. "Not here, gent'men—not whar Miss Betty'll see. I's innercent. I's——"

Then Betty screamed, wildly, hideously, her face covered with her hands, before she dropped, a shuddering heap on the floor.

And five minutes later, too late for any help that he could give to Joe, a bare-headed old soldier who had fought for slavery but who loved his slaves, galloped onto the lawn, riding a foam-flecked horse. One look at the gruesome sight, and his face hardened. He faced the mob, a noble figure on his white steed.

"Murderers!" he cried; then his voice broke, and he commanded, "Cut down that nigger! Cut him down, I say; and before God, some of you'll swing for this!"

Then he dismounted; and as those of the sobered throng who had not discreetly vanished obeyed his order, he took the limp black body of a faithful servant into his arms.

When Jimmy Lee rode away that sunny morning, it was with the firm intention of returning at the earliest possible moment. There was hardly need to ask for a leave of absence—too many men were leaving informally on their grim errand. Yet there seemed to Jimmy Lee even more excitement than he had seen on similar occasions in the past. He hitched Lightfoot before the post office, and joined a group of men, speaking in muffled tones.

It was their story that fired his blood to the point of forgetting everything else—something he was to regret to the last day of his life. His old schoolmate, Olivia Bruce, had met one of the ruffians when only a stone's throw from her plantation home. She had escaped, unharmed save for torn raiment and a fright that the doctor feared might end disastrously. Rumor had it that she was still hysterical, and incoherent to the point of not knowing just what had happened to her.

Jimmy Lee was very fond of Olivia, the girl whom his mother had dreamed that he would marry. Her plight brought the crime home to him vividly, and with others of her friends he swore to avenge her wrong. Joining a posse that was just starting, he forgot his promise to return to Betty—forgot everything save his indignation at the story that had been poured into his ears.

When, in the still twilight, he returned, his errand accomplished, Jimmy Lee's conscience awoke. He almost dreaded to face Betty; yet, when he told her about Olivia, whom she loved dearly, when she realized the horror he had felt, surely Betty would understand.

But the lust of the chase had left him. Remembering certain details following the lynching, his mind revolted. A mob had no right to forget itself to that extent. Hanging was one thing—but mutilation——

Jimmy Lee shuddered as he turned into his own driveway. He remembered now that Betty had once warned him that, should he join a mob of that sort, she would no longer feel the same to him. It came to him forcibly that he should not have left her, considering her condition. He glanced down at his soiled hands, and felt with shame that the soil went below the skin. He wasn't fit to enter Betty's presence. Perhaps after all she was right. There was the law, and if one did not honor it——

Jimmy Lee's usually clear mind seemed in bewildering chaos. He dismounted wearily, and, stepping into the wide hall, turned toward the closed door of the living-room. Strange that the door was closed. His hand was on the knob when the hurrying step of Mandy interrupted him, followed by Hannah, her mother, whose eyes showed signs of recent tears.

"Dat you, Marse Jimmy Lee? Don't go in dar—Joe's dar—dar in his coffin. De Cun'l done say he'll have de finest funeral eber seen in Langdonvale."

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WHIZ BANG COMES

By THEODORA BOOTH

IT ALL happened because of a Friday. At least that is what the General's wife says. Whiz Bang is of several opinions. The General's view is still so explosive that it is incoherent. He is inclined to blame the war and a particular road in France near Verdun, where he first encountered Whiz Bang. Before the Friday episode can be told, one should take a hasty glance back over a few eventful years in Whiz Bang's life. And it should also be fully understood that Whiz Bang was not to blame for his part in the war.

Whiz Bang was one of those astonishing little Indo-Chinese that France acquired for truck drivers and general rough workers during the war. Whiz Bang came because he was pushed. He did not know why he had to go, nor did he realize where his ultimate destination was to be. An orphan from childhood, he had drifted around, indolently picking up a livelihood at odd bits of work. When he was just seventeen the echo of the World War's call to arms had reached the little province where Whiz Bang was lazily existing. Everything from then on became chaotic for him. He was given a rough examination, the indignity of which reduced him to inarticulate stutterings. His loose smock and sandals were jerked off him and rough heavy clothes placed upon him instead. Placed they were literally, for Whiz Bang's knowledge of uniforms was greatly limited. With some hundred of his fellows he was then piled on a boat, which steamed away to unknown shores. From then on Whiz Bang's existence was the antithesis of what it had been before. He had a peculiar patois of his own, which even his fellow provincers had difficulty in understanding, and as soon as he was widely separated from most of them, he found no one knew just what he said when he talked. This added to his astonishment. He gradually became perpetually astonished. The one thing he understood was a push. How he had scrubbed, cleaned, carried and hauled his way through two years of war, Whiz Bang never knew. It was all a frightful muddle to him, punctuated by torrents of French and sharp pushes that goaded him on faster. Of course Whiz Bang was not his name then, but, as the most important day in his life bestowed that name upon him, he now knows no other.

It was just before the armistice that Brigadier General Earl first found him. Whiz Bang had become detached. Of all the horrors that had befallen him, this was the worst. He had dropped off the tail-end of a truck, still clutching a broom. The only part of his outfit that he had not lost was his broom. This he clung to as he was hurled out. It was at night, and, save for the flash of the distant artillery and an occasional "Very" light, the night was very dark. The rumble of the truck slowly diminished. Whiz Bang stumbled around, slushing into shell holes deep with mud. Instinctively he moved to the side of the road, feeling about for the great screen of wired camouflage that had been flung for miles along the Sacred Road. Settling himself against the wire and still hugging his broom, he decided to sleep. The rain drizzled slowly down, soaking his faded uniform. As the night wore on, his occasional dozes were sharply shaken by the whining hum of a distant shell. Whiz Bang muttered in his own patois and crouched still lower. Gradually a general lightening crept into the sky; dawn was not far off; he began to discern objects. A cast-off gun lay beside him, its striped sides thick with mud, its gaping mouth a grim reminder of the death it had dealt. Ammunition boxes, truck wheels, a helmet, dented and of unfamiliar shape, lay near. This latter attracted Whiz Bang. He liked odd things. He reached for the helmet. Taking off his own cap, he put on the helmet, pushing it far down on his head.

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He fastened the strap under his chin. Then he straightened up and a grin slowly relaxed his stiff features. He was pleased. He had something odd on his head. He felt important. He stepped into the road. Which way the truck had gone was of no consequence to Whiz Bang. What did distress him now was that the peculiar whine of shells showed that they were undoubtedly getting his range. The term range was not his technical word, but he had learned enough to know that the whine and spat of bullets were singularly unhealthy.

Whiz Bang started along the road. He had a peculiar half-crouching lope. He imagined by bending over he could escape being hit. The broom, with his own cap pulled down over the stiff bristles, he carried before him. Because of this, he did not notice the approach of a long tan car. From where the occupants of the car were seated, Whiz Bang's remarkable appearance produced nothing less than consternation.

"My God, General," the young aide gasped, "do you see what I do?"

Out of the cold fog, in the dim light of the dawn, three men gazed in amazement at the apparition slithering down the road toward them. It appeared to have two heads, the body propelled with a sliding crablike motion. The General ordered the car stopped. Whiz Bang loped on. He felt easier now he was moving. He decided to sing. This decision brought forth a series of howls and wails not at all in keeping with his diminutive stature.

"Eeeee-lung, um orrr," he chanted. It was at this point that Whiz Bang first heard the bark of the tan car, as the driver sounded the klaxon. Terror-stricken he straightened up, peering through the mist. The big car loomed before him, in it he distinguished uniforms. That was enough for Whiz Bang. The uniforms, be they friends or enemies, meant but one thing for him, a push, then work of some sort. The only thing Whiz Bang could see to work on was mud. The only thing he had to work with was his broom. Therefore Whiz Bang worked. Jerking the cap off his broom, he executed the most remarkable "present arms" that the astonished General and his companions had ever witnessed—a flourish of the broom that nearly unbalanced the short little figure and caused the three other men to unconsciously duck their heads. For a minute the rigid position was held so stiffly that the cheeks of the little Chinese were puffed out with the effort. Then he whirled, beginning to sweep the mud from the road with the feverish energy of one possessed.

The car moved a little nearer and the Brigadier General leaned out, calling to Whiz Bang in passable French. Whiz Bang swept harder.

"Hey you, come here." The General lapsed into his native tongue. Whiz Bang understood nothing save the fact that he must work faster.

"What's the matter with the little fool? Is he crazy?" A shell whined not far away, and then another a little closer. The young officer spoke to his superior. The General nodded and turned back towards the little Chinese. He was now working furiously. He, too, had heard the whine of the shell. All three men laughed.

"Go get him," General Earl ordered. "We can't leave the idiot here. He would work in a nest of whiz bangs." The driver got out and, grabbing hold of the Chinaman, pushed him broom and all into the front seat. The push, Whiz Bang had understood. He acquiesced immediately.

"Sit still, Whiz Bang, *restez tranquil,*" the young captain said as the car shot forward. And from then on Whiz Bang was his name.

A few days later the armistice had been declared, the divisions slowly withdrew, and with General Earl went Whiz Bang. He now became the General's personal body-guard. No other word could be used for such slavish devotion. His howls and wails and low chantings could be heard at all hours from the General's billet, as "puts and boots," spurs and belts were polished to glittering reflections. In vain the entire staff tried to stifle the effervescent spirits of Whiz Bang. He would stand at attention with glassy eyes, intensely stiff, respectfully bearing up under a deluge of explosive words such as only the A. E. F. could master. "Savvy, *comprenez*?" would be hurled at him in conclusion. Whiz Bang would relax, beam upon the stern faces and bow deeply, then back away still

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bowing, soft croons and low chantings breaking forth as he disappeared. It was no use, Whiz Bang was a law unto himself.

When the General had his orders to return home, he thought that, after considerable effort on his part, he had disposed of Whiz Bang successfully, having placed him with a French family as handy man. How the Chinese arrived at Brest is a mystery to the General to this day. But the fact remains that the smiling visage of the little fellow greeted the General one morning as he was leaving the mess-hall.

"Whiz Bang come," he beamed. "Tout suite, Americ avec Gen'l."

"Well, I'll be damned," the General exploded, "How in the name of Jupiter did you get here? I can't take you along, I'm sailing in two hours."

"Here, Landis," he called, catching sight of the grinning face of a young officer attached to the A. P. M. "Take this Chink down to the station and send him back to Bar-le-Duc. Better put a tag on him marked De Serveau. That's the name of the family I left him with. How he got here I can't think, unless some of the boys brought him along in a truck or one of the box-cars." The General peeled off a note from a roll of franc notes and handed it to the officer. "Now go on, Whiz Bang, allie, vermuce, *dépachez-vous*, try and be a good boy. Good-bye." The General turned away and the officer caught Whiz Bang firmly by the arm.

"Come on, Chink, a little speed, I'm busy this morning." Whiz Bang realized he was being dismissed from his beloved General. He also realized he was being pushed the wrong way, but not being absolutely certain, he trotted along quite peaceably until he saw the station and comprehension of his destination came to him. From a tired, passive little Chinese, Whiz Bang suddenly became an object of concentrated fury. He did not howl—he roared. His arms and legs spun around so swiftly that his startled companion could get no purchase upon them. Several delighted dough boys gathered around, and a sturdy M. P. pushed near the wildly pivoting Whiz Bang and tried to collar him, yelling forcible language that should have quieted any normal fit of hysteria. But not Whiz Bang. He whirled more furiously, rolling his eyes and moving his lips in more horrible grimaces. All the time he roared, squealed and jabbered in a weird piercing chant. Now and again the words, "Gen'l, Whiz Bang come," could be distinctly heard.

"He's got a fit," volunteered an interested spectator. "Better throw some water on him." The suggestion met with great approval and several boys hurried over to the public pump. By this time, the commotion had reached such a state that several companies of men, drifting in and out of the canteen, were now circled around Whiz Bang's revolving figure. His shrieks and roars had penetrated to the furthest end of the town.

The commanding officer of the Port of Embarkation appeared in his doorway, his aide beside him. "What in the world is that being murdered. Find out and report to me at once." As he waited, General Earl and several officers passed.

"Ah, General Earl," he called, "leaving us?" The officers shook hands. "Lucky man, going home. Well, I hope we will all be there soon."

"What is that frightful noise?" General Earl interrupted, turning towards the Major General. Before he could answer, the sound grew instantly louder, accompanied by the pounding of hob-nailed boots, and hoots of laughter and shrill whistles. Whiz Bang was being propelled by a substantial detachment of the American Army toward the General Headquarters. Sputtering, fighting and whirling he was thrust before the officers, the crowd falling back, waiting expectantly.

"What is the meaning of this?" began the Major General sternly.

But before he could continue the whirling ceased, the rolling eyes narrowed, the distorted countenance of the little Chinese became almost beaming. Straightening his torn uniform and clicking his heels sharply together, he turned his back completely upon the Major General and, bowing deeply to General Earl, he crooned, "Gen'l, Whiz Bang come."

How General Earl took Whiz Bang with him, manoeuvered him through quarantine, and so on, is quite anot

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story. Every one helped him, from the highest rank to the lowliest buck private, for it seemed that all any one wanted now was peace, and Whiz Bang was the essence of peace when near his General. He would spend hours tranquilly gazing far out at sea, for his soul was at rest. He again knew not where he was bound, but he knew he was at last attached, and his only fear was being separated from or in some way displeasing the man he now worshiped with all his childlike being.

So that is how the little Indo-Chinese arrived in America and became a well trained little house-man in the beautiful Park Avenue apartment of General Percival Earl, now retired from military service, but holding an important position in civil life as inspector of transit commissions. Whiz Bang never went out alone. He spoke very little English and New York was far more hopeless to him than a battlefield. He rode sedately beside the General's chauffeur or walked up and down the one block in front of the General's home.

When Mrs. Earl and her son went to the Adirondacks, she left Bang, as she preferred to call him, in the apartment, to attend to the General's comforts during the week. Over the week-ends, Whiz Bang would motor up with his idol to the summer home. Altogether his life was tranquil and uneventful. He spent most of his days planning delightful meals for his adored master. An hour before dinner would be served, he could be found standing at the window which looked down Park Avenue, from which direction the adored one appeared. Here he would wait, with his flat little nose pressed against the glass, gazing searchingly down. Softly he would wail and chant, patiently waiting.

If, by chance, General Earl phoned he would dine out or had important business, Whiz Bang would howl over the phone, and finally wail dismally, "Allight, bien, Gen'l. Whiz Bang wait by winnow all night." The General would curse softly, laugh, dismiss the conversation, only to be confronted by the mental picture of the miserable little figure, waiting all night beside the window. "Damn little fool, why did I ever bring him?"

And more than likely he would reach for the phone and growl into Whiz Bang's ecstatic ear that he had changed his plans and would be home and bring several gentlemen with him. The business meeting would be held there. Beaming, as he scurried about preparing the delectable food, Whiz Bang would sing loudly, little dreaming of how he, an unimportant orphan Indo-Chinese, had changed the plans of the busy lives of those concerned in big affairs. The events of the particular Friday that thrust Whiz Bang into national publicity occurred on a sultry afternoon in late August. Early that morning the General had made the ill-fated speech. The remark had seemed innocent enough at the time. It might have remained innocent if it had not been addressed to Whiz Bang himself.

The General was seated at breakfast, the little Chinese hovering near, now with iced fruit, now with hot biscuits, attentive, ever watchful for his master's comfort.

"Whiz Bang, why don't you ever get me some nice fish?" he suddenly remarked. "There are plenty of good sea food markets downtown. You ought to learn to wade around New York by now and get me some good fish, real fresh fish, big ones, little ones, lots of them." A few minutes later the General left. He had already forgotten the suggestion. Not so Whiz Bang. His adored one wanted fish. Big ones, little ones, many fish. Somewhere in all that fearful noise and rush of the city were fish waiting just for him. In the early afternoon the adventure began. He left the apartment by the front door. This was strictly against the house's orders, but the first and only time he had been sent to the back entrance caused such roars and screams and hideous chantings that, in self-defense, attendants, porters and the superintendent himself had all acquiesced, and Whiz Bang now came and went unmolested from his master's front entrance.

For the first twenty minutes of his adventure luck was decidedly with him. As he left the apartment house and stood hesitating before the building, a car was just pulling away. The chauffeur, seeing Whiz Bang and recognizing him as the little Chinaman who occasionally rode with his fellow chauf-

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feur in the General's car, called to him, asking where he was going. Whiz Bang beamed and hurried to him.

"Down town, big fish, Gen'l wants."

"Well, hop in, I'm going down to City Hall and I'll drop you off at the Fulton Street market."

So Whiz Bang arrived safely at his market. The purchasing of the fish did not prove so easy a matter. Whiz Bang knew fish, but not by their English names. He danced excitedly around, talking in a shrill half-chanting whine. The dealers were nonplused. In vain they offered all varieties of fish to the gesticulating figure. At last he seemed pleased. A huge salmon had caught his eye. The color was odd. He liked things that were odd. Then he purchased more than a dozen small fish of every description. These were all wrapped up in heavy paper and Whiz Bang, having carefully counted out his money, paid for them, and left the market, staggering beneath the burden. For a few minutes he walked aimlessly along Fulton Street, turning off toward Brooklyn Bridge. Then he stopped, a sudden panic seizing him. He didn't know where he lived. The number on Park Avenue had vanished from his mind. Whiz Bang looked searchingly about him. He must ask some one. Just what he wanted to know was how to get to Park Avenue. Once on that Avenue, he was sure he could walk home. He caught sight of a Chinaman. Surely there was a real answer to prayer. He hurried across the street and accosted that busy individual.

"Eeee-long mooo allie Park Avenue?" demanded Whiz Bang.

"Pardon me, what did you say?" inquired the Chinaman.

Whiz Bang repeated his inquiry, lapsing into a still weirder patois. The Chinaman stared at the pathetic little figure bowed down with the heavy load, and slowly shook his head.

"Can't understand you at all. Go over there and see that policeman. He will direct you." And with this advice he passed on.

Whiz Bang moved along the street. He stopped several people and tried to explain what he wanted to know. Some laughed quite openly at him, others shrugged their shoulders and hurried on. It was getting very hot. The fish were decidedly heavy. Whiz Bang felt little waves of heat rising from the sidewalks. The rush and roar of traffic mingled with the shouts of children, and the cries of venders filled the air. Trains rattled over the Bridge with such tremendous vibrations that Whiz Bang would dodge with nervousness. He was lost. Now he was sure of it. He and the General's fish might never reach home. Tears of distress came to his eyes. As he neared Broadway a policeman approached. Whiz Bang brightened a little. Here was a uniform. Of course this meant a "push" of some sort, but it might land him near Park Avenue. He planted himself squarely before the policeman and, with the most ingratiating smile he could muster, began his pleading chant:

"Plees, où est Park Avenue, Whiz Bang beaucoup fish Gen'l wants, plees dites moi, Whiz Bang come Gen'l." The officer stared hard at the nervous little object before him.

"What's the matter. Feel sick?" he questioned. Whiz Bang raised his voice. He was getting desperate. The fish were terribly heavy. He shifted them to his back. He was used to loads on his back. He repeated his question. The officer heard the word Park. He was not sure if it was Park Row or some other kind of Park that was needed. He concluded it was the Subway the boy wanted.

"You say a General wants the fish? What General?"

"General Perc." Whiz Bang knew that Mrs. Earl called the General Percy. The last name was of no import to Whiz Bang.

"General Pershing wants a fish?" The policeman shook his head, contemplating Bellevue Hospital Psychopathic Ward. However, he decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Where did you come from," he asked sharply. Whiz Bang became voluble but in his own patois. The words "Fulton" and "fish" were quoted many times.

"You certainly sound fuller than a fish," the policeman remarked, much to the pleasure of several bystanders who had drawn near, thinking there was an altercation going on.

"Well, you just go up there, see, to that Subway entrance. Go dow-

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stairs and put a nickel in the gate, and get on the train. Tell the man there what you have told me and God help him to understand. Savvy?" Whiz Bang still gazed at the policeman. The officer leaned forward and pushed him toward the Subway. This was language Whiz Bang understood. He whirled swiftly. As he did so, the heavy tail of the salmon, now balanced on the little Chinaman's back, swung far out, catching the policeman on the jaw and clipping two pedestrians full in the face.

"What the devil!" sputtered the officer. He turned angrily on a red-faced man beside him.

"What hit me?" he roared.

"I don't know what hit you," snapped the man, "but I'd give a good deal to know what hit me." Several began to laugh.

"Just a poor fish," volunteered some one trying to be funny.

"Poor fish, yourself." The man with the red face was growing angry. He was hot and had had a bad morning with his employer. There might have been trouble had not the policeman regained his dignity and scattered the crowd.

Meanwhile Whiz Bang had broken into a lope. He had understood what the policeman had said to him. Once the chauffeur had taken him to the Grand Central in the Subway. He had remembered that. He now made his way down the stairs and, seeing the gates, plunged forward, only to be brought up with a resounding blow in the solar-plexus region. Whiz Bang gasped and emitted a howl of pain and rage. The gate would not work. These gates, it would be well to explain for any one not familiar with them, work automatically. One drops a nickel in the slot, and then pushes forward, the gate snapping to behind. Passengers from trains who wish to find an exit can always come through the gate, providing no nickel has been inserted, but those who want to board trains must, of course, pay to enter. The nickel meant nothing in Whiz Bang's young life. He worked at the gate frantically. Some one was pushing behind. A line of perspiring men rushed before him. "Push," some one yelled. Whiz Bang rolled his eyes heavenward. He knew that command. The crowd behind pushed, the crowd in front pushed. Whiz Bang began to weaken. A scream pierced the air. Every one ceased pushing. A very stout lady wedged firmly behind Whiz Bang was clutching her neck. A uniform appeared from somewhere.

"What's the matter here?"

"It's something cold and wet in that Chinaman's bundle—oh let me out! I'm ill!" The woman moaned.

"The gate is stuck," some one called.

"Well, let us out," yelled another voice. Somebody reached from behind Whiz Bang and shoved a nickel down the slot. Instantly Whiz Bang shot through the gate, receiving a terrific slap from behind. The crowd surged on him, the train ground to a stop, doors were flung open. A stream of people crowded out, jostling each other backward and forward. Whiz Bang was in a mad-house. He tried to turn around. Some one yelled in fury as a wet scaley fin struck him across the back of his head. His hat fell off, a very new straw hat. It was probably the hat's falling that saved Whiz Bang from a premature death. Whiz Bang was innocent of what went on behind him. His little back nearly broken with the weight of his burden, streams of sweat running down his frantic face, he stubbornly beat his way into the fiery interior of the train. At last the doors closed, or nearly closed. They would have closed completely had not the tail of Whiz Bang's pink salmon been left out. In vain the guard opened and slammed the doors.

"Say," he yelled at last, "what the heck is stopping them doors from closing?" Heads were screwed around. Whiz Bang and his burden became the focus of many eyes.

"It's a Chink, here, with a bundle on his back," some one called.

"Push him out. We can't stay here all day." The door reopened. Whiz Bang felt the "pushes" coming. A flare of anguish went through him. The General was again going to lose his fish. With one claw-like little hand he clutched a coat before him. The crowd pushed. Whiz Bang clutched. "Here you, Chink, let go there." A man tried to wrench his hand off. Whiz Bang felt himself slipping. Suddenly he whirled. The salmon's tail, now badly mangled

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and distinctly odorous, struck out. A hurried retreat followed. Whiz Bang entered. Bells rang violently, the door slammed and the train moved slowly out.

"My God, what's he got in there?"

"He has murdered somebody."

"No, it's a fish. Whew, I can't stand this." Whiz Bang, oblivious to the remarks about him, half rested his burden against the jamb of the inside door. The heat rose in waves from the hot bodies around him. Whiz Bang's fish were no exception. They had little heat waves all their own, heavily laden with aroma. The entire car became uneasy. Handkerchiefs fluttered, hats were waved frantically. Whiz Bang decided to turn around. As he started to move there was a sharp report as of a pistol. Lights flashed out, then the train came to a jerking stop.

Several women screamed and men called out. Two dim little emergency lights glowed at each end of the car, a bluish smoke curled out towards the open windows.

"Every one keep quiet. It's just a fuse blown out. Every one keep quiet please. We'll be all right in a minute," the guards called reassuringly through the cars. The crowd was uneasy. Some, hanging wearily on straps, twisted and turned nervously; others muttered among themselves. Men cursed, snapping and resnapping watches, asking useless questions of the harrowed guards. Whiz Bang took the explosion quite calmly. He was used to explosions. Not being familiar with Subways, he concluded this was a part of the program. It was all hot and noisy and smelly. Sometimes the trains moved and many times they didn't, he supposed.

He decided to finish turning around. Some one had wedged close behind him and he had to struggle a little to swing clear. When he did, the result was instantaneous, and he lurched around. The heavy paper that wrapped his fish, now well soaked from the ice and water they had been saturated in, had gradually given way. The final tug that he gave had loosened one end. Out flew a small goggled-eyed flounder, landing on the ample bosom of a very fat lady whose ancestors must have left Africa a trifle more casually than she left her seat.

"Lord A'mighty, listen to youse suffering chile," she screamed. "Take that clutch o'deaf off this chile's heart." With her eyes tight shut and her arms raised she sank slowly to a huddled heap on the Subway floor. Because of the concentrated mass of humanity packed closely about, Louisa Washington's fall had been as slowly impressive as the sinking of a discarded dreadnaught, and just as surely as waters flow over the disappearing hulls of our tremendous ships, so surged the crowd over Louisa's large figure. Just what had happened to her no one fully realized. The most that concerned those about was the yawning vacancy that Louisa had left on the Subway seats. She groaned as the rush sprawled over her, vainly trying to "land" that seat.

This unusual disturbance aroused Whiz Bang to the extent of a desire to turn again. The death of his fish was by this time a widely mourned fact, and Whiz Bang's sphere of movement had become almost unimpeded. He moved a little toward the guard. He, too, would ask a question.

"Plees, this car allie Park Avenue, Whiz Bang allie, Gen'l Perc want fish?"

"Shut up," yelled the guard. "Get over there near the door. Whew!"

"Say," called a man, "can't you shunt him into the next car. I'm getting awfully sick." This idea was met with great enthusiasm, and the guard, aided by persuasive individuals, began to propel Whiz Bang toward the rear car. Whiz Bang resisted. "Plees, I go Gen'l Perc, Park Avenue, beaucoup fish."

"Sure, sure, that's right. There's the car you want. That will take you to General Pershing and you can give him all the fish he wants." Whiz Bang was shoved into the next car. Here the same hot, distracted masses greeted him.

No one moved. He hung half suspended on the ribs of those near him. Outside, voices called, a lantern waved, lights flashed—and then silence.

"Oh, I feel very ill," a woman groaned, "what is that terrible thing I smell?" Noses were elevated. Whiz Bang's magic circle began to fo

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He felt easier. One of his feet had gone to sleep. His arm was very stiff. He wriggled out and slung his load to the other shoulder. Instantly pandemonium broke loose. Far down the length of the car shrieks and cries could be heard. People shoved and fought.

"It's down my back, it's gone down my back," screamed some one.

"Fire!" shrieked a voice. Panic followed. Whiz Bang's last turn to ease his load had flung half a dozen of the General's choicest fish throughout the darkened car. Wet, slimy and appallingly fishy, they landed among an already tensely nervous crowd. It was a final tip to the scales, and Whiz Bang provided both tip and scales.

Pinned against the heavy steel door by the frantic crowd, Whiz Bang half crouched, trying to save his precious salmon from complete destruction. He could stand just so much, but not even a little more. Rage gathered in his breast. If these queer American people always traveled this way, they were at liberty to do so. He would not. He far preferred to work with a broom on a shelltorn road in France or drive an ammunition truck through spattering bullets. These idiots evidently liked noise. They wanted more. Whiz Bang proceeded to give them what they wanted. Holding his salmon now in both arms, he pushed his square little back against the wall of the car and began to roar. High wailing, earsplitting howls cut across the heavy blue smoke of the cars, far down the tracks. At the beginning and end of each howl, Whiz Bang would swing his salmon, hitting out right and left with the flopping, mangled tail.

"He is mad," gasped a woman. "We are shut up to be burned alive with a maniac." Whiz Bang now found space enough to whirl in. He whirled. The remaining half-dozen fish scattered far and near. Now the sound of breaking glass and frenzied cries rose for blocks. Police whistles blew, gratings were raised, muffled shouts arose.

"Fire, police, help, we have a maniac here!"

Hundreds of volunteer workers rushed to the spot. Fire engines with sirens and whistles blowing thundered to the rescue. Ambulances sped with clanging bells, while squads of reserves from the police force kept the growing crowd back. Hurried exits were ripped open and then the first of the victims were lifted out. With hair awry and dresses and coats torn, flecked with blood, they made a sorry sight. The ambulance surgeon ran forward.

"But these people are bruised, not cut," he said, as one after another appeared. "Where on earth did all the blood come from?"

"The maniac," they cried, pointing down where the fireman and police were struggling with something that whirled and howled. Whiz Bang was forced up and surrounded by a guard. The traffic stood at a halt. Fire engines lined the streets, police patrols and ambulance hovered near, reporters eagerly pushed through to front positions, cameras clicked.

Whiz Bang glared about him, his face contorted, still swinging the fish, still chanting.

An official car swung close, the Chief of Police saluted and stepped aside. A tall, erect man left the car and advanced with authority. "What caused the trouble, Chief?" he asked. The whirling ceased, the rolling eyes narrowed, the distorted countenance of the little Chinese became almost benign. Straightening his torn clothes and slinging the salmon to a gory salute, a manoeuver which missed the ambulance surgeon by just a fin, Whiz Bang turned his back completely upon the Chief of Police and, bowing low before the tall figure, he softly crooned, "Gen'l want much fish, big fish, little fish. Gen'l, Whiz Bang come!"

It is needless to add that General Earl left within the hour for the Adirondacks. Also it seems quite superfluous to add that, for obvious reasons, Whiz Bang sat inside the closed car. As the General passed the familiar boundaries of the city line, he glared at Whiz Bang's tranquil countenance, for, shrilling above the hum of traffic, could be heard:

"Extra! Extra! All about the big Subway tie-up. General Earl's Chinese goes mad! Extra!"

Yes, it all happened because of a Friday. One would show extreme tact not to mention the episode to General Earl, should one encounter him.

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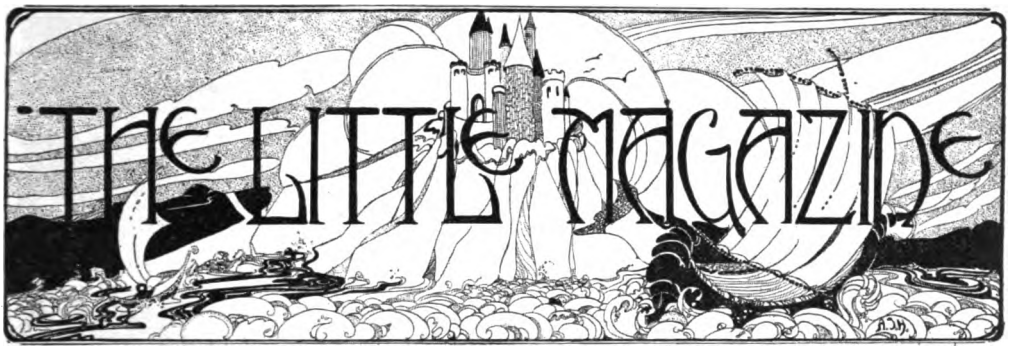

THE VISION AT PANAMA

A recently discovered letter written by

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

IN May of the year 1502, Columbus, weary, gray-haired, despondent and not long released from chains, set sail from Cadiz with four caravels. The objective of this, his fourth and last voyage, was his lifelong desire, the discovery of the Western Passage to Asia. He hoped to circumnavigate the globe. Natives had informed him that a strait existed on *tierra firme*. To find this strait, which he believed to be the route to India, was his determined purpose.

He was hampered in every way. Not only were his ships small and he himself prematurely aged, but he was under direct orders from King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella that on no condition, while on his westward voyage, was he to land upon the coast of Española.

How strange a contrast with his former honors! Once, as "the very magnificent Lord Don Christopher Columbus, High Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands and Tierra Firme," he had held sway over Española and the other vast and rich possessions his own genius had bestowed upon the Crown of Spain. But, through the influence of enemies and ambitious men at Court, he had been deposed by royal mandate. He had been arrested in Española, by Bobadilla, the new Governor sent out to depose him, who had, without trial, thrown him into chains, stripped him of his possessions and shipped him to Spain.

There, however, Columbus had been fully vindicated, although his honors and property had not been restored. His presence at Court and his urgent claims had proved embarrassing to those who were injuring him, so his Sovereigns had urged his immediate departure on a fourth voyage. They had strictly prohibited his stopping at Española.

Columbus, thus humiliated, pursued his way toward *tierra firme* with determination and courage. A fierce tempest arose. With stern poetic justice, that same hurricane, while Columbus and his ships were struggling on to safety, overwhelmed and sunk a fleet carrying to Spain not only Bobadilla, who himself had been deposed, but also a part of Columbus' stolen treasure. Meanwhile Columbus, storm-driven, fever-smitten, propelled by faith and hope, coasted Central America with his little armada, entering bays and rivers in a vain search for the strait.

Curiously enough, for more than a month he remained in the neighborhood of Limon Bay and the Chagres River. How little he realized that four centuries thence the Western Passage to Asia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would be cut at that very spot. How his melancholy eyes would have glowed could he have seen twin Panama cities rising, named for him, Cristobal and

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Colon. As it was, he established the first settlement on the American mainland, on the bank of a river which he named Belem in honor of the visit of the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem. The settlement was unsuccessful. But there, almost at the gateway of the future Panama Canal, he had this Vision.

He recorded the Vision later while lying stranded on the Island of Jamaica. He recorded it in a long letter reporting his voyage, a letter of appeal, a cry from his despairing heart and soul to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. He despatched it by the hands of Indians. Here are selections from the letter:

Most serene and very high and mighty Princes, the King and Queen our Sovereigns:

On reaching the island of Española I was forbidden to go on shore. The tempest was terrible throughout the night. All the ships were separated, and each one driven to the last extremity without hope of anything but death. What man was ever born, not even excepting Job, who would not have been ready to die of despair at finding himself as I then was, in anxious fear for my own safety, and that of my son, my brother, and my friends, and yet refused permission either to land or to put into harbor on the shores which, by God's mercy, I had gained for Spain, sweating blood?

But to return to the ships: although the tempest had so completely separated them from me as to leave me single, yet the Lord restored them to me in His own good time. Eighty-eight days did this fearful tempest continue, during which I was at sea, and saw neither sun nor stars. My ships lay exposed with sails torn, and an-

The librarian of Spanish monastery aided

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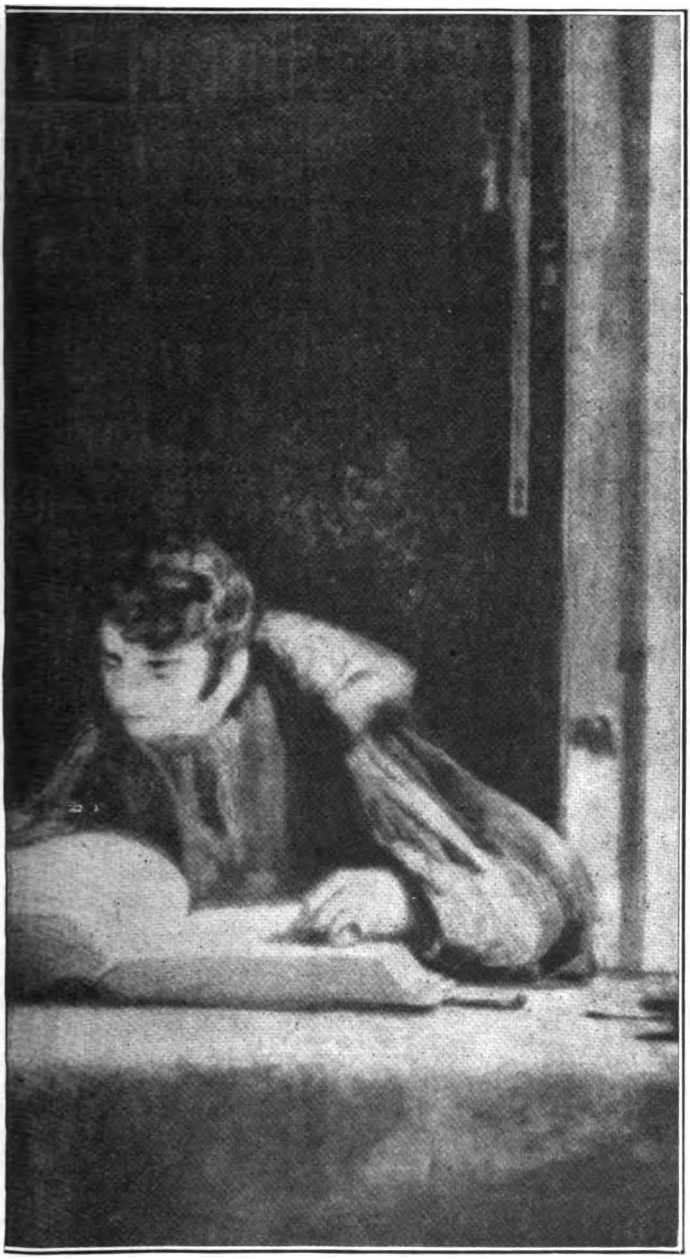
chors, rigging, cables, boats, and a great quantity of provisions lost. My people were very weak and humbled in spirit, many of them promising to lead a religious life, and all making vows and promising to perform pilgrimages, while some of them would frequently go to their messmates to make confession.

I myself had fallen sick, and was many times at the point of death. But, from a little cabin that I had caused to be constructed on deck, I directed our course. Such is my fate that the twenty years of service, through which I have passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing. And at this very day, I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own. If I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill.

I reached the land of Cariay [near the mouth of the River San Juan de Nicaragua] where I stopped to repair my vessels and take in provisions, as well as to afford relaxation to the men who had become very weak. I myself gained information respecting the gold mines of which I was in search and two Indians conducted me to Carambaru [near the border between Costa Rica and Panama] where the people, who go naked, wear golden mirrors round their necks, which they will neither sell, give, nor part with



Washington Irving's search for Columbus manuscripts.

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for any consideration. They named to me many places on the sea-coast where there were both gold and mines. The last that they mentioned was Veragua. I found on the way another port, which I named Retrete, where I put in for shelter with as much risk as regret, the ships being in sad condition. I remained there fifteen days. I had already made four leagues when the storm recommenced and wearied me to such a degree that I absolutely knew not what to do. My wound reopened, and for nine days my life was despaired of. Never was the sea so high, so terrific, and so covered with foam. Not only did the wind oppose our proceeding onward, but it also rendered it highly dangerous to run in for any headland and kept me in that sea, which seemed to me as a sea of blood seething like a caldron on a mighty fire.

Christopher Columbus. The Rincon portrait.

Never did the sky look more fearful. During one day and one night it burned like a furnace, and every instant I looked to see if my masts and my sails were not destroyed. For the lightnings flashed with such alarming fury that we all thought the ships must have been consumed. All this time the waters from heaven never ceased descending, not to say that it rained, for it was like a repetition of the Deluge. Twice already had the ships suffered loss in boats, anchors, and rigging, and were now lying bare without sails.

When it pleased our Lord, I returned to Puerto Gordo, where I recruited my condition as well as I could. On the day of the Epiphany I reached Veragua in a state of exhaustion. There, by the Lord's goodness, I found a river and a safe harbor. Having building materials in abundance, I established a settlement, and made many presents to the Quibian, which is the name they gave to the lord of the country. I plainly saw that harmony would not last long, for the natives are of a very rough disposition and the Spaniards very encroaching; and, moreover, I had taken possession of land belonging to the Quibian.

In April the vessels were so eaten with the toredo [shipworm], that they could scarcely be kept above water. The boats were sent back into the river for water and salt. But the sea became so high and furious that it afforded them no chance of exit. Upon which the Indians collected themselves together in great numbers, and made an attack upon the boats, and at length massacred the men.

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My brother and all the rest of our people were in a ship which remained inside. I was alone, outside, upon that dangerous coast, suffering from a severe fever and worn with fatigue. All hope of escape was gone. I toiled up to the highest part of the ship, and, with a quivering voice and fast-falling tears, I called upon your Highnesses' war-captains from each point of the compass, to come to my succor. But there was no reply.

At length, groaning with exhaustion, I fell asleep, and heard a compassionate voice address me thus:

"O fool, and slow to believe and to serve thy God, the God of all!

"What did he do more for Moses or for David, his servant, than He has done for thee? From thine infancy He has kept thee under His constant and watchful care. When He saw thee arrive at an age which suited His designs respecting thee, He brought wonderful renown to thy name throughout all the land. He gave thee for thine own the Indies, which form so rich a portion of the world, and thou hast divided them as it pleased thee, for He gave thee power to do so. He gave thee, also, the keys of those barriers of the Ocean Sea, which were closed with such mighty chains. And thou wast obeyed through many lands, and gained an honorable fame throughout Christendom . . . Turn to Him and acknowledge thine error. His mercy is infinite . . . Thou criest out for uncertain help. Answer! Who has afflicted thee so much and so often, God or the World?

"The privileges promised by God, He never fails in bestowing. Even now He partially shows thee the reward of so many toils and dangers incurred by thee in the service of others."

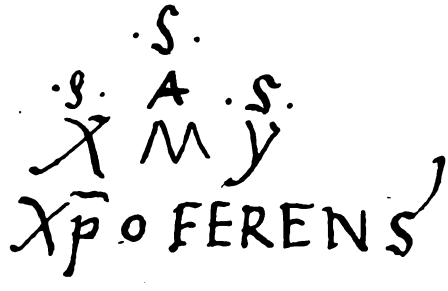
I heard all this as it were in a trance. But I had no answer to give in definite words, and could but weep for my errors. He who spoke to me, whoever it was, concluded by saying:

"Fear not, but trust. All these tribulations are recorded on marble, and not without cause." . . .

Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth, and justice!

Done in the Indies, in the island of Jamaica, on the seventh day of July, in the year one thousand five hundred and three.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



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COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller

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THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

THE WORLD THAT WAS LATE

By ARTHUR MEE

ONCE upon a time a world was missing, and two men went in search of it. They found it.

It was one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind. No man had seen it go, but the world had left its path. It had made a call on its way and it was late in arriving, and all the astronomers of the earth were baffled. What could have happened to the missing world? *It had gone a little way to meet another world,* a thousand million miles beyond it, a world no man had ever seen, of which no man had ever heard; and when the truant world came back, like a prodigal son of the universe, there was written one of the most amazing tales of discovery that has yet been put in a book.

It began long ago and far away; we must go back fifty thousand days in time and thousands of millions of miles in space. We must think of all this rolling universe, so immeasurably greater than we know, of all these depths of wonder that lie beyond conception, world after world revolving round the sun through boundless realms past all our understanding. We must think of all these vast immensities that make the mind stagger and reel. Man does not know, he cannot think, how great a house he lives in. Wider than his imagining, deeper than his dreams, is the wonder in which God has set him.

But we must keep to one small corner of these illimitable realms. We must think of a little world that spins through space about eighteen hundred million miles away from us, a world that is not yet finished, scores of times bigger than the earth, but not yet cool and solid, a sort of boiling, vaporous mass, thirty thousand miles across, with a year as long as eighty of ours. It is called Uranus.

For centuries Uranus had been seen. Thousands of times the old astronomers of Assyria and Chaldea must have looked at it and thought it a star, and we know that Uranus was seen more than two hundred years ago, when a man put it down in a record of the stars. But it was thought to be a star and no more. It was not till about a century after that that Uranus was found to be a planet, one of the sun's great family of worlds. It was the first planet to be discovered in human history.

It lay far beyond the path of the most distant planet known. The universe beyond the orbit of Saturn was impenetrable darkness to man, except for the eternal movement of the stars. Men knew the little group of worlds that keep us company round the sun—Venus and Mercury and Mars and Jupiter and Saturn—but Saturn was the boundary-line of knowledge. We knew there were worlds on this side of its path, but no man dreamed that there were worlds beyond.

It was an organist at Bath, looking through his home-made telescope, who saw Uranus on March 13, 1781, and knew it to be more than a star. His name was William Herschel, the first man on earth to discover a planet. He could not know all that is known to-day from his discovery; he could not trace Uranus through the heavens and mark its track as we can do, for Uranus goes round the sun but once in a century. It takes eighty-one years to complete the journey round the sun which our earth makes between January and December, and life is all too short for discoverers of worlds like these to complete their observations. But men may come and men may go, and their work goes on forever. Other men watched Uranus, other men marked its track, and there is not an hour of its journey since Herschel first saw it that has not been noted down. We know where it was on any day since it was found; we

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know where it was on any day before it was found; we know where it will be on any day in a thousand years or ten thousand years to come. The universe does not fail; its wheels go round while nations rise and fall and mountains crumble into dust.

It was Uranus that was missing one day. Every day and every hour it had been watched since William Herschel found it. Every movement was recorded that a history might be made of the full circle of its eighty-one years. Herschel's work on earth was ending, and Uranus was half-way round its circle, when one day it was missing from its path. A French astronomer, keeping his time-tables of the worlds, found in 1821 that Uranus had gone. The world was not there. He could not believe his eyes.

It is true the world appeared soon after, but it came up late. It was out of its place, and the watchmen of the skies were all bewildered. A train may be a minute late, a ship may be a day late, but these things do not happen in the universe. And Uranus continued to be late. The time-table that was wrong in 1821 was still wrong in 1830. Uranus was out of her path by 20 seconds in 1830, by 90 seconds in 1840, by 128 seconds in 1846. Nothing like this had happened in the memory of astronomy, and the wanderings of Uranus were the talk of observatories for a quarter of a century. Nowhere in the skies was anything more exciting. Something tremendous, something unknown, was happening somewhere. One of the greatest mysteries ever presented to the mind of man was awaiting his solution.

It is the way of man to solve his mysteries. He is not beaten by puzzling things that happen in the depths of space. He stands on the shore of the ocean and looks out across the sea, and knows what is happening there; he stands with his feet upon the earth, looking out into the universe, and knows what is happening there. The laws by which worlds go round are fixed, and do not break. For a hundred million years and more the worlds have moved around the sun, and they do not leave their path without a mighty cause.

What happened with Uranus was that our time-tables were wrong. It was the first planet the explorers of the skies had found. It had gone only half-way round its path when it was missed. It was expected to follow a particular path, according to all known laws; it followed the path for forty years and then swerved outward. It had been doing that for millions of years and no man had seen it, and what was happening now, with the farthest world we knew leaving us to reach out farther still, was almost incredible to the men who were looking on. For behind this outward swerve of Uranus must be some momentous power. Till forty years before the path of Saturn was the boundary of our knowledge of the planets, but Uranus was as far beyond Saturn as Saturn was beyond the earth, and what the swerve of Uranus meant was that there was something farther still, something perhaps as far beyond Uranus as Uranus is from Saturn.

It meant that this new world, more than a thousand million miles from the earth, was pulled out by another world a thousand million miles farther still.

The bounds of space were widening fast. The discovery of Uranus was a triumph of knowledge, but something greater still was now to come, for the discovery of a world beyond it was a mighty leap of faith. More and more, as we go through this world, we see how much greater than knowledge is faith. The great discoverers live on it; it is their bread of life. One of the greatest discoverers our time has known—Lord Kelvin—was never quite sure of his way. He would work up to some great point, proving as he went that two and two make four, and then there would come a moment when, as he said, "his mind would make a mortal spring out beyond anything that he or any man could prove," and this great leap of faith would always lead him right. When the next steps were taken, and all the facts looked into, his faith was justified.

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And so it was faith that found another world beyond the farthest world we knew. If men tell you that faith is nothing, tell them that faith found Neptune, 2750 million miles away. Long before the first telescope was turned towards Neptune men knew that it was there. They saw it in faith as Columbus saw America from Genoa. They saw it as Francis Drake, up a tree at Panama, saw his English ship sailing the Pacific. They saw it as George Stephenson saw his railway girdling the whole earth, as Wilberforce saw the slaves set free. They saw it as we see the face of Europe smiling once again, with these dark days behind us, with the earth at peace, crowning her children with abundance in happier lands.

This mighty leap of faith that bridged a thousand million miles beyond the last milestone of knowledge was soon to be tested, and to be justified abundantly. Uranus was lost in 1821. Twelve years later it was suggested that there must be a disturbing body beyond it; twelve years later still the disturbing body was found. It was found by arithmetic. But for two young men who were clever with arithmetic at school we might never have known of Neptune.

What these two men did was to justify the faith in Neptune by arithmetic. Think for a moment why an apple falls to the ground. It falls because the center of the earth pulls everything towards it. So water runs downhill and finds its deepest depth. Every atom in the world attracts every other atom. If it were not so, things would not hold together. So, by what we call the law of gravitation, the center of the earth draws everything towards it, and this attraction of matter, this pull of a big body that acts on all smaller bodies, operates throughout the universe. The sun and all his worlds, the millions of bodies that whirl forever through the solar system, are held in their place and kept in their path by the perfect balance gravitation has established between them. One planet affects another, and astronomy accounts for all their mutual influences. We know the effect that Venus has on Mercury and Mercury on Mars. We know how Jupiter will pull the earth when they come to their nearest point on some far-distant day.

And so it was with Uranus. There could be no other explanation except that an unknown world was pulling it. We knew when Uranus was pulled, we knew how far it was pulled; what was now to be worked out was the nature of the force that pulled it. It was just a question of arithmetic.

If a world of such a size, traveling at such a rate 1750 *million miles away, was* 30 *seconds late in arriving at a given point, what was the size and speed and distance and pull of the force that kept it back, and when would this unknown force arrive at a given point?*

That was the problem two men set out to solve. It is good to remember that one was French and the other was English; we were allies so long ago. It does us no harm to remember, also, that these allies who did the work gave a German the first sight of Neptune; we were willing to be friendly so long ago.

The two mathematicians, neither knowing the other, were Urbain Leverrier in France and Professor J. C. Adams at Cambridge. The story of how they did their sum, working for months at their figures, is one of the greatest chapters in the history of arithmetic, but what will interest us specially is that the race for Neptune ended almost in a tie. We must give them equal credit, but the honor of discovering Neptune would almost certainly have been England's if a certain professor at Cambridge had had a map of the stars.

It was in October, 1845, that Professor Adams, working in St. John's College at Cambridge, sent to Greenwich Observatory his calculations showing that the wanderings of Uranus might be accounted for by a planet of which he gave the distance, the rate of motion, the longitude, the eccentricity, and the mass. One month later Leverrier read his first paper on the subject, and nine months later, in June, 1846, he published his calculations. It would seem that in all that time the calcula-

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tions of Professor Adams had not been used at Greenwich, but at the end of July in 1846, a month after Leverrier's figures appeared, Professor Adams wrote to his friend Professor Challis at Cambridge and asked him to search for the unknown world.

Professor Challis began his search and found over three thousand stars, and we know now that he must have observed the new planet three times, the first time on August 4, 1846. *Three times he saw a new world without knowing it.* He had not, unfortunately, a copy of the chart of the stars which would have enabled him to pick out the planet easily, and so it may be said that for want of a scrap of paper Professor Challis lost a world.

On the last day of August, 1846, Leverrier read another paper with details, his figures being amazingly close to the figures of Professor Adams, and two days later Adams sent the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich a second set of calculations. That was on September 2; and on September 10 a great astronomer told the British Association that they were on the eve of the discovery of a world no man had seen. "We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain," he said. "Its movements have been felt trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty hardly inferior to sight."

Eight days after that, Leverrier wrote to Dr. Galle, the astronomer at the observatory at Berlin, and asked him to turn his telescope to a particular spot in the sky. "There," he wrote to Dr. Galle, "you will see a planet which I have not seen, and which no human eye has ever seen, but it must lie in that spot because calculations have pointed out the necessity for its existence."

The Germans were scientific even then. Dr. Galle had an accurate chart of the stars in the region Leverrier described. On September 23, 1846, he turned his telescope to the spot and found a bright light that was not on his chart. There could be only two reasons why it was not there: either it was a star that had sprung into sight since the chart was made, or it was a wandering planet that was elsewhere when the chart was made. We know now that it was Neptune, the most distant world we know.

We known now that Neptune was seen by human eyes fifty years before. As John Flamsteed saw Uranus a lifetime before Herschel found it, so John Lalande saw Neptune fifty years before it was first seen from Berlin. But each of these men saw a world without knowing it; they thought them stars, and put them down in their catalogues of stars. So the old astronomers must have seen them without knowing, but in the case of John Lalande and Neptune fate was in its tantalizing mood. He had seen this bright light on the eighth of May, but as its position was different on the tenth he thought he must have been mistaken on the eighth. If he had thought a little longer it might have occurred to him that the reason why the light was in a different place was because it was a traveling planet and not a fixed star. It is strange he should have missed his dazzling opportunity; he was on the point of an immortal discovery and did not know it.

And so Neptune, the farthest bound of human knowledge in the solar system, was seen by at least two men before it was known as a world.

That is how faith and arithmetic found a world—a world ninety times bigger than the earth and not far short of three thousand million miles away from the sun. It is still like a boiling mass; it has not yet shaped itself or cooled into a solid. We know that it has elements that make it up which are unlike any elements on earth, but we know very little of this stupendous world that rolls and rolls and rolls so far beyond our dreams. It has not yet completed its first circle round the sun since it was found in 1846. The earth goes round the sun in 365 days; Neptune goes round in 165 years. It was first seen at Leverrier's given point in 1846; it will not be there again until 2010.

Where will this world be then, and you and I?

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THIS PIGEON WON A WAR MEDAL

CHER AMI as he is called—which is French for "dear friend"—wears the feathered uniform of Pigeon Company No. 1 which was part of the great American Expeditionary Force.

Cher Ami's first duty was to remember everything about his new coop at Rembrandt, back of the fighting line in France. This he did so quickly that his captain very soon remarked, "Cher Ami is a real soldier."

That was why he was sent with the Seventy-seventh Division right into the thick of the fighting in those thrilling days of the Argonne struggle. And, when his own battalion was beset and left unsupported in that strange desperate enemy country, how Cher Ami did want to fly with the message for help! And sure enough, the cage door was opened, and with the words, "Do your best, Cher Ami!" his captain fastened to Cher Ami's leg the precious little message tube telling of the "Lost Battalion's" plight.

Up into the air he circled. An instant only did he hesitate, and then off like a shot he darted, straight for the Rembrandt coop.

So swift and sure was Cher Ami's flight that the "Lost Battalion" gives him credit for the help that came "just in time." For the captain told Cher Ami so, as he stroked the feathers of the faithful little messenger.

Cher Ami heard the soldiers about him talk of General Pershing, and of how a word of praise from him meant more, so they said, than even a D. S. C. I'd like to fly for General Pershing," thought Cher Ami, not dreaming that he was soon to have his wish.

Soon there came the great day when the Yanks—with the Seventy-seventh included—crossed the Meuse River opposite Sedan. They had reached the goal set for them, having defeated the enemy and cut his line of communications. Nothing but surrender or an armistice could now save the Germans!

How Cher Ami trembled with joy when the cage door of his field basket was opened and he knew that he had been chosen to carry the glad news! The hand of the sergeant who fastened the message tube under the feathers of Cher Ami's left leg also trembled for joy, and his voice shook a little, as he whispered, "Straight to General Pershing, Cher Ami!" And then tossed the trusty bird high into the air.

Like a flash of lightning Cher Ami was off. Never had he flown so swiftly. But German snipers were still about, on the lookout for just such messengers. Amid the flash of shots there came a sharp sudden pain. A German bullet had grazed Cher Ami's breast, and his left leg, with its precious tube, was broken and dangled by a mere shred of bleeding skin. With all his strength Cher Ami drew the stub of his leg and its precious message close up to his breast. He felt the blood drop, drop, dropping away, but he never wavered.

On he flew, thirty-seven long miles. Would he ever reach that coop—and General Pershing? Cher Ami did his best, and at last alighted on the welcome perch. Just as the coop door opened, he fainted.

It was a strange hand, gently stroking his feathers, that finally awakened Cher Ami. He felt very queer and weak and lay quite still, not even caring to open his eyes. Then he heard a strange voice saying:

"Cher Ami shall be recommended for the D. S. C. There isn't anything the United States can do too much for this bird. I want him back in Washington, the best cared-for bird that ever was."

The strange voice paused and the familiar voice of Cher Ami's captain answered:

"Yes, sir, General Pershing. You can trust us to take care of him."

You may be sure that Cher Ami is a proud and happy bird to-day as he recalls, in the comforts of peace, the hardships and glory of the World War.

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PUCK IN PASTURE

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

'T was after a wild and a hedgerow night
I woke from my sleep the morn,
And I heard a Parson saying his prayers
All under a sweet white thorn.

O solemn and lovely the words he said,
Each word like a homing dove,
Till I grew ashamed of my ill-spent life
And the fern-seed manner thereof.

"O I will go down to Farmer Brown
His cot in the rushy glen,
And ask for work, and I'll bear my part,
A man in the world of men."

So I routed me up to a mortal size
With a voice that I thickened rough,
"And could I have bed for milking the cows,
And the milk would be board enough?"

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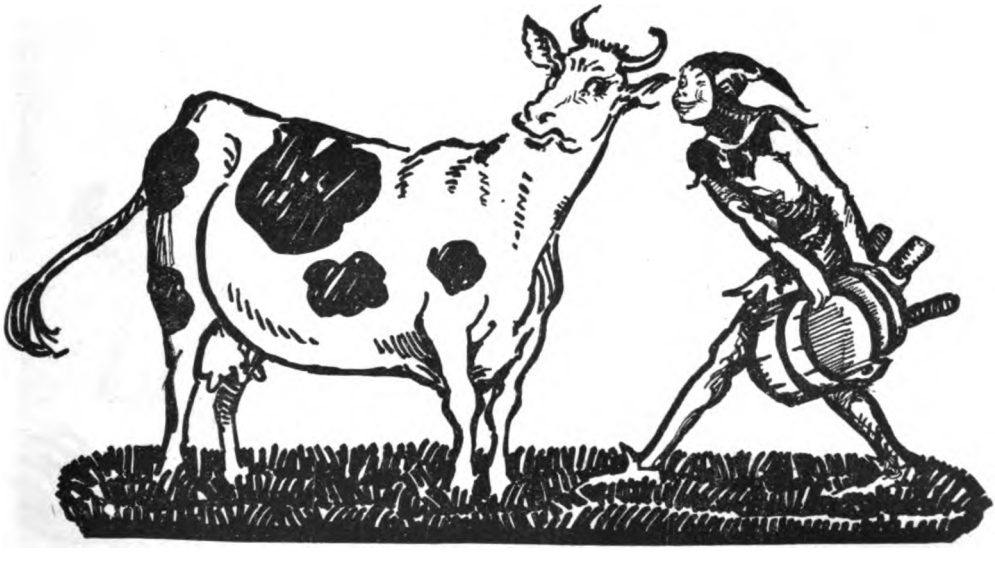
"I'm thinking you've milked more purses than cows,"
  Says the Farmer astraddle the lea
With his two big boots in a cowslip bed,
  "So it's see and believe, for me!"

Well, the first that I tackled was old Brown Bess,
  And she was a shirker sure,
But I shot her stiff with a few cold words
  On her ways wi' the Bull o' the Moor.

And I milked her hard, and I milked her fast,
  And she dared not flicker one red
Square half inch of her old cow hide,
  And the eyes popped out of his head.

"Well, I milked her boy, and milked her man,
  But never in all my days
Has the old cow frothered up such a pail!"
  And the milk sang a roundelays,



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Hollow and sweet in the empty pail,
  Tinkling round the brim,
Hushy and soft when the pail was full,
  And O that was the beat of him.

II

Once out in the pasture I shunted size
  And I mounted a mullen stalk,
And I gave the cattle (the ill-geered folk!)
  The a-hem of a Fairy talk.

Then I drove them here, and I drove them there,
  Wherever the grass was sweet,
Till their bellies bulged like a turnip top
  Set over their rootlet feet.

O I hunted them here, and I hunted them there,
  With whoop and halloo between,
Till little they grew, and nimble and sweet
  Like the droves of the Fairy Queen.

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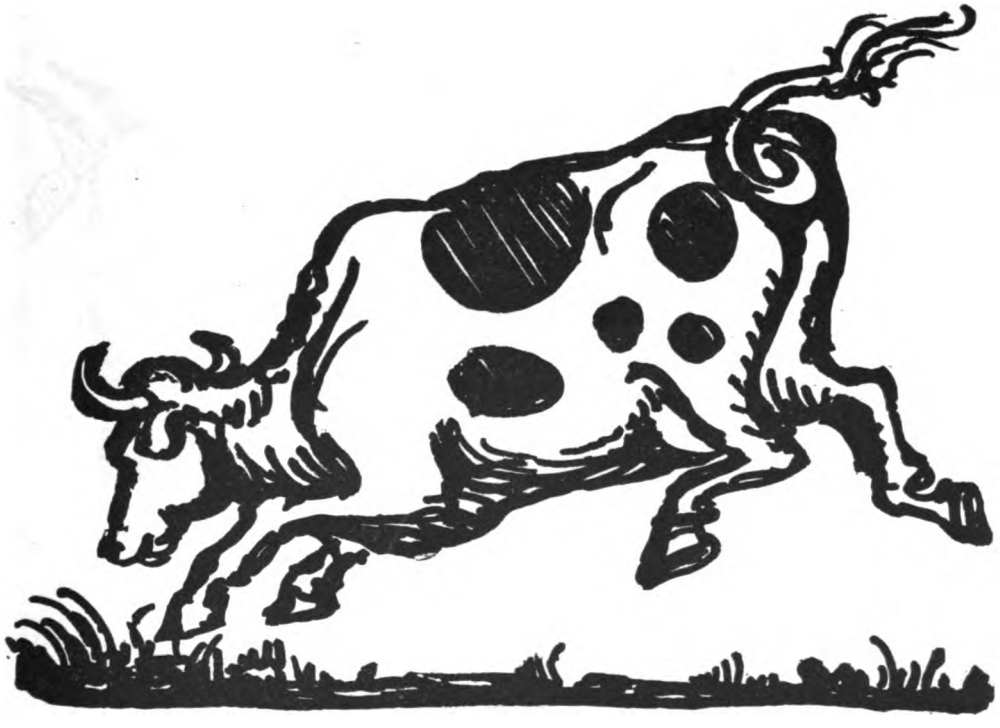
O the milk came out of those wee brown cows
  Creamy and rich and great,
And white as a wreath of the Fairy foam
  With the floods of the Hills in spate.

And the milkmaids milked, and the Goodwife milked,
  And the farmlads milked like mad,
And the Goodman buttoned his breeches tight,
  For the wad of a purse he had.

But wow! One night when the moon was full,
  At the minchiken Hour o' Mouse,
The de'il got into the cattle AND
  They danced it about the house.

O! the Goodman swore, and the Goodwife swooned
  And the children were frantic things,
But the de'il got into the cattle AND
  They danced it about in rings.



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Wi' crumplety horns, and twinklety hoofs,
They danced to a jigglety tune,
While old Brown Bess in the van gave tongue
To "The Cow Jumped over the Moon."

O they sent for the Parson who brought the Book,
And he hammered it out wi' blows,
And that was a wonderful, woeful night,
And I went under the rose.

O I dared not go, and I dared not stay,
And my belly was cold the dawn,
But break o' the day, I was up and away,
And over the fern seed gone!

O I'll not go back, and I daren't go back,
And the mortals may mind their cows,
But the Goodman knows that the purse was full
With Puck of the Hills to house.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

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THE OLD SHIP

When the long, low clouds about the West
Are rose, ash-gray, and amethyst,
And the sky between pours saffron-gold,
And the wind along the dykes runs cold,

A huge old bark with an orange sail,
Mellowed and tattered by many a gale,
Will slowly come through the estuary,
Old, sea-haggard, and strange, and merry.

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Where the red, warm moon rounds slowly over
The low, flat fields that breathe sweet clover,
Through banks of poppies on either hand
The dykes run liquidly into the land.

The old, old ship will come up from the sea
Farther afield than a ship should be,
And sail on softly, softly and still,
And dock inland by a wooded hill.

Then will come silently, flocks of sheep
Silver as clouds remembered in sleep,
Cross to the moonlight and leap the stile;
And he who shepherds them all will smile,

Play on his pipes and smile to see
The gay old sails lift over a tree.
His feet will dance on the grass like foam
And he will play "When the ship comes home."

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

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THE ELFIN ANGELUS

Are all the roads to Elfland closed,
  Are all the gates locked fast?
And is there not some Fairy spot,
Or deep, remote, and sylvan grot
  Left open where they passed?
Ah! hark to what the twilight tells
On silver bells, on silver bells!

Say all the lovely, lonely spells
  Swing free the doors again!
Lo! from the open Hills we ride
Through moss and moonlight, far and wide
  No rider rides in vain!
We fight the old, victorious wars
'Neath silver stars, 'neath silver stars.

Though earth is weary with its scars,
  King Arthur, as it seems,
Lies done to death in Avalon,
Yet living eyes shall look upon
  The mercy of their dreams.
Sure is each hope on vision stayed,
Through long delayed, though long delayed.

Those airy shapes toward which man prayed
  In Nature's holy name,
In shapes as light, as cold, as green
As dancing leaves high boughs between,
  They put him not to shame.
Sure help in all high wars men win
From Fairy kin, from Fairy kin.

For, lo! the veil between is thin
  And easy cast aside,
And when the call of man is heard
The heart of all the Hills is stirred
  And all the doors swing wide.
And man is succored and reprieved,
Though sorely grieved, though sorely grieved.

For no man is by hope deceived
  Though spells may cast their lure,
And though the aspect suffer change
To things unearthly sweet, or strange,
  Or dreadful to endure.
Each man shall win, unless he tire,
His Heart's Desire, his Heart's Desire!

Those things toward which good men aspire
  Although the world condemn,
And though they seem to die, apart,
Safe hid in Nature's holy heart,
  Grow great to comfort them.
So peace from earth be with you still,
Men of good will, men of good will.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

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"GOLDEN RULE" NASH AND HIS MILLIONS

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

ARTHUR NASH was educated for the Seventh Day Adventist ministry, but, after a variety of ups and downs resulting from a radical change in his religious views, he became a manufacturer of men's suits in Cincinnati. About six years ago he reached the conclusion that he could not be a consistent Christian and succeed as a clothing manufacturer. So he resolved to quit business and become a farmer. As soon as he had reached this decision he called his little force of twenty-nine poorly paid sweat shop workers together, and told them that he was going to make the Golden Rule the only rule of his shop. He explained carefully what the Golden Rule meant, and then made raises in pay ranging from fifty to three hundred per cent. His idea was to keep going until he had used all the cloth in stock and then close down.

While Nash was out looking for a farm, his factory workers speeded up production about three hundred per cent, and did so much business that Nash saw a new light, enlarged his factory and his force and went right on making clothing on the Golden Rule basis. His workers have become his co-partners. They own stock, share in the profits, enjoy good wages, work only five seven-hour days a week, and have a voice and a vote in the management.

In five years the Nash factory force has grown from twenty-nine to four thousand, and the business has increased from $100,000 a year to $10,000,000 a year, and is still expanding by leaps and bounds. Nash is making a great experiment in industry, which is being watched by industrial leaders all over the country.—*Editor's Note.*

THOUSANDS of men and women in all parts of the world have been telling Arthur Nash, the Cincinnati "Golden Rule" clothing manufacturer, how to keep from becoming a millionaire. The letters reveal a great deal more than they actually express in words. They are tragic, pathetic and humorous. Each writer wants Mr. Nash to help him in some way with a definite amount of money. Through all of the appeals there runs a note of amazement that anybody should even question the desirability of being a millionaire.

When Mr. Nash discovered that he was being menaced by wealth he asked the public to tell him what he should do for self-protection. He did not feel that he had actually earned the $600,000 dividend recently declared, which, with his previous stock holdings, would have made him worth $1,200,000.

His purpose in laying the matter before the public was to raise the ques-

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tion: "How should the profits of a business be distributed? Does the money belong to the management, or to the actual producers?"

Very few of the people who wrote to him caught that point. They thought in personal terms, and seemed to regard Mr. Nash as a big Santa Claus who was going to open a bag of gold and scatter it about so all who got near enough to him might grab a few pieces.

Without waiting for an analysis of the letters, Mr. Nash answered his own inquiry by handing the stock back to his employees on terms that will give them voting control of the business in five years. His purpose is to establish a permanent industrial democracy in his plant, in which the Golden Rule will be the only rule.

In spite of the general failure to catch his altruistic ideal, Nash did aid a number of individuals whose appeals were rather striking. These exceptions reveal as much about Nash himself as the letters revealed about the people. They indicate that he is very human in his impulses and that individuals are not beneath his notice. One writer said that he was a man of sixty, and that he had been laid up sixteen months with muscular rheumatism. He was lonely, unable to sleep, and he did not have a clock. "Send me a dollar watch," he wrote, "so I can hang it at the head of my bed. I can hear it ticking and it will help me to sleep."

He got the watch.

Suits of clothing were given in many instances, especially to preachers. However, one minister in a New England town failed to get three suits for which he asked, because he forgot to put his address in the letter.

A boy of fourteen in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, sent this ingenuous appeal:

"Saw your picture, and got interested to see all the money flying about. Am only a poor boy and have to work for a living, and money looks interesting to me. If money bothers you, what very few pennies I have don't bother me. If I had only $10 I'd buy a new suit of clothes. Being a poor boy I would love to hear from a man who is afraid to be rich. Now Mr. Nash, if every man who has millions was like you, I would not be a poor boy."

One man—a resident of Denver—did not ask for anything, but he said some pertinent things:

"It seems to me that any man who was intelligent enough to accumulate better than a million dollars certainly should have brains enough to direct its application. The picture you present of yourself gives me renewed hope and stamina in my own struggle and efforts to be a very wealthy man some day. If there are dumb-bells in this country who can make a cool million and then have to ask other people how to spend the money, then I am satisfied that I'll be a multi-millionaire some day by diligently applying my brains to the tasks before me."

A letter which produced a deep impression upon Nash came from a man in Detroit who claimed to be a criminal. He told a remarkably interesting and straightforward story:

"I am thirty-three years old and able-bodied. For twelve years I have been a thief, a safe-cracker, and a hold-up man. I have been arrested many times and tried for everything, including murder, burglary, and robbery. I have never killed a man either, or harmed any one, and have never been convicted or imprisoned. I always play square with my friends, and have helped more people than I have hurt. I always took a man's chance, and never robbed any one who could not afford it. I have been in the underworld of Chicago, New York and other places all my life. I have never worked honestly or earned an honest dollar since I was a kid selling papers.

"This is a funny thing for me to say to a man like you, ain't it? Well, I love to study human nature, and I want to see what a man like you thinks of a man like me. Believe me, everything I am saying here is the God's truth.

"Well, the war came on and I went over-seas. I am not a hero. I went because I loved the excitement. I would not have missed it for a million. When I said I had not killed I did not include

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the war. I came back without a scratch and was discharged honorably on June 3, 1919.

"So far you might believe me, because there are thousands more of the same kind of fellows.

"But this is where I change.

"I had spent nearly two years in the army. I saw plenty of excitement, and had lots of time in which to do a lot of thinking. After my discharge I came back to Detroit with a lot of good intentions, but no plans, and, as might be expected, within a few days I was looking for a safe to knock off, but not with the same old pleasure. I hated it.

"My old girl from Chicago was here and most of my old gang. I did make an effort—a weak effort—to try another life. I tried to have my girl see some of my ideas but the laugh she gave me settled it. But I was not my old self on the jobs we pulled. Finally I quit the mob cold and went to work in a gambling house. My girl and the old gang were disgusted with me. They said I was yellow, but I knew it wasn't that. I am no coward.

"Then about three years ago the thing happened.

"Sometimes I have cursed the day, and sometimes I have been glad of the day I met my little pal, the girl I am now married to. She is the truest friend I ever had or that it is possible for a man to have, but oh, what a dog she has made of me. At least a year ago I was a man and happy as a king. Now I consider myself lower than a rat, and the most miserable human being in the world.

"This little girl was no saint, but she had plenty of everything, and was happy. We fell for each other on sight. I told her all about myself, and asked her to wait until I had pulled one more big job, and made enough for us to get into some little business. I wanted to buy a taxi cab of my own. If I owned a cab, I could make $15 or $20 a day with it, and gradually buy another, and so get into a good honest business. I needed about $1,000, and did not have it, but I knew where I could get it—in a safe and no danger. She pleaded and begged and I weakened and promised her I would never steal again.

"We married and then my real troubles started. I tried to work in a factory, but sir, I just couldn't stand that grind, doing the same thing over and over again every day, for a few dollars. I would stand and think and almost go crazy. She was not used to living in one little room and neither was I. At night the poor game little kid would smile, and talk and say that maybe they would make me foreman, and then maybe we could rise up to something big. But I knew better and so did the girl.

"Then I quit my job in the factory and went back to the gambling house at $15 a day. She cried a little, but I reasoned with her that we would save and finally get back to a good honest life. But in order to hold a job like mine a fellow has to be a mixer and a rounder, and be liked. So we had to move downtown and my little pal had to meet and mix with rats that were not fit to look at her. She never complained, though I knew her heart was breaking. She always tried to be cheerful, but sometimes I would catch a look in her eyes that would make me want to cry. I just could not lie to her, and swore to myself I would not deceive her, so several times I begged her to go home for a little while and let me pull one more good job, so I could take her away from the underworld. But she said if I did and I made a million she would never see me again, and I knew she meant it.

"Then came the most terrible blow I ever got in my life.

"I had a chance to go away with some fellows hauling whisky and make a fast $200. I went and was gone nearly two weeks because I got arrested.

"When I came back my little wife was a dope fiend. Think of it, sir. I would give my life for her with her cheery smile, and here she was the lowest thing in the world—a junker. Whose fault was it? Mine of course. The poor kid didn't know anything about this life. Some dirty skunks calling themselves

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women, living in the same apartment house, started her and she was hooked before she knew what it was. I was crazy. I got a doctor and gave him all I had or could borrow but she was well hooked.

"What happened then? Me, the smart crook, who has been in the underworld all my life, and knows every angle of it, also became a junker. I am a hopeless dope fiend. I suppose you think you see it all now. That accounts for my crazy letter. I guess it does sound like a dope fiend's dream, but believe me it is not.

"I went for it strong for a while, but now I have got it down to nearly nothing, but I just can't make it nothing.

"My poor little partner is nearly dead. She cries all the time. I have broken my promise to her and last night I cracked a safe, and all I got was $100. I must get a thousand. With that I could pay up my debts and take her away to a sanitarium, where we can get cured. It can be done for just one thousand dollars, and I have got to steal it. Where else can I go?

"I have a car, but still owe $235, so I can't raise money on it. Her ring is in pawn for $100. I have nothing to raise money on. There is no way to get it, but to steal, and steal I must or she will die.

"Well sir, I won't say any more. The rest is up to you.

"If you are interested, sir, and think she, not me, deserves a chance for her life, put a line in the personal column of the Detroit Free Press any day this week and tell me what you can do for her. Don't try to have me arrested, unless you want that poor kid's life on your conscience. Address the personal column R. A. B. and be sure I will be looking for it.

"This is at least a straw for me to catch at, and I won't endanger my liberty until I see your reply.

"I guess you will wonder why I don't put her in the city hospital. It's because they don't cure people like her in those places. They kill them."

This tragic letter gripped Arthur Nash, and he resolved to respond. He made preparations to go to Detroit in person to see this man, if possible. First he wired an advertisement to the *Free Press* according to directions. This telegram read:

"Just received a pitiful appeal from a man and wife of the underworld to save them. Both are dope fiends. Please insert the following in personal column in each issue of the *Press* for two days:

"'R. A. B. My brother, I am coming to help you. Call me at Statler Hotel Monday noon.' Sign 'Arthur,' and in parentheses 'Golden Rule' Nash."

While on his way to Detroit word reached Nash that the advertisement had not appeared in the *Free Press*. Later a letter from William B. Lowe, advertising counselor, gave the explanation:

"Your telegram was received after the business office had closed on Saturday afternoon. The clerk at the desk was unable to verify the message, and therefore did not arrange publication of your advertisement. The Statler Hotel prohibits the publication of an advertisement over its name. If you will write us, advising your wishes in the matter, we will be glad to arrange insertion of the advertisement with necessary correction to address."

By the time this red tape had been unwound it was too late to carry out the plan as suggested by the writer of the letter, and there was no other way to get into touch with him.

Whatever became of R. A. B., who had flung his hands above the waves for an instant in a despairing appeal, is still a mystery.

While talking with the writer of this article later, Mr. Nash expressed the hope that he might some day find these unfortunates, and give them the help they needed. His interest was due largely to the nature of the appeal, the urgency of the case, and the further fact that Detroit is where Nash himself passed through a period of despair some years ago, before he set out on the career in which he has become so widely known as "Golden Rule Nash."

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POEMS IN THE NEW HANDWRITING

THESE are examples of Broad Edged Pen Writing, which is fully described in the first article in this magazine. They were written by children in the grades of a New York school, after less than two years of practise with the new writing.—*Editor's Note.*

The Paradise of Children

"Pray who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure.

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora.

"Yes," replied Hope, "because I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us forever?"

"I promise never to desert you," said Hope. "Trust in my promise, for it is true."

And so they did, and so has everybody trusted Hope that has since been alive.

Hawthorne

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Song: On a May Morning

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—John Milton.

We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plaster his house hard by.

—James R Lowell

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CHRISTIANITY—TRUE AND FALSE

By DR. FREDERIC W. FARRAR, LATE ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER

WHAT is religion?

(i.) It has been made identical with the membership of this and that organization which has arrogated to itself, often in the teeth of all evidence, the exclusive title of "the Church." Religion is *not* church membership. The meek, the just, the pious, the devout, as William Penn said, are all the children of the kingdom of heaven, and they shall meet and recognize each other when their various marks and liveries are taken off. This is the doctrine alike of St. Peter, of St. Paul, and of St. John.

For St. Peter says: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

And St. Paul says:

"God hath made of one all nations of men—that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."

And St. John says:

"He that doeth righteousness is righteous," and, "He that doeth righteousness is born of God."

(ii.) And religion has been identified with the intellectual acceptance or profession of a set of dogmas. But it is not this; for the doctrines of Christianity, as laid down by Christ, were few, broad, and in their main facts utterly simple, so that, as Isaiah says, a child, or a wayfaring man, or a fool, need not err therein. All the elaborations of metaphysical definition, exorbitant inferences, and curiously-articulated creeds, which have been based on the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus, may have been safeguards against subtle heresies, but, as intellectual opinions merely, have in them no power of salvation.

(iii.) And religion has been identified with rites, forms, ceremonies, feasts, fasts, new moons, sacraments, sacrifices, and so forth. But religion is not dependent on outward observances. On the contrary, prophets and apostles alike show the utter fatuity of supposing that these things can take the place of righteousness and true godliness, and the utter nullity and invalidity of every form of outward observance *in itself*. They echo in page after page the sentiment of Hosea, of which Christ bade the Pharisee go and learn the meaning: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

"Religion" means, as the great thinker Benjamin Whichcot said, "a good mind and a good life." *This*, in essence, is its true and only meaning. How, then, can it be, or ever have been, otherwise than one infinite blessing to mankind?

And "Christianity" means that belief in Christ, and that following of the example of Christ, which renders a good mind and a good life possible to every child of man. It means that faith in Christ, and in the broad, simple teaching of Christ—unencumbered by the mountain-masses of falsification and corruption which were accumulated around it after the first century—which enables every child of man to obtain forgiveness of past sins and strength for future service. The acceptance of the Gospel has nothing necessarily to do with the shibboleths, the ceremonies, or the constitution of this or that church or sect; it means sincere love of God, and self-sacrificing service to man. Any amount of nominal religion which is not accompanied by love, meekness, truth, purity, contentment, is no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

To belong to the strictest sect of the purest religion—to be as orthodox as Thomas Aquinas—to be as devoted to forms and ceremonies as Durandus—

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to macerate one's self, like St. Peter Damiani or Henry Suso—and yet not to be holy, humble, and loving, is as useless as to rely on the clacking of the Tartar's prayer-mill. "The Kingdom of heaven is within you." To true religion, to genuine Christianity, no human being ever was, or ever can be, an enemy; for they only express the true relation of man to God, and the beauty of holiness, the godlike elevation of spirit, the pure consistency of character, the love and self-sacrifice which spring from that relation.

IN THE MORNING I WILL LOOK UP

When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The Spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day, there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising, for day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whispering amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath this morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM — canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

—*Henry Vaughan*, (1621–1695)

WHY SWEET MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS

The reason surely is that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things — of beauty, of youth, of life; of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.

— *Leigh Hunt.*

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RAILROADS AND DIVIDENDS

By SCHUYLER PATTERSON

THE more than seventeen hundred railroads in the United States have outstanding a grand total of $7,592,987,034 in preferred and common stocks. In the year 1924 combined dividends on all of these shares amounted to $310,221,064 or approximately 4.08 per cent, disbursements being made on about sixty per cent and none on forty per cent.

In the same year—1924—thirteen industrial and public utility corporations having combined stock capitalizations of $3,633,783,931 paid total dividends of $311,381,388—or $1,160,324 more than the seventeen hundred railroads—an average return of 8.57 per cent.

The railroads showed gross earnings (Railway Operating Revenue) of $5,908,370,000 and net—or funds applicable to dividends—after operating expenses, taxes, intercompany items and interest on bank loans and bonds, of $561,802,467. Therefore less than one-tenth of total income was potentially available for the stockholders, and of this $251,581,403 was added to surplus. Taxes alone were $339,293,197—about $29,000,000 in excess of dividends—almost a million dollars a day throughout the twelve months.

The thirteen industrial and public utility corporations, on the other hand, on their $3,633,783,931 of stock capital, reported a combined gross income of $3,480,909,297, or 58.91 per cent of what the railroads received. Their net, however, was $545,717,259, or 97.12 per cent of railroad net, while dividend appropriations were approximately the same in dollars and percentage.

While, therefore, the railroads were able to retain but 9.5 per cent of their gross earnings for the stockholders, corporations engaged in other lines held 15.26 per cent. In figures, as shown, the railroads received altogether $5,908,010,370 and had left $561,802,467, so disbursed for various expenses, including bond interest, $5,346,207,903. The industrial and public utility enterprises received $3,480,909,297 and had left $545,717,259, so expended $2,935,192,038 for operating and fixed charges. In the items of cost previous to dividends, then, we find that those of the railroads are one and two-thirds times as great as those of other enterprises.

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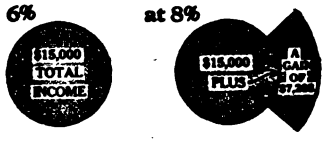

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THE LAST LYNCHING

(*Continued from page* 908)

She spoke with a certain important pride; but Jimmy Lee was staring at her wildly.

"What are you talking about, Hannah? I reckon you've had a touch of sun. *Joe*—in his coffin——"

To his amazement Mandy threw her apron over her head and burst into tears.

"Dar, honey," comforted her mother, "you jes go lay down an' res'. Ain't you heard, Marse Jimmy Lee? Don't you know dem white debbles done lynch Joe, heah on dat old live oak?"

If Betty's face had been gray with fear that morning, her husband's was gray now. He sank down limply on the settle, and gasped, "Lynched *Joe!* Our Joe? What for? And here? Oh, where's my Betty?"

It was Mandy who answered, removing the apron from her face to wipe her tears on its crumpled corner.

"De Cun'l done take her to de plantation, Marse Jimmy Lee. I'd run out to de hen house fer an aig, an' I see Joe come sneakin' through de garden like he skeered. Dat skeered me, too. I's feared de mob'd ask me where dat nigger is, so I jes crouched down in de hen house when Miss Betty called. Den dey come. I heah de horses tromplin' de garden; and dey went an' hammered on de front door. Seem like I lay dar ages 'fore I heah Joe's voice. He holler out somethin' 'bout not doin' it heah, where Miss Betty'd see; an' den——" Mandy's eyes, big with remembrance, seemed to scorch Jimmy Lee's soul "—den I hear Miss Betty scream—dreadful—an' I run in an' found her on de floor by de window. She had her hands over her eyes, Marse Jimmy Lee, an' when she heah me she scream again, like she's beside herself. An' I look out de window an' den I holler, too. An' Miss Betty crouch dar wid de tears all streamin' down her face, an' she say, 'It's my fault, Mandy. If I'd jus' kep' still when dat fiend twisted my arm mos' off, he'd a stayed hidden; but I screamed 'fore I thought, an' Joe rush out o' de cupboard and hit dat brute——'"

"Stop!" cried Jimmy Lee, hoarsely. "I can't stand another word. I must go to Betty. What will she think——"

His eyes were wild, and Hannah laid a soothing hand upon his shoulder.

"Dar, Marse Jimmy Lee, you jes get quiet. De Cun'l done take her home. He come too late fer to save poor Joe, but he made dem debbles cut him down, and den he took Miss Betty and sent Sam for de doctor. Like as not she's not wonderin' 'bout you now, Marse Jimmy Lee. She's got udder things to study 'bout. You don't look no ways fit to see her. You gotter change dem clothes."

"I'm *not* fit to see her," groaned Jimmy Lee. "I'll never be fit again; but it's not the clothes, Hannah, and I can't wait to change them. You bring out Miss Betty's mare, Mandy, while I unsaddle Lightfoot. I can't ride him another mile."

It was seven o'clock when Jimmy Lee dismounted before his father's door. Sam, a white-haired darky, took his horse in silence, and Jimmy Lee, stumbling blindly up the steps, was caught in his mother's arms.

"Betty?" he questioned hoarsely, but got no answer. Then he saw that his mother could not speak, and a sense of hideous calamity rushed over him.

It was his father who told him.

"Your boy's dead, son—born dead three hours ago. And Betty—well, she's not gone under yet, but——"

"Is she *dying?*" came huskily from Jimmy Lee.

"We—don't know, son; but she's been through enough to kill most any one. The doctor hasn't left her, and——"

"May I—see her?"

"No," said the Colonel gently. He put out a kind and steadying hand. "No, son, it isn't best."

In his pity he could not say that Betty's last conscious plea had been, "Keep Jimmy Lee away. Don't let him touch me—ever again."

In the days that followed, while Betty crept slowly back to health, she never asked for her husband. She seemed to Colonel Langdon, who often sat with her and held her hand, like some beautiful, broken thing, ex-

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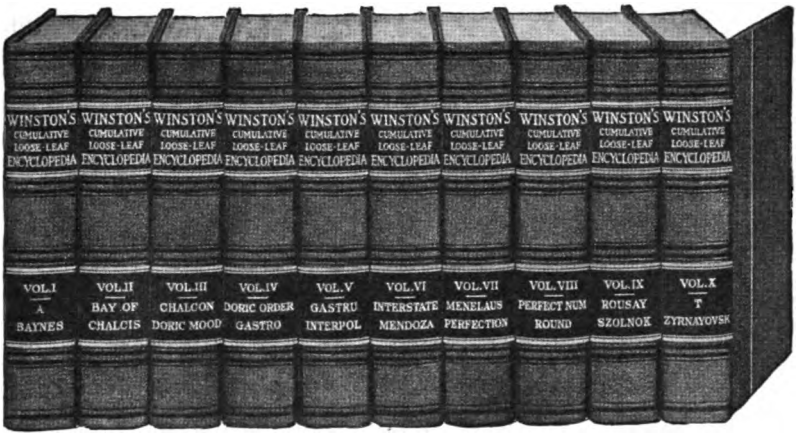

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quisitely fragile, who clung to life only through instinct, and without desire.

It was not necessary to tell her that her baby was dead. She asked, when delirium wore away and consciousness returned, "Was it a daughter or a son, my baby?" And when they answered that it had been a boy, she merely sighed, and turned her head away. Perhaps, remembering what she had been through, and what life makes of some of us, she was dimly glad that her little son was safe.

But because she made no effort, her progress seemed discouragingly slow. It was weeks before they told her of her mother's illness, but even that, once she was assured that Anne was getting better, failed to rouse her. Her brother John, who came at once after reading the ghastly story in the paper, had arrived at a time when she was too ill to see him, or to know him if she had seen him.

He had descended on Langdonvale filled with righteous wrath at his Southern brother-in-law—ready to tell Jimmy Lee what he thought of him—ready to sweep his sister into his arms and carry her away to her own people. He returned, his anger changed to sorrow, his heart filled with pity for Jimmy Lee. For Jimmy Lee had not spared himself in talking with Betty's brother. He felt, he said, responsible for everything that had happened. He was the murderer of not only a faithful friend and servant, but of his baby son. He had estranged the wife whom he adored. To Jimmy Lee the future held forth no hope, for Betty's silence regarding him remained unchanged. His was the name that never passed her lips.

So Betty's brother returned north without seeing her, but taking with him a kinder view of Jimmy Lee, and an unbounded admiration for Colonel Langdon. They sat on the porch together the night before John's departure, talking of many things, but persistently returning to the recent horror. It was a surprize to the Northern man to find his views shared by the old soldier.

"I won't say, sir, that I can't understand the feeling that makes such happenings," he said in answer to a question, "but I believe that mob law is never justified. For years I have been

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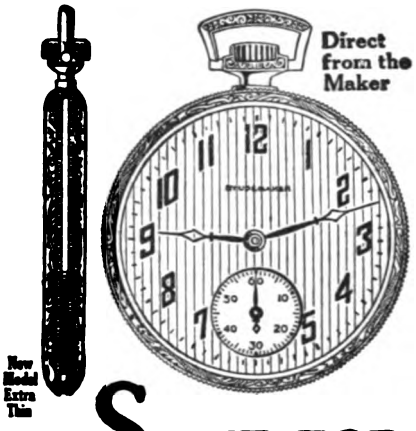

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fighting things like this—using the little influence I had; and yet"—his voice shook with feeling—"you see, sir, my own son——"

There was a pause, and then he added, "I reckon you couldn't understand, and forgive, like I can, not being raised here. Some day I shall talk with Jimmy Lee, though God knows he's learned his lesson. That boy Joe was a brother to him, sir—always had been since he was a pickaninny——and the knowledge that he failed Betty in her hour of need is bitter medicine. I'm hoping she'll see things clearer when she's better."

But as the weeks passed the Colonel's hope was almost extinguished. Betty was sitting up a few hours a day now. She was still pale, and listless to an extent that was alarming, although at her father-in-law's approach she always smiled. Not once had she spoken of the experience that had brought her to this plight, but on a day in early fall she said, after a long silence, "Daddy Langdon, when shall I be strong enough to travel?"

The Colonel started visibly as he answered, "You want to—get away from us, honey?"

"I must, or I shall lose my reason; but—but there are things I want you to understand. You must know that that poor boy died protecting *me*. He could have remained hidden, but—but I needed help, and—I had *no one else*."

Her tone was bitter, and the Colonel winced.

"I know—I know, dear," he answered sadly, "but there is something you don't quite understand, Betty, and that's the reason why Jimmy Lee——"

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't speak his name to me!" Her eyes were covered with her hands as if to shut out some hateful vision. They looked, those hands, almost transparent in their whiteness. The Colonel said gently:

"Listen, Betty. You are not a coward. Listen. One of those ruffians attacked Olivia Bruce. Don't you see—it was to Jimmy Lee as if it had happened to a sister. He forgot—everything. I'm not defending him, my child; but if you condemn him untried aren't you allying yourself with the very powers that caused those brutes to hang poor Joe?"

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Betty's face was still hidden by her hands—those transparent hands that looked so pitiful to the Colonel's tender eyes. Then she dropped them, and he saw tears upon her cheek.

"You couldn't understand—not in a thousand years—you nor any of them. It's just as mother warned me; you're *different*. You've been so beautifully kind, every one of you; but I can see that Mother Langdon thinks me hard, and—and cruel. Perhaps I am. Perhaps I always shall be. You see, I have lost my faith in—in everything."

"Not in my love for you, daughter," corrected the old man.

He arose, fearing that she had talked too long; but she caught his hand and held it against her cheek.

"No, not in that; but—but I feel so terribly alone."

"You have a husband, Betty."

"Oh, no I haven't! I can't even remember how he looks. All I can see, when I try to think of him, is the awful, brutal faces of those men who dragged poor Joe away. *He* must have looked like that to—to some one. He will always look like that to me. I told him that if he joined a mob of that sort he would never be the same to me again. He never can be." Her voice broke quiveringly. "I cannot even remember the man I loved."

"You will," said the old Colonel gently, smoothing her hair. "This will pass, dearie. We must give you time."

"We must give her time," he repeated later to his wife. They were on the veranda in the twilight, and the sound of Jimmy Lee's footsteps, tramping, tramping in the garden, came to them dimly.

"She is very hard," said Mrs. Langdon.

"She is only bruised and broken," said her husband. "She has lost her faith in everything, and she has lost her baby. We must be patient."

"And in the mean time, *my* baby is—*crucified!*" she answered passionately. "Do you hear him, William? He paces till I feel like screaming. And he can't sleep. If this keeps on——"

She dashed away the tears, and her husband said, "It won't, Martha. Something will happen."

(*Continued on page* 954)

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

(*Continued from page* 951)

Yet, as another month drifted by and Jimmy Lee was still sleepless, his father became alarmed. The boy wore little resemblance to the Jimmy Lee who had waved farewell to his wife on that sunny morning which now seemed long ago. And Betty seemed powerless to rise beyond a certain point. A few hours out of bed and she would ask wearily to go back. She yearned for her own people, yet could not gather strength to make the effort the journey would require. When she slept, she dreamed—dreams that sometimes woke her with a cry for help upon her lips which more than once roused and startled the whole household. Sometimes she dreamed of her lost baby, and wakened weeping; but no one knew of this. And always present was a sense of loss. If Jimmy Lee had died, she told herself, he would be nearer to her than he was now.

The weather grew cooler as the days passed. The sugar cane season came, and, once when she lay sleepless on her bed, Betty heard gay voices—young people returning from a sugar boiling at some plantation. It seemed incredible that only a year before those gay times had been part of her own life—hers and Jimmy Lee's. It came to her that she must rouse herself, and get away. Her presence must cast a gloom over the whole household. They had been so kind. Even Mrs. Langdon had never failed in her kindness; yet there was a reserve in her manner—something that Betty knew sprang from her love for her one boy. Perhaps it was natural that she should feel so. What was it Colonel Langdon had said about her judging Jimmy Lee untried? Was she then on a plane with those brutes who had murdered Joe? Oh, if for one moment she could picture her husband as he used to look to her—not like those fiends who had struck terror to her heart! She had tried—and could not. Perhaps had her baby lived she would have felt differently. He was Jimmy Lee's baby, too; but now——

Betty turned wearily on her pillow. Yes, she must get away. It would be easier for every one, even for Jimmy Lee, when she was gone.

It was the next afternoon that

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Colonel Langdon entered Betty's room, filled with a resolve which he had confided to no one. He was frightened about Jimmy Lee. Even the doctor had said that something must be done or the boy's brain was likely to give way. They had urged him to leave home, but Jimmy Lee had angrily refused.

"Where should I go? And suppose—suppose she asked for me."

"She won't," was on his mother's lips, but she suppressed it. After all, they mustn't take away his hope. Jimmy Lee had been absent all the morning, to Mrs. Langdon's terror; but his answer to her question regarding his whereabouts reassured her, though his haggard eyes tore at her heart.

"I've been helping cut down that curséd tree. Betty must never see it again. We'll set out something in its place—I don't know what—I can't seem to think—but maybe I'll sleep better now it's gone."

"You *must* sleep, son," said the Colonel, almost sternly. "If you're to be any use to Betty you must not break down."

"I reckon," answered Jimmy Lee, wincing sensitively, "that I'll never be any use to her again."

It was then that the Colonel made his resolve, which Betty unconsciously helped by saying the thing that had been in her mind all day.

"Daddy Langdon, I've decided to go—home." She hesitated over the word, not wanting to hurt him; then went on quickly as if to get it over. "I don't believe I'll *ever* feel any stronger—that is, not till time has helped soften things a little. I've written to my brother. I'll go whenever he can come for me. Mother's house is open and they'll be back in another month; but—but somehow I don't feel that I can go alone."

"No," said the Colonel, "I shouldn't want you to go alone, Betty."

His voice was sad, and he stood looking out of the window as if he couldn't meet her eyes. "You'll come back—some day?" he questioned.

She caught her breath quickly. "How can I tell? It seems now as if I never could; but it's wicked of me to stay here any longer. I know how my presence must affect you all, though you're so dear to me. I can't be waited on

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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forever, and I mustn't drive Jimmy Lee out of his own home."

"I think," said the Colonel, without turning, "that Jimmy Lee will never know what home is again—unless you forgive him."

There was a silence; then Betty said, "I'll try to—some day. Will—will you tell him that, for me?"

The Colonel turned and took a chair beside her, his eyes fixed searchingly on her face. "You must tell him yourself, Betty, before you leave us. I ask this for your own sake as well as his. He has wronged you cruelly, but he has been punished beyond his deserts. Some day you will believe this, and when that day comes I want you to have no regrets."

"I cannot see him," said Betty firmly.

"Would you see him, my child, if you knew that it would save his reason—perhaps his life?"

"What do you mean?" There was a breathless note of anxiety in her voice that the Colonel was glad to hear.

"For weeks," he answered, "the boy has slept only an hour or two out of the twenty-four. We have urged him to go away, but he will not leave because he hopes the day may come when you will ask for him. He does not expect this, Betty. He knows he does not deserve it; but without it he will die."

This was the Colonel's verdict, not the doctor's, but it was not without effect. Betty leaned forward tensely.

"What does he want—me—to do?"

"Only to tell him that you will try, when you are stronger, to understand. But, child, I don't ask you to do this for Jimmy Lee. I ask it for myself, for the sake of the love I feel for you and which I think you feel for me. He is my only son, Betty; and if your own little boy had lived and you'd seen him change from something blithe and beautiful into the haggard man that *my* boy is to-day——"

"Don't!" cried Betty. She caught back a sob, and took the old man's hand in hers. "I'll see him, Daddy Langdon, if—if it kills me. I'll do anything you ask. Send him now—now while I have the strength."

The Colonel arose; then bent to kiss her. He couldn't see for tears as he went down the wide stairway to the

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porch, where Jimmy Lee was moving restlessly about.

"My boy——"

Something in his father's voice arrested Jimmy Lee. He turned and saw tears on the old man's cheeks.

"Has—has anything happened to *Betty*?"

He was clutching his father's arm as the Colonel said, "Steady, son. I don't rightly know what *has* happened, but—she'll see you, Jimmy Lee."

"See *me*!"

His voice was unbelieving. The moment for which he had hoped and prayed had come, yet he could not move.

As for Betty, her heart was beating to suffocation. If he would only come quickly—and then leave her—— This awful waiting——

Then she looked up to see Jimmy Lee standing in the doorway. He stood quite still, as if waiting for her permission to come nearer. But Betty did not speak. She looked at him, at first curiously, as if he were some one strange whom she had never seen; then, pityingly, because of the suffering in his eyes; and at last thankfully, for in her husband's face there was nothing of the beast she had expected. Something was gone from it, of course—youth, perhaps, and a sense of days well lived. Regret was there, suffering, sorrow, and, yes, thought Betty, fear was there, too—fear of *her*, his *wife*, the mother of his little son! The thought struck her as more unbearable than all she had endured before. She tried to rise, but could only stretch out her arms in pity.

"Jimmy Lee—— *Dearest*——"

He was across the room—on his knees before her, his face buried on her lap.

"They did not tell me you were sick," she whispered. It was, somehow, impossible to speak aloud; and when he did not answer she saw that he was sobbing—hard, man-sobs that had been suppressed for weeks—sobs that needed only the touch of Betty's hands to set them free. And at that her tears came too, and they clung together, comforting one another.

It was Jimmy Lee who first controlled himself. He said, a trifle shakily, "I didn't know I'd cut up like this, Betty; but the sight of you—so frail—so *different*——"

He turned away, gazing out of the

The Doctor Shook His Head

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window as if for strength; and Betty said, "I guess we both look different, Jimmy Lee. We *are* different."

"I know." He turned to her suddenly. "Nothing will ever be the same again. I realize that. I suppose you'll leave me, Betty. If you want your freedom I sha'n't lift a finger to prevent it. I haven't the right. I'm ashamed even to ask you to give me another chance; and yet—if there's an atom of your love for me left——"

"What is it you want to tell me?"

"Just this." He met her eyes. "I've come to believe as you do, Betty. All these nights I've lain awake my mind has been working—working—till I wonder I've any left to reason with. And I see now that whatever the provocation, we must respect the law if these outrages are to cease. I'd like to think——" He started nervously to rise, but she placed her hand in his and he sank back, clasping it hungrily. "I'd like to think that dear old Joe didn't die in vain. I'd like to think that his was the *last lynching*—that the horror of it will sink into those who hear his story, making such an unforgetable impression that they will join me in working to right an evil that has become the nation's shame."

"You mean——"

"Oh, I grant you it sounds idealistic—impossible," he answered passionately, "but I shall work for it. I'd have given my life for Joe. The least I can do for him now is to make his death count for something, isn't it? Father has friends in Washington—men of influence who'll give me a chance to tell the story—Joe's story—and—and mine. Won't it help, Betty, coming from a Southerner, a man who so far forgot his manhood as to do what I did? And I sha'n't spare myself. I shall hang on if it takes all my life, and all my money. It will be a fight. I can't ask you to share it. It may mean hardships, and even poverty. But if I know that somewhere you're standing by me, if only in spirit——"

In his agitation he had arisen, and was looking down at her, the light of a great vision in his dark eyes. And as she saw it new life swept through Betty

"Not only in spirit, Jimmy Lee," she promised. "Not only in spirit——"

And with her lips she sealed the vow.

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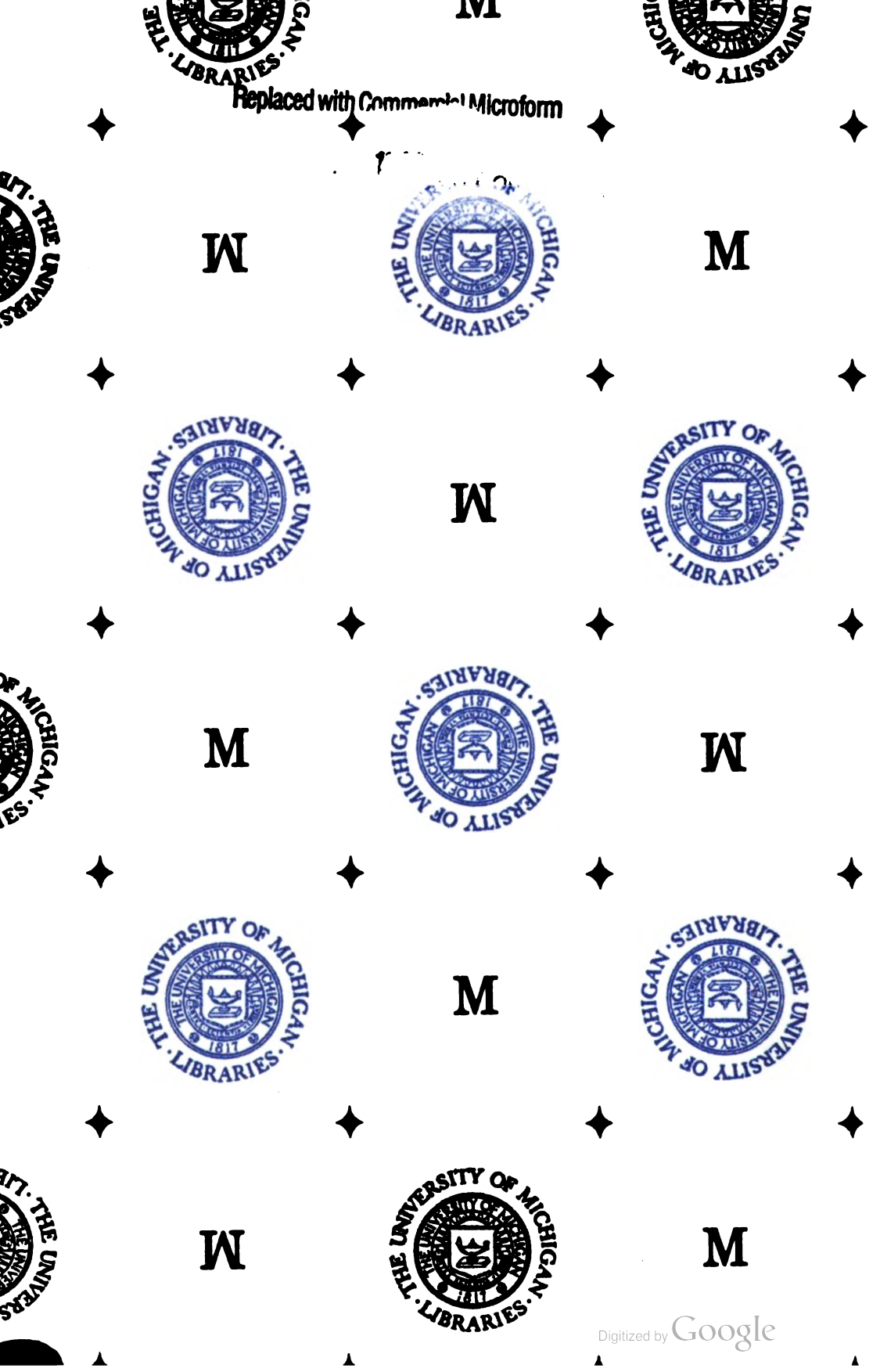

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